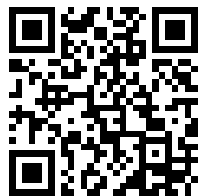

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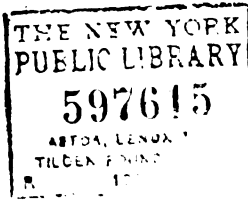
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1844



PHILADELPHIA

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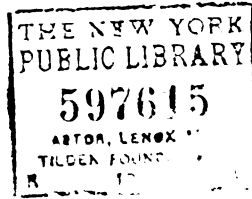
EDITED BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS AND CHARLES J. PETERSON.

VOLUME V.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

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1844.



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The Rosy Morn.
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Basket with Flowers.
The May Queen.
Fashions for May.
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Fancy Arabesque Pattern.
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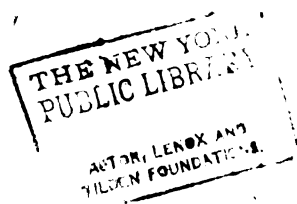
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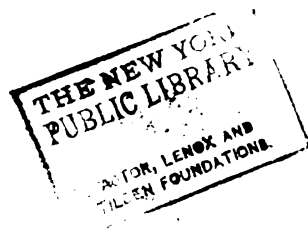
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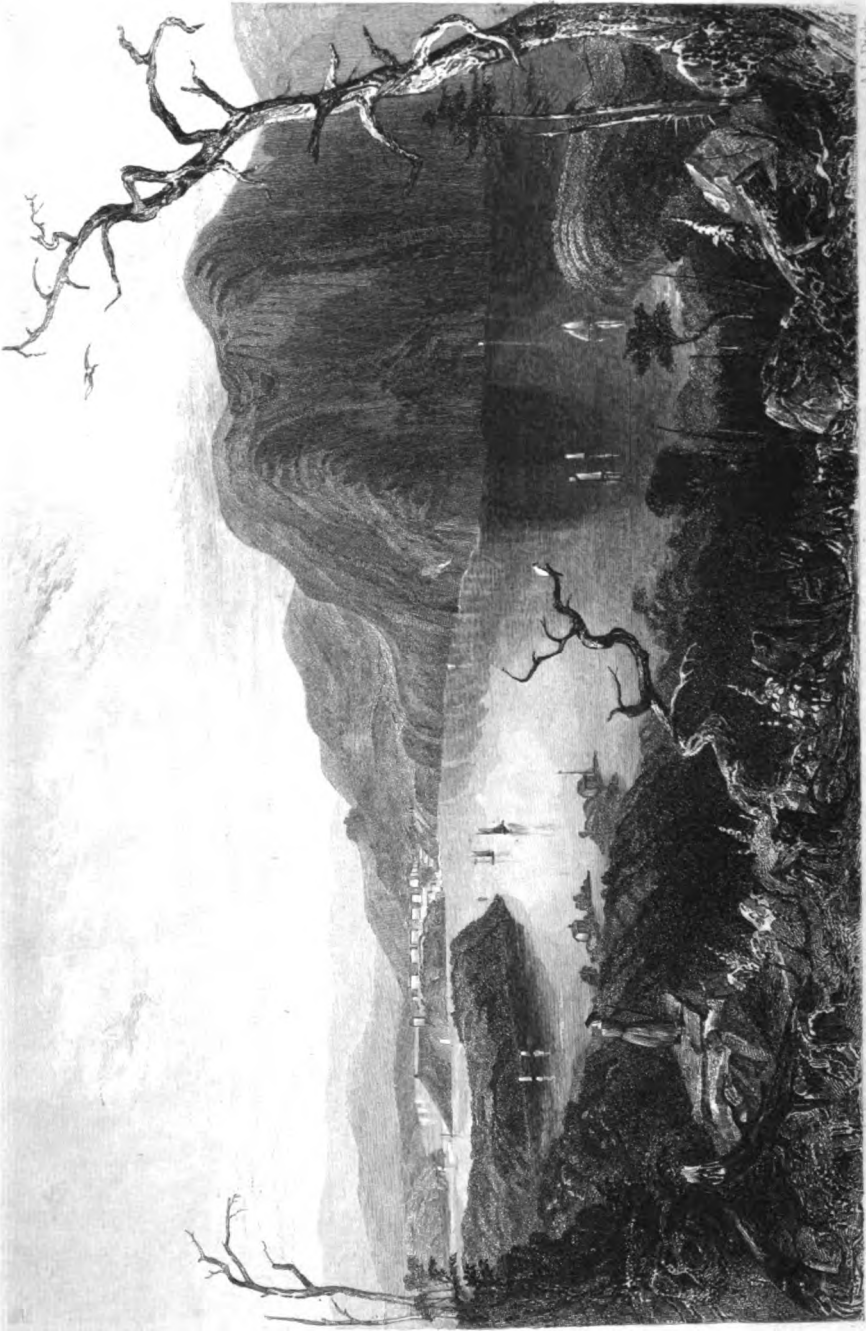
THE OLD MAN AND THE WOMAN

THE OLD MAN AND THE WOMAN









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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1844.

No 1.

THE WIDOW'S REVENGE;

OR, THE YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

In a remote but beautiful valley, situated in the province of Brie, are the ruins of an old mansion, desolate and long since abandoned to the elements. The vast yard which encircles it, almost like a park, is neglected and overgrown with rank shrubberies and wild fruit. The enclosure is still defined by the remnants of a heavy stone wall, dilapidated and in some places entirely leveled to the earth, but a hedge of wild roses, matted with many a creeping vine, has found root amid the disjointed stones: rich mosses have crept over them, and the old wall is now a picturesque rampart of blooming and fragrant herbage. The ruins of a stately dwelling stand in the midst of this wild court—a mass of naked walls shattered to their foundation. The massive embrasures and dark chimnies, rising tall and black against the skies, give but a rude idea of the primitive plan of the building. Dark moss and low creeping vines almost conceal what was once the principal entrance, and all around, amid the tangled thickets, a mass of broken materials, piles of mortar and massive stone lie heaped together, until it would seem as if the ruins of a whole village had been flung upon that single domain.

I was in college when this strange ruin first attracted my attention. A class-mate of mine lived in the neighborhood, and during the vacations I sometimes spent weeks together on his father's estate. I was naturally of a romantic turn, and these gloomy ruins in the heart of a prosperous country, and occupying an exceedingly fertile tract of land which was abandoned to its own wild luxuriance, became a matter of thought and vague speculation in my mind long before the history of that deserted spot was revealed to me: and this knowledge was attained in a manner as strange and romantic almost as the place.

The country all around this desolated property was heavily wooded, and game was found in

abundance in every direction. I loved to take my gun and enter these dim forests alone, or only with my dog, and my rambles always terminated at this desolate place: yet I never approached it, never saw the bleak outline of its chimnies rising before me as I left the forest, that a sensation difficult to describe but very painful, did not come upon me. I would sit down upon the dilapidated wall for hours together, and muse on the scene, while my imagination was constantly, and sometimes almost painfully at work for some explanation of the ruin and silence that had fallen on a place that had evidently been the seat of uncommon opulence, and my heart told me of events soul-thrilling and terrible. I never left that spot but with a shadow upon my spirit—a sad, melancholy sensation, as if I had been treading a burial place of the departed alone, and with the spirit of the past whispering in the air.

One afternoon I had gone forth determined to avoid the old place. So taking my dog Plague, I sought the fields, resolved on a pleasant ramble. I had a book in my pocket, and when the sunshine became oppressively warm I strolled into the forest and sauntered slowly onward in the cool shadow, sometimes reading as I went, and again lost in those soft fancies that are so pleasant to a lad of seventeen just freed from the incarceration of a college life.

Plague ran before me frightening the birds from their crouching places in the dingles, and occasionally starting off in pursuit of more noble game; while I imperceptibly allowed him to choose the direction of my ramble, and all at once found myself standing in a gap of that dilapidated old wall, which, in one direction, was crowded almost into the forest. There seemed to be a fatality about it—go where I would—resolve against it as I might—every day found me in that gloomy place, and with those sombre feelings creeping through my heart.

It was just sunset, and my position commanded a fine view of the ruin rising in black and ragged masses against the kindling sky; every sharp angle was so clearly defined against that back-ground of crimson and golden purple, and the dusky

foliage at the east slept so tranquilly in the hazy shadows, that I could not withstand an impulse to draw forth my pencil and sketch the scene on the blank leaf of my book. I had placed my foot on a fragment of the wall, and with the volume on my knee, was touching in the outline of a broken chimney, when a hare darted over the wall and ran toward the ruin. That instant Plague rushed through the gap where I was standing with a sharp yelp, intended, no doubt, as an apology for the inpetus which sent my book and pencil into a neighboring thicket—and away he sprang after the unfortunate hare, his eyes burning with spirit, his long ears sweeping the ground, and his neck stretched as if his prey was already within reach.

I shouted for the dog to stop, for at that moment my nerves shrunk from a sight of blood; but he was a fine dog, of English breed, and, having once scented the hare, even my voice failed to check his headlong course. Twice he pushed on with a rapidity that sent him far beyond his victim, and twice the poor creature doubled with a desperate effort to find some near shelter.

I followed the chase with my eyes till both dog and hare disappeared among the ruins—then, gathering up my book and pencil, I hastened after, determined to rescue the poor hare, if possible, before she was quite dead.

I turned an angle of the ruin where my dog had disappeared. He was nowhere to be seen; but, for the first time in my life, I found a human being in that strange place. It was an old woman—very old and decrepid, bending under a load of faggots, and supporting her feeble steps with a gnarled thorn stick.

For an instant I caught my breath, for it seemed impossible that anything human could haunt that region; but as the old woman came slowly toward me I became ashamed of my sensations, and met the fixed looked of her keen black eyes with more of curiosity than terror.

"Your dog is there, young sir," she said, in a sharp but tremulous voice—"there, beneath the bridal chamber, you can see the stone window sill shooting through the wall, look beneath that for your dog and his victim. Such things have been done before—go, sir, even the brute may sicken with the smell of blood in that place."

The old woman lifted her thorn stick as she spoke, and I followed the direction thus pointed out. I found Plague stretched at length beneath the shattered fragments of a wall, which a broken stair-case of massive stone had kept partially upright. The dog was panting for breath—his long, white nose lay upon the grass stained with blood, and one paw was still pressed upon the poor hare, which lay quivering beneath it in its death agony.

The old woman had followed me; but the dog fiercely raised his head as she approached, and exhibited a set of sharp, glittering teeth, with a growl which sufficiently warned her that a closer neighborhood might prove somewhat dangerous.

The hare being quite dead, I deposited it in my hunting pouch. When I turned in search of Plague again he was scenting round the old woman, touching her tattered garments with his crimsoned nose, and apparently disposed to cultivate her acquaintance, now that his responsibilities regarding the game no longer stood in the way.

The old woman seemed little disposed to encourage his advances, but hobbled away to a fragment of granite that lay bedded in the rank grass, and sat down, threatening the dog with her stick when he seemed disposed to become too familiar. Plague thus repulsed, returned rather crestfallen to his master; and the old woman dropped her stick, and resting an elbow on each knee, sat with her eyes fixed on the ruin, muttering to herself as if no one had been present to hear her; though I drew so near the block of granite that every low syllable sunk upon my heart.

"Blood!" she murmured, "ay, ay, the place is damp with it yet, the grass thrives on it. The very dogs come here with their prayer that the ground be not athirst for it—strange, strange! Must these old eyes never rest from the sight of murder? Must these black walls echo forever and ever the death agony of some tortured wretch? How hot and glaring comes back the scene of that dreadful night upon my old brain."

"You have seen these ruins before, good woman?" I enquired, eager to learn something of their history.

"Have I seen them?" repeated the crone, lifting her keen eyes to mine with an expression of almost fierce excitement—"young man I was born in that house!"

I was almost startled by the vehemence of her manner, but only replied, and with studied gentleness.

"Indeed! it must have been a long time ago?"

"A long time. Ay, to the young ninety-five years may seem long, but to me years are scarcely the length of a day, now. It might be yesterday—only yesterday since these hands robed my young lady for her bridal—that terrible bridal—but yesterday—alack, it is seventy years ago."

The old woman shook her head again and again till her face dropped once more to the support of those shrivelled hands, and she sat rocking to and fro silent and once more apparently unconscious of my presence.

"I have long taken an interest in this place,"

I said at length, seating myself by the poor old creature.

"You!" she exclaimed, once more lifting her head—"what should you know of this my home? You are but a boy, a mere boy!" and the old creature began groping at her feet for the thorn stick, as if troubled with the presence of a being so completely of another generation.

I stooped down and placed the stick in her hand. My respectful demeanor seemed to arouse a better train of feelings in her heart, for after gazing on me a moment, she rested upon the thorn, and motioned with one hand that I should sit down upon the rock by her side.

"It is a long story, boy, a long and sad one—for many wearisome years no word of it has passed these lips—but the dog there has aroused old memories, the night time is creeping on, and now when the spirit is awake I may as well talk of it, but your way home lies through the forest, it will be dark before I have done—are you not afraid?"

I shook my head and smiled.

"And yet it is a gloomy tale."

"Let me hear it, good mother, I beseech you," I exclaimed, quite impatient at her ejaculations.

"Well, boy, very well, you shall have it—be patient though, I am old and the remembrance of youthful days makes old people tiresome when they begin to talk over by-gone times. You are a strange boy, and a bold one to come among these ruins at nightfall; the people think them haunted; and, though I come here every week from Bussey St. George, pretending to get fagots in the forest, this is the first time I have met a fellow being in this spot during the last fifty years."

"I come here all alone and sit down on this very rock, but I do not remain alone, remember that. The moment I sit down amid this wreck of a home, images of the past creep into my poor deluded mind—of my youth, so happy, so tranquil and calm. The solitude is no longer a desert shunned and of evil repute—my busy thoughts repeople and animate it. My fancy lifts up these disjointed stones and erects a new dwelling: the same massive and luxurious furniture embellishes it, that I remember of old. I wander through it setting all things in their proper place; I chide the servants and step aside that my good master may pass me in the hall; I place flowers in the antique vases which my young lady prized so much. I train the coiling vines around the casement of her boudoir, and listen for the soft tread of her foot on the stairs. Boy! you may wonder at the extent of this delusion, but at such times I forget my own identity: forget that I am the last living creature of all the warm life that once animated this scene: I become a young girl again—

I, the poor old woman, with these few gray locks of hair on my head, am a rosy checked maiden once more; don't smile at me, I know that it is all fancy, and that I am in truth a miserable old woman poverty stricken and just falling into the grave, but these delusions sometimes are very real. At such times I behold my sweet young mistress, I hear the silver tones of her laugh echo through the hall, I feel her soft smile warming my heart. I see her come forth in the still morning once again and stand there on the piazza, her small hand toying with the barley in her apron as she gathers around her the inmates of the poultry yard and dove cote. This is all a dream, remember, but visible to my own mind as the ruins now blackening in the twilight; but a mere nothing is enough to arouse me. My senses are bewildered, but I am sensible of the delusion. The noise of a bird that alights upon the wall, or of the stone that rolls down as it flies away will bring me to myself. But oh, how wretched the dream leaves me: I cannot explain to you the pangs of my heart or the terror that creeps over me. The reality is dreadful: I feel so old and so completely alone: ruin all around me, desolate, total ruin, though revealed as now with the fire of a sunbeam like that, the last and brightest streaming through the broken arch yonder. These stones half bedded in the grass seem tomb-like and dreary, even among the dusky purple which the gathering night flings over them. Forgive me, boy, I am an old woman, and a dreamer too—forgive me, I will tell the story now.

"When I was a girl this miserable remnant of an estate was one of the richest in the province. It was connected with the village, which you might see from our seat were it not for the tall elms that have grown up and cut off the prospect since ruin fell upon us; and the mansion was almost a castle, so massive was its structure and so beautiful its decorations within doors.

"When I first remember Mr. Embury, the owner of this domain, he was in mourning for the death of his wife, a lovely and good woman, who perished in her youth and left her baby—my poor young mistress—behind. He was only thirty years old then, and every one thought he would marry again, but year after year went by, his daughter became a pretty brown haired girl, and still Mr. Embury remained faithful to the memory of his first love. Time had only power to soothe his grief. It could not destroy that deeper memory which closed his heart against all second thoughts of love.

"Our master was a studious man, and I can remember him spending whole days in the library amid his books, with little Theresa bringing in flowers from the garden, climbing up the huge

volumes heaped around her father's chair for a kiss before she went for more, and at length, perhaps, falling asleep on the oaken floor, with that warm, rosy cheek of hers resting upon the pages of some heavy volume which the student had laid down at his feet, open and ready for reference. I can remember him at such times lifting the beautiful child in his arms and bringing her forth through the stone hall, stooping now and then to kiss her lips or forehead, with such deep tenderness as I have never witnessed before or since.

"Mr. Embury was not exclusively devoted to book lore, though he educated the little Theresa, and loved study very much for its own sake. He was an excellent landlord, and managed the business of his estate with a firmness and generosity seldom equaled.

"I was but two years older than my young mistress: and it was Mr. Embury's pleasure that I should share her lessons. With the exception of some few accomplishments which were taught her by a governess, and justly deemed improper for a poor dependant, I was brought up with the same habits and ideas as herself; and, as she grew up, nothing was more natural than the confidence and affection bestowed upon me both by father and daughter.

"Theresa was scarcely more than a child when our house received a new inmate. A sister of Mr. Embury had abandoned her home years before, and eloped with a German huntsman attached to the train of a German count, who had spent some months in the province. The man had died shortly after his marriage, and, sometime after, the widow also sunk beneath an accumulation of want and sorrow, leaving her only son destitute, and with no inheritance except a letter to his uncle, Mr. Embury, which appealed to the generosity of her favorite brother, in terms which would have touched a worse heart than that of my good master. He sent to Munich for the orphan and adopted him in his own family.

"When Richard Schwartz came to France he was a fine spirited lad of fifteen, tall, well formed and superior in muscular strength to any boy in the province. His features were regular and handsome, but there was something about him difficult to define, a morose stern manner that checked those impulses of sympathy which his destitute situation would otherwise have excited. But Richard was seldom violent, and at times his manner became exceedingly agreeable: his voice took a bland and silky tone, while a thousand gentle graces seemed naturally blended with his extraordinary physical prowess. This peculiar formation of tone and address, was chiefly remarkable in the intercourse which the orphan held with his uncle and

cousin: to them the darker shades of his character were seldom exposed, and an heir to the estate could not have been more kindly dealt with.

"Richard seemed entirely averse to study. The tutor who was engaged for him, abandoned his charge in three months, and, after repeated efforts to induce his nephew to the choice of a profession, Mr. Embury gave way and allowed him to decide on the calling of his plebeian father. The young man was resolute in his determination to become a huntsman. Through the influence of his kinsman, he was enlisted in the train of a Provincial nobleman, and soon entered upon his sylvan duties. And now the young German was no longer listless and indifferent. He became celebrated for activity and intelligence. Exact in all his duties, submissive to the least of his superiors, and with his wonderful strength of body now perfectly developed by exercise, sober and courageous, he gained the confidence of his chief, and rose to preferment with unequalled rapidity.

"One day while hunting in the forest of Crecy, the Duke, his chief, was furiously attacked by a wild boar, who had turned on his pursuers, wounded and maddened with pain. The nobleman was already flung to the earth, and the monster, foaming with froth and blood, about to rend him in atoms, when Richard sprang to the combat and saved his benefactor from a terrible death; another time he rescued two children of a poor forester from a fierce wolf, that had left one wounded and bleeding while he was making off with the younger in his jaws. His skill as a marksman was unequalled in the province. At the distance of one hundred and fifty feet he would put a bullet again and again through the silver of a five-franc piece, and that carelessly and without seeming effort.

"At length Richard became notorious for his courage, his skill and for the grace of his bearing. The premiums which he claimed from the authorities of Lawrnan, for the immense number of wild and ferocious animals slain by his own hand, yielded him a handsome income. Our cousin Richard had an establishment of his own, but still he was frequently an inmate of our dwelling. He was elected Lieutenant of the forests on the very Spring that my young Mistress attained her eighteenth year, and then for the first time, I observed a change in his demeanor toward the lovely girl—his voice loud and stern to others, took a humble and silky tone when it addressed her, his manner became subdued and affectionate when she was present, and he never came to the house after any long absence in the forest without some rare gift—a chain of gold, or a bracelet of rough diamonds for his gentle cousin.

"And Theresa, my poor mistress, she felt the

change and shrunk from it like a bird terrified by the glitter of a serpent. One day she came back from the lake which you could see yonder but for the shadow of those tall trees, pale as a corpse, and evidently overwhelmed with something like terror. Richard was walking by her side, but his face wore an unusual flush, and there was a strange expression in his eyes, a dusky, a wan glare as they gazed on her sweet features, that might alone have driven the bloom from her cheek.

"You see that broken pillar. I was standing by that when Therese and her cousin Richard passed into the hall: she was speaking and I could hear that her voice trembled, 'Do not breathe a word on the subject again,' she said 'I cannot listen, I cannot think of anything so unnatural.'

"And why unnatural?" replied the huntsman, in that low honied tone which was so completely at variance with his usual bold words. 'Do not cousins marry everywhere, and happily too? Is it strange that I have encouraged these dear hopes, that I have toiled and struggled to this end alone? What can be more proper than a union between two persons who know each other so thoroughly?'

"Therese lifted her eyes to his face, there was timidity and fear in them, but her glance remained steady, though his bold eyes wavered for an instant and then sunk beneath the truthful power of hers.

"No Richard, no"—she said. 'It is this very lack of knowledge which troubles me, you live with us, but are not of us. There is something strange, something mysterious—'

"Ha!" the huntsman uttered this exclamation in a tone so fierce and abrupt that it almost made me start forward—for one instant a flash of anger fired his eye, but it passed away, and he commenced speaking again in the same low voice as before, but at that moment a traveler rode up through the open gate, and the cousins hastily entered the house together.

"The new comer proved to be an old acquaintance, who often stopped with us on his way from Paris to the Cattle market of Conlammiers. He was a wealthy trader, and called to settle some old accounts with Mr. Embury. A heavy portmanteau was strapped behind his saddle, and when the servant came out to carry it into the hall it proved too much for his strength, and the Cattle dealer was obliged to assist in bearing it up the steps.

"I followed the traveller in and conducted him to my master. We passed Richard in an outer room. One of his followers was casting bullets by a stove on the hearth, and he stood looking on with the red flame lighting up his knitted brows, and a glowing frown lowering over his face: his arms were folded on his breast, and I could see his fingers working together as he harshly chided

the man for spilling some of the hot lead as it was poured into the mould.

"Mr. Embury was in his library, seated in the embrasure of that shattered casement yonder. Therese stood by him striving to conquer the tumult of her feelings. Her face lighted up as she saw the stranger, and laying her hand on the open volume which Mr. Embury was reading, she said

"Come, father you must look up now, here is Monsieur Durand from Paris.'

"Mr. Embury looked up and reached forth his hand to the dealer, 'you are welcome, good friend,' he said 'you and your money bags: I had just written. Maria my girl,' he added turning to me 'order refreshments for our friend.'

"A cup of wine, nothing more. It is now sunset and I must be on the road again' said the dealer.

"I went out to order the wine, and met two of the servants bringing the traveller's portmanteau through the room where Richard and his men still remained by the stove. I saw the huntsman cast a keen glance at the treasure and follow it with his eyes into the library. There was something in his look that startled me, a sharp serpent like glitter that I had seen in his eye one or twice before, and always enkindled by the sight of gold. When I returned to the library cousin Richard sauntered in after me. A pile of silver thickly interspersed with gold lay upon the window sill, and the dealer was busy strapping up his portmanteau, which seemed but triflingly relieved of its contents. My eyes impulsively turned on Richard again. That same glitter was in his eyes, and they turned wistfully from the money heaped in the window to the treasure still remaining in the portmanteau. As the Cattle dealer arose from his task, Richard put forth his hand and cordially welcomed the stout old man to the Province once more.

"Settled all up you see,' observed the dealer with a triumphant nod toward the pile of money. 'Nobody on earth can say that Jean Durand owes him a sou.'

"Oh! you dealers have all the wealth of the country now,' said Richard attempting to push the portmanteau aside with his foot, but failing from its weight, 'a heavy load that for a single horse' he added.

"Yes, yes!—replied the frank drover, 'but you farmers of Brie, are such rogues that one must come loaded down with gold, or no business can be transacted with them. I divided my money pretty equally between my leathern case and my pocket book, but found the specie rather too much for my poor beast yonder, and so paid some of it over to your uncle, without touching the drafts

that would have answered his purpose just as well.

"That is a large sum to travel the country with," observed Richard, with a cautious shake of the head. "If the money in your pocket-book, equals the amount here"—and he touched the portmanteau with his foot again—"nay if it but half equals it, there may be danger from robbers."

"But half equals it—Robbers! Mongrebleu, the old book here contains twice as much as that sack, man, and no fear of robbers either. I have traveled this road man and boy these forty years, and was never robbed or murdered in my life, and never expect to be."

"The drover removed his broad hand from his vest where he had clapped it over the pocket-book in the tumult of his speech, and lifting the silver goblet from the tray which a servant had just brought in, he drained it to the bottom.

"There" said he, dashing away the ruby drops that had fallen on his vest, and drawing a deep breath 'now I am ready to start again.'

"Nay tarry with us till morning," said my young mistress, drawing close to the good dealer, and speaking with a degree of earnestness that caused the old man's eyes to glisten, and brought a faint scowl upon the huntsman's brow. "Stay with us to-night, and in the morning when it is cool and shady, you can go on early as you like."

"Nay my kind young lady, I must be in Brie when the Fair opens, and that is at sun-rise. The choicest cattle all go off first—so I can only take another cup of wine." As he lifted the silver goblet once more Mr. Embury came from his desk where he had been preparing a receipt beyond all hearing of the conversation, and handing the paper to his visitor, repeated the invitation which his daughter had just given.

"But the Cattle dealer seemed obstinate in his purpose, and placing the receipt in his pocket-book which was indeed well stocked with bills, he buttoned his vest over it and prepared to depart.

"Farewell my sweet young lady," he said, laying his hand on the raven braids that were coiled around the head of my mistress, "I shall remember this kindness; God bless the child! how beautiful she has grown," he added, turning with a cheerful look to the smiling father, "I never watched the growth of a lamb with half so much pleasure."

"You will stay with us?" persisted Therese, looking up into his face with a strange and persuasive earnestness, which considering the difference in their station, was somewhat remarkable, and exhibited for the first time, though the dealer, had visited the house for years, "you must stay!"

"The good man wavered, and his hat sunk slowly back to the table where he had taken it, but

that instant Richard came forward, and in a tone of voice well calculated to arouse the pride of a stout man, urged the fears of Therese as a reason for his stay.

"My fair cousin will deem me a bird of ill omen, I know, if I but echo her own fears," he said "but still I must contend that it is *dangerous* for you to depart. The distance through the forest is more than six miles, and in the darkness it were easy to miss the road."

"Miss the road," ejaculated the drover, putting on his hat with an emphatic motion. "Why old Gray would find it blindfolded—have we not travelled it every year since it was cut through the country?"

"Yes but you will be obliged to pass the cross roads, a dreary spot where Jacquis Houssagger, the Miller, was murdered—unless indeed you should avoid that dangerous neighborhood and"—

"The old man interrupted him 'avoid! Mongrebleu! avoid, I Jean Durand! young man do you think to frighten me? Our soldiers should have taught you that fear is no word for a Frenchman! I am expected at Crecy this very night, and shall go through the forest and by the terrible cross roads, I have no fear of that.'

"I was looking in Richard's face, a faint disagreeable smile stole over it, and that glitter was in his eye again: it passed away in an instant, and with a slight deprecating tone he murmured something about having done his duty.

"The drover shook hands with Mr. Embury and taking up one end of his portmanteau looked around for the servant to assist him, but Richard stepped forward and they bore the treasure down to the entrance between them. We had all followed him to the door, and I remembered after, that Richard laid his hand on the holsters and seemed very busy with the portmanteau straps, while the owner was occupied at a little distance saying a few more last words to my master.

"After a few moments delay, Jean Durand mounted to his saddle and rode slowly through the gate, taking the path to our left which you see winding to the forest. The night was intensely dark, and long after the good man was lost amid the dusky foliage we could hear the sound of his horse's hoofs along the flinty path. I remained out longer than the rest, for a strange presentiment had induced me to follow our visitor to the gate: when I closed it the noise made me start with unusual terror. I listened breathlessly for another sound of the retreating horse, but all was silent and I ran toward the house again, frightened and trembling for the first time in my life, with a fear for which no reason could be given."

"Mr. Embury drew a candlebra of antique silver into his favorite window recess, and betook

himself to reading when we returned to the library. Therese drew her embroidery frame close by his chair, and bent over it as if intently occupied with the glowing flowers that her own fingers had created, but I observed that she was ill at ease, restless, and abstracted: sometimes her hand would rise and fall amid the flowers like a butterfly in search of honey drops, and again it lay minutes together listless and idle amid the mocking buds, with the needle pointing upwards from the taper fingers, and the gorgeous worsted falling around them like a net.

"Once or twice Richard approached the quaint old chair on which she was sitting, and bending over his cousin seemed admiring her work. At such times she plied her needle with nervous eagerness, and once when his hand fell as if by accident from the carved ebony of her chair and rested for an instant on her white neck, I could see a thrill of disgust disturb her whole frame, and she arose hastily and beckoning to me left the room.

"I occupied the same chamber with my mistress, and though it was yet very early we took lights from the servant and went up as if to retire for the night; for I saw that poor Miss Therese was eager to avoid the presence of her cousin at any sacrifice—as we approached our sleeping chamber cousin Richard passed us on his way to the apartments assigned to him in another wing of the building. It was the more ancient portion of the building, unoccupied except by Richard and his attendants. It had once been the principal dwelling, and the old entrance still remained, through which Richard could at any time find his chamber without disturbing the family. He was creeping forward with a soft cat-like tread when I first saw him, but the moment his eyes fell on us he advanced smilingly toward us; inquired if his cousin was really about to retire at that early hour, hoped that she was not ill, and complained of a head-ache, which was driving him to his own pillow at an hour so unseasonable.

"Therese did not smile, but she gently bade him good night, and we went into our chamber together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SENTIMENT.

BY MRS. L. G. BARBER.

A DARK, benighted way—

A tempest's strife—

A lonely wilderness—

Oh! such is life.

A star that in the storm

Shines calm above—

A sunbeam on the waste—

Oh! such is love.

A PICTURE.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

It was indeed a rich and lovely spot
On which he found himself. An orange grove
All richly sprinkled with the pearly stars
Of its luxuriant bloom. While songs of birds
Gush'd from the breezy shade, and ruby wings
Flash'd 'mid the emerald foliage. Now a strain
Of music, such as mingles with the soul,
Awaking all sweet memories and pure thoughts,
And high and deep emotions, floated past,
Seeming a vocal zephyr worshipping
The purity of love. "Heaven is not far!"
The wandering spirit cried in ecstasy,
"For lo! a spirit, by its melodies,
Is hovering near me." Now another strain,
Richer and sweeter, and the spirit rose
And sought the fountain of those mellow tones,
Which he imagined came all fresh from heaven.
Alas! in his long, dreary banishment,
He had forgotten how divinely pure
Heaven's tuneful spirits are.

At once he stood
Before a glittering temple, which threw off
The slanting sunbeams like a thousand shafts
Of dazzling glory. It was bosomed deep
In richest roses, and the balmy vines
Trailed o'er the portico their scented wreaths,
And bound the snowy columns; while within
A fountain of clear water threw pure gems
Upon the mottled marble of the floor,
And on the delicate and spice-breathed flowers
That drooped their pearly heads, and seemed so frail
That they might melt, and weep themselves away
Upon the dewy air.

But he forgot
All else, as he beheld within the bowyer
A dark haired maiden, languidly reclined
On crimson cushions, canopied with blue,
And fringed with glittering gold and rows of pearls.
Her limbs were light and delicately fair,
Not white like cold cut stone, but warmly tinged
With beauty, life and health. The rose hued gauze
That floated o'er the heaving witcheries
Of shoulders, arms and bosom, only seemed
To lend a modest blush to things too pure
And wholly beautiful to need a veil.
Her features all were perfect, and her cheek
Like a rich temple of transparent pearl,
Thro' which gleamed out, with warm and ardent light,
The torch of every minister that came
To light his holy censor. In her eyes
So deep, so dark, so eloquent, young loves
Lay shadowed by the clear lid's silken fringe,
As bathing children startled hide themselves
Among soft rushes by the river's brink,
And peeping forth laugh and betray themselves
To every passer by.

SARAH BURNETT.

BY MRS. M. A. BROWNE GRAY.*

IF I were asked to describe the very *beau idéal* of an English cottage residence, I am sure my thoughts would instinctively turn to that, which, some twenty years ago, was occupied by the Rev. Charles Burnett, perpetual curate of the pretty village of Beechley. Where else could be found such a combination of elegance and simplicity; walls so purely white, yet so gracefully shadowed with their thick tapestry of climbing plants, that there was nothing glaring in their whiteness; trees forming so stately a background, evergreens so luxuriant as in its shrubberies, and grass of such velvety richness as that which carpeted its tiny lawn? Then the neat little greenhouse kept in such perfect order, with its small, but rare collection of the choicest exotics—when shall I ever look upon its counterpart again? The stranger who passed that lovely spot turned to gaze again, and the conviction at once entered his mind that if on earth domestic peace and happiness could find a dwelling place, surely it was here. But appearances are often deceptive. Even where every worldly means of comfort have been vouchsafed, and where refined taste and cultivated intellect manifest themselves in the external decorations of a dwelling, it does not follow that happiness is there to be found. The Rev. Charles Burnett was by no means a happy man, though possessed of a competent income, an elegant mind, and an extraordinary degree of learning. He was naturally of an anxious, irritable and foreboding disposition, and having married when very young a beautiful, but exceedingly silly wife, he had provided a perpetual food whereon the worst faults of his temper might feed and revel. Her giddy manners and imprudent habits gave him constant annoyance, and, though restrained by his authority from such acts as might seriously compromise his respectability or injure his fortune, she still kept him in an unceasing fever of anxiety. He could not depend on her discretion for a moment, and her pettish repinings over what she called his tyranny, were both loud and continued. She was one who would never learn wisdom, and above all, that best of woman's wisdom, patience. She was as much a fretful child at the day of her death, fifteen years after their union, as she had been in its earliest stage. She died, however, leaving behind her two children, a boy fourteen years old, and a girl nearly ten years younger.

She was not a person to be very long or deeply

regretted by any one, not even by the son of whom she had made a complete idol, for he was already grown weary of her alternate petting and scolding and her unbounded caprice. People whispered that now Mr. Burnett would grow cheerful and happy; but alas, they were widely mistaken! Those whose tempers, naturally impatient, have been tried and harassed by an abiding source of annoyance for a length of time, seldom become smooth and gracious, even when that annoyance is discontinued, and independent of this Mrs. Burnett had left in her own son Philip a being who was only too like herself in many points, with the addition of a more determined disposition, and a larger share of intellect, which, joined to his other attributes, only rendered him doubly unmanageable. The little girl who survived her, however, was a being of a different order. Without the brilliant beauty, which, in her mother's younger days had formed her chief attraction, she was still a pretty and interesting child, and her gentle and patient disposition manifested from her very cradle, afforded the strongest contrast to the fiery temper of her brother. The unruly boy treated his little sister much like his Spaniel, sometimes with caresses, sometimes with blows, each bestowed without any other cause than the humor of the moment. One day he would expend all his pocket money in the purchase of cakes and toys for her—in the next in some transport of his rage her prettiest doll or her favorite book would be demolished, and not unfrequently her delicate little form would bear the marks of his ungovernable violence: yet the gentle child never complained, and strange to say, she loved him. It seemed as if she only treasured up the remembrance of his acts of kindness, and wiped away the memory of his ill usage with her tears. In the violent quarrels that frequently took place between Philip and his father, Sarah was generally a mediator, sometimes by the boy's request, but oftener by her own deed. Who could stand the timid attitude, the clasped hands, the streaming uplifted eyes with which she used to entreat for the remission of some threatened punishment, and pledge herself for her brother's future good conduct? In that family where petulance and passion had so long reigned triumphant, the youngest born seemed to have arisen as a superior being, a child-angel, sent to calm them into harmony and peace. Mr. Burnett originally designed his son for the church, but the conviction had early forced itself on his mind that his son's natural temper unfitted him for the duties of so sacred a profession. But possessing, as I have before said, a considerable degree of learning himself, and feeling a devoted reverence for it in others, he was anxious that Philip should follow

*Better known as the English poetess, Miss Mary Ann Browne, the sister of Mrs. Hemans.

some path requiring considerable cultivation of the mind rather than devote himself to a mere trade, and with this view he placed him in the office of a respectable solicitor, trusting that he might hereafter attain some eminence in the practice of law. But the youth had other plans. Though not deficient in talent, he was pre-eminently wanting in industry and perseverance; he hated study, and finally resolved never to adhere to the profession chosen for him. He was of a restless temperament—fond of change and thirsting for adventure, and he declared he would far rather go to sea in the humblest capacity than remain bound to the drudgeries of a lawyer's office. Mr. Burnett offered the most decided opposition to this wish, and perpetual altercations were the consequence, which were only ended by Philip's suddenly absconding and entering as a common seaman on board a merchant vessel. This occurred on this eighteenth year: and Sarah was not nine years old. Never did she forget to her dying day how his flushed face bent down to kiss her in her bed as in the dead hour of night he bade her farewell. It was like a dream—that gliding figure, with the lighted candle in his hand, whose touch on her shoulder had broken her slumber, and whose suppressed voice had mingled with a parting blessing, a command that she should be silent for her life; and she was silent after that form had left her in darkness, and she lay petrified and still and sleepless till the broad daylight filled her chamber, like one under the influence of a nightmare. She fully believed that she had been the subject of mere supernatural visitation, and it was only when Philip was missed, and the truth became manifest to others, that she understood what and who that apparition was.

Years went on and Sarah Burnett was a girl of fifteen, not strikingly beautiful, but very sweet to look upon. Her figure was slight and delicately rounded; her complexion far too pale for perfect health; her eyes soft, blue, and expressive; and her hair of the palest shade of brown, resting in soft, smooth waves above her fair forehead. There was something touching in the expression of her countenance, it was so very thoughtful, yet it had such a shade of pensiveness. It made the gazer sigh to think that care or grief, or even overmuch thought should have visited one so young. Naturally timid and gentle, she had from her very birth been a subdued creature: a being whose will and wishes seemed doomed to be ever subordinate to those of others. Her father had tyrannized over her infancy—her father had ruled her childhood not harshly indeed, but most entirely. She was scarcely allowed to have a free thought or feeling. She was required to cast her tastes, her acting, her opinions in the mould of

his will. To originate any idea in her own mind which might possibly differ from his seemed to her a grievous sin. There was much pains taken to educate her, or rather to force her mind into one peculiar course, but its own fine impulses and innate qualities were never considered or cultivated. And yet in spite of this barren husbandry—this iron rule, the plants whose germs were native to the soil would force their way into light—stunted indeed in upward growth, but strongly and firmly rooted. The surface of her mind was still and calm, and ready to receive any image her father might choose to present to it: but there was a deep and strong under current over which he had no control.

They had heard but little of Philip since his departure, and that little was evil: he had reached the West Indies in safety, but had quarrelled with a messmate on his arrival; had fought with him and received some severe injuries, and when the vessel sailed on her homeward voyage, had been left behind in the hospital. Incensed as Mr. Burnett had been with his son's conduct, he still retained so much of a father's feelings toward him as to cause every enquiry to be made in the proper quarter, whereby his fate might be ascertained, and after a long delay he received the news that Philip Burnett had left the hospital only partially recovered, with the intention of obtaining a passage to America, and here all traces of him were lost. His haughty and unthankful conduct to those around him had gained him no friends, and no one had been sufficiently interested in his movements after he quitted the hospital to enquire what had become of him.

It was on a cold, drizzly autumn afternoon that a wretched looking man, decrepid in person, though still youthful in features, clothed in rags and bearing in his appearance the evidences of the last stage of destitution, presented himself before Mr. Burnett's door. In his arms he held a female child of two or three years old, who, worn out probably by hunger and weariness, had fallen asleep with her little head resting on his shoulder. Mr. Burnett, who saw the way-worn wanderers from his window, at once rung the bell, and having ordered refreshments to be given to the suppliant, resumed the newspaper he was reading. But Sarah, whose compassionate eye had regarded the beggar more attentively, suddenly became violently agitated, and with a faint exclamation rose and quitted the apartment. A moment more and she was hanging on the wanderer's neck—it was indeed Philip Burnett, returned home to die.

He had reached America, and under a feigned name had procured a tolerable livelihood for some time. He had, however, married most impru-

dently, and after passing a few wretched years with his wife, found himself a widower and burdened with the care of the little girl in his arms. He had fallen into idle and dissipated habits—had lost his employment, and at last smitten with mortal disease, had humbled his spirit for the sake of his child, and returned to the home of his youth. He knew his days were numbered, and had he had no one to consider but himself he would have rather died in poverty and obscurity in a distant land than have allowed his father to know, much less to witness his destitution. But amidst all the corruption and depravity of his heart he still *loved his child*, and the protection and aid he would have scorned to solicit for himself, he deigned to ask for her, and it was freely given.

A few weeks saw the termination of Philip's mortal career; but his little Helen remained, and the thoughtful and affectionate Sarah was unto her as a mother. Her grandfather doated on her, and treated her with the utmost indulgence; different indeed was her happy dawn of life to the troubled childhood of her aunt. Loving and sweet as her temper was, it was far livelier than Sarah's had ever been, and her pretty caprices and wayward whims instead of being harshly checked by Mr. Burnett were rather encouraged. She was the sunbeam of his old age—the plaything of his second childhood, and it probably afforded him more real happiness than any one on earth. Though far more brilliant in complexion, and various in the expressions of her countenance she still bore a strong family resemblance to Sarah, in fact had the latter been a few years older it would been natural to have taken them for mother and child.

On this little creature, so utterly dependent on her kindness, did Sarah Burnett lavish the full tide of her affection, which had hitherto found no object. Her new position was of infinite advantage to her. It gave a more womanly and independent cast to her mind, and in increasing her responsibility raised her in her own esteem. And, as if the opening of one spring of affection had been the signal for the unlocking of another, so it was in this instance that a few months after little Helen Burnett became an inmate of the family, a new and still more tender attachment had arisen in her heart—childish it might have seemed to others, but in deep and fervent natures like hers such a feeling arises *but once*.

She was beloved and by whom? The boy was scarcely so old as herself—indeed barely fifteen. Yet he seemed older than she was—so tall and well-grown was he, and so manly in his mind and manners. The bringing up of Frank Moreland had been the very reverse of her own. She had been kept a child beyond the years of childhood

—he had always been brought forward and encouraged, and his premature displays of independence and spirit exulted in by his doating parents. A more complete contrast then Frank Moreland and Sarah Burnett could scarcely be found, and yet they loved each other. Frank Moreland was the only child of a neighboring farmer of the superior class, and a finer youth it was scarcely possible to find. At fifteen he might easily have passed for two or three years older: and his gay, good humor, animated conversation and handsome person made him a general favorite. Already he was an object of much petty rivalry among the young ladies of the neighborhood, and happy was she who at rural dance or fete could appropriate him to herself. It was, therefore, no wonder if he entertained a tolerably exalted sense of his own merits, and enjoyed his privileges as the lady-killer of the parish to the utmost. There were far prettier girls in Beechley than Sarah Burnett who would have been proud of his preference, and entered into the mazes of a flirtation with him with great good will; but Sarah, timid and retiring, seldom went into society, and when she did, rather shrunk from attention than courted it. It was probably for this very reason that she caught the young and ardent fancy of the boy, and awakened the first dream of love in his youthful heart.

It was with blushes and tears and trembling that she listened to the declaration of his affection—it was with a strange wonder at herself that she solemnly pledged him her faith. Years they both knew must elapse before their contract could be fulfilled; and Sarah's natural timidity made her entreat that as yet their engagement might be a secret one. It was a sad error in judgment, the fruit of injudicious training. Mr. Burnett had inspired his daughter with fear never with confidence, and here was one of the evil effects of such a system.

Nearly two years passed away, and though Frank Moreland was a constant visitor at Mr. Burnett's house, and evidently in high favor with all its inmates, no one suspected the strength and sacredness of the tie which bound him to one of them. But a change was at hand. His father died, leaving his affairs in great disorder: and the farm in which Frank had been latterly assisting with the prospect of finally succeeding his father, had to be given up. All that was saved from the wreck of the elder Moreland's property was barely sufficient to purchase a trifling annuity for his widow, and it became necessary that Frank should direct his attention to some other business. In this emergency application was made to a distant relative in the metropolis, who was extensively engaged in mercantile affairs, but

the only way in which he professed himself able to serve the young man was by sending him out to Rio Janeiro, where he would be required to remain a certain number of years and gain experience before being introduced into the concern at home. "If," wrote this gentleman, "he conducts himself satisfactorily during his absence, he will have the opportunity, on his return, of taking an important part in our business, and a few years may raise him to comparative affluence. I began life in a similar way, and have never found reason to be dissatisfied with the course fortune marked out for me."

It was hard to part with his mother; it was doubly so to tear himself from Sarah Burnett. Yet there was something in the proposal that met with a favorable response in Frank Moreland's breast. It held out a bright prospect for the future, an undefined and distant certainty, yet dazzling from afar—and it opened a path of adventure and change which it is so natural for the spirit of man to yearn for. At first he thought it a dire alternative, a dreadful doom which could not be endured, but soon the flattering influences of hope and ambition began to take effect on him, and before three days had passed he was not only reconciled to the prospect before him, but would have been dreadfully disappointed had anything occurred to change his destination. Not so Sarah Burnett. To her less buoyant mind it seemed as if the foundations of happiness had given way beneath her feet, and that the hour that separated her from Frank Moreland would separate them forever. What—*seven* long years? She might love on—she knew she would love on—not only for seven, but for seventy years should her life be spared that long; but how would it be with him? Oh! the long, weary, sickening suspense—the agonized waiting for tidings of his welfare—the all that might have occurred, when a cheering letter arrived, since that letter was written—all these things rose up before her imagination, and in such an extremity of agony as she had never felt before, she sank suddenly down in the loneliness of her chamber, and clasped her hands before her eyes as if she could thus shut out the fearful images that convulsed her fancy. The dream, the happy dream was over. One hour had shivered it to atoms, and the startling reality of sorrow poured on her like a flood. But Sarah was no longer a child. The last two years had made a marvellous change in the mind that had previously been so slow in its development. But in outward appearance she was still the shrinking and subdued girl. She had now, however, principles and a judgment of her own. She saw at once what must be done—it was long before she would resolve to do it—but she felt

that their engagement must be given up. Not lightly, not easily could that solemn tie be unloosed, and even when her stern decision was made, she was secretly vowing to love on forever, in her hopeless loneliness, for she felt that never might another's image rest for a moment in the mirror of her heart. To soothe her aged father's declining years, and to watch over the welfare of the little Helen with redoubled zeal, seemed now her only business on earth. She had one more bitter pang to endure—to tell Frank Moreland of her determination, and then to part with him forever. One more tempest of feeling to struggle through, then for an entrance on the calm, dead sea of her future existence. There was something she felt like expiation in her sacrifice. However innocent her motives might have been—however much her conduct had been the result of her timorous nature and ungenial education, she could not conceal from herself that *she had deceived her father*. She dwelt on this idea until her error seemed to darken into a crime. She marvelled how it was that she had never felt so guilty before, and now nothing but the abandonment of her hopes seemed to her a commensurate atonement. One more week and Frank Moreland would be gone—then all would be over! They met as they had often met before in a secluded corner of the cottage garden. There on that eventful evening never was a brighter moonlight, or sweeter flowers, or more balmy air, but Sarah Burnett no longer felt their influence—the world had grown dark around her. The disclosure of her resolution struck Frank Moreland dumb with amazement, and his overwhelming agony when assured of her perseverance in it was a terrible trial to her firmness. She had intended to set before him all her reasons for this seeming harshness, but the sight of his distress put them all to flight, and she could only weep bitterly while reiterating her resolve to adhere to her purpose. It was in vain that Frank tried to penetrate her motives or shake her decision.

"If you have ceased to love me, Sarah," said he "if you seek to be free, that you may wed another, only tell me so honestly and fairly, and I will try to endure the bitterness of my lot, as I best may, but if it be only from the fear that absence will change my feelings for you, what, oh what my beloved one, is seven years separation that it should quench a love like ours?" "Well then be free" he said at last, with less of tenderness in his tone than he had hitherto used. "I give you back your plighted faith—your lock of hair—and my share of the ring we broke together in this very spot, not two years ago. But remember whilst you are free I am not so. If I may not write to you, I may still love you—still hear

of you, through the means of others. Sarah—I will not give up hope, whatever you may do—the seven years will soon pass by—and then!" But wherefore dwell longer on that parting scene?

He was gone, and Sarah said to herself again and again, that "all was at an end." Yet was it not strange that hope was still lurking in her heart, and that his passionate assertion, that he would never change, sounded to her mind like the prophecy of a far off future, that might even yet lead to happiness. But she tried to drive away the thought. She said to herself it was a foolish dream, and even her father appeared to take more interest in watching for news of Frank's safe arrival at the end of his voyage than she did. For a long time after Frank's departure she strove to maintain the unbroken calm of her feelings. She would not allow herself the solace of lonely reverie or secret tears—she performed her domestic duties more tenderly and more assiduously than ever. But a little circumstance simple and unimportant in itself, caused her to weep bitterly, and to feel that the affection she had striven to crush was still as vigorous as ever. She opened a box which she had not examined for some months, and there she found a number of little articles which she had laid by from time to time, thinking with a girl's delighted anticipation, that she would use them *when she was married*. There were little nick nacks, and ornaments for a drawing room—a set of beautiful chess men, the gift a friend who had visited them from a distance; some pretty trinkets; and carefully folded in blue paper, to preserve its colour, a piece of rich white satin, a remnant purchased with some hoarded pocket money, and blushing confined to that receptacle with a vague idea that some day it might form the material of a bridal bonnet. She scarcely ventured a second look, but re-locking the trunk, sat down and wept.

Letters arrived in due course, bearing tidings of Frank's safe arrival at Rio Janeiro in good health; and others reached them from time to time bringing the most pleasing accounts of his good conduct and success. He rose rapidly in the esteem of the managers of the foreign establishment, and the high road to fortune seemed open before him.

Years went by; six long years had passed over and the seventh had commenced. Hitherto Frank's letters had been filled with joyful anticipations of his return, but now they grew altered in their tone. The truth soon was told. Most advantageous offers had been made him, conditional on his remaining abroad seven years longer, and he had accepted the terms. And now Sarah Burnett awoke to the real state of her feelings, and saw that in spite of all her resolutions, she had *hoped*.

She had looked forward to Frank's return when the seven years drew near an end, with a strange sensation that would have been joy, had she permitted it free exercise, but this seemed the final casting down of the dreams of her imagination. Surely he did not love her now, or nothing would have induced him to protract his absence. The blow her own hand had dealt, had taken slow but sure effect, and to him she was nothing.

Her father died, but Sarah with her niece, now fast growing into a lovely girl, still occupied the cottage. They were not rich, but they had not to struggle with poverty, for Mr. Burnett had wisely insured his life for two thousand pounds, and the income arising from this, with some slight addition from another source, was now more than sufficient for all their simple wants. A more radiant creature than Helen Burnett it would be difficult for a poet to imagine or a painter to portray. Besides having, as I before said, a strong resemblance to her aunt, she was lovelier than that aunt had ever been, even in her loveliest days—and it was a sad truth that Sarah Burnett at twenty-eight, was not the Sarah Burnett of ten or eleven years earlier. Her figure had grown spare and somewhat angular, and her face was paler than ever—there was still the mild blue eyes, and the delicate features, but her brow was no longer smooth, her hair had become thin and weak, and her whole form and face looked common and prematurely aged. Her health was very delicate, and at the very time when feminine beauty should be the richest and most luxuriant, Sarah Burnett was shadowed by habitual suffering, and blighted happiness. Frank Moreland's mother, now an old woman, was already indulging in glad anticipations of her son's speedy return, but Sarah would not encourage herself to hope again; she could not realize the belief that he would ever come back; her sensitive spirit shrunk in dread from the chance of another disappointment. She went quietly on in the accustomed path of duty; the care of her house, of her beautiful niece and of the poor around her, filling up the most part of her time. But time stays not on his course, however noiselessly his waves may flow, and when Sarah Burnett was in the thirty-first year of her age, the exile of Frank Moreland was ended, and he once more set foot on his native shores.

Yes, he had returned—handsomer, sprightlier, more fascinating than ever, with improved manners, enlarged intellect, and in all the flush and pride of manhood. He had been prosperous beyond his utmost hopes, and he was very shortly to be made a partner of the English branch of the concern, in which he had given so much satisfaction. Then it was that the contrast between them smote with full force on Sarah's mind—he scarcely

yet in his meridian, she already past her prime, blighted in beauty, and feeble in frame. It is true that the tumult of her feelings, when they met, had given unwonted color to her cheeks, and a varying expression to her countenance, which had caused Frank to express his surprise that she should be so little changed, but the momentary flush soon subsided, and he never repeated the observation. Day after day he saw her and always addressed her kindly, even affectionately, but he never adverted to the past. Vainly was her throbbing ear alive to every word and tone, that might indicate a continuance of the feelings of other days, and she whose own hand had rashly severed the tie between them, durst not breathe one word of her unchanged affection. She was convinced against her own will that he was utterly changed, that a great gulf was now set between them, and that she was really older than he, not by one year of time alone, but by an age of thought and suffering. Daily too, he saw Helen, the young and brilliant creature just entering on life's most enchanting period, and was it unnatural that he should replace in his mind the fair image, which though cherished long during his absence, had no more a counterpart in her who had been its original? Over Helen, too, a change had come. Her step grew less light, her laugh less frequent, there was a shadow on her beautiful brow, and the smile with which she greeted Frank Moreland's almost daily entrance was now accompanied by a blush. Who so quick to discern its cause as Sarah Burnett? She saw at once what was passing in the young girl's mind, and summoning up all her courage for the task, she resolved to speak to Frank on the subject, and if she found that he really loved Helen, to assure him that she would give her free and full consent to their union. The first time she saw Frank alone she was about to commence the subject with beating heart and flushed cheek, when he startled and surprised her by speaking of it himself. He avowed his love for Helen without disguise or embarrassment, and appealed to her for consent as the natural guardian of the orphan girl.

"You were wiser than I, dear Sarah," he said, "when so many years ago you relieved us from the bonds, which we in our almost childish folly had woven. You are still dear, very dear to me, how can one so excellent be otherwise? But you knew, better than I, the change that time must effect in us, and that the day would come when my feeling for you would be that of a brother to a most beloved elder sister. The precious being whose happiness I ask you to confide to my keeping, does not look up to you with more reverential attachment than I do. Sarah, my love for you now, is such as a mortal might feel towards a guardian angel."

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This was the closing struggle in the history of Sarah Burnett's heart. It only remained to trample out the last sparks of hope and fear, that had been rekindled by Frank Moreland's return, and to try to extinguish the love, which instead of a folly would become a crime. She had only now to assist in the arrangements of the nuptials—to dress the young and beautiful bride, and to sit down in her lonely cottage on the evening of the marriage, a sad and chastened being, whose part on earth was accomplished. In turning over the same trunk, the contents of which had so moved her when she looked on them years before, she had found the piece of snowy satin which in fancy had been destined for her own bridal decoration. "It shall be worn by Frank Moreland's bride" thought she, and it formed the head dress of the fair Helen on her marriage day.

In the little church yard of Beechley there is a tomb whose inscription informs you, that it is sacred to the memory of the Rev. Charles Burnett—to that of Charlotte his wife, and Philip his only son. Another name is added to the list—it is that of Sarah Burnett, aged thirty-five. Ask those who were around her in her latter days, of what she died, and one will tell you that it was of some unascertained internal disease, another that she was the victim of decline, and others perhaps that it was of a complication of disorders. We, who knew her secret history, could give a truer answer—she died of a weary spirit and of a slowly broken heart.

I WILL FORGET THEE.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIEP.

"I WILL forget thee!" I said in my pride,
When the flowers of autumn lay dead at my side,
"I will forget thee! no more thou art dear,
No longer I yield thee a thought or a tear."
But spring has returned with her blossoms sweet,
And brightly again are they spread at my feet,
A spell with their coming is over me cast,
And fondly they breathe of thy love and the past.

"I will forget thee!" I said when the song
Merrily gushed with its joyousness on,
For deadened and lost in the mirth and the glee
Seemed all the heart's fondness it cherished for thee,
But there stole on my ear, when the day was at rest,
A melody sweet as the song of the blest,
And all its wild pining then felt but a part,
Of the sadness that dwelt in my own gushing heart.

"I will forget thee!" I say when the morn
Is first in its glory and radiance born,
For Time weareth on—day fadeth away,
I toil with the weary, am light with the gay;
But at eve when the twilight is deepening above,
I kneel to the Father of Mercy and Love,
Then, even as ever, thy spirit is there,
And thine is the blessing, for thee is the prayer

SUNRISE AT NEW LONDON.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE welkin glows. What floods of purple light
Announce the coming of the King of Day!

The streaming rays that every moment grow
More tremulously bright, like guards uplift
The diamond-pointed spear, and swiftly run
Before his chariot. Lo!—with dazzling pomp
The gates of morning burst, and forth he comes,
In light ineffable, and strength supreme,
Best image of the God that rules the world.
Hill-top, and sacred spire, and monument
Receive him first, with princely reverence,
And blushing, point him to the vales below.
The sea doth greet him, fleck'd with gliding sails,
That catch his radiance on their breasts of snow,
While joyously the little islands touch
Their waving coronets in loyalty.

And dost thou share the brilliance, old Montauk,
Ultima Thule of that noble isle,
Against whose shores the everlasting surge
Long travelling on, and ominous of wrath,
Incessant beats? Thou lift'st a nightly torch
Unto the vex'd and storm-toss'd mariner,
Guiding him safely toward his home again:—
So may we, in our hours of darkness, light
The lamp of charity, and with its beam
Solace the wandering sons of want and woe.

Up go the aspiring rays, and reddening fall
On dome and spreading tree, and cheerful haunt
Of peace and plenty. Here, our fathers dwelt
Simply in ancient times, the scatter'd huts
Of the dark Indian, mingling with their own.
Methinks, even now, amid yon garden shades,
Or on the margin of his lily'd lake
Sage Winthrop walks, our old colonial sire,
Musing how best to advance his country's weal—
On his broad forehead sits the conscious thought
Of power annex'd with pride, and that pure warmth
Of patriotism which nerv'd him to endure
Toil and privation, for the infant state
That well his wisdom rul'd.

See—rosy beams
Kindle around the pleasant home, where dwelt
The saintly Huntington, in danger tried,
The firm in battle, and the fond of peace.
High in the friendship of Mount Vernon's chief,
And warmly reverenc'd by the land he serv'd,
He walk'd in meekness on to life's decline,
Seeking that honor which from God doth come,
And bath its crown above these starry skies.

But ah!—the slant rays tint a lowly grave,
Where rests the tuneful bard by Nature lov'd.
Brainard—the echoes of thy spirit-lyre
Do warn us hither, and we fain would sit
Beside thy pillow, and commune with thee.
Oh, gentle friend, the autumnal dews are chill
Upon thy grassy bed, and the frail flowers
Whose sadden'd hearts are ominous of ill,
Cling closely there, as if they knew that thou
Like them, did'st feel an early frost, and die.

Yet art thou of that band who cannot die
Thou hast a dwelling with us, and thy words
Are sweetly on our lips, at close of day—
At lamp-light, by the hearth-stone. Unforgot
Shalt thou remain, for the sweet germs of song
Do flourish, when the gauds of wealth and power
Sink to oblivion.

But the rising sun
Stays not his course. The broad horizon takes
His kingly message—on he goes, to wake
The self-same joys and sorrows that have trod
Beside him since Creation. In his track
We read the chronicles of days that were,
And legends that the hoary-headed keep
In memory's treasure-house, when pitiless war
And Arnold's treason woke such fires as made
A people homeless. See, on yonder spot,
Where the white column marks the buried brave,
Came the pale widow, and her orphan band,
Searching 'mid piles of carnage for the forms
More dear than life.

But sure, yon glorious orb
'Mid all the zones thro' which his chariot rolls,
Beholds no realm more favor'd than our own.—
Here, in this broad, green West. So, may he find
Hands knit in brotherhood, and hearts inspir'd
With love to Him, from whom all blessings flow.

EVENING HOURS.

BY MISS M. MILES.

FRIENDS are gather'd round!
Low music whispers near
The tones, that fell of old
So sweetly on mine ear!
And smiles are on each lip,
Sweet words of kindness, blent
With laughter's silvery fall,
And tones of merriment!
They are calling back the past!
The dear, old times of yore,
When every hope of life—
A tinge of sunlight bore.
They speak of gatherings
Around the social hearth,
And many pleasant scenes
'Midst the loveliness of earth.

Now mournful is the tone
They're speaking of the dead,
The loved! above whose graves
The bitter tears were shed.
Their voices mournful fall.
And wake some memory—
E'en in the hour of mirth,
Of the loved and lost to me.
My heart is like a haunted spot,
A grief, earth cannot still,
Is there; and memory's spectre band
Its secret chambers fill.
The bless'd dead, 'tis sweet to think
This "leaf of healing" given,
One less may love us here below
One more to watch in heaven!

THE VETERAN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THE old man sat by the way-side, weary and travel-soiled. His stick and scanty bundle lay beside him on the bank. His head was uncovered, and the thin gray locks, blowing about in the wind, appealed with silent pathos to the passers by; for the old man was poor and homeless, and had wandered from a distant sea-port, depending on the charity of strangers for his daily bread. He had come from a foreign land, where he had buried the last of his children—come back to die in his native soil when it should please God to end his weary pilgrimage. And for all he knew there was not one in the wide world of his name or lineage.

The old man at length arose and resumed his journey. Toward evening he reached the brow of a gentle hill. A village lay but a short distance ahead. It was a quiet and beautiful place, approached by a road fringed with willows and crossed by a rustic bridge. In the distance to the right was seen the white spire of the church, peeping above the dark old trees. The houses did not stand on the street, but were built each in its little garden, so that the place had an irregular but very lovely appearance. It was studded with fine old trees, through whose vistas the yellow afternoon sunbeams came drowsily down, giving it a quiet and dreamy aspect, strangely alluring to one who, like that old man, was weary with travel and sorrow, and would fain repose in some retired corner until death released him from his toils.

He paused at the entrance of the village, and looked around. Here and there at the doorways, females were sitting, either knitting or sewing. From the gardens behind the houses came the sleepy hum of bees, occasionally drowned in the merry voices of children playing. The whole scene had an air of such domestic quiet and happiness that the old man again laid down his bundle, and sat on the railing of the bridge, with the faint hope that some one would take pity on his gray hairs and offer him a supper and bed in this sweet spot. And as he sat there many thoughts passed through his mind. He recalled the time when he too had been a careless boy, like those he saw sporting through the village, with no thought except that sometime he would become a soldier and go forth into the world to make a name and fortune, and then come back and enjoy it in his native village. He remembered how he had set out, with sanguine hopes, to realize this dream, and how he had met disappointment after disappointment, until, at length,

sorrowed and dejected, he had come back to a more quiet life. Then he thought of the few, the very few years of happiness that followed, until his wife died and he was left, ruined in his humble fortunes, with a family of helpless innocents. He saw again the day on which, with that little group, he had set forth to a distant land, in the hope of there repairing his fortunes; and then, fast and thick, subsequent events crowded on him—how his eldest daughter had married against his consent and gone he knew not whither, how one by one his children died, how his scanty property wasted away, and how he had, at length, departed, old and in poverty, with the determination to beg his way back to his native parish and there die. As these things came up to his memory, as he remembered how much he had already suffered and how far he had yet to go before he could hope to see his journey's end, the tears again came into his eyes, for he felt that he could not bear up much longer.

"To-day," he murmured, "I have gone dinnerless, and God knows whether I shall find a meal to-night. An old man's hairs cannot always win him the crumbs of a table or protect him from insult. Ah! if my poor child were yet living, I would have some one to protect and aid me, for she ever loved me. I was too harsh in forbidding her marriage with Henry, who, though a wild lad, was a good one, and, if he lives, has made her a worthy husband. Perhaps my curse is now reacting on myself—God knows! But it will soon be over," he said with a melancholy sigh, as he rose feebly and took up his bundle, "I feel this old frame giving way. If I could teach my parish I might find some former acquaintance to afford me a bed to die on—but that will never be, that will never be," he said, shaking his head despondingly, "On the roadside or in a ditch will be my last pillow."

He staggered feebly along, and was now in the heart of the village. Numerous were the glances cast at him, but no one offered him a shelter. Now and then the children paused from their play, and their eyes followed him for an instant as he passed down the street; but that was all. His steps grew more feeble, and his heart sunk within him.

He look around in search of some one to apply to; but the faces he saw were forbidding, and he moved on. At length he stood before a shady cottage of the better sort, at the door of which sat a boy breathless from beating his hoop around the village, while a mild, matronly face was visible just inside. The aspect of the cottage, and all around it was quiet and soothing, and the old man felt that there, if anywhere, he would find compassionate hearts.

"Mother," said one of the children inside, a sweet little girl of five, "do see the poor old man at the door—he looks tired and hungry, mother—shan't I give him some bread and milk?"

The mother looked, and, for the first time, saw the veteran. He stood, leaning on his stick, his hat in hand, mutely appealing with his look of weariness and his thin, unbared gray hairs, to her sympathy. Her heart was touched and she advanced to the door, her little daughter following, clinging to her dress, and looking up into the veteran's face with a gaze of mingled pity and fear.

"Your face is sweet and kind, dear madam," said the old man, with a tremulous voice, for his heart was still stirred by the memories of other times, "and, though happy and beautiful now, looks as if it had once seen sorrow. I feel that I shall not ask in vain for a morsel for supper and leave to sleep in some outhouse—or, for bread only, if you have no humble place for an old man to lie in. I have eaten nothing since morning and am worn down with travel. God will bless you, ma'am, for what you do for me."

The old man's words had been broken and earnest, and listened to by the woman with strange interest. With her finger on her cheek she stood drinking them in as if life and death depended on her hearing every syllable. As he proceeded her eyes expressed a strange wonder and doubt, but when he ceased, she advanced close to him, and laying her hand on his shoulder, while she peered into his face as if she would read every lineament there, she said breathlessly.

"Is your name, Morton—John Morton?"

The old man started and looked at her eagerly, and with wild astonishment.

"It is—it is," she said, "father, don't you know your daughter?" and she clasped her arms around his neck and sobbed hysterically, now looking eagerly up into his face, and now again convulsively embracing him. The father was not less affected, and wept aloud.

"Oh! my child!"—was all he could say.

His grand-children stood around, but half comprehending the scene, yet joining their tears with their mother's and his.

When all were more composed, each told the history of their lives during the years they had been separated. The father narrated his misfortunes and the death of all his family, and at this the daughter wept afresh. Hers was a brighter story. She and her husband had prospered, and had often written to her parent, but the letters miscarried, and thinking him still unforgiving she had ceased, at length, to write.

That night was the first time for months, the veteran did not sleep among strangers.

CROW NEST.

BY MRS. C. H. FORD.

A FIRST voyage up the Hudson is an era in life. I say *up*, for the emotions felt in descending are not so powerful as those experienced in ascending it. And the cause is obvious. In the voyage from New York the character of the scenery ascends, by progressive steps, in the scale of sublimity, until it attains the climax at West Point; while, in descending from Albany, you suddenly enter the grandest reach of the river at Crow Nest, from whence the hills, on either side, became tamer every mile.

My first voyage up the Hudson was in my eighteenth year, when I was full of Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," then just published. After entering the Highlands at Stony Point my delight and enthusiasm became rapturous. I tried to fancy myself on the great German river; and a somewhat vivid imagination crowned the bold crags around and the shadowy nooks under them, with ruined castles overgrown with vine. A German traveller, who happened to be of our party, flattered me by declaring that the Hudson was inferior to the Rhine, only in the absence of castles and villages on the banks, and the vineyards on the sides of the hills. When the steamer rounded the point below West Point, and the gray walls of Fort Putnam, half buried in trees, looked grimly down from their eyrie, my rapture became inexpressible, and I continued silent until we landed at the station, where we intended to remain a few days.

That sojourn at West Point I shall never forget. I had hitherto been kept at school, and had seen none of the majestic scenery which our country affords. Everything was new to me; and my enthusiasm consequently was unbounded. I climbed the steep approaches to Fort Putnam, hunted out many a wild dingle in the surrounding forests, and with the recklessness of impulsive girlhood, ventured unaccompanied into places where I should now be afraid to go even with an attendant. On a fine moonlight evening a party was made up to row over in a barge to Bull Hill. Two of the gentlemen were flute-players and took their instruments. That evening was like a happy dream.

As I looked on the silvered top of the Crow Nest, while the base of the hill was buried in gloom, I was forcibly reminded of Drake's description of the scene, and, unconsciously repeated his graphic lines.

"'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night;
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high,
But the moon and the stars and the cloudless sky,

And the flood which rolls its milky hue—
 A river of light on the welkin blue.
 The moon looks down on old Crow Nest,
 She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw,
 In a silver cone on the waves below;
 His sides are broken by spots of shade.
 By the walnut boughs and the cedar made,
 And thro' their clustering branches dark,
 Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark,
 Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
 Thro' the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.
 The stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
 A burnished length of wavy beam,
 In an eel-like spiral line below."

The best view of Crow Nest and the river below, is that represented in the accompanying engraving, which gives the landscape as it appears from a bluff on the face of Bull Hill in the neighborhood of Undercliff. Immediately in front rises Crow Nest, bold, dark and shaggy. Further down the Hudson is the plain on which stands West Point, the white buildings of which, on a sunshiny day, came out in bold relief against the dark green of the surrounding prospect. At its feet the blue river washes along, and is seen winding in and out among the hills, until lost in distance. Half way up the acclivity behind West Point, appears a mass of broken wall overgrown with trees. That is Fort Putnam, hallowed by many a historical recollection!

I do not recollect the gnarled and blasted tree which the artist has introduced into the engraving; but it gives an appropriate wildness to the scene, and I have no doubt it is there. Nor is the eagle, soaring aloft, to be attributed to the painter's fancy, for I have often seen this noble bird from West Point.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

The eve came on all cold and gray,
 Yet still our dear one was away,
 We missed her merry laugh and play,
 Her step of bounding glee;
 We gazed into each others eyes,
 With looks of sadness and surprise,
 Where could our darling be?
 We roamed the wood that crowned the hill,
 We searched in haste the ruined mill,
 We cried aloud, but all was still,
 The twilight grew more drear;
 The gurgling of the rushing rill,
 The wailing of the whipporwill,
 Was all that we could hear.
 We saw beneath the torch's gleam
 Each eye with silent anguish beam,
 Whene'er it rested on the stream,
 Yet no one lingered there;
 We even fondly strove to seem,
 Unconscious of what all must dream,
 But turn from in despair.

2*

The mother's voice grew sad and wild,
 She shrieked in grief "my child! my child!"
 The answer came in echoes mild
 That mocked her agony;
 Few words of cheer our way beguiled,
 Some whispered hope and faintly smiled,
 But not one heart beat free.

Night passed away and came again,
 And still our eager search was vain,
 We could no more the fears restrain
 That every lip express;
 We thought with deep and bitter pain
 If still she lived what woe must reign
 Within that young child's breast.

And some a weary aspect wore,
 And murmured, "let us seek no more,
 We've tracked the mountains o'er and o'er,
 Each woodland, vale and dell,"
 But we who loved, deep courage bore,
 A new-born strength unknown before
 Seemed in our souls to dwell.

We journeyed on for her dear sake
 By lonely wood and silent lake,
 We saw another morn awake
 But joyed not in its light;
 We turned our homeward path to take,
 When crouching 'neath a tangled brake
 The lost one met our sight.

She lay in listless slumber there,
 Her cheek was pale as if with care,
 And wet with dew her golden hair
 That swept the grassy sod;
 Tears rested on the lashes fair,
 Her little hands were clasped in prayer
 As if she sought her God.

If sleep or death we hardly knew,
 We dared not think our hopes were true,
 Our struggling breath we scarcely drew,
 Yet raised her from the earth;
 Then in her eyes of deepest blue
 A ray of light came gleaming through,
 Tho' gone their sparkling mirth.

A shuddering horror shook her frame
 As if she feared some word of blame,
 But o'er her face a smile there came,
 And clearer grew her gaze;
 Then thought we of a sacred claim,
 And softly breathed His holy name,
 Who owned our thanks and praise.

BE OF COURAGE.

BEAR up, oh! sister, in the way of life,
 Nor droop if ills and disappointments come;
 For she who faces fearlessly the strife
 Will pass all perils and arrive at home!
 Whene'er the path is rugged, think of him
 Who toiled beneath the cross (his eye-sight dim
 With drops of bloody sweat) on Calv'ry's hill!
 Oh! tho' thy cup be bitter to the brim,
 Endure—for *thee* he suffered—bear up still.

B. F. T.

THE DIPLOMATIC LOVERS;

OR, WHO GOVERNS.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

—
 "In Nature's infinite book of secresy
 A little can I read."
 —

"I AM lost, Colas!" exclaimed M. de Larme, as he came home from the Bureau of Admiralty in Paris, at a very unusual hour, and threw himself agitated on a seat. "We must part, my boy: I can no longer provide for you. I cannot keep the promise I made your mother, to take care of you like a father."

Colas Rosier, who had never seen his master thus moved, started up as if struck by a thunder-bolt. He was indeed desolate, if deprived of the protection of M. de Larme, with whom he had lived several years. In the country hamlet, where he was brought up by his mother, a seamstress, he had learned nothing except to write a good hand; and helped her to earn a maintenance by the wages he obtained as a copyist. His present benefactor was a friend to his mother, and adopted Colas when he was very young. He occupied the place of private secretary to M. de Larme, and was treated by him with parental kindness; besides, he was looked upon as the heir to the property of the old man, who was sixty years of age and had no children.

"You are lost?" repeated Colas, bewildered—"what have you done, dear M. de Larme?"

"Nothing!" answered the marine secretary, throwing his port-folio on the table before him. "Nay, I will tell you directly. I give you all I possess, Colas, as my parting legacy. If I do not come home to-morrow, know that I am sent to prison. Seek another situation, when you can find one suitable, and think of me as an honest man, whatever they may say to the contrary."

Colas was much affected; he besought his foster father with tears to tell him what had happened; and vowed he would rather die than leave him.

The old man was long silent. At length he said, "Colas, I will tell you, and you only, what has befallen me. You must speak of it, however, to no one; your doing so might cost you your liberty, perhaps your life. I will confide in you, because you, if no other person, will believe me innocent."

The young man promised silence, and M. de Larme continued,

"There is a deficit in the marine treasury of more than half a million. The thing is no longer to be concealed—nay, it is already notorious. My employer, M. de Gatry, has ruined himself by

wasteful expenditures. To save himself, he will sacrifice an innocent victim, and has selected me. He offered me first forty, then sixty thousand livres, if I would write him a letter, confessing myself guilty. He pleaded that I had neither wife nor child, nor estate to lose, while he had everything. One part of the world was as good to me as another. He tried every means of persuading me—promises—supplications; and when I continued unyielding he resorted to threats. 'There is no safety for you,' said he, 'if you do not accede to my plan. I sent to you for the books; I altered them to suit my purpose; no one will doubt your guilt. If you *will* ruin me, by heaven! you shall swing first!—choose now—and remember, the game is for life!'

"I was in the extremity of anguish: he was desperate, and ready even to murder me on the spot, if I refused to comply."

"My dear sir!" cried Colas, "I will run to the minister; to Cardinal Bernis; to the king—and implore their protection," and the youth started up.

"Stay—if you would not kill me!" exclaimed M. de Larme. "You have promised silence; take not a step—speak not a syllable! I will not have you plunged with me into destruction. M. de Gatry, at my request, has given me time for decision; I have twenty-four hours to deliberate. To-morrow at ten I must make up my mind, either to copy word for word the letter he has given me, send it to him, and quit Paris by the next post, or be in prison by eleven. I must not, meanwhile, leave this house, nor you either: it is forbidden to both of us, and his spies are near. The attempt would be as much as our lives are worth. The desperate venture every risk."

"And what will you do, dear father?" asked Colas, sadly.

"Put my trust in God, Colas; he will not suffer the innocent to come to harm. I will await the arrest: in the hands of the law I shall at least be safe from the assassin's knife. Then I will disclose all; and let the consequences be what they may. Till then be silent as the grave! I give you all my property; if I perish it is yours; if I am adjudged guiltless your fortunes shall be still my care."

They talked more of this unfortunate affair; and the more they spoke, the more calm and confident became M. de Larme, supported as he was by a pure conscience. Colas on the other hand became more and more agitated. After an hour, M. de Larme retired to his chamber, and sat down to his writing-table. He considered himself already a dying man, and put his papers in order.

—
 Colas, as he parted with his foster father, went down into the interior court of the hotel, in the

rear of which were M. de Larme's lodgings. The hotel belonged to the Comte D'Oron, who resided there, and maintained one of the most splendid establishments in Paris. It had been rumored that the Prince de Loubise was a suitor of the Comte's daughter. The prince, indeed, was a constant visitor at the house, and seemed to interest himself much in the affairs of the young countess. But the world did not know that his visits were less for the sake of the countess than for that of her playmate and companion, Mademoiselle Pauline de Pons. Pauline was an orphan, without property, and wholly dependant on the Comte's favor. She cared little, nevertheless, for the attentions of the prince, who was more than forty years old, though he was elegant in person and perfectly accomplished in the manners of a courtier. The beautiful girl had eyes only for her handsome young neighbor, Colas. That youth had business very frequently at the hotel, and with Mademoiselle Pauline. He wrote songs and composed music for her and the young countess; and was always ready to be employed in their service. He was never so happy as in the society of Pauline, but did not dream that he possessed her heart. He always entered her presence without embarrassment—and quitted it without any throbbing of the heart—for the fever of passion was yet unknown to him.

Pauline stood at a window which overlooked the court, and saw Colas walking to and fro with gestures of despair. She was greatly alarmed; threw open the window, and called his name. He did not hear at first—but when she called again "Colas," and beckoned to him, he silently obeyed, and ascended to the apartment where she was.

"What is the matter, Colas? For heaven's sake, tell me, what has happened?" cried she, as she perceived when he entered that he had been weeping. He made no reply.

"Dear Colas, speak! Your silence frightens me; I tremble all over. Has any misfortune befallen you? tell it me, whatever it is; I conjure you!"

But the youth was still silent, and only sighed in answer to her questions.

Pauline was greatly distressed. "How, Colas," exclaimed she—"you do not think me worthy of an answer! How have I deserved this?—have I lost your esteem? Speak—leave me no longer in this dreadful suspense!"

"Ah, Mademoiselle Pauline," cried Colas—"let me keep silence. I can tell you nothing—only that—we must part. To-morrow morning I leave home—perhaps Paris!"

Poor Pauline grew deadly pale as she heard this—and sank upon her seat. Then she seized the young man's hand, as if to detain him, and

asked why he was going to leave her. He did not answer.

After a pause she repeated her question in a trembling voice. Her eyes were filled with tears. "Do you care so little for me," said she reproachfully, "that you will not even tell me why you must leave Paris? Colas, if that were the case, I would hate you with all my heart—if I could! But I could not, Colas. I have no friend but you—go, then. You will find plenty of friends, but none who takes so warm an interest in your fortunes. Go, then—Colas," and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed audibly.

Colas was deeply moved at the sight of her tears. "Ah, lovely Pauline," said he, "it is not my fault that I must go. How gladly would I stay! How much your sympathy affects me! If you only knew——"

Pauline looked up, and answered—"you are but a hypocrite, who pretend to care for me, and torture me thus! I thank heaven I have not a brother; if he were like you—it would kill me!"

"And if I had a sister," said the young man, tremulously, "and she were like you—how happy I should be to pour my sorrows into her heart. But——"

"Confide your sorrows to me; perhaps, dear Colas, I can help you with good advice. Think of me as a sister." She rose and offered him her hand.

Colas took her hand, and pressed it respectfully to his lips, then lifted his eyes, in much embarrassment to those of the sweet girl, who was determined to share his sorrowful secret. In the earnestness of her entreaty, her small white hand rested on his shoulder; what wonder if for an instant he forgot himself, and clasped her to his breast? Colas felt as if in a new world. He could have no secret from his adopted sister. He confided to her under an injunction of eternal secrecy, all that he had half an hour before learned from M. de Larme.

Pauline was shocked at what she heard, but not in despair. She loved; and to those who love nothing seems impossible.

"Be consoled, dear Colas," she said at length, "you shall not leave Paris. Something must be thought of to save your foster father."

"But," interrupted Colas, "without betraying anything?"

"Let me think," said Pauline, passing her hand across her forehead. "Go, now, Colas; leave me alone. I will think what is best to be done."

Colas obeyed, but turned round as he reached the door, and said—"Sister Pauline, if you betray me I will never in my life have a sister again!"

—
The Prince de Loubise's carriage stopped before the hotel. He ascended the stairs as Pauline was

coming out of the room where had just passed the interview with Colas. Her cheeks wore an unusual bloom; her eyelids were moist with recent tears; the prince had never seen her look so charming.

"What an angel you are, Pauline!" said he, as he took her hand and kissed it. She returned with him to the apartment she had quitted, and expressed her regret that the Compte was not at home to receive his distinguished guest; he having driven out with his wife and daughter.

"I wish only," exclaimed the gallant prince, "that every other accident of my life may prove as fortunate as this of not finding the Compte at home!"

Pauline was used to his flatteries, and paid no heed to this and other compliments. Her thoughts were occupied about Colas—and the sad affair of M. de Larme. At first she had thoughts of disclosing all to Compte d'Oron. His influence, she hoped, if prudently employed, might avert destruction from the head of the honest old secretary. But her courage sank when she remembered the Compte's selfishness, and his haughty indifference to the sufferings of those with whom he had not particular acquaintance. The unexpected arrival of Prince de Loubise turned her thoughts into a different channel. He, the accomplished courtier, who had access at all times to the Cardinal Bernis, then the all-powerful minister—who could even obtain the king's ear, he and no other could here interpose with certainty of success.

"My lord," she said to him at length, in reply to his unnumbered compliments—"I pray you, leave off jesting! I have something serious to say to you."

"And does the beautiful Pauline," asked the prince—"imagine that the most sincere and ardent love is only a jest?"

"Yours, at least."

"If my love is a jest, then all heaven and earth has of beauty, is also; then there is nothing true under the sun; then Pauline, even your loveliness, your grace, the seducing magic of your presence, is all delusion and deception."

"Or rather, your eyes deceive you, seeing more than there is."

"Nay—seeing but faintly, by reason that they are dazzled by your charms."

"I entreat you, prince, think better of me than to suppose I am pleased with all this nonsense. Do you wish to prove to me that you are the most accomplished flatterer in the world? I know it well—as the whole court and the city also know. You certainly do not expect me to believe all you say! Ah, my lord, entertain not such an opinion of my understanding."

"You are a pretty sophist," replied he. "But

if you believe in any truth, believe in the sincerity of the feelings I express. For the truth of what I say, I will pledge my life—my heart's blood—"

"Heaven forbid, prince; talk not of blood; I do not like the mention of it. If I really have the honor to possess any portion of your esteem—"

"If—indeed," interrupted the prince—and here followed a torrent of protestations, which it is unnecessary to repeat.

Mademoiselle de Pons knew how to make the best use of the opportunity thus presented. She said she had a favor to ask, which was very near her heart: and the prince, before hearing her request, promised it should be granted. She then communicated to him, in the strictest confidence, what she had heard of the misfortune of the old marine secretary, in whom she felt a very great interest, because he occupied lodgings in the rear of the Compte's hotel. "Here, prince," she concluded—"is an opportunity for the quiet exercise of your unselfish benevolence. You can serve the innocent. There is no hope of succor for him but in you. Your word with Cardinal Bernis—"

"Oh, as to the cardinal," cried the prince, "I trust him not. He is the patron of that rascally Gatsby, with whose daughter, if I mistake not, he is in love. The cardinal must be left quite out of the roll. But—" The prince was silent, rubbed his forehead as if in deliberation; then suddenly his countenance brightened. "I leave you, mademoiselle," he said. "We have not a moment to lose. Indeed I am jealous lest some accident should deprive me of this opportunity of serving you. Farewell, charming Pauline; I shall not rest till your wish, noble and humane as it is, shall be fulfilled."

He kissed Pauline's hand, and took his leave.

The Prince de Loubise threw himself into his carriage and drove to the Tuilleries. Here he stopped before the suite of apartments occupied by Madame de Pompadour.

All the world knew what Madame de Pompadour was to the most Christian King Louis XV. She reigned sole mistress over his heart, his will, his kingdom. Though the first bloom of her youth was past, though she had already passed her thirty-fifth year, her grace, vivacity and wit gave her an irresistible fascination. The king was a willing captive in her chains; the power of the rest of the royal family, the prudence and sagacity of the Minister Bernis could avail nothing against her will. This was apparent to the court, to Paris, to all France.

There was, however, a party, composed of many of the nobility, and the bitter spirits of the court, who withstood her influence, and that the fair favorite well knew; but she feared them not.

Most of the court nobles were devoted to her; Voltaire, the philosopher, boasted of her favor; and many sought her smiles as the most precious thing in life. No one was so frequently favored with them as the Prince de Loubise.

The prince to say truth, though no longer young, was one eminently favored by the gifts of nature, polished by education and insinuating in his address. So deep an impression had his seductive flatteries and personal accomplishments made on the heart of the royal favorite, that she hesitated not to acknowledge that she preferred him to any of the nobles who styled themselves her friends. She listened to the ardent expressions of regard poured forth at her feet by the prince till she gave him credit for profound sincerity. She saw, or thought she saw, not without emotion, the deep struggle in his soul between love and respect; and the pity she felt for his imagined sufferings ripened into a feeling somewhat inconsistent with the loyalty of heart she owed, and still possessed, to the king. As to the prince, his affections were, as we have seen, elsewhere bestowed; but he availed himself frequently of his intimacy with the marchioness to forward his own schemes, while he secretly laughed at her folly and credulity.

"What have you forgotten, fair sir?" asked the marchioness, as he returned to her presence; for scarce an hour had passed since he took leave of her.

"Ah, fairest marquise, with you I always forget myself. Who could do otherwise?" replied Loubise, as he raised her fair hand to his lips.

"Yourself?" repeated the lady; "in truth, the sphere of self is with you so enlarged—I never know whether you speak simply of your own person, of France, or of Europe."

"You are severe to-day, beautiful marquise; and yet in your irony you say the simple truth. I wish, indeed, to speak of what concerns France, that is, yourself."

"You are a poet, prince."

"Who is not, that has the happiness of standing in your presence?"

"And have you nothing to say concerning yourself?"

"Yes, gracious lady; but my being is swallowed up in yours. Whatever interests you absorbs me; and——"

"Come, prince, I am tired of this sparkling ice of poetry. Let us have plain prose."

"In dry prose, then, does your ladyship know under whose auspices a certain song, remarkable for its coarseness and impertinence that usurped the place of wit, was first produced?"

"You mean the silly stuff written against me? under whose auspices? Possibly those of our poetical cardinal."

"You are near the mark; it was his protegee, the contemptible de Gatty. This fellow is now betrayed and abandoned by his brother spend-thrifts; for he is on the point of reaping the harvest of all his villainies; of being brought to the galleys."

"How is that?" asked the marchioness, surprised.

"There is an immense deficit in the marine treasury, which is entrusted to his care; it is said more than half a million. It was that, fairest marquise, which I forgot to mention, in our last interview. It deeply concerns me, because it concerns you and my country."

The marchioness expressed her amazement; the prince proceeded to tell her all he knew of the circumstances, and the story of the unfortunate Secretary de Larne. He informed her of the villainy of M. de Gatty, and painted the sufferings of the poor, defenceless, hard-pressed old man so eloquently that the compassionate marchioness was moved to tears.

"No," she exclaimed, "this shall never be; this honest, honorable old man shall never become the victim of such monstrous villainy. We will discover the truth. You assure me, prince, that all is just as you have told me?"

"I pledge my honor for the truth of every word."

"Then I must cut short your visit, and confer immediately with the king. I thank you, prince, for enabling me to do a benevolent deed. Such crime as the wretch de Gatty meditates shall never be perpetrated under our eyes. His majesty is too noble-minded!"

"And his good angel watches over him! Permit me to kiss the hand of this angel—and be myself thus consecrated." The prince departed. The lady caused herself to be announced to the king.

"I have long expected you, my dear marquise," said the monarch, as she entered.

"I was told your majesty had granted a private audience to the English ambassador."

"True; but the man wearied me out with his tedious affairs, and I turned him over to the cardinal. I am glad to be rid of him. But, what is the matter? Are you indisposed, marquise? I think you have been weeping? Are you not well?"

"I am always well in your presence, sire."

"Dear marquise! sit down. Have you brought your work? Oh, I have a capital story to tell you of Mademoiselle d'Autun; I have laughed myself nearly to death over it. But I cannot bear to see my little Antoinette with red eyes. Tell me first what has happened to vex you!"

"I have indeed been vexed, sire, at the wickedness of some persons; and I am grieved that the kindness of the best of monarchs should be abused——"

"Tell me, how, dear child; I will do you justice, be assured. What is my royal power worth, if I cannot prevent you from shedding other tears than those of joy? Who has done you wrong?"

"He who had done wrong to the majesty and the name of the most just and philanthropic of Kings."

The king was startled, and enquired eagerly what she meant. The marchioness told him the story of the villainy of M. de Gatry, and his projected scheme for sacrificing the honest secretary; to whom, if he would acknowledge himself guilty, he had promised a reward of several thousand livres. The marchioness embellished her tale of distress with feminine eloquence, and gave the reins to her imagination in depicting the cruelty of the real criminal, and the helpless suffering of the innocent victim. Her tears flowed afresh at the recital.

"Well," exclaimed the king, with some astonishment when she had finished, "is that all that troubled you? What is it to us? Leave the matter to the courts of justice; they will punish the guilty. Now hear my story of Mademoiselle d'Autun."

"I beg only to remind your majesty," interrupted the marchioness, "that, after to-morrow morning, the courts can do no good in the affair. By that time M. de Gatry will have the letter of his victim in his hands; the poor old man will have fled, and will be condemned as a criminal; the real villain will be enjoying the fruits of his plan; and your majesty the loser by a million."

"You are right; the Cardinal must be informed of it forthwith."

"He is, as I am told, Gatry's friend and patron," observed the marchioness.

"Or the minister of police. He could send previously a confidential agent to the secretary to enquire into the affair; and afterward do what is right."

"Excellent, your majesty. I admire no less your judgment than your benevolence. It seems to me, moreover, that if the agent of the police can seize on the letter in Gatry's hand-writing, which poor M. de Larne was to copy, he would be caught in his own net."

"Exactly!—you have a penetrating wit, marquise! I will send—or now I bethink me, the police-minister cannot be far off."

His majesty rang a bell and summoned the minister of the police to a private audience immediately which he appointed in his blue cabinet.

"You must stay here till I return," said he, as

the marchioness rose to retire. "You and I must have a laugh over that story of Mademoiselle d'Autun."

It was late in the evening. The secretary M. de Larne sat in his apartment at his writing table. Colas stood beside him.

"Now, my son," said the old man, after he had finished his work, "I have nothing more on my mind. Everything is done. Let what will happen I will never be a party to any deceit. I am in the hands of my Creator; and it is a happy thing, Colas, to have a pure heart and conscience. Thus armed, one can meet a host of enemies, yea—were they spirits from the lower world. If I am sent to the galleys, I shall go with a smile."

There was a knock. A messenger from the police entered, and in the dim light as he opened the door, the gleam of weapons could be seen behind him.

The man apologised for his visit at this unusual hour, and asked for M. de Larne. The secretary rose, pale as death, and in a trembling voice answered that was his name. Colas shivered as with a fit of ague, and could hardly stand.

"You had this morning," said the police agent to M. de Larne, "an interview with M. de Gatry?" The secretary bowed his head; his tongue refused to articulate "yes."

"You are in possession of a letter, which he gave you to transcribe?"

M. de Larne, astonished at the omniscience of the police, stared with open mouth and fixed eyes on his visitor.

"Will you be pleased to answer?" demanded the police agent. The secretary again bowed his head.

"You must answer me, sir; I ask in the king's name; and if you have such a letter you must give it up immediately."

M. de Larne tottered to a table at the side of the room, took the letter from a pocket-book, and reached it with trembling hand to the police agent.

"You will now have the goodness, M. de Larne, to accompany me. The carriage is waiting for you outside."

"Whither?" cried Colas, in despair. "He is innocent! Take me also with you! I know all; I will disclose all!"

The officer looked at the young man surprised, and replied, "I have no warrant to conduct any but M. de Larne to the minister of the police; however, I can grant your request. You seem to be disturbed, M. de Larne; let me beg you to compose yourself."

"Let the young man remain here!" said the secretary—"if you have no warrant for his arrest. He can do nothing in the matter; I will speak the

truth without him. It is his affection for me that prompts him to his wild request. I know who is my accuser, and why I am sent for. Lead on."

"You mistake," replied the officer, "I do not act by the directions of M. de Gatty. You will indeed have the honor of seeing him, for he is this moment arrested. Meantime I must beg, young sir, that you also will accompany me."

"M. de Gatty arrested?" repeated the secretary, bewildered.

"Do you hear?" exclaimed Colas joyfully—"Gatty is arrested; you are saved! Oh, now I see all! Come—come!" and lifting his clasped hands upward—"oh, thou precious—matchless—heavenly—" he had almost said "Pauline," but recollecting himself he said, "justice!"

He accompanied his patron and the police-men. They found the minister of the treasury with the minister of the police. M. de Larme related what had happened to him with clearness and precision. M. de Gatty, when shown the letter in his own hand-writing and confronted with his victim, lost the haughty self-possession he had previously maintained, and begged only that his family might be spared.

The same evening Colas and M. de Larme were set at liberty. Colas went the same evening with some music in his hand, to an apartment in the hotel, where he met Pauline just dressed to go to a ball, and poured out to her a heart full of thanks. The same evening at the ball, during the dance, Pauline gently pressed the hand of the Prince de Loubise, and whispered, "you have done a noble deed!" The same evening, after he had left the ball, the prince knelt at the feet of the Marchioness de Pompadour, and cried rapturously—"you are an angel—a goddess—I must worship you!" And the same evening Louis XV. confessed that the lips of his chere amie had never thanked him so warmly as for the interest he had taken in this foolish affair. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

COUSIN LIZZY.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

How shall I sing of thee in fitting strains,
Oh! golden-haired and laughter-loving child
Of wit and playfulness and frolic wild,
As ever dancing nymph on Dorian plains?
Awile thy brow with pensive thoughts is mild,
And of a meek Madonna then we dream
In minster smiling 'mid old saintly men—
But sudden, changing as a sunlit stream,
And lo! a Rosalind in wild Ardenne.
Such various natures are to thee assigned—
In heart impulsive, resolute in mind,
Collected, firm, for love or counsel given,
The bliss of *one*, or friend of *all* thy kind—
Oh! art thou most of earth or most of heaven?

TO THE FOUNTAIN

IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

BY MRS. A. R. ST. JOHN.

I.

PLAY, beautiful Fountain, play!
Alike if night or day;
Thy jets may sport their gems on high,
To mock the brilliants of the sky:
Wealth, may its jewels bring,
Whilst thou thy crystals fling;
Seas may pour forth their pearly boast,
Beside thy spray their beauty's lost:
For life seems moving in thy wiles,
Our care and sorrow thus beguiles.
Sol, brighter seems when on thy breast
He ling'ring toys—nor stops to rest;
His daily toil like thine must be,
To cheer this side Eternity—
Play, beautiful Fountain, play!
Play, play for me.

II.

Weep, beautiful Fountain, weep!
Thy sorrows know no sleep:
As freely thus the tears of woe
From human founts resistless flow;
Life has few griefs too deep for tears,
And beauty oft thy semblance wears—
When Hope has wreath'd her brow with flowers,
Moisten'd with doubt's dark wasting showers;
And to her heart's sepulchral urn,
Her tears like thine, must all return:
Yet feels no cheering sympathy,
Like those bright jets encircling thee.
If for the ills of man, thy tears
So freely flow—the more endears,
Thy spirit of Love's wild ecstasy,
To one who would thus grieve with thee.
Then weep, beauteous Fountain, weep!
Weep, weep with me.

III.

Smile, beautiful Fountain, smile!
Thy heart spring knows no guile:
As pure as childhood's mirthful glee,
That chaunts each glittering fallacy—
Which vagrant chance, or art prepares,
To wile away its infant cares.
Bright as the dew on maiden's lip,
Where spirits of Air their nectar sip,
Nor sully thy virgin purity—
(Of mortal taint their kiss is free)
The ruby cup but brighter glows,
Where Love may drown all fearful woes.
Sweet gushing joy, like showering founts,
O'er earthly care as fearless mounts,
Aping the glory of the skies!
In misty vapor falls and dies:
Its shroud, the spirits of light, prepare—
(Sol's woven rays through the mystic air.)
And a rainbow bends o'er its snowy breast,
Like Hope o'er the grave of Joy's earthly rest
Smile, beautiful Fountain, smile!
Play, weep, or smile for me.

KATE MELBURNE.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

CONFESSIONS.

READER, I am a coward—a coward in almost every sense of the word—I am afraid of horses, cows, cats, and dogs—of spiders, grass-hoppers, wasps and devil's darning-needles—of shadows—of the dark—of strangers, particularly if they are sensible people—of trouble—of pain—sometimes of myself—and just now—of *you*! I remind myself constantly of the immortal Chicken Little who disturbed a whole neighborhood by her foolish alarm. Ah! could I hope to have my sorrows sung by the same inspired pen, which has lamented hers in such "melodious tears," I should not so deeply regret my infirmity. Lately my friends have taken it into their saucy heads to *call* me Chicken Little, and I really deserved the name 'this afternoon, when on returning from a short drive on a remarkably smooth road—in a four wheeled vehicle—with a perfect hack of a horse—quiet, demure and patient as a lamb—after having magnified every rut into a gully, and every stone into a rock—I insisted upon waiting in the vehicle until the horse was untackled, because I was afraid he would move if I jumped out. I carry my childishness, in this respect, so far that even my youngest girl—a brave little rogue of four years old—said to me the other day with a perfectly serious face when I offered to share her sports, "well, then—you just pretend you was a *lady*!" This cowardice as you may imagine makes me often selfish—unhappy, troublesome and tiresome—and so well am I convinced of its folly, and so anxious to hold its consequences up as a warning to others that I have just determined to illustrate it by relating some events which happened not long since, and in which a young lady figured, who was almost as ridiculously timorous as myself, and even more selfish than I.

CHAPTER II.

"Your fear of ill exceeds the ill you fear!"

"Oh! mercy! hold the horses! oh! oh! oh! I shall die—I shall fall—I shall be killed—Charles! Kate! driver!"

The horses were standing motionless as statues—Charles Melburne was assisting his sister Kate across the plank to the steamboat, and the driver was hastening forward to perform the same office for Rose, when the outcry we have named burst forth.

"See to Rose, Charlie, do!" said Kate in a sweet, happy voice, "I can take care of myself!" and letting go his arm, she tripped lightly over the plank, while her brother returned for Rose

Kate Melburne had hardly reached the deck when looking back she saw a young woman with one child in her arms, and another clinging to her dress, slowly attempting to cross—Kate ran toward them, and taking the oldest boy's hand, led him carefully over. And now Rose, after sundry little shrieks and almost as many misgivings, had crossed, and was looking round for a comfortable seat in the ladies' cabin. There were two rocking-chairs—both of them occupied. Rose looked very discontented and disconsolate, as if she thought the easiest chairs were made for her especial accommodation; but one of the ladies rising soon after she slipped into the deserted seat, and kept possession until she recollected that she had not chosen her berth. Kate entered at this moment, and Rose saying, "keep my chair for me," left it to seek the stewardess. Meanwhile the young woman whose boy she had assisted came in with her baby crying in her arms, and the compassionate Kate forgetful of her sister's injunction, resigned her place to her at once—and bade her rock the child to sleep. Rose pouted on her return, but did not like to dispute the matter—and after fretting about the inconvenience of her berth went at last quietly to bed.

The Melburnes were on their way to Niagara for the first time. Rose would have been lovely had not an expression of discontent habitually disfigured her pretty mouth and graceful brow. But Kate was a high-bred, distinguished-looking girl, with a superb form, a heavenly face, and a heart and mind to match. Nothing could cloud her sunny and beautiful temperament, for she was above all petty trials, and gloried in braving great ones. Whenever she was at home or abroad she made herself, and tried to make every one around her happy.

Kate preferred sitting up all night and reading to tossing upon one of the close, damp, coffin-like beds of the steamer. She was infinitely entertained by the scraps of conversation which she caught now and then from the different groups around her, and by their doleful arrangements for a comfortable night. A fat lady was making ludicrous attempts to ensconce herself in one of the highest berths—a lean one was telling in a sepulchral voice her religious experiences. At last all was quiet, and Kate comfortably reclining on the sofa, had become deeply interested in Miss Bremer's enchanting Nina, when all at once she became conscious (how she knew not) of two eyes fixed upon her face in a most obstinately inquisitive manner. She looked up—the lean lady was sitting upright in her berth, with her cadaverous countenance, looking more sallow than ever beneath the full, broad frills of her "bonnet de nuit."

Kate gazed at her and she at Kate for full two minutes before either spoke, and then the hollow voice groaned out—"where was you raised?"

"Oh!" said Kate, laughing, nodding, and laying down her book, for she knew from the nasal Yankee twang the storm of questions that would inevitably follow, and was determined to brave it cheerfully.

"Oh! In America."

"What part?"

"United States."

"What state?"

"Massachusetts."

"What town?"

"Boston."

"What street?"

"Beacon."

Down sunk the "bonnet de nuit," and Kate heard no more till morning, when she was awakened from a short slumber by the same voice—

"Myount! get up! get up, Myount! I never see such a lazy feller—come! be a stirring!"

The lean lady had risen betimes, and was dressing one of her four boys, while she thus called to another.

"What is his name?" asked a neighbor, disturbed by the noise.

"Myount, ma'am, Myount Libanus. It's a scriptur name. His father likes scriptur names. Come, Shadrack, it's time you was dressing—Abednego here's your trousers. This here little one's named Nebuchadnezzar, ma'am. Fine, long name, ai'nt it? Where was you raised?"

The woman's face, and indeed her figure too were singularly expressive—when she asked a question her whole person appeared to take an interrogatory form. She was an interrogation mark personified. Eyebrows, eyes, mouth and nose assumed "a questionable shape," and throughout all, even in the lightest and most trifling conversation, she kept up a doleful look and doleful twang which made her irresistibly amusing.

Kate was really sorry to part with her and her four scripture-named sons. But a steamboat after all is a tiresome place. So cross the plank with me, dear reader, and meet the Melburnes at the Astor House in

CHAPTER III.

A HERO AT LAST.

AND a princely looking fellow he was. He had been deeply interested in the appearance of the sisters, and had obtained an introduction through their brother, whom he knew. At first, he took a fancy rather to Rose than Kate—and really for a few moments after she appeared on deck in the fresh morning breeze, she looked like a rose-bud bathed in dew and sunshine, but the heaven of her beauty soon clouded again, and Vincent turned

to Kate and forgot in her majestic person, in her fresh, original and high-toned character the lighter charms of Rose.

George Vincent had never been in love, he had an aversion, mingled with a little contempt, for *women*, though he adored *woman* in the abstract with a reverence and a tenderness unlimited and inexpressible. He had seen so much of folly, of coquetry, of selfishness, of deception in the sex, that he had almost forsown them altogether. In person he was an Antinous—in manner cold, stately and reserved. The women declared he had no heart. Perhaps we shall find him one.

The ladies' drawing-room at the Astor was crowded with belles and beaux, and the Melburnes seating themselves in a window, listened to the buzzing tongues around them. A group of old bachelors first attracted their attention.

"And so," said one, "old L—— has paid the debt of nature at last."

"Yes!" grumbled a second, "and it's the only debt he ever did pay. He owed *me* enough."

"They say he was a free thinker," said a third.

"And is not a free thinker the only true thinker?" said a fourth. "You condemn his worldliness. What is religion but other-worldliness?"

"True," rejoined the first, "and as the other world is infinitely better than this, so is other worldliness—religion—better than this worldliness. I consider this world but as man's primer in which he is placed to learn the rudiments only of all knowledge. Volume after volume, each more sublime than the last will be opened to him hereafter—and step by step, from one glorious orb to another will his mind roam through eternity toward the spiritual sun of the universe, the author of the vast folio of creation."

"Mr. A—— must have introduced the subject for the express purpose of making that speech, and he has had to smuggle it in after all," said a satirical looking youth to a lady on the other side of the Melburnes.

"Perhaps so," replied the lady, in a low voice, "but do, Mr. Lawson, manage in some way to stop that poor girl's thumping on the piano. She positively imagines herself playing and singing some of the divine airs from Norma! Did you ever hear such sanguinary execution? It is downright murder—and then that delicious Italian so vandalized. I asked her this morning after suffering an hour's unheard of misery from her tones 'of lengthened sweetness long drawn out,' how long she had required to become a proficient in the language."

"Oh! about a fortnight," said she, with the utmost *sang froid*. "I could have boxed her ears with right good will—she could not take my hint, broad as it was."

"And no wonder," replied Mr. Lawson, "a hint is but a jog on the mental elbow, and the poor thing *has* no mind—to take it."

The tremendous thunder of the dinner gong here overpowered even Miss Brown's meritorious, but astounding efforts to make a noise in the world, and the Melburnes joined the throng in the ladies' ordinary; Kate started as she took her seat, for directly opposite were the dark, proud eyes of George Vincent in a reverie. A smile of pleasure illumined his noble features as he recognized her.

"Allow me to help you, madam," said Mr. Lawson to a stranger, who was trying to reach the castor.

"Well! I don't care if you do—thank ye, sir. Was you raised in these parts?"

Kate Melburne turned, and there sure enough was the *bona fide* lean woman of the boat, with Shadrack, Nebuchadnezzar and Abednego on one side, and Mount Libanus on the other.

"Here! what's this ere—here—young man (to the waiter) I want some of that are," and she pointed to the list and read aloud precisely as it was spelt, *Pommes de terre a la Rouennaise*, "some outlandish thing or other, done to ruination, I suppose, but that shan't deter me from trying it, I tell you!" And with a curiosity perfectly shocking to Rose's refined nerves, the lean lady asked in turn for every French dish on the bill of fare with the same remarkable pronunciation by which she had honored the potatoes. Before she had finished nearly every waiter and guest at the table were in a fit of irresistible and irrepressible merriment, which was, however, soon diverted from the mother of Mount Libanus to a would-be literary lady with bright red corkscrew ringlets, surmounted by a pink and picturesque turban, who took a book from her pocket between the courses, and read for her life, apparently.

"Oh! Miss Brown," exclaimed a very soft, die-away voice from a Miss Edwin, "I am going to a ball to-night, don't you think!"

Miss Brown complied with this very unreasonable request in the most amiable manner—and *didn't* think for the next half hour—at least she *looked* perfectly blank for that space of time, and so we may fairly suppose her a very accommodating young person in spite of her barbarous assassination of the innocent Italian airs.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE CONFESSIONS FOR THE READER'S PRIVATE EAR.

READER! dear reader! it is of no use! I have done my best to brave it out, but I give it up. I thought I had a story to write—and so I have, but I can't—you see how haltingly it goes—you see how many fibs I have told in order to spin it

out—I am in despair. I promised to tell you what a little selfish coward Rose Melburne was, and I have only made her scream once in a carriage!

Reader! let there be confidence and kindness between us—let me speak to you for once out of the fulness of my *heart*, and not, as usual, out of the vacuum of my mind. Let me confess to you in a whisper as to a brother or a sister my predicament, and for the sake of the frankness of that confession, forgive the fault which compels me to make it. If my story is not finished in a few hours it will be too late for the magazine. I don't feel the least like writing it—I haven't the shadow of a plot in my head. The truth is I had rather be scribbling verses. Prose is not my forte. A thousand fair aerial visions—a thousand angel images have floated through my mind since I began, to music fitful, faint and sadly sweet as the voice of an Æolian harp—I am pining to grasp the "airy nothings" by the wings, and give to them "a local habitation and a name"—but I mustn't stop to do it.

My mind is coined for my daily bread,
And how can it soar above?

Mr. Peterson wants a story, and so I must resolutely shut my soul's eyes upon the beautiful pictures, and let them go; but cutting the muse's acquaintance don't help the prose a bit. What shall I do? What shall I make my poor Rose do? Help me, dear reader! She *was* a coward! Ask Kate and Charlie if she wasn't. She plagued them at every stage of their journey with her fears, her exactions, her nerves, and her nonsense—and she lost a lover by it as you will see in the sequel—but I don't want to tell you all about it! It will tire me and you too!—You will take it all for granted, won't you? and let me skip it over and jump to chapter fifth and last. If *you* are willing Mr. Peterson will be—won't you, Mr. Peterson? and just to relieve my mind I will scribble down here a few of those haunting verses, which you must kindly look upon as an agreeable variety—will you? If you will I will bless you and do my very best next time.

TO —.

Away! away! this glorious day

I give to idle pleasure,

You frown and say, "let children play,

But time to us is treasure."

I'll be a child, in frolic wild,

What's age to hearts so glowing?

Old Time may blight my locks with white,

My *soul's* beyond his snowing.

This light is love—the air is balm,

The morning smiles divinely,

'Twere sin to fly dear Nature's charm

To turn a sentence finely.

You ask me if the piece is done,
You say 'tis time 'twere going,
Let *me* have peace—and hold your own!
And hear my verses flowing!

I cannot stoop to plot and plan,
I dread the task—the story!
If fame and riches wait *such* work,
Good bye to wealth—to glory!

CHAPTER V.

KATE'S PORTRAIT AND NIAGARA'S.

NIAGARA, queen of the world of waters, was in her glory. Crowned with the soft and luxurious rainbow which gleamed like a jeweled tiara on her awful brow, her magnificent veil of mist floating around her, and softening the light of her radiant and majestic beauty, and the melodious thunder of her voice rolling on in a sublime anthem "from morn to night, from night to dewy morn," with a glorious monotony which never palled upon the ear. Kate was awed by the scene, and returning to the hotel, gave utterance to her thoughts in the ensuing verses.

She walks in beauty like the moon
When blushing at a world's delight,
Her misty wimple half withdrawn,
She dawns upon the gazer's sight.

The dainty rose upon her face
Doth ever lightly come and go,
The smile and blush each other chase
As Love and Joy alternate glow.

But more than beautiful is she—
Her blue eyes tell of holier things,
Of generous feeling, warm and free,
Of fancy's wild and Genii wings.

"She walks in beauty" and in grace,
She speaks with low, melodious tone,
And o'er her form and in her face
His dearest magic Love has thrown.

But flattery's voice has not beguiled
Her lofty soul to selfish art,
For never throbbed in Nature's child
A warmer, truer, happier heart!

"Yes! they are all alike—one is as good as another after all—and as I am resolved to marry now I have set about it—by Jove, the first woman I meet this morning, whoever she may be, I will propose to—and take my chance of happiness in the lottery of life."

Mr. George Vincent was in a pet. He had had some little misunderstanding with Kate, and was desperate in consequence, as you may imagine from the above awful soliloquy and resolution.

"Oh! I am afraid! nothing would tempt me to go—it is so dangerous!" exclaimed Rose Melburne on that ever memorable morning—"you go, Kate! and tell me all about it."

Considerate Rose! Kate ought to be very much obliged to you for sending her into a danger you dread so much yourself. But Kate went—and now let *us* go back to our hero.

George Vincent in his most reckless and impetuous mood was dashing over the perilous steps beneath the falls, when he suddenly overtook in the dark a lady following a guide—"a lady!" He admired courage and energy in woman, and he could just see by the faint and fitful light that her form was graceful and noble. His heart beat high—his vow flashed upon his mind. This was the first lady he had seen since he made it. Without a second's pause for thought in the strange excitement of the time and place, he drew her hand gently through his arm. It was very soft, and it trembled—Vincent was half in love already. She seemed grateful for the support, for she was in some danger at the moment—and then without a suspicion, hardly a care of her name or station, he poured forth in a torrent of eloquence almost as irresistible and overpowering as that beneath which they stood, the love he had been hiding in his heart for Kate for the last three weeks. The lady faltered—paused, and would have fallen had he not thrown his arm around her—she hardly resisted the caress—how *could* she be! If she would but speak!

"Answer me, dear one! I implore you! Say I am yours forever, and let me glory in my prize."

"I am yours forever!" murmured the musical voice of Kate Melburne, and at that moment the light of day flashed suddenly upon her beautiful countenance bathed in blushes and tears. They paused—entranced, overwhelmed by their own powerful emotions, and by the magnificent beauty of the scene around. It was a fitting place for the sublime union of two immortal souls—and Vincent as he turned from Nature's face to hers, reverently thanked God in his heart that his reckless folly had led to so unlooked for—so happy a result.

I saw a miniature George Vincent the other day—I wonder if he was christened with the waters of Niagara!

Rose Melburne had fallen, no, *risen* in love with Vincent's princely person and chivalrous demeanor, and she was very much surprised and disappointed when Kate blushing claimed her congratulations.

Reader! let *me* claim yours. The story, such as it is, is at your service. Good bye.

It is a cold and winter night,
The freezing ice-winds blow—
The distant moon looks palely bright
Upon the paler snow.

ALWAYS IN LOVE;

OR, VICTOR D'TOREUIL.

BY MISS SARAH SILL GOLD.

It was a bright morning in June, that a young man paced impatiently the — street of Paris, from which the diligence to which he purposed committing himself was to start. He was tall, with a commanding, graceful figure, and his attire, though negligent, evinced that no little taste and regard was bestowed upon his accoutrements. His face was exceedingly handsome—not a pale, intellectual, melancholy, beauty, no! the prevailing expression was mirth and joyousness, of one tolerably well-satisfied with himself, and very much so with all the rest of the world. His eyes were a dark, rich hazel, and through the long, black lashes which shaded them, the same harmonious spirit gleamed. His hair clustered in most luxuriant curls over the smooth, unwrinkled brow, and the bright smile which so often parted his lips, displayed teeth of radiant whiteness. Such was Victor d'Toreuil ordinarily, though at present he had anything but a merry expression, for a portentous frown disturbed his brow, and an unhappy, vexed, perturbed look rested on his fine countenance. And pray what was the subject of chagrin with M. Victor d'Toreuil? Handsome, witty, accomplished, inheriting in his own right many a fair estate, and in that of his fiancée Marie de la Vigne, many a league more, what could so disturb and irritate Monsieur d'Toreuil? Nothing more nor less than this same fiancée, this same Marie de la Vigne, although to the lands and heritage which he was to receive with her, he had not the slightest objection. No! it was the lady herself, and you shall judge with what reason. It was *un mariage de convenance*. She was his cousin, and the two old counts having no mind to permit the estates to go out of the family, put their heads together, and lo! in consequence, Victor was to marry Marie. Now Victor had never beheld his future bride—yet why should this make him unhappy? For two or three good and sufficient reasons. The first, he had implored a picture of his lady-love, yet was this very reasonable request denied. She must be hump-backed, one-eyed, in short, a perfect deformity in the shape of woman, argued M. Victor. Secondly, he had a servant who had been sent with despatches from the count to the father, and in consequence of his offer remained at Chateau d'Toreuil. To Antoine he proposed many a query respecting his lady and mistress, and the ively French boy's replies were anything but agreeable and consolatory. He appeared to love

Mademoiselle de la Vigne devotedly, said she was “la bonne, si bonne,” expatiated upon her many schools for the children of the peasantry, her redress of the grievances of the poor in spite of cruel, cunning M. Bertrand, her father's man of business. He told of the wild steed she mounted, her hair breadth escapes, and solitary gallops far from the old Chateau. All this, though protested with much admiring earnestness by Antoine, completely horrified and disgusted M. Victor. Before the image of the gentle, timid, delicate, reserved maiden, guarded in look and mien within those entrenchments which the high-born demoiselles of the land were then confined, rose this energetic, vixenish hoyden, to whom it was his miserable fate to be betrothed. But this was not all, for if it had been, Victor before he reached Mademoiselle de la Vigne might have persuaded himself with his usual happy philosophy, that these, instead of being defects, were admirable and charming, the lady the very quintessence of everything exquisite among womankind, and he the most enviable fellow breathing. There were two or three little passages of his life in Paris, two or three remembrances, and a fair, sweet face, which placed Mademoiselle de la Vigne immeasurably in the background, and made the very idea and recollection of her so horrifying. He was resting one morning in a leafy, shady bower, in one of the public gardens in Paris, with his eyes closed in a sort of dreamy, happy unconsciousness, when he heard a light, musical laugh, mingled with implorings and persuasions by another voice, which were evidently unheeded, for he felt that the leafy screen which formed his labyrinth was put aside, and somebody mortal or fairy was looking in upon him. All this M. Victor felt and knew, though his eyes were closed, and he still feigned slumber.

“But, do let me put this rose in his coat ma chère tante,” murmured a soft, sweet voice, “he will think when he wakes that the nymph and guardian of these retreats has thus adorned him.”

“No, no, mademoiselle, how very improper, how shocking. What would your father, what would—” but the last speaker was interrupted by the actual perpetration of the daring deed, and Victor, ere she had well accomplished the exploit, opened his dark eyes full upon her, and seizing the pretty little hand which had invaded his territories, pressed it ardently to his lips. The face which met his gaze would have tempted a much less audacious youth to such an enormity. It was that of a girl, a child, who apparently was scarce out of the nursery, for her hair instead of being arranged in the formal, ungraceful mode of the day, fell in rich clusters of curls over the most beautiful, dimpled, snowy shoulders in the

world; and a simple white dress veiled her delicate Juliet figure—then the eyes were such a dark, lustrous blue, and a more radiant, joyous, mischievous, confused expression did never meet, than now encountered the gaze of Victor d'Toreuil. Her large, round gipsy hat had fallen half off in the earnestness of her endeavors to adorn Victor with the unfortunate rose, her cheek was flushed with the exertion, her rosy lips parted in anticipated triumph; and altogether, that handsome youth extended there, the bright face half emerged from the leafy covering bending over him, and “ma chere tante” in the background, with her sombre habiliments and dark wrinkled visage, made as pretty a picture as could possibly be conceived. But the tableaux were soon broken; for blushing over cheek, brow, and even as far as the neck did the rosy suffusion extend, the maiden anxiously strove to withdraw her hand: though not till Victor had imprinted many a kiss upon it, did he suffer her to succeed. And amidst a torrent of reproaches from the elderly lady, and infinite embarrassment on her own part, was the large hat drawn on, and a muslin shawl placed over the pretty shoulders. All Victor's apologies and protestations utterly unheeded, the little demoiselle was led to a carriage that apparently stood waiting for them, and ma chere tante stepping in after her, it drove rapidly away. Day after day did Victor seek the garden, and at every large hat and snowy dress which he caught a glimpse of did he pause, but all in vain. He explored every street, he rushed after every carriage, night after night did he visit the theatre, in hope of meeting the object of his search.

At length he was successful. After he had gazed again and again over many fine forms in the boxes, and turning despairingly away, endeavored to fix his attention to the performance on the stage, he glanced accidentally over the other side of the house, and saw a face which made his heart beat quick, and filled every pulse with agitation. She was bending forward in eager interest and attention, those large eyes still brighter and more lustrous with excitement, and a rich flush on the beautiful cheek. Further back in the box he saw the grim features of the aunt, while standing by the side of his lovely incognito was a young man, handsome and graceful, gazing on her with looks of undisguised love and admiration, and now and then bending his stately form to reply to her animated comments. A thrill of the most intense jealousy rushed through Victor's heart as he beheld the familiar, delighted look of confidence with which she regarded him, and the tender assiduity manifested by the cavalier in shielding her from the night air, and drawing her arm within his as they departed. Then reason

and recollection returned, he rushed from his seat, he sought the door through which they were passing out, and though the aunt whispered the cavalier, and he glanced on Victor with anything but an amiable expression, the most beautiful eyes in the world beamed upon him with a timid, yet tender glance, and a rose which the fair hand held but a moment before, fell at his feet. Victor rushed to his hotel that night in a state of rapturous delight too intense for expression, and nearly annihilated poor Antoine, who began to expatiate as usual on the perfections of Mademoiselle de la Vigne. Poor mademoiselle! her lover was running mad about another woman, while she perchance waited and looked in vain for him at the lovely Chateau. Week after week did he linger in Paris, nor could all Antoine's representations as to his father's anger and his fiancée's astonishment, induce him to depart, till at length he gave up all hope of seeing his idol again in despair, and booked himself for the diligence that morning. This was why the cloud rested on Mr. Victor's smooth brow, this was the reason chagrin and disappointment mantled over his face.

Enraged at the delay of the diligence, and probably glad of an excuse for deferring his departure from Paris, he summoned Antoine and prepared to leave, when a lady and gentleman got into the vehicle, the conductor called out *en allant*, and our hero jumped in with no slight disappointment and pique ere the door was closed and the horses in motion. For the space of full half an hour Victor gazed earnestly out in the bright sunshine, yet trees and houses were all passed unheeded by him, for his heart was filled with the sweet and bitter fancies which it had before fed upon. But at last wearied with his own thoughts, and struck by the unusual silence of his fellow passengers, he turned and directed an enquiring glance at them. They were but two, the lady and gentleman who had entered the vehicle immediately before him. The latter was a little, fat, jovial-looking individual, with a countenance displaying great capacity and inclination for the good things of this life, and total unconsciousness as to the existence of any other kind of capacity. He had apparently been very warm, very much fretted, and very tired, and sleep for a brief space wrapped in happy oblivion all remembrance of his miseries. The lady who sat by his side was closely veiled, and Victor could not catch the slightest glimpse of her face through the thick, green covering, which perhaps the very circumstance of this sedulous concealment, gave him the most intense desire to behold. Expatiate on woman's curiosity: men have more in their little fingers than this much calumniated sex in their whole bodies. Our hero was by no

means deficient in this virtue, and the face, which if displayed, would, perhaps, not have caused him a moment's thought, now awakened the liveliest interest and attention. The fair unknown was attired with the utmost simplicity, yet there was an airy elegance and grace perceptible in her whole tourneur, from the light, charming little hat which he knew must cover one of the most symmetrical heads in the world, down to the admirably fitted shoe which encased the tiniest of feet. French women really appear to have inspiration at the toilet, and with one touch will give taste and expression to the whole attire. The lady was behind none of her country-women in this respect, and on Victor (who was himself no slight proficient and critic in such matters) none of these demonstrations was lost. Probably the lady observed and was annoyed at his long scrutiny, for rousing herself from the negligent, yet graceful attitude into which she had fallen, she stooped, and from an embroidered travelling bag, drew a tiny gilt-bound volume. But the book lacked interest or the reader attention, for it was soon dropped, and an embroidered mouchoir, fragrant with some sweet distilled waters drawn out, and then a viniagrette, and both disappeared under the impenetrable, tantalizing veil. Victor then imagined his mysterious companion faint, "perhaps her seat was uncomfortable, would she accept his?" A soft, low, yet slightly melancholy voice murmured a negative, with an expression of gratitude for the politeness which prompted the offer. Yet when a sort of convulsive quiver shook the slight frame, and sobs, which to stifle she vainly endeavored, were audible through the close covering, Victor insisted upon the admission of more air, and repeating his offer of assistance, urged the removal of the anathematised veil. The small jeweled hand tremblingly endeavored to pull it aside, yet from the owner's agitation or emotion, failed, and Victor was absolutely obliged to assist in the operation, which, when completed, the lady sank breathless on the sill of the window which he had opened. Her face was pale as marble, yet the features were exquisitely out. The brow on which the glossy black hair was parted was lofty and intellectual, and though tears were struggling through the half-closed eyes, yet Victor marked their dark lustre, and the long silken lashes which were perfectly defined on the white cheek. The sight of her countenance by no means cooled Victor's interest and sympathy with the fair unknown. He comforted, he consoled, he entreated her to be calm, and such was the effect of his eloquence, aided perhaps by his frank, ingenuous face, that the lady wiped the tears from her eyes, accepted the proffered seat, and absolutely began to tell him

her story. It was certainly strange, nay, positively imprudent, yet when the heart is filled to overflowing with its own grief and emotion, a single word of sympathy, even from a stranger, will open the flood-gates and send the sweet waters forth. Then there is in some people a certain something, which solicits confidence and inspires perfect truth. Such was M. Victor, and accordingly it appeared the most natural thing in the world for the lady to unburthen to him her sorrows, and for him to give heed thereto with no surprise, but the most devout and earnest attention.

"She had had the most tender, most devoted of husbands, he had been her life, her existence, her all. Chance had taken him to Paris, and there he met with a friend, a demon in the shape of man, he was challenged, he fell. On the wings of love she flew to his dying couch, she received his last sigh, he expired in her arms. Yet now what was life without her Albert?" And a fresh burst of tears concluded the recital. Alas! for man's sympathy, alas! for his disinterestedness. As Victor listened to the tender eloquence which fell from these lovely lips, he felt that he would have been the dead husband or anything else to be so sweetly, so devotedly lamented. He was not so insane as to tell the interesting sufferer this, but merely murmured words of pity and condolence, and thus so tranquilized the lady, or perhaps she was exhausted by her own emotions and the fatigues of the journey, that sleep overcame over, and the little, graceful head dropped most unconsciously and unfortunately on M. Victor's shoulder. Unfortunately I say—that is for that gentleman's peace of mind—for sympathy had worked such a distraction in the poor man's brain that the idea of Mademoiselle de la Vigne was more forbidding than ever, even his Parisian flame appeared but a lovely, interesting child, and he felt that the being resting in trusting confidence against him was his destiny.

Poor M. Victor, yet daring, mischievous M. Victor. The traitor absolutely encircled with one arm her slender waist, seized her small, soft palm in his, and drawing his lovely burthen closer to him, he had the audacity to imprint a kiss on those rosy lips. But with that kiss she awoke, and as Victor immediately assumed a deferential, respectful attitude, she suspected naught of his impertinence, but apologized with infinite confusion and grace for the unconscious resting-place she had made of him, and while Victor was murmuring with no little truth his delight in being thus employed, the vehicle stopped, and for that night, at least, they were at their journey's end. Never had M. Victor been so fastidious, so

unreasonable about his dress as he was the next morning. For full two hours he stood before the little ancient mirror in the apartment of the auberge which he occupied; his trunk was emptied, and the floor strewn with its rejected contents. Antoine was in despair. Yet sooth to say when he had completed his toilet, the mirror never reflected a more handsome, captivating tout-ensemble. Imagine his disappointment, nay, intense rage and astonishment, when on descending to the breakfast-room he found it vacant, and learned that his bewitching fellow traveller, for whom all this immense particularity in costume was displayed, had departed hours before, in a private carriage which was waiting for her. Yes, while he was revelling in the land of dreams, leagues were perhaps intervening between them. There certainly was not a more ill-tempered gentleman in all la belle France than Victor d'Toreuil that morning. He pronounced the roll execrable, the coffee worse, and no sooner was his brief repast concluded than he stepped into a carriage with rapid, fiery steeds, and without a guide or compass, dashed off in pursuit of the lady. At every post-house he thundered out an impatient query as to whether a vehicle of the description in which he had learnt the fair stranger had departed, had passed. He described minutely the lady's beauty, and her companion's uncomely proportions, but all in vain. At last wearied and provoked at himself for his own folly, he gave orders to turn back, and sank moody and despairing on the seat till the carriage entered again the street of the little village whence they departed that morning. It was too late to go on that day, and after wandering over the village till he was tired, Victor was seated in the little parlor of the auberge, when Antoine, who had been in despair for the means of entertaining his master, rushed in, and said there was a village fete, a dance, and assured Monsieur d'Toreuil that he would be charmed, delighted. They had chosen a most poetical place for their festival, a murmuring river glided by, and the green, glossy leaves on the branches contrasted admirably with the bright color and gaudy attire of the peasantry. The men were fine, bold, manly-looking fellows, and though some of the faces among the women were quite pretty, yet their figures were clumsy, and the short petticoats displayed feet and ankles of not the most delicate proportions. But there was one exception. A dark-haired, dark-eyed peasant-girl had from the first attracted Victor's attention; he took his station by a tree near, and gazed on naught but her. Her figure was light, graceful and rounded, and, then her dancing—if ever the poetry of motion was illustrated, it was

certainly there. She bounded off like a fawn, and her little feet touched the ground so lightly, so buoyantly, it was really a delight to behold them. And she enjoyed it so, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks flushed, and a bright smile parted her rich coral lips, displaying teeth whose dazzling whiteness every duchess in the land might have envied. So appeared to think M. Victor, for his eye followed her graceful figure to the exclusion of all the rest, save the sturdy peasant at her side, whom he could have knocked down in his extreme envy and rage at his being honored with the hand of so lovely a creature. The others appeared to recognize her infinite superiority, and crowding around her on the conclusion of a dance, evidently were urging a request with which, from their expressive glances at Victor, he imagined he had somewhat to do. Nor was he deceived—for though the beautiful peasant hesitated at first, yet she at length advanced, and with mingled grace and dignity, solicited the hand of the stranger for the next dance. Need I say that it was most delightfully given, and though Victor was not a little piqued at the queen-like air with which she received his devotions, and manifest indifference to his flatteries; yet Monsieur d'Toreuil retired that night with some indistinct visions of felicity in a cottage fete under the greenwood tree, and a dark-eyed peasant-girl for the lady of his heart, instead of the odious Mademoiselle de la Vigne, or any other artificial, hypocritical piece of Eve's flesh existing. But these dreams were put to flight the next morning, for a mission arrived from an ancient marquis, his uncle, whom his father had directed him to visit, which command he had most studiously determined to forget. Now, however, there was no retreat, as the communication craved the honor of his company, the marquis had despatched his own carriage for him, and instantly must he set off. The marquis was a little, voluble, enthusiastic Frenchman. He overwhelmed Victor with questions, yet waited for no replies, but went on with long accounts of the gallantries of his prime, the degeneracy of the age, and the belles and beauties of thirty years since. He was in the midst of a long harangue, and Victor sat impatiently attending, wondering for which of his evil deeds the infliction had fallen upon him, when the door softly opened, a lady entered, whom the marquis introduced as his daughter, and Victor's eyes rested on his long-forgotten, long-bewitched beau ideal, the noble, stately lady of his youthful dreams. Yes, a lofty hauteur sat on her brow, and an atmosphere of dignity and purity floated around her, through which nothing common or unclean could penetrate. Her features possessed that calm, regular, statue-like beauty, which

sculptors delight to model, and though attired in the cumbrous, unwieldy mode of the day, she moved lightly and gracefully in the stiff, heavy drapery, and it added somewhat of effect to her reserved, dignified demeanor. Victor d'Toreuil absolutely felt awed before her, his usual happy audacity and composure stood him not in need just now, and it was not till long after that calm, gentle voice had first fallen on his ear, as with infinite grace and dexterity she led the dull wearisome discourse of her father, to lighter and more fanciful themes, that he ventured to join in the conversation. A month passed, and yet Victor had not left the Chateau. Poor Antoine's face looked hopeless and despairing, for this had lasted longer and with fewer interruptions than any of his master's former passions. The marquis, as long as he had a patient listener, was utterly unconscious of what was passing before him and Victor—he was in the seventh heaven, for he had noted a shade of sadness steal over that polished brow, and a mournful, almost tender expression, gleam from those dark-blue eyes when he spoke of departure. One evening, as he was walking with his fair companion in the garden, he spoke frankly, yet bitterly, of his engagement; for though he was aware of their knowledge of the fact, he had never before alluded to it. He expressed his detestation of Mademoiselle de la Vigne, he murmured the love which lay so near his heart, and apparently he had no unwilling listener, for the little hand which he had seized lay unresistingly in his, and she, the calm, the composed, absolutely trembled and shook with agitation. Victor drew that stately figure closer to him, the exquisite head rested on his shoulder, and in an instant his lips would have pressed that marble brow, when with a "sacre" "mille tonneurs," and all the expletives in which the language so abounds, they were violently thrust asunder; and the little marquis, his face convulsed with rage, and every nerve and fibre quivering with passion, stood behind them. He overwhelmed Victor with reproaches, he reminded him of his plighted vow, till at length suffocated by the torrent of his own words, the fiery little gentleman drew his daughter's arm within his own, and left the garden. That night Monsieur d'Toreuil received two lines couched with much formal politeness, informing him that a carriage would be in readiness at six the following morning, to take him from the Chateau. From the Chateau, therefore, did Victor go, and such was the effect of his towering indignation, or, perhaps, love, that he was confined to his apartment in the little anberge for a week with a low, nervous, depressing fever.

One night as he sat gazing listlessly out in the setting sun, by an open window, Antoine informed

him that one of a company of gipsies who were scattered around the country, lingered near the house, and the girl had a voice which was melody itself, and accompanied herself on the theorbo, a little musical instrument much used among them, with no slight skill. "Would Monsieur like to hear her?" Victor gave a languid assent, and the gipsy girl entered. She took a low seat at some distance from him, and resting the instrument on her knee, struck with a bold free hand the strings; her voice now sounding in union with a wild rushing strain, and then a note as low and plaintive as the cushat's moaning to its mate. She was an admirable specimen of her people. Her skin that clear pale olive, with the rich crimson flush on the cheek, the delicate well defined nostril, and glossy black hair, which contrasted so vividly with the scarlet handkerchief with which it was adorned. All but her eye, which was not so round and fierce with the unpleasant and peculiar expression which generally marks the race. Her's were soft, liquid, melting in their glances, with long silken lashes of intense blackness. Victor's heart, as he listened to her melody, felt lighter than it had for many a day; and when, after the girl had exhausted her songs, she asked "if Monsieur would like to have his fortune told?" he signified his permission. She knelt beside him—and, taking his hand in her slender fingers, gazed earnestly on the open palm. The lines were complicated, or perhaps his gaze perplexed her, for she threw back the rich tresses which had fallen over her eyes, and gazed again and again. At length she spoke. She told Monsieur that he was noble, rich, with many a fine house to call him master, or that would in time to come. And he was going to marry one whom he loved, yet did not love. As Victor mused on the wit and art with which this information was couched, a thought which never would have flashed into any but such a mad-cap's brain as his own possessed him. Why should he not rescue this beautiful creature from her roving degraded race, and present her as an attendant, a peace-offering to his bride? The idea was no sooner conceived than acted upon; but when he proposed it to the gipsy, she started to her feet, drew her slender figure up to its full height, and with a look of mingled indignation and sadness, pointed to the free blue sky and green forest glade, and then bounding through the open door, disappeared, without remuneration of any kind or description.

The next day absolutely beheld Victor d'Toreuil at his journey's end, and he was conducted to a spacious library in one wing of the magnificent old chateau, to await the return of Mademoiselle and her father, who were rambling through the grounds. Victor was glad of a respite—and, had it not been

for the picture of a large, masculine-looking woman, attired in a riding dress, which hung against the wall, and a glove on the floor extensive enough to cover one of the hands in the portrait, he would have been quite happy. Even as it was, the shady, quiet apartment, the soft summer wind and fragrance which were wafted in an open window from the garden, lulled him into a sort of dreamy, happy unconsciousness. As he lay indolently reclining in a luxurious seat, the door opened noiselessly, and the charming widow who had been his traveling companion from Paris glided in and sat down beside him. Yes, there was the identical little hat and veil, the snowy hand, buried in the folds of the embroidered mouchoir, and the large bright eyes gazing on him through the tears, while she again murmured "What is life, without my Albert?" Then she disappeared, and the queenly radiant peasant girl, with her rich black bodice and coquettishly short petticoat, floated like a sylph before him, and turned her strange, proud, half mocking gaze upon him. Then the stately daughter of the fiery old marquis stepped in, as calmly and majestically as the first day his watchmen took in her vision. Then she vanished, and the gipsy girl knelt beside him, and in her clear singing tone murmured—"You will wed one whom you love, yet do not love." Was Victor dreaming—had a spell been laid upon him? And was this curious old castle, which after so many delays he had at length reached, an enchanted nook? Yet this was certainly reality, there could be no deception here, when leaning on the arm of an old gentleman, and dancing sportively along, fanning herself with the large straw hat, he saw the merry eyes, light silken ringlets, and child-like graceful figure of his Parisian flame, the heroine of the garden, his first love. Yes, I repeat, it could be certainly no deception, for the old gentleman entered the apartment, saluted Victor on both cheeks, welcomed him to the chateau, and presented him to the little fairy on his arm—"his daughter, his Marie;" whom Victor, without well knowing whether he was awake or asleep, saluted also. This was then that masculine, vixenish, hoydenish creature—this was Mademoiselle de La Vigne. Alas! for prolific imagination; alas! for that abominable Antoine's veracity. In the long tete-a-tete which Monsieur d'Toreuil had that night with his cousin, he told her of the love which had sprung up in his heart at the first glimpse of her—and added, moreover, the abominable hypocrite, that it had existed ever since.

"Ah!" said Marie, glancing archly at him, and putting an embroidered mouchoir to her laughing eyes, "my life—my Albert." Victor started; she bounded from his side like a fawn. By heaven it was the peasant girl! She composed her counte-

nance, drew up her slender figure—it was the proud, stately cousin. She whispered—"Thou lovest, yet lovest not." The mystery was solved.

"So you were the widow, the peasant, the lady, and the gipsy, were you, sweet?" exclaimed Victor; "come, read me the riddle, or I'll have you burnt for a witch."

"You told me, you arch hypocrite," returned Marie, "that you loved me, and only me, from the moment you beheld me."

"And did I not?" said the wily traitor. So, by pure audacity, he gained the argument; and Marie told him that Antoine was trusty and confidential, the old aunt deceived, the widow changed but her attire and her hair, the peasant was a peasant for the nonce, the lively old uncle lent himself to the deception, and there was dye that could change to a gipsy's darkness and a gipsy's skin; and concluded by making him swear to breathe not a word of it to her father—to which he consented, on condition that she married him in a week; and so she did.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

BY S. D. VEANS.

Down the deep gulf stupendous heaps of snow,
And ice from distant lakes, a mighty mass,
Lie in high ridges and in broken piles,
That form an ample bridge from bank to bank.
Here, fissures wide terrific stretch along,
There, icy pyramids high towering rise—
Here, lies the slip'ry glacier's sloping side,
And there, portentous hangs the avalanche.
Against the rocks long icy columns stand,
(More purer than marble from the Parian bed)
Whose open portals show recesses dark,
Or shadowy caverns faintly hid from view
The pillared dome, turret and tower are there,
The Gothic arch and finest trellis work.
Entwined and interlaced with wreathed flowers
Surpassing fancy's utmost stretch of art,
In silence wrought by Nature's plastic hand.
While far below tempestuous waters boil,
And foam and ice in wild confusion rage,
Above, with bounding waves there fiercely comes
The torrent flood. It speeds its 'whelming course,
And on the verge of that o'erhanging cliff,
In majesty the mighty waters curve.
Below they plunge! Their voice of thunder rolls—
The solid earth with the concussion shakes—
And loud vibrations swell o'er distant vales.

Like a broad curtain spreads the hanging flood,
From shore to shore its waves in middle air:
Fringed with light feath'ry wreaths is undulated
In ever changing yet continuous folds;
Mysterious columns of impending waves,
Still flowing down, yet ever standing there.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."
FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

THE once common art of embroidering or working in fancy needlework, after continuing from the earliest times to the execution of Charles I., declined, and did not again become popular, either in England or our own country, until of late years. But now the education of no lady is considered complete until she has some knowledge of fancy needlework, embroidery, and netting and crochet.

Fancy needlework is, perhaps, now, the most fashionable of these arts—as slippers, ottomans, screens, divans, and various other useful and ornamental articles are, at present, most regarded, when worked in either, Berlin or Persian work. These several articles must be worked after particular patterns; but the mode of working is generally to be learnt only from a teacher. We intend, however, to give a few rules by which every young lady can teach herself to work any pattern in any stitch. The work is usually on canvass or cloth; but, as the former is the more durable, and as any one able to work on canvass can work on cloth, we shall confine our remarks to the former. And first, let us describe the stitches.

Before proceeding to these, however, we will suppose that the canvass to be worked is arranged in its frame. You then commence at the top, and work from the left hand corner toward the right. By keeping this in mind and following the ensuing directions, our fair readers will be able to work any stitch or pattern here described.

GOBELIN STITCH.—This stitch is, perhaps, the most comprehensive of all, and is especially fitted for working patterns after paintings, or other rich designs. Begin at the top of your canvass, count two threads to the right and insert your needle on the under side, bring it up through, count three threads down, and pass the needle through down. This is one stitch. Now bring it through up, after counting from thread to the right where it was brought up before, and pass it through to the under side, one thread to the right of where it passed through before: this is a second stitch; and so on.

CROSS STITCH.—Count three threads down, and bring your needle through from the under side: count three threads to the right—beginning, as in all these directions, from the top left hand corner—and pass your needle through to the under side. Now count three threads downward from this point, and bring your needle up through: pass it down again at the first thread in the left hand corner. Thus one cross stitch will be found. Now count three threads from where you began before, and begin a new cross, completing it in the same way.

TENT STITCH.—Count two threads to the right, and bring your needle up. count two threads down and pass your needle to the under side. This is one stitch. Follow it up, by bringing your needle up one thread to the right of where you began before; and passing it through one thread to the right of where it passed through before.

DOUBLE CROSS STITCH.—For large pieces of work this is an excellent stitch, and is thus worked. Count

five threads down and bring up your needle: count five threads to the right from the left hand corner, and pass down your needle, and so complete the regular cross stitch. Now count two threads to the right of where you began, and bring up your needle, then count two threads down from where you first passed down your needle, and pass it down again. Now count three to the right of the left hand corner, and bring up your needle: pass it down in the same place where it was passed down immediately preceding: bring it up where it was brought up immediately preceding; then count three threads down from the left hand corner, and passing your needle down, the stitch is worked. Instead of making the stitch four threads, as we have made it, it can be enlarged to six, eight, or even more threads, at the choice of the worker.

STRAIGHT CROSS STITCH.—This is a new stitch, but very pretty. Count two down and bring up your needle: go two to the right, on the same line, and pass it down: count two from the left hand corner and bring it up, go two down on a line and pass it down. Now go two threads from where you began before, and proceed to make a second stitch.

DOUBLE STRAIGHT CROSS STITCH.—Bring up your needle three threads from the left hand corner, and pass it through four threads on the line down: then complete a straight cross stitch. Now go one thread to the right of where you began, and one thread down, and bring up your needle: pass it through one thread to the left of, and three threads down from where you began: complete a simple cross stitch, and the double straight cross stitch is done.

There are other stitches, but these are the principal ones. We will now give one or two of the choicest of the simple patterns.

THE BEAUFORT STAR.—Begin on the width of the canvass and take twelve threads, reducing at every stitch one thread for six rows; and thus decrease and increase alternately, to make squares like diamonds to the end of the row. The next row is done in like manner, only you work lengthwise of the canvass. Introduce silver or gold thread between where the stitches join, and so complete the star. This pattern is peculiarly elegant when used as the centre of any moderately sized piece.

VICTORIA PATTERN.—Pass the wool for the centre stitch over six threads, the next over five, and so go to the corner, which will be on one thread: the other side must be worked in a different shade of the same color, and the two shades must be turned alternately the opposite way. The corner stitch ought to be some brilliant colored silk or gold thread. The top of one square constitutes the bottom of the other. The three stitches between the corners must be worked in black or dark wool. The squares must be filled in with a long stitch, working from corner to corner across the canvass.

IRISH DIAMOND.—Begin with three threads, and increase to fourteen, working across the canvass, and increasing one thread each way; then work on down to two in like manner, and the diamond is completed. Begin your next row two threads down the canvass, and place a gold or steel bead in the centre of each diamond. Complete the piece with a border of gold twist or mother of pearl.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

WE flatter ourselves that the plate for this month is the most beautiful ever issued in a magazine. The styles are especially novel and *distingue*.

FIG. I.—A PROMENADE DRESS of rich striped green and white Pekin silk. *Polonaise* of rich black or dark blue satin, faced with velvet down the fronts, round the sleeves and collar, which last descends in a point on each side of the waist, forming a continuation to the facings on the skirt. Ermine muff, lined with rich white satin. Capote of pink *gros de Tours*, decorated with a splendid demiwhite lace veil, attached to the front part of the crown with a row of puffs of pink ribbon; the veil falling over the back part of the crown.

FIG. II.—A MORNING DRESS of light violet silk, over which is worn a rich white cambric, frilled with lace. Short loose sleeves, also trimmed with lace.

FIG. III.—A WALKING DRESS of French green Pekin silk, the skirt trimmed with three broad flounces of the same, the edges of each being vandyked, and also headed with a narrow black open lace; high body, setting in folds both back and front; rounded waist, and tight sleeves, ornamented with double folds, the under one being divided up the centre, the upper one headed with black lace. Bonnet of dark blue velvet, the front bound with Albert blue velvet; a twist of black and blue velvet decorates the exterior of the crown, the right side of which is ornamented with a *plume russe*, shaded blue and white.

FIG. IV.—A PROMENADE DRESS of reform-colored satin, over which is worn a cloak of rich violet satin; this elegant *manteau* is made shorter than the dress, and is bound round the edge of the bottom with a double fold of black velvet; a large mantilla is worn over descending to the edge of the cloak in front, and is surrounded with a frilling of the same material, headed with a narrow full plaiting of the same; a small pelerine, similarly ornamented, fits tight over the shoulders, and forms a point down the centre of the front, where it is confided with hooks and eyes, and sits close, so as to show the shape of the bust. Capote of pink *velours epingle*, the brim and *bavolet* ornamented with small folds of rouleaux of black velvet; the interior of the front is similarly decorated, with the addition of a pretty pink shaded rose on each side, a half-wreath of the same ornaments the left side of the crown.

FIG. V.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of pale blue striped *reps* silk; the *jupon* quite plain, and very full; tight corset and loose sleeve, buttoning up the side, and showing an under-sleeve of fulled *batisse*. *Manteau* of fawn colored satin, bound and ornamented with velvet, the side pieces of which are decorated with large round fancy gympe buttons; the top of the shoulders ornamented to match, with a chain work and button. This *manteau* is rounded in the front; small round collar of velvet, with two long ends of the same edged with fringe, and attached together at the throat with a button. Bonnet of pale pink *velours epingle*; the interior trimmed tastefully with white blonde, and pale green ivy leaves of satin; the exterior decorated with a branch of ivy leaves, headed with three beautiful shaded roses, and on the left side with white blonde.

In addition to these costumes, we are in possession of

a great variety of patterns for morning, evening and promenade dresses; but, as we have already given such styles as are most in request, we will proceed to our more general remarks on the newest fashions.

BONNETS.—The only alteration in this article is that the brims are rather enlarged, and the crown a little raised. Velvets are very fashionable, especially those in dark blue, lined with saffron color. Shaded marabouts are much used for decorating hats. In Paris satin bonnets have been all the vogue: these are covered with English lace, and ornamented with a feather shaded in the same color with the material. The most fashionable velvet bonnets are decorated with birds, the plumage shaded in some bright color. These birds are mounted like the birds of Paradise once so much worn, but they are much smaller: sometimes two of these birds are placed inclining on the same side—in white, for instance, on a white bonnet—in black *diamante* blue, or flame color, on a black velvet bonnet.

DES TWINES DE DAMES.—This is the title of a new and very elegant style of out-of-doors dress. It is somewhat of the form of a man's surtout or great coat, and is now composed of cachemire cloth, ornamented with *soutaches*, and lined with a warm fur, so as to keep the ears and throat from the cold; the sleeves are also made like a gentleman's sleeve, only rather larger at the top, so as not to interfere with the sleeve of the dress, and in fact quite easy; it is also lined like the body and skirt, and also decorated with broad facings of the same fur, in such a manner as to allow of the crossing of the hands in the sleeve. This distinguished looking wrap will, we are assured, have all the success that the *paletot russe* met with last season. It may not be out of place to remark that *camails* and cardinal pelerines are now being much sought after, made in velvet or satin, and lined and bordered with the most elegant furs.

PELERINES.—These are again much worn; *la pelerine de demi grandeur* covers the shoulders, and buttons close up from the waist to the throat. The ornaments for this style of pelerine are extremely confined, the only difference existing in the different kinds of open fancy silk trimmings, and the variety of buttons. As to the cut of these pelerines, those which are most in favor are the plain ones, formed of four pieces—two at the back, and two forming the fronts—the joins on the shoulders being formed to the full of the shoulders, so as to avoid the ugly creases of the ancient pelerine.

COIFFURES.—These are to be worn much more elevated than before. A very beautiful one, called *La Coiffeur Thamar*, is composed of a *demi* veil of gold lace or tulle, embroidered with gold and silk; the veil envelops the back part of the head, and droops on one side in two long ends, falling very low, and edged with a fringe of colored silk and gold, which reaches to the bust. This sort of turban is placed very backward on the head; but the ornament which renders it such a novelty, is a *bandelette*, made in gold and precious stones, fastened to the turban on each side, and passing across the hair and forehead: large *touffes* of hair are worn on each side of the cheek with this coiffure. A coral net work, made in red *chenille* or silk, intermixed like branches of coral, and having a crown-piece encircled with a rouleau of gold and silver gauze, is very fashionable in Paris.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THIS number, our readers will perceive, is made up wholly of contributions from writers of the sex. In addition to Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Pierson and others of the first rank as American writers, we have secured as a contributor Mrs. J. Gray, of England, formerly Mary Ann Browne, the sister of Mrs. Hemans—who, now that the latter is no more, fills that place in the hearts of all lovers of feminine poetry which the elder sister once occupied. We have from her pen a sweet poem, which shall appear in the February number; to be followed by other poems and tales from the same delightful writer. Her story of "Sarah Burnett" cannot, we think, be read without tears.

We believe no number of any magazine was ever before issued, whose contributions were all from ladies. And this ought to prove, more than pages of assertion, which of the periodicals claiming to be devoted to the ladies, is most especially so. We have resolved to be in the lead, and we flatter ourselves that the character and quality of the literary contributions to this number will show that we are up to our word.

The embellishments, we may safely assert, are superb; and we may doubt whether any cotemporary can equal, much less surpass them. They are, it will be remarked, different in style and kind, as well as subject. First, there is the mezzotint, which will be unquestionably the best magazine picture that will appear for January. Then comes a new gothic pattern of lace-work, in the centre of which is introduced an entirely different illustration—an embossed stag, colored after life. This is succeeded by a line engraving of the Hudson, at West Point. The plate of fashions, which also *will not*, because it *cannot* be rivalled, closes the list of embellishments. Have we not performed what we promised? Can we be beat? In variety and elegance of illustrations, we challenge a comparison with any magazine!

NEW BOOKS.

This is the season for Christmas and New Year Gifts, and a rare array of beautiful annuals is offered by the various booksellers to the public.

Messrs. Carey & Hart's "Gift," for 1844, is the most beautiful annual ever published in the United States. Cheney, Pease, and others of equally high merit, have engraved the illustrations, after pictures by Page, Huntington, Sully, and our most eminent artists. The first embellishment, "Beatrice," is one of the most exquisite faces painter ever dreamed of; and in it Huntington has surpassed all his former efforts. "The Atlantic Souvenir," published by the same house, is a less costly, though still elegant annual.

Messrs. C. & H. have also published a volume of translations of Beranger's Poems, handsomely got up in every respect. An edition of the songs of the late T. H. Bayley, edited by the Rev. R. W. Griswold, elegantly printed and bound, is another of the books suitable for holiday presents, put forth by this, one of our most enterprising publishing houses. Their illustrated edition of "Childe Harold" must not be forgotten.

G. S. Appleton has published a very neat little annual, "The Rose," intended for young people, and furnished at a comparatively small price. He has made large importations of the English annuals for 1844—among the most beautiful of which are "The Keepsake," and Heath's "Book of Beauty." The latter, especially, is very elegant; some of its illustrations we think we have never seen equalled. Mr. A. has also the standard English Poets, bound in costly bindings, suitable for the season; and the most elegant of these are his editions of Shakspeare, and the illustrated Lalla Rookh.

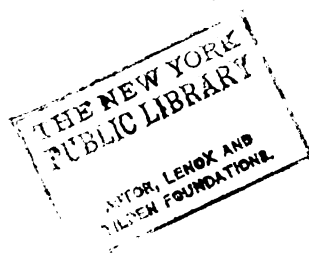
J. W. Moore, in Chesnut below Fifth street, has, perhaps, an unequalled assortment of imported English books, suitable for holiday gifts. There are illustrated works of various kinds on his shelves, such as we have rarely before seen offered for sale here. He has all the English and American Annuals, and indeed the choicest varieties of elegant and costly illustrated books—besides standard works in all departments, bound elaborately, for those whose fancy runs on rich bindings.

Lea & Blanchard have published a magnificent edition of the Poems of Samuel Rogers, embellished with costly engravings, and rivaling the handsomest London books. Among their other works suitable for the season, is a volume of the Poems of Woodworth, and of those of Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, with biographies annexed. A collected edition of the fugitive pieces of the latter lady has always been desirable. We cannot say too much of the enterprise of Messrs. L. & B. in undertaking the task.

In New York the various publishing houses are preparing for the season with equal, if not greater vigor. We have advices but from one house, the Messrs. L. & H. G. Langley, whose series of illustrated and other elegant books, suitable for holiday gifts, is really superb. One of their most beautiful works is "The Melalia and other Poems of Eliza Cook," edited by the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. This volume comprises all her beautiful lyrics, is printed on the finest paper, and embellished by twelve splendid English illustrations. The same house also publishes the works of Mrs. Ellis, printed on fine paper, in one volume, and illustrated by six elegant English engravings. The Messrs. L. issue, besides, "The Collected Poems of W. M. Præd;" "Robin Hood and his Merry Foresters," with eight finely colored lithographic drawings; "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," with forty engravings on wood; "The New York Glee Book," and various other books, appropriate for the season.

J. S. Redfield of New York has sent us a series of hand-books for ladies, edited by an American lady, elegantly bound in fancy covers and gilt edges. The series contains six books, on plain needle-work; baby linen; fancy needle-work; knitting, netting and crochet; embroidery; and millinery and dress-making. These works are almost indispensable to the sex. They combine the practical and ornamental and are thus suited for all classes. The series can be purchased complete, or each volume can be had separately.

The first of the new series of "Our Female Poets" will appear in February.





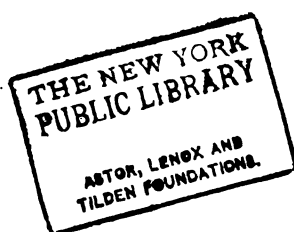
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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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No 2.

THE DIPLOMATIC LOVERS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day Gatry's arrest was the talk of all Paris. The state of the treasury was examined into, and a large deficit found. As the matter developed itself it led to other examinations, and to more arrests. De Gatry, fortified by hopes from his friends, continued to protest his innocence; a tedious law process followed, the end of which poor M. de Larne did not live to see; for the fright and anguish of that unhappy day gave a shock to his constitution, from which he never recovered. Colas was inconsolable for the loss of his affectionate friend. He was indeed the heir of his small property; but he would gladly have given himself to beggary could he have prolonged the life of his benefactor.

The question was now—what to do? for the income of his property would not alone afford him a maintenance. "Suppose," said Pauline to him, "you apply for the situation held by M. de Larne!"

"Mademoiselle, you astonish me! How could I dream of aspiring to that situation? It is true, I have often performed its duties, particularly when M. de Larne suffered from rheumatism, as he did often in the winters. But I marine secretary? No—I could never hope for that."

"Your modesty is very creditable to you!" said Pauline, sportively. "Do you not think my rank as high as that of a marine secretary?"

"Mademoiselle, you are jesting."

"Well; and yet you dare aspire to me?"

"Nay—lovely Pauline, your goodness lets you condescend to me."

Some days after, Mademoiselle de Pons said to the Prince de Loubise, whom she met at a brilliant assembly, "do you know, prince, that fright and grief have killed the poor old Secretary de Larne, so that he is, after all, the victim of Gatry's machinations?"

"You do not say so, charming Pauline?"

"Will you not complete your work of benevolence? It will pacify the old man's ghost, if you

will take under your protection his adopted son, Nicolas Rosier, who is now left destitute by the death of his father. It is the same young man, who, during the trial, begged permission to go to prison and to suffer death in place of the secretary—if he was condemned."

"I remember."

"Now this Rosier was in reality the secretary, he did the work that bore the name of M. de Larne. The poor old man died full of grief for the destitute condition of his son. Fulfil his dying wish, prince. You said to me yourself that he ought to be rewarded for having suffered so much. How will you reward him?—he is no more. But you may give something to his heir. He inherits the honor and noble-mindedness of de Larne, and surely deserves his place of secretary. But he is friendless, and no one speaks for him."

"No one? Does not the prettiest mouth in the world?" whispered the prince. "How happy should I be if such sympathy dwelt for me on those lips! Believe me, I am more deserving of your pity than the secretary's son."

"Nay—gracious sir, when you are unfortunate my sympathy and pity shall not fail you."

"What a pity," pursued the prince, "that so many eyes are upon us, else on my knees I could tell you how much I suffer! But I interrupt your request. What is the young man's name?"

"Nicolas Rosier." The prince wrote it down.

At his next visit to the Marchioness de Pompadour, that lady herself turned the conversation to the pending law process, and lamented that grief and fear had reduced the old secretary to the point of death.

"The point of death?" repeated the prince, with a sigh. "My gracious lady—he is dead. He has nothing more to suffer, or to enjoy."

Madame de Pompadour saw a tear in the prince's eye as he said this. Her own moistened. "Did he leave a family?" asked she. "The king is charitable."

The prince mentioned the adopted son, and enlarged on his merits. He mentioned also the vacant place of secretary. "This excellent young

man must starve," concluded he, "because he is friendless. He inherits the virtue, with the poverty, of his father."

Madame de Pompadour took the prince's hand in both hers, and looked at him tenderly. "I have long known you!" she said, "for the accomplished man of the world, but not for the man of feeling—the philanthropist. Do not blush, prince, for the compassionate tears that but now stood in your eyes—they are manly, honorable tears. Your wish shall be fulfilled. The young man Rosier, shall have his father's place."

When the marchioness presented her request to the king, he said, "you are just in time, for the marine minister has sent me his port-folio for my signature. See if the name you have mentioned stands opposite the place of secretary."

The marchioness examined the list. The name was not that of Rosier, but Meuron.

"Well, let it stand so," said Louis. "The minister knows better than we. Let us not interfere in his affairs."

"Sire," persisted the Pompadour—"by such interference alone can your majesty perfect the work of benevolence you have begun, and which has delighted all Paris. Your majesty has unmasked crime and saved innocence. The last thought of the dying man was gratitude for your gracious protection; his last prayer was for you."

The king laughed. "You must have correspondence with the invisible world," said he—"else how do you know what happened on the old secretary's death-bed? But as he was kind enough to think of me in his last moment—I must now think of his son." And striking out the name Meuron, he wrote that of Nicolas Rosier.

"Your majesty is incorrigible—and yet you are the best of men!" murmured the marquise, as she kissed the obedient hand.

Colas was astonished at his good fortune, and forthwith repaired to the minister of the treasury to receive instruction as to his new duties.

"I recommended you to his majesty," said the minister, "because I wished to show remembrance of M. de Larne's services."

"My share in your advancement is but small," said the chancellor of the ministerial bureau, "and I confess I had some struggle before I took your part. But I was well acquainted with the very important assistance you were in the habit of rendering to the former secretary; so that as an honest man I could recommend none but you."

Colas found that many others also laid claim to having rendered him essential service; the more generously as it had been done without his knowledge. When he told all this to Mademoiselle de Pons, she said—"you are a fool, Colas,

to forget the chief person in this business. Ask an audience to-morrow of the Prince de Loubise, and kiss his hand."

"And even the Prince de Loubise is not the chief person, but a certain charming sister of mine," said Colas, who nevertheless did not neglect to pay his homage to the prince. The prince, who saw in him a distinguished looking young man, recommended him to pay his grateful respects to Madame de Pompadour. That lady was much pleased to find him sensible of her kindness; the more so as he was no vulgar looking person.

M. Rosier, who entered no novice on the discharge of his duties, filled the post of secretary with much credit, and obtained general esteem, the more readily, as it was known that he stood high in the favor of certain eminent persons. Many prophesied for him a distinguished career.

Colas, satisfied with his good fortune, and now aware of the secret road by which communication had been established between himself and Louis XV., enjoyed with all modesty what had fallen to his lot. Too humble minded before to lay claim to what he at present possessed, he was now too well content to crave more. There was no great wisdom or virtue in this; it was only natural to a well regulated mind. The same calm view of things saved him from the various nets woven for him by fair hands; for he went into every company where his bourgeoisie birth did not prevent his obtaining admission. He was insensible to female fascination; even for the bewitching Pauline he felt only a respectful tenderness, without any mixture of passion.

Pauline loved more deeply; yet though she sometimes felt dissatisfied with her friend's distant respect, she thanked him in her heart for not presuming on her kindness. She was nevertheless convinced that he loved her supremely. Colas confided to her all his little adventures and the advances made toward him by the Parisian belles, and they laughed over them together. But it concerned Pauline at length to observe that the duties of his situation gave him much less time to visit her.

"I almost repent having made you marine secretary," said she to him one day. "I see so little of you, Colas." The young man promised to do better, and she was satisfied.

One evening he was at Drouet's, where there was a ball, and where many persons of rank and distinction were present. He noticed a fair friend of his, the daughter of a citizen, who was known by the name of "la belle Juliet," dancing with M. Browne, an English gentleman in the suite of Lord Albemarle, the British ambassador at Paris. This gentleman appeared devoted to his beautiful

partner, and not a little annoyed by the side glances he observed her to exchange with the young secretary. When the dance was finished he led her to a sofa, and seating himself beside her, was about commencing a conversation, when Colas came up boldly and offered her his arm. Juliet took it without hesitation, and they went off to dance, leaving the chagrined Englishman alone.

"Your late partner evidently looks upon me as an intruder," said Colas to Juliet. "He scowled at me as I took you away."

"And I thank you, M. Rosier," cried the beauty, "for relieving me of the tedious man! He has visited our house every day for the last two months, and I have been compelled to endure him, because he pleases my father. I hate him, and he follows me like my shadow."

For the rest of the evening Colas did not once quit the side of his fair partner, for it gave him pleasure to vex the Englishman. When the dancing was over, they walked in the splendidly illuminated garden, and at length seated themselves at a table to partake of some refreshment. It happened that exactly opposite them was seated M. Browne, drinking punch and talking politics with a Frenchman, with whom Colas was acquainted, M. de Bonnage.

They were warm in the discussion of political matters, but as the two others joined them M. de Bonnage was silent.

Not so, however, M. Browne. He became more vehement than ever in his abuse of France and Frenchmen: as he hoped to annoy by this means his detested rival. But Colas listened calmly, though surprised. He attributed the Englishman's heat to the influence of his punch.

M. Browne seemed incensed at the coolness and indifference of the man he wished to rouse. He went on more furiously than ever, till the gentlemen around him thought it best to retire, supposing him intoxicated, and fearing that mischief might grow out of his imprudent language. But M. Browne became only more excited. "It is true," at length he cried, "as you, M. Frenchman, just now observed, the cabinet of St. James does not understand its business. You were right in that—I must acknowledge. Our king should have sent you, not such a diplomatist as Albe-Marie, but a London damsel of pleasure! And troth, we have a thousand prettier than the Pompadour!"

At this mention of the name of his benefactress, Colas rose indignantly, and leaning across the table toward the angry Briton, whispered in his ear—"Forget not, sir, that you stand upon French ground!"

By way of reply to this caution, M. Browne

dealt the young secretary a blow in the face, and muttering execrations, turned to depart. But quick as lightning Colas retorted by a violent box on the ear, that sent the Briton sideways against his neighbor, who was in the act of carrying a glass of punch to his lips. The ruby-colored liquid deluged the immaculate linen of the Englishman, who probably took it for blood; he drew his sword instantly, while all around, both English and Frenchmen, sprang to their feet. Colas drew his sword also, and exchanged a thrust or two with his adversary; but before the combatants could be separated by the spectators, our hero had received a severe wound under his right arm. All this passed in a few seconds. When the combatants had been parted, the company dispersed, and M. de Bonnage having sent for a surgeon, remained with the wounded Colas. The surgeon came, pronounced the hurt a trifling one, being merely a flesh wound, and bound it up. Colas was then carried to the hotel of Comte d'Oron, and to his own lodgings.

While in the carriage with the secretary, M. de Bonnage took occasion to express his surprise at the audacity of the Englishman, and his conviction that the French court had too long tolerated the haughty insolence of the London cabinet. "Did it depend on me," said he, "war should be declared to-morrow!" And Colas, smarting with his wound, fully agreed with him.

Our hero had to keep his bed all next day, by the surgeon's order. He had lost much blood, and was threatened with fever. He wrote a few lines to Mademoiselle de Pons, informing her of his accident, for he did not wish her to learn it first from common report. He doubted not that the court and city were full of it. He was mistaken; nobody spoke of it. The spectators of the incident probably thought no more of the quarrel of two gentlemen over their punch.

The news of her lover's misfortune, however, had a powerful effect on Pauline. She was miserable the livelong day, till evening came, and she could steal away from the aristocratic circle in the countess's drawing-room—and hasten through the corridor that led across the inner court.

Pauline's heart throbbed as she drew near the apartment of the secretary, whom she now visited for the first time. Old Marcus, the servant of Colas, bequeathed to him by M. de Larme, bowed low as he ushered the young lady into the room, then took his station just outside the door. Pauline bent over her lover, touched his hand with hers, and whispered an hundred questions in a breath, to which, when she gave him time, he hastened to reply, by informing her of all that had passed the preceding evening. Only in speaking of the fair Juliet, he took care to add that she was

not half so handsome as Pauline. His sympathizing listener understood at once that it was through jealousy the savage Englishman had sought the quarrel.

"The wretch!" she exclaimed. "He ought to be punished. Were he a Frenchman, he should go to the Bastille. But he belongs to the suite of Lord Albemarle. We must think what is best to be done."

"I shall think little about it, Pauline," said the young secretary. "I shall fall upon him wherever I meet him—and challenge him as soon as I am well enough to fight. He attacked me like an assassin, not like a gentleman."

"You shall not do so, Colas!" cried the young lady; "what would become of me if you should fall? and even if you killed him, would you not have to fly from France and me forever?"

"He and I cannot live in Paris together!" replied Colas; "I wish all Englishman could be driven away! You know our court vacillates between peace and war with England. Cardinal Bernis is for peace; also the Prince de Loubise. If war be not declared, I see nothing but trouble. The prince should be spoken to, Pauline. He has much influence."

Colas and Pauline were soon of one opinion with regard to the necessity of war with England. The next day Pauline saw the prince, and managed the matter with her usual skill. "You have heard, prince," said she, "of the misfortune of the Secretary Rosier, and how he had to pay for the kindness you rendered him with his blood?"

"His blood?" repeated the prince in astonishment, "I have not heard a word of it."

In the explanation Mademoiselle de Pons gave, she said not a word of *la belle Juliet*, nor of the jealousy of M. Browne, nor of the filip he had given her lover; that last circumstance was too unpoetical, and told not well for a hero! But she enlarged upon the Englishman's insolent and contemptuous language concerning the prince and Madame de Pompadour, which M. Rosier had so promptly resented. The prince was very anxious to know what had been said of himself; Mademoiselle de Pons seemed much embarrassed and declined repeating the gross abuse. This of course set the prince's imagination at work, and filled him with fury against the audacious Englishman.

"And you protect such men, prince!" said Pauline reproachfully—"what will be said of you when it is known that you advocate peace with a nation, whose ambassadors, at your own entertainments, in your own capital, heap insult and contempt on the name of the most illustrious of French princes!"

Her words made so deep an impression that the prince in this interview quite forgot to assume the

air of gallantry he generally wore in her presence.

"But how do you know this?" he asked.

"The whole city is talking of it," answered the young lady. "You, prince, will probably be the last to hear of it. Nobody wants to trouble you with such news. But I know you will pardon me, even if you do nothing in the matter, for being jealous for your spotless reputation."

Loubise pressed her hand gratefully. He had been hitherto opposed to war, because he was opposed to the Duc de Richelieu, who wished war, because he wanted the command of the army. However he would enquire further into the business of Drouet's garden. He sent for M. de Bonnage, whom Pauline had mentioned as having witnessed the whole affair, and commanded him to speak with perfect openness. De Bonnage obeyed, but in his account of the occurrence omitted to mention what had been said of the prince. Loubise questioned him on this particular: de Bonnage shrugged his shoulders, did not recollect well enough to repeat exactly what had been said; but, out of spite toward the Englishman, intimated that the prince's name had been even more severely handled than that of the king's mistress. Prince de Loubise went thence to the Duc de Richelieu.

"I have read," said he to him, "your last remarks upon the claims of England. Your grace has vanquished me with your pen as you shall the British with your sword. I am of your party. The English ambassador must receive his passport with all speed."

The Duc was equally astonished and gratified at the change of mind in his late adversary. He embraced him; and their reconciliation was complete. Then they talked over the next steps to be taken; and deliberated how to bring over the cardinal, the court, and the king. The prince undertook to secure the assistance of Madame de Pompadour.

That was no difficult task. The prince had only to repeat M. Browne's coarse insult, and the slur he had cast upon her beauty, to fill her breast with indignation.

Colas was the next day surprised by a visit from some of the lords of the court. They were sent by the marchioness, to question him minutely as to the occurrence in Drouet's garden. His answers were written down, and he placed his signature to the paper.

A few days after the English ambassador received his passport, and left Paris with his suite. War was declared with England.

Mademoiselle de Pons received the news from the prince himself. She was delighted and radiant

with smiles, which her admirer interpreted into the expression of her regard for him. Pauline waited impatiently for the evening when she might see Colas, and tell him of her success. Unfortunately, the countess had company that evening, whom she could not leave. But she wrote a note to her lover.

Colas was now nearly well, and had quitted his chamber. He had learned that war was declared, not first from Pauline's note, but from a billet received from a very different hand. A messenger from the English embassy had brought him the following:—

"Sir—At this moment of our departure for England I learn that M. Rosier is the person whom I wounded in Drouet's garden. I was intoxicated at the time, and treated you very ill. You had never injured me, yet I assaulted you. I cannot leave France without asking your forgiveness. Nay, more—prove that you pardon me by accepting the accompanying shares in the French East India Company—worth ten thousand livres per annum. I have transferred them to you. I will carry nothing with me out of this detested county—except your forgiveness.

I have the honor to be yours,

S. T. BROWNE."

Colas replied immediately to this letter assuring M. Browne of his full pardon, and returning his present. In vain, however, for the papers were immediately sent back to him.

He conferred with Pauline about this strange incident on their next interview. She was astonished at the Englishman's generosity. "If we had only foreseen this," said she, "there need not have been war with England. The very man we have driven away has made you rich, Colas. He has acted with equal rashness, perhaps in his liberality as in his jealousy—well—it is done. You are now wealthy, Colas. Tell me, what more is wanting—to complete your fortune?"

"Nothing!" exclaimed Colas, as he clasped the fair girl in his arms.

"Will you be always content?"

"Surely—if I have you, Pauline. But stay—yes—one thing is wanting—a patent of nobility. Then you will be——"

He feared to say more, lest Pauline should chide his presumption. Pauline leaned toward him, and whispered—"you are right; a patent of nobility is wanting. We must procure it."

Some days after, the Prince de Loubise was again alone with Mademoiselle de Pons. He had snatched a kiss—the first he had ever taken, from her fair cheek, and she was pouting and frowning on him. He knelt to sue for forgiveness.

"Tell me, at least, lovely Pauline," said he, "that you do not hate me." She was silent.

"My boldness has displeased you, beautiful

Pauline! but you should blame your own charms, not me. You know how much I love you!"

"Nay," answered Pauline, "you must permit me to estimate your professions according to their true worth. Your generosity has often charmed me into admiration; now, I candidly confess, you have given me reason to doubt it."

"How—Pauline? Do you think I have ever been insincere toward you?"

"I cannot say, prince; but this much is evident; your quick sense of honor has banished the Englishman who spoke disrespectfully of you, while at the same time you have never thanked the brave man who defended your honor at the peril of his life. I expected from your nobleness that you would at least speak in his behalf to the king, to have a title or something of the kind bestowed on him; but I see you have forgotten him in the joy of your gratified revenge."

"Do you mean the Secretary Rosier?"

"I mean the man, who among all the Frenchmen in Drouet's garden, when your name was reproached, alone had courage to punish the audacious Briton; who is now suffering from the wounds he received in your cause."

"Oh, you are unjust to me, fair Pauline! You know me not. Had you questioned me, you would have learned that I have already taken some steps to interest the king in M. Rosier; that I have already secured him, if I mistake not—not only a patent of nobility—but the distinction of the cross of St. Louis: though he knows not yet of the success of my exertions."

"Then I have done you wrong, prince!" cried Pauline in a changed tone. "And it is my turn to ask forgiveness."

Their reconciliation followed; and as happens in most such cases, the prince when he left her was more in love than ever.

Now it had never entered into the prince's head to ask for a patent of nobility for M. Rosier. If a hundred Rosiers had shed their blood in the cause of a prince, what thanks were due to them? Plebeians were born to risk their lives for the aristocracy. What was the secretary to him? But then he thought of Pauline's bright blush and smile; it was certainly worth his while to humor her, and she had a romantic taste for rewarding people who did their duty.

Loubise had little difficulty in persuading the Marchioness de Pompadour that the loyal service rendered by the young secretary, and his zeal for her honor, deserved to be rewarded by a patent of nobility. Then the marchioness remembered that he was a distinguished looking young man, and would not disgrace the elevation. It followed of course; and also the cross of St. Louis. The secretary became one of the chevaliers of France,

and the title was secured to his sons and their sons. By the magic of a royal mandate, he became a gentleman of blood and birth. It was found that the Rosiers were related to the family of Rosni, and thus claimed direct descent from the Baron de Rosni, Duke of Sully, the celebrated friend of Henry IV.

This unexpected promotion of the young man whom nobody knew anything about, occasioned much surprise to the curious world; particularly as he did not appear to have any friends warmly interested in his behalf, nor to command any interest at court. None saw the secret chain by which the machinery was moved; none thought of the influence exerted by the dowerless orphan, Mademoiselle de Pons.

But the cardinal, who had his own secret means for obtaining information, did not fail to discover that the Prince de Loubise had taken a singular interest in the fortunes of the marine secretary. He did not understand the reason of this; as he could not learn that M. Rosier was any way connected with the prince; but he must certainly be no ordinary young man. And ever ready to make himself master of those who might sooner or later be useful to him, he honored Colas with particular attention, and sought to attach the young man to him.

One day Colas was sent for to the cardinal, who received him with great courtesy, and said, "M. de Rosier, I have long admired your talents. You are destined by nature for a brilliant career: and I am happy to be an instrument in the hand of your destiny. Receive your appointment to the royal cabinet. You will hereafter be employed under me in the diplomatic department."

Colas was as much pleased as surprised, and warmly expressed his gratitude and devotion. Of course he attributed this new piece of good fortune to the influence of Pauline; but this time he was mistaken.

"Nay," said Mademoiselle de Pons, when she heard of it—"you owe this to yourself, Colas. So long as you were nobody every lacquey could despise you, and see in you no good quality. But now you have begun to rise, the servile fools will make way for you. I should not be surprised to see you minister, count, or duke at last. Why not you—as well as Cardinal Bernis, who was once a poor poet, and glad to have a pension of fifteen hundred livres."

What pleased Colas most in his elevation was the freedom it gave him to converse at all times with Pauline. The Comte d'Oron invited him to his house, and introduced him to his friends. Colas removed to lodgings better suited to his rank, in the immediate vicinity of the Comte's

residence. Nay, more—no opposition would now have been offered, had he openly addressed Mademoiselle de Pons. But the lovers preferred keeping secret their mutual attachment, at least for a while. Pauline feared the jealousy of the Prince de Loubise, who, if he were to discover how formidable a rival he had raised up, might reduce him again to nothing. And Colas was satisfied for the present with possessing the secret assurance of Pauline's affection.

His new career led to new relations and new discoveries. He found out that diplomacy was not a difficult art. Admitted behind the scenes, he perceived the wires that moved every puppet, and saw how the pageants were shifted in the drama of political life. All this excited his contempt, but he forbore like a wise diplomatist to express his thoughts to any one. He applied himself to the discharge of his new duties with the same diligence and zeal he had exercised while secretary. His position required him to mingle in society, and he did so, not failing at rout or assembly or soiree. The grace of his person and the dignity of his manners acquired for him the admiration of the ladies. He proved himself also a sagacious statesman, being made acquainted with court secrets by means of the Prince de Loubise's intimacy with the Comte's family. Meanwhile the diplomatic lovers met in public almost as strangers, for which constraint Colas made amends to himself by frequent visits to Pauline's boudoir.

"Colas!" said Pauline to him one day, "did you see the young Countess von Staremburg last evening? Not one of the ladies at the ball could rival her; and yet she is not so very handsome!"

"She does not come near you, dear Pauline."

"But did you notice," cried Mademoiselle de Pons—"her magnificent veil? Did you examine it closely? It is a work of magic; the most perfect I can conceive of. Everybody was dying with envy. Paris contains nothing like it. Heavens! if I had such a veil!"

Colas smiled, and said, "is it the only such one in the world? I will ask the Austrian ambassador where the countess purchased it. You must have one similar."

"Ah, dear Colas!" answered Pauline—"you know little of the worth of this veil! While we were standing round the countess admiring it, she told us it was a present from the empress queen. There are in the world only three such veils. The empress herself has the second; the third I can hardly hope to possess."

"Why not?" asked Colas. "We must make the trial. We have both a great deal of power!"

"Ah, Colas!" cried Pauline delighted, and clasping her hands together; "if it were only

possible! In that veil—Pauline will become—
Madame de Rosier!"

This was a high reward, and the young man
applied himself with all zeal to obtain it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DYING NAPOLEON.*

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE surf was whitening wild,
Where the shrieking sea-bird wheeled;
And rocking to their base,
The island mountains reeled.
The sullen thunder boomed,
And lightnings lit the sky—
Well might a Roman say,
"A god was soon to die."

In silence on his couch
The captive hero slept,
And vet'rans stern and gray
Unnerved as woman wept.
He heard not sob nor groan,
But the tempest raging loud—
And the murky clouds without,
He dreamed the battle's shroud!

Once more the trumpets bray—
Once more the quick drums roll—
And he braves the plunging shot
On the bridge of red Arcole.
And Egypt's deserts come
Back in the dreamer's throe,
With the grim old pyramids,
And the Mamelukes below!

The moonlit march—the halt—
The Moslem's furious shock,
The fiery death that rolled
Around the squares of rock.
And eastern thrones arose,
As realms of old romance
With Paladins engirt,
Before the conqueror's glance.

The sleeper's dream is changed—
On the icy Alp he stands,
And points the plains below
To his bronze-envisaged bands.
The battle smoke he sees
As it wildly flares about—
And hark!—that glorious smile—
Marengo's victor shout!

Again a vision comes—
In an old cathedral proud,
He stands, an emperor crowned,
Before the acclaiming crowd!
And then once more a change—
And Jena decks his brow,
And Austerlitz is won—
The world is suppliant now!

Oh! proudly then he smiles—
But fast the vision goes,
And his dark'ning brow he shades,
To look o'er Eylau's snows.
The icy dead are there,
The bleak but lurid sky,—
And he feels a shudd'ring chill,
For his fate is going by!

And fast the thick'ning plot
Comes rushing thro' his dream.
Lo! Moscow's bloody fight,
And Borodino's stream,
And Bantzen, Dresden, Elbe,
And fatal Leipsic too,
And Ligny's transient gleam,
And thou, oh Waterloo!

Upon that field he stands,
And sees his squadrons reel
Adown the slopy ridge
Where shines the British steel:
His old Imperial Guard,
It yet may win the day—
He waves his arm, and shouts,
Exulting, "*tete d'armée*."

Ay! "vet'rans to the front!"—
And with suspended breath
His awe-bound followers press
Around the bed of death.
A glorious smile he wears,
He dreams he wins the day,
Crown, glory, all regained,—
Pass, mighty soul, away!

AN EVENING WALK.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE crisp frost crackles sharp the foot beneath—
How sigh the melancholy winds along,
Tossing the boughs, or wailing o'er the heath,
The year's wild funeral song!

Hist! yonder stealing timidly away
The startled rabbit patters o'er the snows—
Rings o'er the hill the farm boy's carol gay,
As whistling home he goes.

In fits, the keen blast from the icy north
Over the clear cold sky is calling out—
And hark! from woodland highway echoing forth,
The sleigher's merry shout!

Beneath the hill-side, in the moonlit glade,
Where the glip lake reflects the cloudless sky,
Group the gay skaters in the dreamy shade,
Or glide like spirits by.

The moon is down—and slowly, one by one,
The stars light up as kindling altar-fires:
How the rapt soul, by high emotions won,
To yon bright realm aspires!

We all are prisoners in these bonds of clay—
But often vague, mysterious memories come,
And, struggling free, the spirit soars away,
Athirst for heaven and home!

*This subject has often been the theme of poetry, but the authoress cannot remember ever to have seen an exactly similar view taken of Napoleon's dying words.

AUNT SUZY'S ABDICATION.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"WELL, I dare say you know best," said aunt Susan, "and, my dear Harry, you know I have studied nothing since your mother died, and left you in my charge, except your interest. I dare say you know best—that is, that you think you know best—but *I* never saw her. I wish you wouldn't be getting things without consulting me, Harry—that piece of linen you sent home for shirts has cotton filling." The last sentence was a parenthesis, and aunt Susan proceeded. "They all tell me she is pretty—but Harry," (another parenthesis) "I know that is not a fast color." Aunt Susan was here talking of a vest which Harry was just sporting for the first time. "And I'm told she's rich too—well—that is well enough so far as it goes. The last coat which you bought was a rich thing, but then there was no wear at all in it. I do wish you would let me take care of you as I ought, and not bring anything into the house until I have examined it. I declare men are such plagues, and never can let well enough alone."

And now what was Henry to say to all this long admonition? How was he to apply it? What course should he take under it? And what was it all about? A portion of these questions we must answer to the reader. When aunt Susan commenced she supposed that she was going to answer her nephew's dutiful, but somewhat hesitatingly delivered information that he had determined upon getting married. Of course aunt Susan affected a most provoking ignorance of all things tending to such an event, though she had been watching his movements more narrowly than ever for many a month, and knew all about them. She compelled the bashful young man, by her mode of catechism, to plead to every step he had taken in the matter, like a culprit. She talked to him, just as she had done fifteen years before, when she found by the stain on his lips that he had been surreptitiously visiting her sweetmeats; and the poor fellow actually began to feel, under the inquisitorial process, much more guilty than he did, when, a lubberly boy, he underwent examination for sugar larceny. Aunt Susan played her card so well that Harry felt the consciousness creeping over him that marriage is a very improper trap for a young man to fall into—a thing of which he is in duty bound to be heartily ashamed; and if the good old gossip had not so funnily mixed up his intended with fast colors, and with deception in dry goods, thereby naturally provoking him to laugh, there is no knowing what influence her treatment of the case might have had upon him.

Against marriage in the abstract aunt Susan was most desperately opposed; and had been ever since her own chance of experimentally testing its evils had departed. And upon this particular union she had misgivings amounting quite to despair. In the first place, it had been her tactics to keep her nephew from any improper precocious notions. Once a child always a child was her motto in reference to him, and with a sincere feeling of kindness, mixed with a no less sincere, and quite as strong feeling of selfishness, she had labored hard to keep him in helpless dependence. Pretty well too, had she succeeded—but if boys will find out that they are men in spite of their mothers, it is no wonder that Harry Howard got a glimpse and suspicion of that fact, in spite of his aunt. With Clara Spence for a teacher of rebellion he had made a proficiency in the knowledge of the fact that he was old enough to set up for himself, which aunt Susan saw was too deep rooted to be easily effaced—if at all. She had staved the matter off as long as she could by silent and capital manœuvring—but the crisis had now come, and could no longer be delayed or avoided. Harry had actually mustered the effrontery to tell her in plain words what she had refused to understand by hints and innuendos. Her first thought was to send him to bed without a light, and without his supper—but when she looked up, and saw his truly ferocious whiskers, she felt for the first time fully conscious that the day for such discipline had gone by.

Since aunt Susan found that another *must* come in, to

"Disturb her ancient solitary reign,"

she would have been glad to have compromised matters by choosing a wife for him, and compelling him to be satisfied—or at least to express himself gratified, or at least to say nothing. As she could not marry him herself, she would no doubt have provided a helpmeet on true prudential principles—as she bought his clothes—for service and not for mere fancy. But even this was not to be. For the first time in his life, he took something to himself, without consulting her before or afterward, without asking her advice previous to the purchase, or her opinion after the bargain was made. The bride came home, and incalculable mischief came with her to aunt Susan's peace. In the first place Clara taught Harry the monstrous notion that he had a soul of his own—a delusion which aunt Sarah had carefully guarded him against from his youth up. Before his marriage he had no more dared to complain of this, or express a preference for that, than a work-house boy dare expostulate upon the transparency of his soup. His aunt had controlled him in his goings out, and in his comings

in. His very courtship was done by stealth—and after each meeting with his intended, he behaved as guiltily under the glances of aunt Sally's cold grey eyes, horrified by her round glasses, as if he were a boarding-school girl, keeping up a clandestine correspondence. She had exercised the right of supervision and veto upon the manufactures of his tailor, his boot-maker and his hatter, and held his shirts, their frills and wristbands under as absolute control as the Chinese board of costume maintains over the various grades from Imperial down to Sou-Chong in the Celestial Empire. But now—

Was there not a revolution! It was not a week before the bride absolutely dared to direct certain breakfast table provisions, on the ground that Mr. Howard (young wives always Mr. their husbands to third persons, in order to Mistress themselves by reflection)—that Mr. Howard chose eggs, or disliked steak—or monstrous to narrate, wanted both! Was there ever such rebellion! Harry become Mr.—and worse than all, submissive Harry, transformed into a man with likes and dislikes! Aunt Suzy trembled as a tory night, at the first intimation that there are souls in plebeian bodies.

But like the tory she had no hope or chance but to give way with the best grace she could before the alarming downward tendency of her cherished absolutism. Innovation upon innovation followed. Howard appeared in a new coat one morning, of which aunt Susan had never heard before it broke upon her astonished vision. Then hats, and gloves, and innumerable etceteras came in as things of course, until at length, his whole wardrobe passed entirely out from under her spectacles—and the prices of things purchased by him were no longer either matters of pre-discussion, or of after reproach. And—crowning blow of all—she found an upholsterer at work one fine morning in the parlors! She, who before had badgered every carpet dealer in the city and country, whenever she wanted even a hall mat, she to be thus rudely set aside! It was atrocious—unsupportable.

"Pretty— isn't it?" asked Clara. Aunt Susan had not deigned to enter the apartment, and merely peeped over the tops of her spectacles.

"Your choice, I suppose?" she inquired.

"Yes, aunt," Clara answered—as if she were almost badgered into a notion that she had no right to a choice of her own. "But Mr. Howard fancied it too."

"Likely enough. Young married folks are very apt to agree, at first. I hope Harry can afford it—but then, I suppose, you know best."

And having thus effectually marred all the enjoyment which the young wife had begun to

feel from the gratification of an innocent vanity, aunt Susan tottered away with a half malicious chuckle. She had exiled herself to an upper and the most inconvenient room in the house, and had hinted to others till she almost began to believe it herself, that such was the wish of the "child Harry had brought home." The mutterings in which she indulged upon this and other self-imposed grievances, were the mint and rue—the roots and herbs—the vinegar and gall of her hermitage. In vain did poor Clara try to draw her out, and to make her a cheerful companion. The young wife strove to no purpose to make herself agreeable, because as she could not be supposed to understand why she was disagreeable to her husband's aunt, she could not, of course, remedy an evil which she did not comprehend. Nor indeed would anything short of an abdication of her authority as wife have mollified the supplanted mistress of the house. Without a word which could be taken hold of as tangible, or which could be distinctly stated in all its force by a narrator, did aunt Suzy manage to make her niece completely unhappy—unhappy too, without any distinct idea why she was so.

Nor was the husband neglected by the spinster, in her labor of love. The same skilful application of inuendos addressed to him, put him in a frame of mind corresponding to that into which his wife had been so ingeniously betrayed. All in the house were reduced to a state of absolute discomfort, and a gloomier honey-moon cannot be imagined than was this. Husband and wife, each being impressed with the idea that marriage was a something which goes out of its season of welcome, like strawberries and peaches, each strove to anticipate the misery which aunt Susan had so artfully persuaded them must follow the first happiness which occurs upon the union of "two willing hearts." In other words they came to consider that as a calamity in the sequel, to which they had looked forward as a blessing; and as the anticipation of ill is the surest description of prophesy, both were more than tolerably successful in making themselves miserable.

Aunt Susan had intended nothing of this sort by her gloomy vaticinations. All that she had striven to do was to show the couple that they were absolutely incapable of taking care of themselves, that to her might be again deputed the management of the house. But she did too much. They became under her daily influence, each thoroughly dissatisfied with the other; and it was no alleviation to their discontent that they were irrevocably, ill-sorted as they seemed, fastened in the same yoke, and bound, in courtesy to the world, and by respect for themselves, to hide their unhappiness, and appear to the circle

in which they moved perfectly blessed. If one breaks a leg, or catches the influenza, which is the next worst calamity, one can complain and be pitied, but the wife who goes abroad and says that she is afflicted with a poor husband, or the husband who laments that he is suffering under the chronic malady of an ill-chosen wife, will be pretty sure to meet more ridicule than solace, and more "I told you so" sneers than commiseration. Matrimonial miseries are not things to be talked about; if they were we should perhaps not hear quite so much of conjugal beatitude; or, rather, inferences so favorable relative to the so-called silken-tie, would not be drawn from the conduct and outward seeming of the silken-tied.

Like all manœvering women (aye, and men too) aunt Susan could look at nothing in any light except its bearing upon her own particular views and purposes. She saw in the unhappiness of her nephew and his wife only the warrant for the success of her plans. Beside, good old soul as she was, and keen only in matters of housewifery, she did not dream that there was anything in it all which would not be cured by her doing the marketing once more, and taking Mrs. Howard's place at the head of the table—a domestic revolution which she was resolved upon effecting.

The finishing stroke in aunt Suzy's programme of proposed domestic incidents was yet to be put—and one evening when she had been gratified by hearing quite an animated conversation between the husband and wife, she resolved on carrying out her plan. But the reader is not to imagine that the young couple made any ill-bred display. There were some very earnest expostulations on the wife's part, which, expressed in a little different language, and pronounced in a tone a trifle more sharp, would have fairly come under the title of "scolding." On the husband's there were deprecatory answers, and "softened imperatives." The scene ended by his taking his hat—Clara's taking to the solace of a pout, and aunt Suzy's taking her way up to her solitary room in more glee than she cared to confess. What think you this was all about? Why it was merely whether chopped cauliflowers are or are not a good substitute for capers, with boiled mutton and turnips. Harry said that they were *not*—and we will defend him in it too, to the last leg of mutton.

When Harry came home, he encountered the severest test which afflicts a man's patience by sudden infliction—he struck his shins against the angle of aunt Suzy's well-saved brass studded trunk, and the exclamation objurgatory which he uttered was lost as he pitched head foremost into her ample, old-fashioned band-box. Aunt Suzy who had just extinguished the hall lamp—a piece

of sovereignty which she exercised every night by stealth at her own good, old-fashioned hour—came trotting down with an ancient, petty lamp, a three thread wick. First, she surveyed the wreck of bonnets—then said to Henry Howard, Esq., "If you were as much a boy in your size as you are in your actions, I would box your ears, I would!"

The early stage took away the maiden aunt to visit another maiden sister. The object of this unwonted desertion of her charge by the old lady, was to compel Harry to capitulate—she fully believing that if he permitted her to start, and leave him in his double helplessness, he would not permit her to remain away a week, but invite her back, and surrender at discretion. Alas, the vanity of human wishes!

On the very first day that aunt Suzy left, Harry discovered that the sun shone—a fact in natural history, primer-taught, that he seemed to have forgotten before. Things really looked cheerful in doors and out. And in the evening another couplet in the text-book referred to above, came up—

The moon gives light
In time of night.

And the couple sat together and enjoyed the moonshine—just as if they had not been married! They even forgot that such a misfortune had occurred to them.

Day and day after only added to their happiness. Both *thought* of the cause of their former discomfort, but neither spoke. Meanwhile, aunt Suzy, who had ex-domiciliated herself, had no convenient way to get back, earnestly as she desired it. She had given out, in such a way that both Harry and his wife must hear of it, that she never would return until she was asked, and as the invitation of a damper on their own felicity was not a folly of which they were likely to be guilty, matters looked squally for aunt Suzy. But let a woman alone. She saw her chance and bided her time.

* * * * *

Scene a nursery. Persons present—Henry Howard, Esq., looking particularly foolish, Henry Howard, jr., and his nurse, who declared him the most noisiest child of his age (two weeks) she ever heard in her life. An old lady sits at the window, with hat and gloves on, and the dust of travel on her shoes. She looks about her, as if she had seen the place before, but had no business in it now—though she might like to have. Henry Sr. says: "Come, aunt, take off your bonnet."

Henry Jr., as if with prescience gifted, interrupts with a most eloquent strain of the squallies.

"Why, how that child *does* cry!" said Susan. "No, Henry, I can't stop a minute."

The child smiled in the nurse's arms. Do such young responsibilities know what they hear, or not? But as auntie showed no signs of going, baby piped again. Henry looked imploringly at the spinster—from habit—as if he thought she could stop the child if she chose.

Aunt Susan has pulled off her gloves. Henry! prepare your neck for the yoke!

"Here, nurse," said aunt Susan, "I'll take the baby a minute, while you fix its medicine. Pretty little tonty ponty, does it know its aunt!"

More music from the baby.

"Was it afraid of aunty's bonnet! It should be taken off—a nasty thing to frighten the baby, there, there!"

And the travelling hat was taken off—and what is more, it has never been put on since. But aunt Susan says that Harry asked her to stay (?) or she never would have stopped in the world. And as she has contented herself with the autoeracy of the nursery, and is a very good old woman at heart, and an excellent nurse; and furthermore, as she has discovered that Harry and his wife can do without her; and as they have learned better than to let her make them miserable, things are quite comfortable in the Howard family, and will be decidedly happy when young Harry gets his first teeth through.

TO SLEEP.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Yes, come, for I am weary, and would feel
Thy breath of calm upon my fever'd brow;
Soft to my couch thy breezy footsteps steal,
Oh, ever faithful friend, thou'rt welcome now.
How quietly thou glidest from thy bow'r
Of silkon poppies, in the shadowy vale
Where Lethe's waters press the silent shore,
And drooping plants their drowsy sweets exhale.
Now lay thy velvet hand upon mine eyes,
Shut out the world, and calm my throbbing brain;
Then from the twilight land of mysteries
I pray thee beckon thine enchanted train.
Shadows of gentle memories, drap'd by thee
In radiant tissue of immortal light;
And yet in semblance of reality,
And all familiar to my mental sight;
All forms of Love and Truth, and holy Hope
That laid their short liv'd offerings on my heart,
When I believed that flowers would never droop,
And braided roses never fall apart.
Oh, simple faith of girlhood! purer far
Than the cold worship of the world-wise heart,
Which desolate, and seam'd with many a scar,
Conceals its anguish with the veil of art.
Thy dewy fingers only can restore
The faded garlands of life's blessed morn;
And weave around the heart that hopes no more,
Sweet network of the rose that wears no thorn.

VERE.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

CHAPTER I.

PRATE not of thought! in a life like ours
Youth's but a vanishing season;
Since impulse can give us such bright, young flowers,
Why beg bitter herbs from Reason?
Joy for thy youth ere the hours glide by!
Let the old man reason for he must die!

"COME, Ernest! dum vivimus, vivamus!"

"Harry I wish you would read instead, dum vivimus, putemus! It would be far better for you!" Which wise advice came from the lips of Ernest Harvey to his cousin Harry—one of those men was Harry, who pride themselves on doing all things upon impulse, fancying that impulse is an unerring sign of a good heart.

They had been boys together, and Harry's difficulties had been so numerous, that "quick as Hal Harvey" had passed into a proverb. Impulse had driven him to stray away with a gipsy troop; and he came back half starved and entirely plundered. Impulse had mounted him upon a half-broken colt, which had pitched him into a hedge and broken an arm. Yet still uncured, passionate, and quick as ever; he argued, as above, in the court of ——— college, Oxford.

Ernest, quiet and thoughtful, had chosen the "reading men" as his University companions: while his cousin swore friendship to all who did a kind action, or uttered a noble sentiment. He never thought of trying these friends: he took all their excellence for granted.

The one, who soon became his closest friend, was a wild, thoughtless, warm-hearted fellow like himself. His name was Vere; the son of an old baronet, a stern, unflinching man, slow in resolving, but iron when determined. Ernest could not respect young Vere, but he liked him; indeed few could help it: for ready to make any sacrifice for a friend, he was warmly grateful for any service done to him.

No wonder that Ernest liked him and that Harry loved him! But Ernest would not attend his suppers, though his cousin feared to refuse, even when he knew it was wrong—it might hurt Vere's feelings, and Harry would not do that—he had too good a heart!

Vere did all in his power to win the good opinion and confidence of Ernest. He entrusted him with many of his affairs; asked his advice, and sometimes acted upon it. Among other things, he told both the Harveys that he was in love; and asked both to accompany him on his next visit. Both consented, and set out with him one morning.

Lucy Woodleigh was the only child of a widow, barely supported on the pension given her as the wife of an officer. Major Woodleigh had fallen at Corunna, and had left his young wife alone in the world; with no protector but God, no friend but her infant daughter. This story enlisted the sympathies of both the Harveys. But while Harry swore he would go any lengths to serve the lovers, his cousin kept his opinions cool until he should see the lady.

When he had seen and conversed with her, he almost envied Vere the possession of her affection. Sweet Lucy! all who ever knew her, loved her passing well; and I could wish that it were the part of another to tell this story of her life! All loved her; not merely for her beauty; for her pale, gentle face, and eloquent, dark, fond eyes; and the high, fair forehead, from which the hair fell so simply, and so beautifully. Not for this alone, but also for the kind, never-tiring attention to a feeble mother; the light spring at the sound of her voice, and the gentle raising of the cool drink to the lip. All loved her for her tenderness and her goodness; and the cousins grieved to see that the mother was wasting away; going down rapidly to the dark, narrow chambers of the grave. They had seen Lucy's face flush, and her eye sparkle happily as Walter Vere entered the room; and in the hope of their young hearts they saw bright visions for her, visions of love and joy.

But the mother was sinking fast. The three friends were at the cottage one evening, and Mrs. Woodleigh sat, as usual, in her chair facing the window; while Lucy sat beside her with her hand holding her mother's. Mrs. Woodleigh had not joined in their conversation for some time; and after awhile it had died away. Suddenly her voice broke the silence.

"Lucy, darling! throw back the blinds." Walter hastened to do so. The mother drew herself erect in the chair, and looked out upon the bright green fields. The summer moon was coming up in all her beauty to take possession of the bright heaven, and all the stars were met to receive her. The mother turned to Walter Vere, who stood by her side, and said, "do you love my child?"

"Fondly and truly," said the young man.

"And will you protect her?"

"I will, so help me God!"

The mother threw her arms about her daughter's neck, and pressed one long, fond kiss upon her fair forehead: then laid her head upon her gentle bosom and died.

We will not intrude upon the sacred grief of the child; nor tell of the vain attempts of her lover at consolation. Oh! how dark and desolate this world seems, when a mother leaves the hearts of her children, for her God. They cannot think

of her bright abode, they cannot dwell upon her happiness in heaven; they only remember the love they bore her here; they only know that they must walk their pilgrimage on earth alone, uncheered by her gentle smile, unsupported by her prayer: and without her sympathy to lighten the burden of their woes. Happy are they, who like Lucy Woodleigh, have some fond heart to turn to; some arm where they may rest to pour their sorrows, and find relief in kindness and in love. Some of us, God help us! are alone.

Pass over some five or six weeks. The cousins and Walter Vere are walking together, and the latter is speaking.

"But, Ernest, she is alone; she cannot live there unprotected! If my father were to see her he would take her to his arms; but he will not listen to anything; he has chosen some stupid old maid with two tortoise shell cats and a parrot, and wants to add me to the concern. Faugh! it makes me sick to think of it."

"But you can do nothing without his consent," said Ernest, "you have no money, and you surely would not subject that fair girl to poverty and misery."

"But," urged Vere, "my father will consent when he can no longer avoid it. Besides I have hands and brain to work, and I would work my fingers down to the bone sooner than Lucy should know want."

"I will never consent, Walter!" was Ernest's reply, "write to your father! If he refuses your request, wait and write again."

"I have written," said Vere bitterly, "and his answer encloses a draft for two hundred guineas and the kind message—but here read it!"

Ernest took the letter, addressed to "Walter Vere, ——— college, Oxford," and opened it: it contained these words:—

WALTER—Pay your debts and come home!

Your father, H. V.

"There," said Walter, as he received the letter. "such is the only answer I may expect: and if you still refuse to assist me, I know Harry will not!"

"I believe, Walter, that assisting you now to marry Miss Woodleigh, would bring ruin on you both. I cannot be accessory in producing it." Such was the resolve of Ernest Harvey.

Harry pressed Vere's hand, and promised all his assistance; he had all the same warm feelings, untempered by a habit of reflection: and as he knew he would desire for himself, so he did for his friend. He borrowed all the money he could, and adding his own to it, forced it upon Vere; in all it was four or five hundred pounds.

"This," said Harry, "will support you in the metropolis until you can obtain employment, or

until your father comes round." He was present at the marriage, and fervently pressed Vere's hand as he placed him in the carriage, "God bless you," he said, "and let me hear from you soon."

"You will be sorry, Harry," said Ernest. "Had you waited all would have been right, I know—now I fear it will never be," and the sequel showed the justice of this opinion. At Vere's request, Ernest had written to the baronet, informing him of his son's marriage, and imploring his forgiveness.

"No," wrote the old man in reply, "had he obeyed me, when I wrote him to return, all might have been pardoned and arranged; now I cast him from my heart and home forever; as he has made his bed so he must lie down upon it. If there are thorns there it was his own hand that placed them."

"You see, Harry," said Ernest, as he showed the letter to his cousin; "you see I was right. Had Vere taken my advice, had he waited, his father would have sanctioned his marriage; now you see he never will."

"He's an obstinate, unnatural old brute," said Harry; but he could not help thinking how far better it would have been, in this case, had impulse yielded to reflection.

At the first college vacation Harry accepted his uncle's invitation to accompany Ernest on his return home.

As the cousins' rolled along toward their destination, Harry talked of the probable changes he should find.

"How Mary must be grown," he said.

"Yes," replied Ernest, "seven years has made a good deal of difference in her appearance."

"She is fifteen, is she not?" asked Harry.

"Yes; and I eighteen. Just three years between us. But there are others you have not asked for."

"You told me your father and mother were well. Do you mean old John?"

"No! he is just as ever."

"Old Goody Robins, who kept the cake-shop in the lane."

"No."

"Who then? I'll give it up."

"The sorrel colt, cousin Harry."

Harry reddened a little, but laughed good naturedly; and looking out of the window of the chaise, exclaimed—

"And here we are at the scene of my equestrian exploit; and there are your parents on the porch, Ernest, and old John at the gate."

The young collegians were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Harvey. In a few moments Harry saw a young lady come from the house, and throw her arms round his cousin, with a "dear Ernest! how glad I am to see you!" She then turned toward Harry, who judged from the

deep, blue eyes, and the flowing curls, that it must be "cousin Mary"—and he was right: it was cousin Mary, but oh! how changed. From the sunny-faced, light-hearted child, wild as the wind that tost about her curls, she had sprung up to a tall, beautiful girl. He was a little afraid of her at first; but there was the same old smile, and the same graceful step, a little subdued from its early lightness; so he grasped her hand warmly and kissed her cheek. She blushed, and Harry on remarking it, followed her example. Why should cousins blush when they kiss each other? I cannot tell.

CHAPTER II.

"The faded flower, the dream of love,
The poison and the dart,
The tearful trust, the smiling wrong,
The tomb—behold, oh child of song,
The history of thy heart!" *BULWER.*

In the course of three weeks passed in his cousin's society, Harry had proposed for her—his uncle told him to come again in five years; and Harry, after vainly imploring her to run away with him; after calling her father all kinds of hard names in limping verses, was just on the point of declaring himself heart-broken and going mad, when an incident occurred that changed his life forever.

"Ernest," said Mr. Harvey to his son, "I wish you to go to town on some business for me."

"I am ready, father, when do you wish me to start?"

"It will be necessary to start early to-morrow: the business will occupy you a week or ten days. Come to my study and I will give you directions."

The directions were given; the valise packed and Ernest set off. Not, however, before Harry had said, "Ernest, discover the whereabouts of Vere, will you? and see how he is getting on." The promise was given, and Ernest started for London. There was much in the great metropolis to call his attention, this being his first visit to it; but he diligently set about his father's business, and in the intervals endeavored to fulfil Harry's request. This was not easy; he had difficulty in finding the place which Walter Vere had designated as his home. In so great a city it is no wonder that those inhabiting one quarter should be ignorant of one far removed; and from observing this ignorance, when he questioned of the address, Ernest learned that it could not be in the better part of the city.

At length, however, he managed to find it, away in an obscure quarter of the east end; but on reaching the house he learned that Vere had moved away and had left no trace of his ultimate settlement. Ernest was about giving up in despair, when a laboring man who had overheard

his inquiries, asked if the gentleman sought for was not a "book-maker." Ernest surmised that Walter had probably had resource to literature, and therefore replied in the affirmative.

"I guess I know then, sir, where he has gone," said the man, "his wife was main good to my old woman, in a spell of sickness awhile ago: and I have kept trace of them ever since."

And thus Ernest discovered the abode of his friend. So is it that a good deed will almost always take deep root in the heart of man. A kindness done to the distressed lives long in the grateful remembrance of the relieved; and even if it does not, at least it goes up to the throne of God and pleads for the extenuation of some sin. The man guided Ernest Harvey to the residence of Walter Vere. Alas! how fallen. The home of the gifted, high-born student, and his gentle, tenderly-nurtured wife, *was a garret*; and that garret in an old, crazy building, in the most wretched part of that great London.

When they first arrived in the city, Walter Vere had taken lodgings in a retired but respectable street; and had diligently set himself down to literary toil. But it took a long time to prepare a volume, and his little capital began to decrease. By and bye he was obliged to remove to the place named in his letter to Harry Harvey. At length his book was prepared; a volume of translations of the classical poets, and with a heart filled with high hopes, he set off to offer it to a book-seller. It was read and pronounced excellent, "really very clever for so young a man; but he was so young; had made no name; and poetry was actually a drug. If Mr. Vere would write a political pamphlet, *that* would sell: but for poetry—it was very clever, very—but he could not take it just now."

Another offered liberally to publish if the author would pay all expenses. A third advised him to give up authorship and learn a trade: and the poor student turned away heart sore and weary, to join his pale, young wife in their lonely home. Oh! if they who lightly read could know, or would think on the toil that has produced one little volume for their instruction and amusement, the heart-achings, the brain-burnings, the midnight oil consumed in its creation, they would tremble while they read. The gift of genius is a fearful one, brilliant, but surely destructive, dangerous to its possessor, yet the brightest gift of God: the most splendid manifestation of his goodness.

Sickness began to steal the light from the eye of Lucy Vere, and to fade the rose tint on her beautiful cheek. When her husband thought she slept, she still lay awake waiting for the conclusion of his toil; and sometimes she would steal in with quiet step, and throwing her arms about his

neck, gently beseech him to take his needful rest. And he would kiss her pale cheek and chide her for her care of him; and the chords of his heart were knit to her; for the poet's heart only can judge of the full beauty and richness of a woman's love!

Then poverty came, and they were forced to remove to the poor lodgings of which we have spoken. Walter Vere looked upon his young wife and saw that disease and death were busy at her heart. He would say, "oh, my God! this have I brought on her," and his manly heart felt breaking. But she bore up bravely, for the heart of a woman can bear much suffering, pain and poverty, and toil for the man she loves.

Thus things went on. How they ended we shall soon know.

EXTRACT FROM ERNEST HARVEY'S LETTER.

***** At length I discovered his residence. It is in a lonely, miserable garret, in the vilest part of the city, surrounded by the most wretched of its inhabitants; crime and disease and want in all its horrible forms. I shuddered as I ascended the dark and filthy stairs, and when I reached the landing outside his door, I stopped—I feared to knock. At length I tapped at the door, and a low toned voice cried, "come in." I obeyed, and never, never shall I forget the sight that then met my eyes. Stretched upon a miserable bed, emaciated to the last degree, in the last stage of a rapid consumption, unprovided with the comforts or necessities of a sick man, lay the gay, the hopeful Walter Vere. By the head of the bed, holding the sufferer's throbbing head between her hands, sat his wife, worn and wan; the bright eye dimmed, the fresh cheek sunken and pale, the full rounded form deprived of all its symmetry. As she recognized me the fire of hope kindled in her eye, her lips half opened—her glance fell upon him to whom she had given her young heart's love, and the light faded out and settled to the cold, rayless look of utter, utter despair.

"Ernest," said the sufferer, and he lifted his thin light hand. I clasped it in mine, but could not speak. I thought of Oxford, of the last time I had seen him, healthful, hopeful, happy. I thought of him now, with the dark grave ready for him. I thought of the gentle, happy girl. I thought of the poor young wife. Oh, Harry! Harry! I would not have those feelings again for an empire!

I immediately procured what comforts I could for our dying friend; but he did not need them long. It was the last day of his life. He tried to talk a little, of other and happier days, and the mockery of a smile would cross his lips; but life

waned rapidly, and with the setting sun "the dust had returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit had returned unto God who gave it." I followed his body until it was laid in its humble resting-place. I have had poor Lucy removed to a more fitting place; and attended by a nurse and physician. She will not need them long. * * *

* * * * * It is over. Lucy Vere has followed her husband to the tomb. God hath called the broken-heart to peace; she will sleep calmly by the side of him she loved so fondly. Pain, poverty, disease, sorrow and death can harm her gentle spirit no further. Their last messages have been given, their last trials undergone; and now beneath the green turf her once beautiful form is at rest forever; and her pure soul hath joined her parent's and her husband's in the golden city of God! * * * * *

Peace to the broken-hearted dead!

"Oh, Harry!" said Ernest in conclusion, "see the effect of impulse—see the end of this 'good heart.' I believe that almost the worst evil that can befall the young man, is to be told of and to obey his 'good heart.' It is not goodness, it is vanity, madness, self-conceit made sentimental. But it is the

'Dead sea fruit that tempts the eye,
But turns to ashes on the lips.'

This, I believe, will teach you the danger of obeying first suggestions. Dear Harry, when you would act from your good heart, remember Walter and Lucy Vere!"

Harry read this letter in the silence of his own room. His uncle, as he gave it to him, said, "Harry, here is a lesson for the impulsive." The young man took it with a slight blush. When he had read it, Vere's last words came to his recollection. "Dear Harry, but for you I would not now have my wife." He bowed his head upon his hands and wept like a child.

He accused himself of being the cause of the misery and death of these two young and unfortunate beings.

It was long, very long before he recovered from the effects of the blow. He had finished his collegiate course, and travelled for three years before he returned and married "cousin Mary."

He taught his children the fearful dangers of yielding to impulse; and he was an old man ere he ceased to shudder at hearing the young praise a "Good Heart!"

No longer she wept, her tears were a' spent,
Despair it had come and it found her content,
It found her content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she drooped like a lily broke down by the hail.

THE EMPTY NUT SHELL.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY, OF ENGLAND.

NOT a flower is here,
Autumn's leaves are falling,
Low winds to each other calling
In the fading forest near;
The mists o'erhang the meadows low,
The rills with a sullen murmur go,
And the birch bough, shedding its leaves, is stooping,
And the yellow reeds by the pond are drooping.

What shall awaken up
Aught of bright colored dreaming,
Like sudden sunshine streaming
On the heart's brimming cup?
I look around—is there a trace
Of poet thought in this dreary place?
Mine eye hath sought and found a spell
In the hollow cave of an old nut shell.

A wreck of the golden eve's,
When it clung 'midst a russet cluster,
In the setting sun's rich lustre,
'Neath the hazel's thick wreath'd leaves.
When the black-bird poured his melody,
And the timid hare went scudding by,
When the little rabbit peered and peeped,
And from branch to branch the squirrel leaped.

Then a merry, childish throng
Through the quiet woods were scattered,
And twigs and leaves were scattered
As they crashed the boughs among.
And down while songs and laughter rang
From its nestling place the brown nut sprang,
Where the worm should pierce it day by day,
Its kernel wither and crumble away.

Yet when the night is deep,
And the pale moon clearly shineth,
And round all mortals twineth
The holy spell of sleep,
Who knows what glorious forms may flit
Around this shell to honor it?
What elves and radiant things have been
Near the prize left here, for the fairy queen?

Each night perchance it bears
The fairy through the ether,
To a land of purer weather,
And softer, brighter airs.
On golden wheels with pearls inlaid,
And butterflies into coursers made,
Then when the moon hangs in the west,
It returns to its leafy couch of rest.

Fanciful dreamings these,
Is it not like the bosom
Whence long hath dropped hope's blossom,
And nought is left to please?
Love's visions and fancies of past delight
That come on the wings of the silent night,
And round the empty heart may dwell
Like fairies round this old nut shell.

THE WIDOW'S REVENGE;

OR, THE YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

"It was one of those
 Occasions when men's souls look out of them,
 And show them as they are—even in their faces:
 The moment my eye met his—I exclaimed,
 'This is the man!'"

BYRON'S WERNER.

"THE atmosphere which filled our apartment was dense and oppressive with a smouldering warmth. I have said before that the night was uncommonly dark, but now quick flashes of lightning shot from the clouds, and the far off mutterings of thunder troubled the heavy air.

"Therese flung the casement wide open and sat down with her hands clasped on the stone window sill, and her face turned toward the dark void without. At length she started up, unbound the heavy braids of hair from her head hastily, as if their weight oppressed her, and gazing into my face very earnestly, asked why I did not go to bed.

"I cannot tell," said I, almost in tears, for a sensation that I had never felt before was nearly choking me—"I am thinking of poor Mr. Durand, if—if—"

"You! Are these thoughts haunting you also?" murmured my young mistress, drawing close to my side—"why should you be troubled thus—I have not hinted—I have not spoken. Hark," she added, with a quick start. "Did you hear that?"

"I heard nothing, my lady, only the rumbling thunder."

"She drew me close to the open casement, and bending her face to mine, whispered, 'listen!'"

"The sharp clink of a horse's hoof struck my ear—once, twice, and it was gone.

"It may be a traveller riding through the forest," I said, after a long and troubled silence.

"It *may* be," repeated Therese, weaving her fingers together, and leaving the room in great agitation.

"I was naturally of a bold spirit, and after a time the strange commotion which had overwhelmed us struck me as fantastic and absurd. What after all had given rise to it? A thunder storm mustering in the sky, and the tramp of a horse in a route subject to the presence of wayfarers at every hour of the night. I reasoned with my mistress, and after awhile persuaded her into a state of comparative tranquillity. She allowed me to unfasten her garments, and enveloping herself in a white dressing gown, flung herself on the bed. I crept to her side, and passing my hand gently down the glossy length of her hair, tried to lull her to sleep.

"But the elements were fiercely at work in the heavens. The rain and lightning seemed struggling and wrangling together; the thunder boomed in the clouds volley after volley, loud and sharp: still the air was hot and suffocating. It poured through our casement heated, as it were, by the flashes of lightning that fringed the massive clouds with fire.

"Therese turned suddenly on her pillow, and flung her arms over my shoulders.

"I can stand this no longer," she said, 'my own breath seems choking me—get up and go sit with me at the casement—I am afraid to stay there alone, Maria.'

"I arose and weaving my arms around her in the heavy embrasure of the window, we looked out upon the storm together.

"It was a tremendous scene—the whole forest and the angles of that huge building lighted up at one moment with a lurid glare so strong that we could see those giant boughs bent beneath the pouring rain, and held motionless by the sluggish heat—the mist was one thick mass of darkness impenetrable and full of terrible gloom.

"We were standing close together, while a fierce sheet of flame unfolded itself over the oppressed earth: all at once my mistress uttered a cry, and lifting her arm, pointed toward an angle of the grounds. Before I could look in the same direction the lightning had gone out, and it was half a minute before another flash revealed the spot again. I looked there, but a break in the wall, and a brave old oak, with its leaves kindled up by the lightning, was all I saw.

"I turned to Therese. Her hand, which had been uplifted till then, fell upon the stone sill, and the faint night lamp in our chamber revealed her face, white as death, and every lineament surcharged with terror.

"Did you see him?" she said in a low whisper: "did you see him?"

"I saw nothing—nothing whatever," I replied in the same troubled tone, for her terror communicated itself to me.

"Maria," she said, speaking in a whisper still more husky—"I saw Richard, my cousin Richard," she shuddered at the word—"I saw him standing by the wall, pale as you are now, with something in his hand—I could not tell what for the lightning did not last. Tell me, girl, what brought cousin Richard out in a storm like this?"

"I could not answer, but remembered that he might have seen us also, and blew out the lamp; as I lifted my head again the air was once more on fire—and I saw a human form, not by the wall, but creeping around an angle of the building like a wild beast, trying to escape the hounds.

"Therese did not observe him, and I remained silent, for she was already shaking with affright, and had crouched down by the window, with her head resting against the rough stone work, but still looking forth upon the tempest as if fascinated by the scene.

"Once more everything was overwhelmed with darkness. The rain poured down with less violence; and amid the sound of falling waters we heard the rapid hoof tread of a horse rushing furiously toward us. Another flare of lightning, and he plunged headlong over the broken wall, with the bridle dangling loose around his neck; the saddle turned under his body, and the heavy stirrups clanking against the stones as he staggered through them, for he had fallen in his leap, and struggled up with a shrill cry that awoke every one in the house.

"I lifted my poor mistress to the bed, for she had fallen on the floor insensible, and I went forth scarcely conscious of my own movements. Mr. Embury was in the hall, with a cloak hastily flung over his night garments: and the servants were busy kindling torches and searching for lanterns. Before they were ready to go out Richard Schwartz joined his uncle, in his dressing-gown and with a lamp in his hand. He was unusually pale—but it was nothing singular. That unearthly cry had driven the blood from every cheek present. He held up the lamp that one of the men might arrange his lantern, and then I observed that his limbs shook, and I saw rain drops trembling amid his black hair. I approached him and reached forth my hand.

"Give me the lamp,' I said, 'the storm has terrified my lady and blown out our light.'

"He looked at me keenly—placed the lamp in my hand, following me a step or two up the hall.

"Can I render any assistance?" he said, as I passed through the door.

"No,—no, I can do all that is required,' I answered in terror, lest he should offer to accompany me through the dim corridor above.

"I have a vague idea that he cautioned me regarding the draft, for I changed the lamp to my left hand, and held up the other to shield it from the air. I did not answer him, but hurried on sick and shuddering; for there, upon the palm of my hand, where the light was shining, gleamed a faint stain of blood.

"I entered the chamber without one thought of my mistress, who was lying there insensible; I sat down the lamp, plunged my hands in the basin of rose-water that stood on her toilet, and held them in the fragrant liquid several minutes before the faint sensation went away from my heart.

"I had sat the lamp down on the snowy toilet.

It was of silver, massively cut around the bottom and fluted deeply along the column on which the bowl rested. The place where I had held it was now dried by the heat of my palm, but a waterish crimson moisture still lay among the exquisite flowers fretted up from the stand, as if fingers red with blood, and dripping with rain, had preceded mine in grasping that glittering stem. A noise from the couch aroused me; a flutter of the bed-clothes, and the quick, gasping breath of my young mistress struggling to life again. I snatched up the lamp and sat it hastily down again—it had left a damp circle on the spotless toilet, clearly defined by a faint crimson tinge. Again the struggle of my suffering lady appealed to me—but I would not go to her while that life stain was visible. I took up the costly basin and dashed its perfumed waters over the toilet and the fretted lamp—filled it again from the massive ewer, and went to her assistance, trembling like a guilty creature.

"Go down, girl—go and see if all is over, if the poor man is quite gone.'

"They were her first words. I knew that it was useless, but in the fever of my thoughts left the chamber again. The hall was quite empty and dark, so that I groped my way into the grounds and around the south wing of the building. There I saw lights reddening the trampled herbage, and a group of men gathered around a dying horse. They had just taken away the saddle. It was drenched with rain, and the housings rent to tatters, but the padding was soaked with a deeper red than ever water left; where a horseman's boot was crushed and clenched in with the broken and tattered stirrup.

"The poor animal had broken his leg, and was otherwise deeply wounded. His pain seemed terrible.

"He will never leave this spot again,' said one of the men; 'it is a pity, too, for he was a fine beast.'

"This agony is dreadful; the poor animal had better be relieved of it at once,' said Mr. Embury, in a voice which betrayed great agitation.

"Richard drew a pistol from his pocket and leveled it at the dying beast, but it missed fire—or had been already discharged. He muttered something about damp powder—drew forth another weapon and leveled it. The poor animal made a desperate effort to drag himself further off. His large eyes, filled almost with human fear, were turned to the face of that savage man. While his chest was heaving and his torn hoofs ground into the earth, the bullet pursued him, and he fell dying on the sward.

"They went forth into the highway—some mounted, others on foot, following the direction

taken by the drover—a sorrowing phalanx; for there could be little doubt of the fate which had befallen that daring man.

“My mistress had insisted on getting up, and we sat cowering together in the window, watching the receding flame-beams as they reddened a path through the masses of wet foliage, till torches and men were engulfed in the dark midnight of the forest. The wounded horse had flung himself among the herbage beneath us, and his pitiful moans came dismally to our ears all the time we were keeping that fearful watch. Three terrible hours we spent alone in our chamber, waiting for the return of our friends. Just as the gray of morning began to tremble over the forest they appeared moving slowly toward the house. Four of the under servants bore a rude litter of green boughs woven together, and on it lay a human body, stark and dead.

“They had been to ‘the cross roads,’ and there—not thirty paces from the place where the miller had been found—lay the body of poor Durand. A bullet had pierced his brain, and he had either been cast into a thicket of wild briars by his murderer, or what was more probable, his frightened horse had dragged him some distance from the spot where the first attack was made, for a little further on the earth was trampled over with hoof prints, as if two chargers, at least, had wheeled furiously on that spot at the same time; but the rain had washed away all traces of blood; and the hoof prints would have been also quite effaced but for the force with which they had been ground into the red earth.

“My poor young mistress crept back to her couch again, when this certainty was presented before her: she seemed completely broken down, and turning her face on the pillow, asked to be left alone.

“I went away and descended to the hall. The body was lying there ghastly and stiffened upon the wet, leafy branches matted to receive it. Mr. Embury was standing by, stern and pale, giving directions to his servants, and evidently much shocked by the scene in which he had become an actor.

“‘Should not some one be sent to apprise the attorney general?’ said Richard, addressing his uncle in the low, silky tones, which in that presence he always assumed—‘the murderers may yet be overtaken.’

“‘Ay! and *shall* be,’ replied my master in a stern voice. He turned sharply as he spoke, and his eyes fell upon the face of cousin Richard.

“‘It was accident—mere accident—and I saw what Mr. Embury failed to observe—for my suspicions were awake, and I marked every shade of Richard’s countenance with keen interest. It

grew terribly white: and his eyes quailed like those of a hound at the sight of the lash. But he aroused himself with an effort.

“‘Would to heaven, I had followed my first impulse and accompanied the unfortunate man; but for the fatal head-ache which drew me to my room so early, all this might have been prevented,’ he said earnestly.

“‘You are right,’ said Mr. Embury, giving no attention to the last speech of his nephew, ‘send for the attorney general; the perpetrator of this foul deed must be brought to punishment. To horse at once!’ he added, waving his hand to the steward, who stood by the corpse.

“‘Perhaps I had better undertake the business,’ resumed Richard, following his uncle to the litter, but averting his eyes from its fearful burden.

“‘Ay! it will be as well—mount at once—some two or three of you keep watch in the hall till my nephew returns,’ he added, turning again to the attendants; ‘leave the body untouched till the authorities have seen it.’

“While he was speaking, Richard reached the door, and mounted his own horse, which the man had just brought from the stable. When he went forth with his uncle in search of the dead I had observed that he did not ride his own black charger, and now that the noble stud was brought forth in haste and without his usual neat groomings, I saw that his glossy coat was bespattered with mud, the mane tangled together and sweeping in masses over his neck, and that slight ridges of foam were almost dried where they had washed up through his coat on the shoulders. His fetlocks were still moist, and—I gasped for breath to behold it—dabbled with patches of clay—red clay, such as might be found at the Cross Roads, and nowhere else within ten leagues of our dwelling.

“As Richard mounted to his saddle he bent forward and looked into the hall—our eyes met, unwavering and sternly for the duration of a minute, but I could not endure the fierce intensity of his gaze; and if his object was to terrify me out of all mention of my suspicions, he must have read in my features that his aim was accomplished—I turned my face away shuddering and heart sick. He dashed his rowels into the sides of his horse and disappeared through the gateway.

“I went forth into the open air to compose my thoughts in solitude. What was I to think?—how act? What ground had I for fixing this dreadful deed on the kinsman of my own master. A hoof tread on the highway—the shadow of a man, whose face was not revealed, gliding through the grounds, and a dash of red earth upon the hoofs of a saddle horse that had travelled by the Cross Roads the very day previous, perhaps. Was this sufficient evidence to fix the crime of

murder on a man of birth and education? Was I, the foster child of a noble family, to urge so foul a charge on one of its members? My soul recoiled at the thought—I resolved to shake off the dreadful suspicions that haunted me and leave the retribution of this cruel deed to the Almighty, who had alone witnessed it.

"But my young mistress—how was I to deal with her? The same intuitive feelings that rendered me so wretched had found rest in her innocent mind. She had seen the face of Richard in the storm. Could she appear in evidence against the child of her father's sister? Never—never! But might not the doubts which had entered her heart prey upon it in secret, till her health and happiness felt a sacrifice? This result was almost certain.

"I went to the chamber again. She was still lying on the couch, with her face buried in the pillow. I sat down and besought her to shake off the terrors that had so shattered her nerves. I told her with a firm voice that Richard had gone in quest of the attorney general; that he was the first to set forth in search of the body, and went on mingling his name with the events I was narrating, as if no evil thought had been associated with him in my own mind.

"She lifted her head at last, and looked earnestly in my face. I met the scrutiny of her sweet, troubled eyes with a degree of firmness that surprised even myself.

"Be of good cheer," I said, "the authorities will soon become active, and with the aid of your father and cousin Richard, the murderers may yet be brought to justice."

"She still continued to look at me with a bewildered air, and at length found power to speak.

"Maria," she said, "have you no thought—no doubt—who was the murderer?"

"God, who alone knows, will in his own good time bring the secret to light," I replied.

"The face of Richard Schwartz was revealed to me by the lightning, it was ghastly and haggard, like that of a man newly burdened with crime," she said.

"I sunk upon my knees, and taking her hand between both mine, kissed it.

"My dear lady," I said, "think how fearful a thing it is to condemn, or even suspect, the innocent on slight grounds. Look into your own heart and see what *real* evidence can be found there, or anywhere, against your cousin. You might have mistaken the face we saw; allowing it to have been his face, the same fears that kept us watchers may have drawn him forth into the storm. Could we account for the forebodings that kept us all night long watchers in that gloomy window?"

"It may be so," she muttered, doubtingly, with a dissatisfied shake of the head; 'would to heaven I could fling off the thought.'

"Come forth into the bright air," I replied, 'the morning wind will soon sweep all these fancies from your brain—it is confused and feverish. Let us go forth to the flower garden and see how it has withstood the storm.'

"Therese arose, wound a scarf over her head, and we entered the garden through a private passage, avoiding by tacit consent the great hall.

"There is a picture, which you may have seen, of an Italian lady, who was beheld for the murder of her wicked father. Beatrice Cenci was her name. We had a copy of that picture hanging in the library, and when my lady went forth with those tresses of golden brown disheveled and falling in masses over her shoulders, the scarf of silvery gauze matted around her hair, her resemblance to the poor Italian parricide struck me forcibly. The same round, pale cheek was there, the same shadows darkening around her soft eyes: and from that hour I could never disconnect the sad tale of the Italian lady from the thoughts that always dwelt upon my own beautiful mistress.

"I was right. The cool air and the cloud of fragrance breathing up from the wilderness of blossoms which the storm had prostrated—and in some places torn to pieces and scattered in showers over the earth—soon had an effect on my lady; a faint tinge came back to her cheek, and when we entered the house again she turned to me with a sad smile, and said,

"It *was* all a fancy, Maria, an ungenerous doubt, brought on by the fearful things that surrounded us—at least I would fain think so," she added, after a moment's pause, and with a melancholy tone of voice.

"A servant came in search of us before we entered our chamber again. It was the usual breakfast hour; but that morning the meal was forgotten, and he came to inform us that the attorney general being absent, his son had obeyed Mr. Embury's summons, and was now in the great hall, only waiting our presence before he commenced an investigation of the murder.

"We entered the hall together. The servants were assembled at one end. Mr. Embury and Richard were standing near the dead body; close by, gazing at the stiffened features, stood a young man. His arms were folded on his breast, and he seemed lost in anxious thought.

"At the sight of that cold, dead face, Therese grew faint, and would have fallen but for the prompt assistance of cousin Richard. He sprang forward, flung one arm around her waist, and led her gently toward a chair placed by the marble

table which occupied an extremity of the hall, where the stone-work of a carved chimney shut out the horrid sight exposed nearer the door.

"The young man also started and advanced a pace, as if to render assistance, but Richard was too active, and he retreated to his former station, following my young mistress with his eyes till she was seated. He then walked up the hall, and, with a slight and dignified bow to the lady when Mr. Embury presented him, he also took a seat by the table.

"The servants have already been examined," he said, addressing Mr. Embury in a low voice, "now if you please we are ready to take down your own evidence and that of your family."

"My master's evidence was clear and brief. He only knew what had passed before the unfortunate man's departure, and the manner of his discovery after death. The maddened horse, as it plunged over the wall, had first aroused him to a suspicion of the traveller's fate. The young man officiating in this painful investigation asked a few questions calculated to throw the matter in a clear light; and when his clerk had taken down the notes he read them over and turned to cousin Richard.

"Nothing could have been more frank and even conscientious than the manner of this strange man. His voice was firm, and no indications of uneasiness could have been detected in his appearance, save a restless turning of the eye as it met the glance of the young official, whenever a point did not seem quite clear to his understanding.

"My young lady sat in the antique chair that had been placed for her near the table: her elbow rested on the arm, and her cheek lay pressed upon the small palm thus uplifted for its support. The only color in her face was that reflected from the crimson cushions that surrounded her, on which a ray of warm sunshine was falling, and her meek eyes were lifted steadily to Richard as he stood up before the youthful commissioner. His face was partially averted from her, and he seemed purposely to avoid the scrutiny of her gaze, until he came to that portion of his evidence which related to our separation at the door of my young lady's chamber.

"I went directly to my own room," he said, "and retired for the night, suffering from a severe head-ache."

"Heaven only knows what else he might have said, for at that moment my young lady arose to an upright position, and grasping the arm of her chair with one hand, bent forward and spoke for the first time since her entrance to the hall.

"And went you not forth again before the wounded horse aroused us all?"

"Richard gave a quick, and almost impercep-

tible start; his lips closed suddenly like the snap of an angry cur, and for one instant I saw that hateful gleam in his eyes. No one could have observed it but myself, for the attention of Mr. Embury and the commissioner was diverted from his face to that of my young mistress, so lovely, so pale and earnest in its intense expression—and when his face was fully turned toward the beautiful creature who had propounded this sudden question, a bland and deprecating smile was all the expression it bore.

"Nay, fair cousin, as I was about to add when that sweet voice bewildered me," he continued, with a courteous bow; "the pain of my head and the storm, so unusually violent, kept me wakeful: reflections, too, more deeply interesting, were preying upon me, and I got no sleep during the night. I left my bed more than once, for anxiety regarding the drover continually mingled with the tumult of my thoughts. His obstinate determination to thrust himself into danger against the persuasion of those sweet lips, and the more earnest remonstrance which you will remember aroused his anger against myself, oppressed me as if there had been a fatality in it all. Once it seemed to me as if the tread of a horse mingled with the storm. I got up and listened—it was of no avail. But toward midnight the sound came back again. It seemed as if some horse had broken loose in the storm, and was racing up and down the high wall encompassing the grounds beneath my window. Once it seemed to me as if the animal made a desperate attempt to clear the wall, and had fallen in his leap, for a sharp cry followed, broken, and scarcely heard amid the riotous elements. I have said that many things had happened during the day to unsettle my nerves. The rain came down in torrents; the lightning and the winds were wrangling in the heavens—but urged forward by the strange apprehensions that had haunted me all night, I went forth into the grounds—"

"He broke off suddenly, and the commissioner started to his feet; for my lady, who had been listening to him intently without change of position, and with her hand still grasping the chair arm, fell back upon the cushion with a heavy sigh.

"Thank God—oh, thank God!" she murmured, clasping her hands, while a flood of tears broke over her changed face.

"They crowded around her, surprised and terrified by this outbreak: but I was looking at Richard. I saw the exulting flash that shot to his eyes, and the soft, serpent-like smile that crept over his mouth. He bent over the chair and besought her to be comforted—she smiled faintly without unclosing her eyes, and placed her hand in his

"Forgive me—forgive me!" The words were scarcely audible, and still she wept.

"Richard looked at Mr. Embury, then at the commissioner, doubtingly, as if he would have questioned them of her meaning.

"She has been dreadfully terrified, her nerves are unstrung," he whispered, shaking his head with a compassionating smile, and, pressing his lips to the hand which still trembled in his palm, he beckoned to a servant, and bade him bring a flask of flower water from the lady's dressing-room.

"She does indeed seem greatly disturbed," said Monsieur La Brun, who had been regarding her with evident sympathy, mingled with admiration of her beauty. "Perhaps we had better defer the examination an hour or two."

"Therese withdrew her hand from Richard, and exerted herself to sit up.

"Nay, let the proceedings go on," she said, with gentle dignity; "I am better now, and will not disturb them again with my nervousness."

"She lifted her eyes timidly toward the stranger as she spoke; they drooped again beneath the expression kindling in his glance, and a faint color broke up to her wet cheek.

"The flower water was brought. Monsieur La Brun took it from the servant and handed it to me. For the first time I looked at him closely, and even in that unsettled state of mind, I was struck by the peculiar beauty of his features. The dignity of no common intellect lay in that high, open forehead. His eyes, now turned considerably from my lady, were of that deep, clear gray, which takes a tinge of lilac when in repose, but which darkens almost to black in moments of excited feeling. His smile was remarkably sweet, yet full of quiet self-respect. In person he was slighter and less athletic than cousin Richard, but the graceful manner only assumed by the German was natural to the young Frenchman, inherent and entirely free from that clinging softness which forever hangs about hypocritical pretence to those graces that owe their birth only to refinement of heart and intellect.

"The remainder of cousin Richard's evidence was only a repetition of that which Mr. Embury had already given—but he seemed relieved when it was over, and sat down by the table trifling with a pen all the time that my young mistress was under examination.

"Therese was more composed than I had seen her that day. She answered the questions put to her with mild firmness, though her eyes wavered now and then as they encountered those of the commissioner: and when her evidence was closed the glow on her cheek was like sunshine on a damp rose leaf. When all was over she arose, bent her head to Monsieur La Brun, and we re-

turned to the library; my mistress so changed from the late fearful depression that seemed crushing her to the earth, that she scarcely seemed the same creature. I do not know how far suspicion with regard to Richard's connection with the murder had extended in her mind when she entered the hall; but certain I am that after the examination no vestige of it remained. She was evidently grieved by the injustice done him in her thoughts, and seemed even humbly desirous of atoning for it when he joined us in the library, though she believed him unconscious of the wrong.

"The attorney general himself arrived at our dwelling a few minutes after we left the hall. News of the murder had been conveyed to him, and as this was the second crime of the kind that had gone unpunished in his district, he came determined to leave no effort untried till the guilty ones were brought to justice. A troop of soldiers came with him. The body of poor Mr. Durand was removed to Erie under its escort; and long before our usual dinner hour no traces of the fearful scenes lately passing before us remained, save the terrified faces that met us at every turn.

"Both the attorney general and his son accepted Mr. Embury's invitation to dinner—and seldom did his table receive such guests, though it had been honored by the highest of the land. Young La Brun was singularly like his father both in person and mental powers, and never have I witnessed affection so deep and strong existing between parent and son. He was a noble youth, and as he sat by the right hand of my young mistress, talking to her in that low, clear voice, I could not resist the strange fancies that came into my mind, or see the warm blood ebb and flow to her cheek beneath the kindling brilliancy of his eyes without a thrill of pleasure. In the midst of these vague reveries I glanced toward cousin Richard: he sat opposite the youthful pair, toying with some fruit that lay tempting and ripe on his plate. His eyes were half shut, but I could see that he was watching every movement of my young mistress from beneath his inky lashes, and then, like lightning smothered in a cloud, I saw the serpent gleam that had startled me so often before. He challenged our guest, and they drank wine together, rich, red wine, pressed from the vintage on my master's estate when it was in the hands of his great grandfather.

"As Richard lifted the slender venetian glass to his lips, a drop fell upon his hand. A large, white hand, on which the wine gleamed like a dash of blood. It would have deceived another, and I think it startled him, for he snatched up his napkin, wiped away the stain, and looked furtively around as if to be certain that no one observed the act. He probably detected the mistake in a mo-

ment, for a sort of scornful, self-mocking smile came to his lips, and he re-filled the glass with an impetuosity that sent a shower of ruby spray dashing over the brim, but without lifting it to his lips he sat the glass down, trifling with his fruit again, and so occupied himself till we arose from the table.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE INDIAN BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

FARE thee well, sweet forest fountain!

Yes, a fond farewell to thee,
Gushing 'neath the pine-clad mountain,
With a spirit-melody.

Oft beside thy chrystal gleamings,
Twining wild-flowers in a wreath,
Have I felt the spirit-dreamings
All their wildness o'er me breathe.

Fare thee well, thou shining river!

Where I launched my bark-canoe;
Like a swift shaft from the quiver,
Often o'er thy waves I flew.

Never in the light dance bounding
Shall I tread thy margin more;
There are scenes thy waves surrounding
Memory loves to linger o'er!

Spirit of my sire and mother!

Oh! for you this lay is poured;
To the nation of another

Flies the daughter ye adored.
Bend ye from your happy places,
In the spirit-land above,
While with loud regret she traces
Each sweet spot her soul must love.

When the withered leaves are falling,
Who the feast of ghosts shall spread?

Who, thy glorious deeds recalling,
Weave thy dirge when she is fled?

Deem her not the timid-hearted,
Though the tear-drops wildly swell;

Where have tears not wildly started
While we breathe a last farewell?

THE SUITOR'S REPLY

TO THE MAIDEN WHO WISHED TO RETURN HIS GIFT.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Yes! I implore—upon my knees—
Return the costly gift to me!
Not that!—the gem, whose light I prize,
Less than one smile from thy dear eyes!

You say 'tis all too rich and rare
For lowly maid like you to wear,
I've given you one more costly still—
Return me *that*, dear! Say you will!

Its lustre will outlast the star
That burns before us, pure and far,
Return me *that*—all gems above!

Yes, Margaret, yes! Return—my love!

A LEAF

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY ROBERT E. LITTLE, M. D.

READER! the following sketch is no showing forth of fancied events: it is a stern and solemn truth. To those who are unaccustomed to death-bed scenes, and consequently ignorant of the horror and sufferings of men worn down by disease and degradation, the incident about to be related may appear doubtful; but to the physician whose practice brings him in contact with all classes of society, its truth will be manifest. Called to the most responsible of stations, he is daily in the habit of visiting the mansions of wealth as well as the haunts of poverty and distress; hence there is no one so well qualified to portray the vicissitudes of life as the physician. He remembers that there is no condition of human greatness beyond the reach of misfortune, and he feels that his is a duty for whose acquittance he is solemnly responsible. He stands a ministering being at the couch of affliction—his being a position dignified and honorable in the estimation of man—most pleasing in the sight of God.

It was upon a cold night in December, 184—, that I was requested to visit the residence of a gentleman, some seven or eight miles from the village of W—, in which I was then residing. Hastily buttoning on my overcoat, I hurried forward as fast as the darkness of the night would permit. On my arrival at the house I was ushered into a small apartment; in one corner was a bed, upon which lay the emaciated form of a man, apparently thirty years of age, but who was in reality not more than twenty-three. His features were to me familiar, but time and disease had wrought such wonderful changes upon his frame that I was at first sight unable to recognize my former friend and classmate, Edward Barclay—for such was his name. For several years I had not seen him—fate had separated us in the season of youth, when all before us was bright and buoyant, and the world appeared fair and undimmed by a solitary cloud.

An examination of the condition of my friend soon satisfied me that his fate was sealed. Consumption, that endemic of the universe, had fastened on his frame, and all that could be done was to soothe his last moments. Unlike all other consumpted patients whom I had ever seen, he seemed to be aware of his doom. Knowing that he had always looked upon the destinies of man with a philosophic eye, and viewed the "*ultima dies hominis*" as inevitable, I frankly replied to his questions in relation to his condition; told him that his symptoms were certainly unfavorable,

but that by proper care and attention his life might, for months, be prolonged. For fear of unnecessarily fatiguing him I endeavored to turn his mind from the object of my visit: and at my request he composed himself in some measure into a sleep—but it was disturbed. Constantly was he starting up in bed, and making an effort as if to retreat from some dreaded object: then would follow dark imprecations upon himself. This course was followed for several hours, until at length wearied out with exertion, he yielded to the influence of a quiet sleep.

For two days I remained at the bedside of my dying friend. Upon the morning of the third I was prepared to return home, as business demanded my immediate attention, when upon offering my hand I perceived that a change had taken place. His face was as white as marble—large drops of perspiration stood upon his noble brow—every muscle of his countenance was in motion—a fit of coughing came on, and he threw up a large quantity of blood. In a short time he revived—but his former calmness had forsaken him.

"Doctor," he wildly exclaimed, "how long can I live?" I evaded giving him an answer, knowing that his days—his hours, were numbered. Toward evening he again slumbered—but awoke early in the night distressed with difficulty of breathing. He called me to his bedside, and told me he was dying—but for death was unprepared. Reason seemed to forsake him.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "what have I done? Murdered him—yes, murdered my benefactor—the father of my Mary. Before me I see the deep pit opening to receive my accursed soul—where can I escape? Doctor—doctor—I am dying—can you do nothing?" He was constantly endeavoring to escape from some fancied vision which he said haunted him day and night—he would cry out, "I am miserable—wretched—what have I done to merit the *curse of thinking?*" Again he reapsed into his former state, which continued for several hours: another paroxysm of coughing came on, succeeded by a gush of blood, and all was over—"the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken."

Silence reigned in the chamber of death. I looked down upon all that remained of Edward Barclay—his features moved not—his eyelids slumbered, and I could scarcely bring myself to believe the awful truth that flashed across my mind that those pale, sunken features were never again to be lighted with the smile of joy.

Upon the next day his body was consigned to the tomb. I saw the coffin lowered into the grave—heard the appalling sound of the falling

earth—my friend was forever hidden from my sight.

* * * * *

Of the early history of Edward, and the cause of his untimely death, it now remains for me to speak. Of his parentage I know but little. His parents died while he was in his infancy, and bequeathed to this son a good name.

No other inheritance was left him. To the protecting care of one of his father's earliest friends was he indebted for an education. At an early age he was sent to a northern university, where he bore off the first honors of his class. His general information was almost boundless. While at college, besides the usual course of studies, he traversed every department of History, Belles-Lettres, &c., while his pen was wielded with a promptitude and force seldom equalled by one of his age, as the various literary journals of the day testify.

In person Edward Barclay was below the medium size, almost effeminate—but his face was of no ordinary cast—with a massive forehead shaded by long, dark hair, which, with a piercing eye, gave to his appearance the air of one born to deeds of greatness. His polished manners and striking face seldom failed to prepossess strangers in his favor.

Fully did Mr. Barry supply the place of a father to the young orphan, between whom and his daughter Mary he shared his favors, neither seeming to be jealous of the other. In infancy they joined in the same sports and pursued the same studies—daily intercourse strengthened and ripened into love the affection of childhood—such love as is coolly felt in this cold and calculating age. There was scarcely a hill or dale around their native village that they had not passed over together, amidst the dews of the morning, at noon and in the evening twilight, imparting to each other their story of impassioned fondness, forming vain visions of the future, and in imagination aspiring to all the human soul can form of wealth and station—yet they were fabrics, sweet and delusive, formed but to be broken.

Mary Barry (for I knew her well) was not formed for the glitter and show of gay crowds. Her person was short, but its symmetry exquisite—her bright blue eyes and clustering ringlets of hair added an ivory tint to her high and polished brow. But upon her features rested a shade of melancholy. Possessed of a vivid imagination—sensitive in the extreme, she was accustomed to retire to some lone and quiet spot and there weep, for she had a presentiment—

"—that they are not real,
Alas! my dreams of bliss are all ideal."

Edward had made the law his study, and it

became necessary, shortly after attaining his majority, for him to leave the home of his youth and settle in a distant town, for the purpose of pursuing the practice of his profession. Upon the evening previous to his departure he poured forth to Mary the feelings of his inmost soul, and repeated what he had a thousand times before told her, that he loved—yes, loved even to devotion. In answer not one word escaped the maiden's lips, yet the smile, and then the tear were the representatives of language.

The fury of Mr. Barry was unbounded upon hearing of the attachment existing between his daughter and protégée. He had other views in relation to the marriage of Mary; he was a man of the world, and wealth was one of the requisites to be possessed by his future son-in-law. True, Edward came of noble kin—but poverty was his *curse*. The father was proud, and justly too, of his fair daughter—and supposed that she might aspire to the hand of a man of wealth and talents. He would have her wed without love. Not so with her—she loved Edward with her whole soul—without him the world would be to her a blank—the sun of her life would be extinguished. She preferred to join her destiny with the man she loved, though poor and unknown to fame, to becoming the wife of one whose only recommendation was *wealth*.

He was forbidden ever again to visit the house where he had spent so many happy days; and Mary was commanded to break off all correspondence with him on pain of being turned from the paternal door, and denounced as an alien to her kindred. Notwithstanding all the precautions of the father a correspondence was kept up; but as Edward did not openly appear in the neighborhood, his fears of a clandestine marriage were somewhat calmed. * * * * *

Months passed away. Edward, as his talents and abilities became known, acquired practice, and was fast rising in the estimation of the community, when an event occurred which threw a gloom over his prospects—a gloom which never disappeared. Mr. Barry and Edward met at the inn of the village in which the latter was residing. Again he strove to gain the favor of the parent—he was unsuccessful—insult was added to denial. He was taunted with being a beggar, ingrate and coward—in a moment of phrenzy, forgetting himself, he felled the old man by a single blow to the ground, from which he never arose alive.

Horror-stricken at what he had done, Edward swooned—he recovered, but only to be attacked by a violent fever, which caused fury and madness to take possession of him. The fever in a few days abated—consciousness returned, and he was able to converse rationally. He was tried

for murder—but was acquitted of an intent to kill. *Remorse* seized upon him, and he became a wanderer and an outcast—the proud flash of his eye—the flushed cheek and elastic step departed. The seal of death was upon his brow. But why go on? His fate is known.

Mary survived her father's death but a short time. The bark in which she placed all her hopes had foundered—her cup of woe was filled to overflowing—her heart was crushed—her mind was shattered—she died a *moniac*.

“Peace to the broken-hearted dead.”

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

AN ELEGY TO A MOTHER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN REBOUL.

BY HON. JOHN ROUVIER.

AN angel, with a radiant face,
As he lean'd o'er a cradle's side,
His heav'nly image seem'd to trace,
As if reflected by the tide.

“Sweet, charming child, like me thou art,
“Oh, come,” he said, “oh, come with me,
“We will be happy, never part,
“The earth is undeserving thee.

“Far gladness here has its alloy,
“The soul in pleasure pain describes,
“Sorrow is felt 'mid scenes of joy,
“Voluptuousness is mix'd with sighs.

“In all feasts here, does fear intrude;
“Never a day bright, calm and clear,
“Insures that free from tempests rude,
“Serene the morrow will appear.

“Ah what pain, grief, alarms and fears,
“On thy pure soul shall e'er arise!
“And shalt thou e'er with bitter tears,
“Tarnish with wo thy azure eyes!

“Oh no, oh no, in fields of space,
“Now come, together let us go,
“For by the Lord's free special grace,
“Thy days are shorten'd here below.

“When thou art gone, and life is past,
“Let none, for thee, black vestments wear,
“But as thy first hour, so thy last,
“With gladness hail, and joy sincere.

“Let those who weep, their grief assuage,
“Nor let their wo a tomb betray,
“When one is pure, as at thy age,
“The last is sure the happiest day.”

The angel ready then to rise,
On his white pinions quickly fled,
And bore the infant to the skies—
Poor mother, lo! thy son is dead.

OUR FEMALE POETS, No. I.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The popular voice has placed Mrs. Sigourney at the head of our female poets. The purity of her tone and the lofty aspirations breathing through her verse entitle her to this position, without regard to her just claim to it as the first in seniority among her sister writers. At a time when few of the sex had begun to write, Mrs. Sigourney had published some of the best of her compositions, and was in the enjoyment of a fame equal, on this side of the water, to that of Mrs. Hemans in England. We do not charge her numerous successors with having imitated her; but it is apparent that they have been influenced by her example and inspired by her poems. She was the first to show that a woman could be an author and remain domestic: the first to excite her sex to a noble emulation in all that is good and glorious; and her poems, long after she has gone to her reward, will keep alive the memory of her name and influence hearts to noble deeds.

Mrs. Sigourney is a native of Norwich, Connecticut. Her maiden name was Miss Huntley. Like Pope she began to write verses in childhood; and at the age of twenty published a volume entitled, "Moral Pieces." These effusions are not without gleams of her subsequent excellence, but are, on the whole, unworthy of her more matured powers. Her poems have been chiefly fugitive and short; the longest of these, Pocahontas, does not, we believe, contain a thousand lines. But, perhaps, on this account she is more popular than if she had written at greater length. Of the character of her genius it is scarcely necessary to speak, for her name has passed into a household word, and her poems are familiar in mansion and cottage from Maine to Oregon. No living writer surpasses her in the poetry of the affections. Her themes are usually religion or love. The affection of the mother, the reverential feeling of the child for the parent, the passion of early youth or the mellowed love of after life acquire a holier aspect in her pages, and seem to us little less than divine. The "Farewell to a Rural Residence," the "Widow at her Daughter's Burial," and the "Western Emigrant," are three among many poems which will elucidate our meaning.

It would be as needless for us to quote from her writings as it is to analyze her genius; for her published productions are already familiar to our readers. We shall select, therefore, but one of her poems, the noble composition on "Niagara," which is but little, if at all inferior to that of Brainard on the same subject. It will recall a general idea of her style in blank verse, in which,

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in the judgment of the best critics, she has most proficiency. Indeed the Hon. Alexander H. Everett has publicly compared her poems in this measure to those of Wordsworth.

NIAGARA.

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty—God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him.
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

And who can dare
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow,—mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn?—Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and his wild waves
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm:—but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not night or day.

The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth,
Heard thy deep anthem,—and those wrecking fires
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thine unfathomed page. Each leafy bough
That lifts itself within thy proud domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
And tremble at the baptism. Lo! yon birds
Do venture boldly near, bathing their wing
Amid thy foam and mist. 'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem, or lightly stir
The snowy leadlets of thy vapour wreath,
Who sport unharmed upon the fleecy cloud,
And listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof. But as for us,—it seems
Scarce lawful with our broken tones to speak
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty;
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And check its rapture with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

The poems of Mrs. Sigourney have been collected, at various times, into six or seven volumes. Her last published work was one entitled "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," and appeared rather more than a year since, after her return from a voyage to Europe. The book contains many elegant poems, chiefly commemorative of scenes she visited when abroad. She was in Paris when the remains of Napoleon arrived from St. Helena, and some of her noblest verses were called forth by that event. Besides her volumes of poems, she has published, at various times, several prose works of value and merit. Among these are her "Letters to Young Ladies," her

"Letters to Mothers," "Sketches," and other pleasing and instructive books.

Miss Huntley was married in 1819 to Charles Sigourney, Esq., a gentleman of taste and fortune, of the city of Hartford, Connecticut, at which place she has since continued to reside. Her domestic virtues are such as might be expected from her poetry. We are gratified to be able to present to our readers a description of Mrs. Sigourney as she appears at home, from the pen of Mrs. Stephens, one of the editors of this magazine. She visited her sister poet during an excursion to Hartford last summer. Mrs. S. says—"The tender leaves of the grape-vine were just beginning to break over the verandah, and the dew still lay but half exhaled on the pansies, myrtles and violets matted together in the tiny yard. The blinds were closed, and everything was so profoundly tranquil that I almost dreaded a disappointment, till a tidy servant answered the bell with the gratifying intelligence that Mrs. Sigourney was at home. The next instant we were seated in a neat and shaded parlor, furnished with great simplicity, and yet exactly the kind of room that in my day-dreams of the poetess had ever been associated with her. It was easy to imagine that every object was endeared to the possessor by some affectionate association. A work-basket of black willow stood upon the sofa, and on the lining of crimson silk lay—no, gentle reader, not a heap of variegated worsted, and the velvet of an embroidered slipper—not a tiny scrap of inserting, just commenced and never destined to be finished—nor the tassel of a net purse glittering with beads—that little work-basket contained none of these elegant excuses for female idleness, but knitting-work, downright honest knitting-work, folded exactly at the seam-stitch, and with the needles, bright from use, thrust through a ball of substantial cotton-yarn. That little work-basket gave the most decidedly home feeling that I had known since entering Connecticut. I longed to unfold the needles, and knit once round, if it were only to be certain that my own fingers had not forgotten how to widen, slip and-bind, or narrow. They once had the knack of it, and have even now, I fancy—but it is not exactly delicate to boast of one's own accomplishments, if it were, I should just like to measure yarn, and knit a race with any lady in Hartford—that's all!

"Next to an author's writings, you can judge of her character by the arrangements of her favorite room. Even flowers, the most beautiful things on earth, can be rendered almost vulgar by a bad arrangement of tints, and a coarse mind is frequently detected in the glare of a gorgeous curtain, or the color of a damask sofa.

"It was like reading one of her most natural little poems—the study of Mrs. Sigourney's parlor. A glass of violets and variegated myrtle-leaves stood upon the table. A few books were lying around it—volumes intended for reading as well as amusement—and behind them, partially hidden from sight, were half a dozen drawings, exquisitely done, but evidently the work of a young artist. A miniature statue of Hannah More stood upon the mantel-piece, and over it hung a single picture, that of an old man, with one of the most benevolent faces possible for an artist to portray. Very old he was, and it seemed natural that the two children hanging about his chair should seem so happy. It was one of those faces that win the love of children, even as the blossom woo sunshine to its bosom.

"It was all unnecessary to ask the history of that little picture. We felt that it was the good old man whose age had been rendered happy by the genius and affection of his only child, and that these children hanging so fondly about him were her's also.

"We turned from the little family group only when Mrs. Sigourney herself entered the room. Her face is singularly like that in the picture—it would be difficult to imagine a more striking resemblance between persons of opposite sexes—the same mild and benevolent expression pervaded both the living face and that shadowed by the artist, and in the mouth and chin the same formation of features is very perceptible. This lady's manner is like the generality of her poetry, subdued and gentle; her voice is remarkably low and sweet-toned. Her language in conversation, like that of every truly great woman whom it has been my fortune to meet with, is simple and elegant. You might converse with her a whole day on ordinary matters, and find it difficult to imagine that such perfect repose of manner could exist with the deep enthusiastic feeling which has sent some of her most lofty thoughts trumpet-toned over the two continents. You look upon that tranquil face, and on that little hand—one of the most beautiful in form and color that you ever saw—wondering where it found the power to pen such poems as *Napoleon*, *Niagara*, and that thrilling tribute to Mrs. Hemans, where all the gentle feelings of womanhood are blended in one lofty anthem to the dead—the beautiful dead of her own sex.

"Our conjecture regarding the picture proved correct. It was the father and two children of the poetess. When we mentioned the strong resemblance between her face and that of the departed, she smiled, and said that it gave her pleasure when persons thought so! It was remarkable that a man who had numbered more

than his threescore years should have died with the gift of youth upon his head. His hair, she told us, was firm and glossy, and without a touch of silver up to the time of his death." * *

THERE WAS A TIME.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

THERE was a time, there was a time
How sadly breaks the truth to me,
And darkly steals upon my heart,
I am no longer dear to thee;
I know 'tis faded now and dimmed
The beauty that has been of yore,
And the light step, and voice of song,
They may return to me no more,
And yet my being yearns to be
A sharer in thy sympathy.

Even in the golden chords of life
How few the ties that bind us here,
Do I not watch their breaking then
With aching heart and falling tears?
And every precious fibre lost
In silent grief I've counted o'er,
And hopelessly have wished the while
The shining links might time restore,
And oh! my being yearned to be
Dear as in other days to thee.

As the grey vapor of the morn
That rises from the chilly earth,
Seeketh to mingle once again
With the bright cloud that gave it birth,
So doth the love I bear to thee
In the world's coldness ever pine,
And long, as in the years now fled,
To rest so peacefully with thine,
And oh! how fondly yearns to be
Once more in life so dear to thee.

WOMAN'S TRUTH.

BY J. S. JENKINS.

WOMAN'S truth and woman's love,
Trusting ever,
Faithless never,
Blest on earth, is blest above.
Minist'ring oft in sorrow's hour,
Loving truly,
Fondly, duly,
Proving e'er affection's power.
Guarding well the hallowed flame,
Burning brightly,
Daily, nightly,
Knoweth she reproach nor shame.
Ne'er forgetting, ne'er forgot—
Richest treasures,
Joyful pleasures,
Ever be her happy lot.

ALBUM WRITING;

OR, HOW TO CHANGE AN OPINION.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"CONFUSION take the Albums I say," exclaimed Henry Seaford as he entered his apartment, and flung a beautifully bound quarto upon the table, "I almost wish (like one of England's queens) I had not learned to write. She regretted signing the death warrants of others—but I am literally inditing mine own. But it's all the fault of that Milne—he first persuades me that I can write poetry—heaven save the mark—and then trumpets the intelligence to all quarters of the city; and the consequence is that I am deluged with Albums of all sorts and sizes. But if I forgive him may I——"

"Be buried beneath the weight of my own anger," shouted a voice from an adjoining room, and in a moment a young man entered, and gazing upon Seaford burst into a merry laugh. He was closely followed by another, whose walk put to shame all the modern means of locomotion. It was not a walk, that is certain, but it is not so certain what it was. It might have been a glide, an amble, a pace, or any of the means by which ladies are propelled, except a walk, and that was out of the catalogue of Julian Fitz Henry Davenant.

"Well, Milne," said Seaford, advancing to the first comer, who, by this time, had overcome his merriment, and had seated himself by the table—"as you have done laughing I suppose I can speak now. Have I not often told you not to mention my name in connexion with Albums, entreated you, as you respected me, to deny that silly tale of yours, or say it was a joke?—and yet you persist. Do you see this?—when do you think that was imposed upon me?"

"A pretty question to ask me," answered Milne—"how should I know? From some of your admirers, I suppose, and their name is legion. But Harry, why do you fasten all the blame upon me? It was your own poetry that made you so popular in the circle of Album fanciers. I know a host of ladies who are dying to see the initials of Henry Seaford upon their fair pages."

"Now, Milne, I implore you, do be a friend for once, and extricate me from this dilemma. You know what I think of Albums and their owners. I look upon a lady that keeps one, and imposes it on all new comers, as something that my gallantry forbids me to designate."

"Your gallantry, indeed," said Milne, in a tone of assumed gravity, "you have forfeited

all; claims to that, I can assure you—hasn't he Fitz?"

"Yes, yes, decidedly," languidly answered the inimitable Fitz as he turned from the mirror, at which, for the last five minutes, he had been putting the finishing curl to his hair and whiskers, "no one can claim to be a man of the *mode* who refuses to accommodate the ladies—dear creatures. Why, do you know that I am literally overrun with Albums, and yet I never think of refusing—that would be unpardonable—it would decidedly. Come, Harry, if your muse is refractory we'll assist you—won't we, Milne?"

"Most assuredly—but who is the owner of this precious volume? Some Venus, I suppose, one by whom the olden poets would have sworn—or else have made (Orlando like) each tree a page on which to write her praises."

"There's the book," exclaimed Seaford, as he tossed it to his friend, "I obtained it from Miss Leiton, who is a perfect exchange broker in the Album line. However, it is not her's—nor do I know who is the owner, as the title page contains no name. But I could testify to one thing—that she is blessed with the name of Mary—as that seems to be the burden of the productions that grace its pages."

"Mary! you own no passion for the name of Mary then, as did the noble bard?" rejoined Milne; "no marvel that Pegasus should refuse to travel with such a rider? But what makes you so savage at Albums, Seaford?"

"Oh, I can guess," interrupted Fitz, "he has been caught at the tricks of the profession."

"No, Fitz, you are mistaken there—though to tell the truth I have been sorely tempted. My reasons for disliking such a means of literary notoriety are many: I am not ambitious of shining in such a world of paper—and did I wish a wife, I should first enquire, did she keep an Album? if she did I'd bid a long farewell to all my hopes—I would not marry her."

"Why, Seaford, you are mad, decidedly—but it is no use to reason with you—come, Milne, let's finish our game of chess—I must have my revenge."

"With all my heart," observed Milne, rising, "we'll leave Seaford to his task," and the two young men left the room.

When they had departed Seaford seated himself at the table, and taking up a pen, proceeded to complete an unfinished letter which was laying before him. He had not written long before some sudden thought seemed to flash upon him, and, raising his eyes from the page, he said,

"I must write in that book or my motives may be misjudged—no matter how much it may offend

my ideas of propriety, it must be done—perhaps I am too hasty in my judgment of the fair owner. On every page they say she's beautiful—would I knew her. She must be an exception from the antiquated virtuosos who seem to be surrounded with an atmosphere of musty common places, in which no fresh or spring-like thought could live—she must be an exception—I will write, but this shall be the last."

And write he did, and no common effusion suited the fastidious and cultivated taste of Henry Seaford. It was addressed "To the Unknown," and breathed in every line the freshness and purity of the fount from which the stream proceeded. It told the tale of a heart that panted for communion with some kindred one; some one, to whom he could pour out all the bright and ambitious longings of a high and daring nature. He soon forgot, in the fire and intensity of his feelings, all the prejudices of his young and inexperienced nature, and wrote as he would have talked when the stream had overleaped its bounds, and his native eloquence flashed and sparkled in the sunlight of love and affection. It was finished, and then he rose and paced the room until he became calm, and the current of his excited fancy ebbed again to its level.

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The golden sunlight of a summer morning was streaming in through the large windows of a princely mansion. It was early morn, but still one fair being was up with the dawn, and now with

"Breath all perfume,
And with cheek all bloom,"

from the exercise of the past hour—was seated at the easement, enjoying the opening of the day. She remained seated for some time in silence and repose, but then some thought seemed to flash upon her mind, and rising, she proceeded to a centre-table in the apartment, and taking from it an Album, she again resumed her place at the window. Opening the book to where an indication was given by the introduction of a small golden brooch, she was soon so deeply and absorbingly engaged in its contents as not to notice the entrance of another person into the room. The intruder was a young girl of about her own age, and like her dressed in a simple robe of white muslin, with no other ornament than a single bracelet of sable hue that bound the wrist. Casting one glance to discover the position of her companion, she advanced on tip-toe until she stood so close that her breathings almost stirred the masses of raven curls that were reposing upon the cheek and neck of the fair student. Bending one look, in which mingled merriment and surprise was

to be seen upon the page, she stooped and kissed the rosy cheek, and then exclaimed,

"What, Mary! still seeking for the 'unknown,' why I expect presently to see you take up the pilgrim staff and scallop shoon as did the maids of old, and seek this Creighton of your fancy through the world."

"No, not so bad as that, coz," answered Mary as she closed the book, and bowed her face to a rose-bush in the window, to hide the tell-tale blushes that had mantled to her very temples—"though to tell the truth, I am interested to find out the author of this production. It is so much superior to the usual contributions to ladies' Albums. And then there is such a vein of deep and real feeling pervading it—not the mock sentimentalism that is to be seen on all the other pages, but the fine and beautiful touches of a master hand."

"And is that all that makes the bewitching romance that lingers round this initialed production?" asked Julia Marden, the favorite cousin of Mary Hanson; "confess cousin mine, you are more deeply interested than you would have me to guess. In love at first sight, nay, worse—with no sight at all—why that out romances all romance—and puts to the shade all the fancies of the poets. But is there no way to find this recluse out?"

"I fear not. Miss Leiton solicited the favor, and that on a promise not to reveal the author, but even if there was a possibility, I would not dare to avail myself of it, for fear that the world would note the action and either mistake or misconstrue it. But you are in fault, Julia, when you think I am in love."

"In fault, coz! why did you ever know me to be mistaken in such matters? No, no, Mary, it is your own dear self that is in the dark. But list! is not that your father's bell—and we not dressed to receive him. Come, let us hasten, we will be too late," and winding her arm around the waist of her companion, they both left the room.

It was at the close of a beautiful day in autumn, when the air was fresh and bracing, that Seaford, Milne and Davenant, on horse back, might have been seen proceeding at a slow pace along one of the many roads that lead to the city. They were all in high spirits. They had now reached a part of the ride much visited on account of the wildness and beauty of the scenery. On one side of the narrow pathway the rocks rose perpendicularly for the height of some hundred feet, and at this season of the year were covered with all the rich and gaudy dyes of expiring nature. On the opposite side of the road, and at as great a distance below ran the river, bubbling and brawling among

the huge masses of rock that impeded its progress. It was a scene worthy of a Cole to do it justice. No wonder the horsemen stopped to gaze on it. Suddenly Davenant broke the silence by the exclamation.

"What a place for a poet! and consequently for Seaford. It's beautiful, decidedly—but I forget you have forsworn the muses ever since that last Album effort of yours. It is wrong to punish all for so sweet a fault of the ladies—it is decidedly—ain't it, Milne, boy?"

"Amen, say I to that, Fitz—he ought to be tried by a jury of old spinsters for high treason against the sex, and banished from the Eden of sweet woman's smiles and graces."

"A most just and righteous decision from so young a judge," laughingly answered Seaford—"but, gentlemen, had you not better wait for the defence, or would you prefer hearing one side of the case only? Fitz, Milne, I've a secret to tell you. Will you be mute?"

"As the tomb. Do you doubt us?"

"No, not exactly—well then you must know I am in love."

"In love! impossible," and the friends burst into a peal of merriment that made the woods resound with its echo—"with whom?"

"With the 'Mary' of the Album that Miss Leiton gave me for a contribution."

"But you do not know her—and you told me Miss Leiton would not reveal the name," observed Milne. "Would you love a shadow?"

"That is what I do love. Even since then I have lived in a new world of beauty and passion. Of one thing I am certain, for good or ill, she is connected with me through life."

"Why, Seaford, you are mad to talk thus. Love a person you never saw—it is nonsense, decidedly—but what noise is that? Good gracious; those animals are unmanageable. See they are approaching this way."

This last remark caused the others to turn, and the sight that met their gaze was appalling. Along the narrow and dangerous road a carriage was being whirled at the topmost speed of the affrighted and driverless horses. The inmates of the vehicle were two ladies. One had swooned, and was reclining against the side of the carriage, and the remaining one was leaning forward as if in a vain attempt to regain the reins. One glance was sufficient to tell the party of friends the extent of the danger, and with Seaford to suggest the remedy. For a considerable way the road was on a strait line, but then the river made an abrupt angle, and the road followed the course of the stream. To this point Seaford knew they were safe, but then the danger commenced, as at the headlong speed of the maddened animals

they must of a certainty be precipitated over the ledge of rocks into the stream below. What was to be done must be done quickly. Without a word to his friends, who sat mute with apprehension, he spurred his steed and waited for the passage of the vehicle. On they came, plunging wildly until they reached the side of Seaford's animal. And now came the trial. If he could succeed in grasping the reins he might prevent the catastrophe—but if that point was gained could he maintain his seat and direct his own steed? All was to be dared, and nerving himself for the effort, Seaford gave the rein to his horse, and away they flew in company. Effort after effort was vainly put forth, until the distance was narrowed to a few hundred yards. He now made a last trial—and it was for life or death. He succeeded. Bearing all the weight of himself and horse against the animals he bore them to the bank, and after a struggle of some moments he obtained the mastery. His friends had now joined him, and with their assistance the ladies were removed from the vehicle—and Seaford, with some water from the stream, soon restored them to consciousness. The eldest and firmest of the two, if we may judge from the presence of mind she displayed during the danger, thanked them as only those could whose lives had been preserved; but to Seaford the beaming eye and tell-tale color of the younger, told a history of thanks more potent than words. During this time the driver had joined them and gave the narrative of the mishap. Allured by the beauty of some wild flowers that grew upon the hill side, he had, at the command of the ladies, left the carriage to obtain them, and during his absence the horses had become restive, and taking the rein had darted away before he could prevent the disaster. When the carriage was in a fit state to proceed, Seaford, at the solicitation of the ladies, took a seat beside them in the vehicle, and thus the party arrived at home. Here he was introduced to Mr. Hanson by the eldest, and her account of his conduct was a sufficient welcome to a father whose daughter he had saved. Seaford was now introduced to the eldest as Miss Warden, and to the other as Miss Hanson, the daughter of his host. On taking his leave he was struck with the calm and quiet of the family manners.

Time went by and found Seaford a frequent guest at the mansion of Mr. Hanson. If he had been pleased with the daughter at first sight, it had been more than confirmed as the acquaintance progressed, until

"What was once but shadow, took
The light of summer skies."

And Henry Seaford became a new being. He

learned to live in the sympathies and regards of others, and not confine himself to the cold and chilling atmosphere of self and its gratification. His friends soon marked the change, and were not slow in attributing it to the right cause. Milne often would ask about the love of the fancy he had so eloquently discussed, but the answer told a tale of real affection, and not of the ideal. And what of Mary Hanson? was she in love? Sometimes, in the pleasure that beamed in the deep blue eye when they met, Seaford thought he might hope, and the repetition of the songs he had praised would make him dream of joy and happiness. But then the stream was so even, all was sunshine on its unruffled surface, no calms and tempests, no clouds and rainbows, that usually herald love's coming, were there. And he had studied woman from books, and did not know that there may be such a fulness of bliss as leaves the heart nothing to ask for from the future—such a calm and tranquil regard as leaves no hope unfulfilled, no dream without its perfection. A summer twilight seems to steal over the heart with its pure and untroubled images, giving to the affections its richest glow, and stamping on the freshness and virginity of the soul its own identity. And so it was with Mary Hanson. He was the preserver of her life, she was grateful. He was young and eloquent, and she had lingered by his side, and drank in the tones of his rich, manly voice, until the chain had been fastened upon her, link after link. And still she knew it not. So sweet and intoxicating had been the moments when he was at her side, and so full of bright and blissful dreams his absence, that she had never once thought of the cause, but gave herself up to the current. Sometimes, it is true, she would turn to the Album and muse over the ideal her fancy had conjured up, and then vague and indefinite longings would press upon her mind, and she would turn from the page with a sigh and still dream on.

Winter came and brought the long evenings and happy family circles to which Seaford was now a regular visitant. Julia was the same wild, laughing creature as ever, always gay and witty, and making herself the soul of the happy throng. Mary was not so full of mirth and gaiety, but her quiet, subdued manner told of her happiness. And Seaford. Oh! how he enjoyed those times. Before this Mary had seemed to him only the pure and truthful girl; but now he saw her in the retirement of the family circle, and felt the powers of her mind and her many fascinations.

A mild and starlight evening late in the season found Seaford, as usual, on the steps of Mr. Hanson's residence. The servant, on admitting him, gave him the apology of Miss Hanson for a

few moments absence, and ushered him into the parlor. He took a seat by the centre-table, and busied himself in turning over the leaves of the splendidly bound books lying there. At length his eye rested on one which instantly attracted his attention. He turned over its pages eagerly, and then closing the book he leaned his head upon his hand. Again he opened the page and was intent upon it, when Miss Hanson entered. A gesture drew her to his side, and pointing to the page, he seized her hand and exclaimed,

"Fool, dolt that I was not to feel there could not be two Mary's—but I do feel it now. And how have I worshipped that single image through all the long and weary days until I knew thee—and then my dreams seemed to take an earthly embodiment, and in loving the ideal I but loved thee. Say, dearest—for I must call thee that now—may I hope?"

"Hope—ah!—I am too happy now," was the sole answer of the blushing girl as she rested her head upon his breast, and listened to the tale of his love. And she told him all—how she had lived upon the mysterious sympathy that ever bound her to the "unknown," and often in the still watches of the night, forms of beauty would visit her pillow—in all of which one spoke of love and happiness.

And they were married. Years have passed since then, but still they are happy. Milne still remains a bachelor—and Fitz has invented a new mode of tying a cravat, to which, for many years he bent all the energies of his mighty mind. Julia Warden returned to her native place, where she was united to the man of her choice. Milne often takes occasion to lecture on the utility of Albums—but never once drops a hint about a "change of opinion."

A VALENTINE.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

LADY, I would not your good taste offend

With witless phrase, and senseless common places:

Nor, to your eye such nonsense would I send,

(Cupids, *à wit*, and fauns, and doves and graces,)

As, should I speak, and you attention lend

Would force a laugh outright upon our faces:

In good plain English, therefore, let me twine

A wreath of wishes for this Valentine.

Unto thy heart of innocence and peace

Hope opens joyously in life's young morning:

In Heaven's blessing may thy life ne'er cease,

To keep the promise of its radiant dawning:

As life's flow'rs fade, and as thy years increase,

May'st thou become by virtue's true adorning,

In age still beautiful, thy mission done

As glows in splendor the declining sun.

THE SQUALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REEFER OF '76."

WE were on the coast of Africa, and had somehow got into the midst of a British squadron, from which we saw no chance of escape. But our skipper, as brave a man as held a commission, resolved to carry on to the last. The wind was fresh, and a heavy frigate was about two miles astern, gaining on us so rapidly that we saw she would overtake us before nightfall, even if we should throw overboard the guns and saw the timbers. But this was not the worst aspect of our case. A corvette, whose single broadside could sink us, was coming up on our weather bow, and would soon be within cannon shot.

But so much had I been occupied, during the last few minutes and since the wind had freshened, in the excitement of our position, that I had not noticed the sudden change that was coming over the heavens until an exclamation from the lieutenant called my attention to it. When last I looked astern the sky was comparatively clear: now an intensely black cloud, spreading with inconceivable rapidity from a small speck in the horizon, had nearly covered the firmament. Then the frigate was distinctly visible with a pyramid of canvass rising on her hull; now all we could see of her were her naked spars, scarcely perceptible against the dusky back-ground, as she rose and fell uneasily upon the swell. The strange sails on the weather bow were lost in the darkness. A stifled, oppressive heaviness was in the air; mournful sounds, as those heard in a sick man's fevered dream, met the ear at intervals; the wind instead of coming in a steady gale, struck the sails now right and left in unquiet puffs, and in another instant, with ominous suddenness, died away, and there was a dead calm. Around as far as the eye could see, the waves were of a pitchy hue, like the fabled waters of the dead sea. The corvette was lying just within cannon shot, pitching heavily upon the long, troubled swell, her sails now belying out, and now thrown by the puffs flat against the mast. Before another second she too fell dead in the calm. The men looked at one another in dumb amazement, for often as they had been in the tropics, they had never seen so sudden a change in the sky.

"How's the barometer?" eagerly asked the captain, at once divining the cause of the calm.

"Falling fast," he was answered.

"We shall have a *white squall* then before long," he shouted in the thrilling silence, "make fast everything—lash and batten down—have all ready for a run! But surely the corvette's mad,"

he continued, as the distant ship, regardless of the omens around, opened her battery upon us, her guns reverberating awfully amid the supernatural darkness, and the red flashes shooting from her dark hull, like fire vomited from some sepulchral barque, and lighting up the gloom with an unearthly glare. Oh! it was a fearful sight to see man combatting, when the elements were lowering around him, and he knew not but in another hour, he would stand in the presence of his God.

"What can he mean?" exclaimed the captain, as the discharges leaped forth again and again from the corvette's side, lighting up her death-like hull, sails, and spars, and then leaving her almost imperceptible in the gathering gloom, "surely he sees the signs of the sky. He is an enemy, but God preserve him from his phrenzy!"

"The men are unquiet, sir," reported the midshipman forward, "they want to return the corvette's fire."

"No firing now, sir," said the captain, with startling energy, "lash down like lightning, we shall be too late, I fear, as it is—would we knew from what quarter to expect the squall."

Everything on board was now hurry and energy, all was made fast that could be, and our whole trim altered to fit us for the gale. Not a rag was left up. In five minutes we were rolling on the waters, with bare poles pitching to the horizon.

"There it comes!" suddenly said the captain, in a thrilling voice.

We looked, and lo! the clouds on the horizon, as if by magic, were lifted up, and a long line of sickly light was poured forth upon the waters; then came moaning, and rushing sounds striking fearfully upon the strained nerves in that terrible gloom; and anon, the wild roar of the hurricane was heard howling and shrieking along the sea, as it rushed over the flattened waters, and striking us well aft, bowed us a moment before it, and then sent us, bare as we were, swift as a thunderbolt before the wind—while the thick spray, swept like snow flakes from the waves, now covered us in its thick, dense mist, hiding every thing from our sight, and now flew wildly past us, as if borne on the wings of the spirit of the storm. We spoke not, we heard not, we scarcely saw, but each man grasping a rope, waited breathlessly till the first phrenzy of the hurricane should be spent.

It was an awful moment. In vain we strained our eyes around to catch a sight of our late enemy. Nothing met the eye but the gloomy heavens above, and the thick curtain of mist shrouding us in its folds; while from our course, we felt that we were careering on to the corvette, with a velocity which imagination can scarcely conceive. All at once we heard a boatswain's whistle shoot

out of the vapors ahead, and suddenly beheld a single tall spar of the corvette, towering above the gloom, which in another instant cracked and went over her side, as the mists momentarily subsided, and we saw that we were driving right upon her, powerless before the gale. We could do little, if anything, with the helm. The corvette, moreover, was a wreck, stripped of every thing, and broaching to, with the waters rolling like a cataract over her weather side, and her horror-struck crew hanging in affright in the shrouds, or wherever they could clutch a rope. It was an instant of breathless horror.

We came so near, bearing right down toward her quarter, that I could have jumped on board of her, and for one moment as we rushed upon her, I thought all was over. Wild, affrighted faces were seen upon our decks, looking in the sickly light, like ghastly spectres from the tomb, but not a voice was heard, nor a breath drawn as, with the silence of the dead, we were whirling against the ship, until the captain waived his arm with startling quickness, shouting,

"Hard up—h-a-a-r-d!"

The quarter-master jammed the helm, we quivered for a moment uncertainly, the next moment I knew not but I should be in eternity, when suddenly the corvette rolled with a heave away, we just grazed her, swept by, and before five minutes were out of sight. The last human sounds we heard from her, were the despairing cries of her crew, borne after us on the wings of the wind. When the gale had past its first intensity, and the mists that rose from the dense spray had partially subsided, we swept the horizon eagerly with our glasses, to see if we could behold any traces of our late antagonists. It was almost dark, and our vision was, therefore, limited, but though the frigate could be seen well nigh hull down upon the starboard quarter, no vestige of the ill-fated corvette was discernable even to the keenest sight. What her fate was God only knows!

THE CONFIDANTS.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

Two beauteous beings, like two sisters fair,
Whose feelings, thoughts and impulses are one;
How gladly would they all life's sorrows share,
And sleep together when the strife was done.
With lips half parted, and with eager eyes,
See one intent upon the blushing tale,
Which, whispered low and half concealed by sighs,
Scarce wakes a murmur on the passing gale.
Oh! if in time a change should come, the heart
Be bound to others by a dearer vow,
And distance, grief maintain your fates apart,
Still keep alive the love ye cherish now.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."

EMBROIDERY.

IN our article, in the January number, we gave directions for working the gobelin, cross, tent, double cross, straight cross, and double straight cross stitches of fancy needlework. We also added descriptions of the manner of working the Beaufort Star, the Victoria Pattern, and the Irish Diamond, three of the most beautiful patterns in embroidery. Presuming our fair reader to have now gained an insight into the elementary principles of her art, and to have the patterns we have mentioned before her, or others, we shall proceed with our instructions.

If you are about to work on canvass, procure four or five shades, and begin always with the darkest, softening gradually to a lighter tint until you have reached the lightest. When silk is to be introduced it is best to reserve it and work it last. In working Mosaic work cut the zephyr into short lengths; and if silk is to be employed select the finest floss, avoiding split silk. At every shade you must fasten off, and not pass from one shade to another, as in that case the fastenings would be seen on the right side, and the neatness and elegance of the work destroyed.

EMBROIDERY IN WOOL.—Large pieces of work, such as fire screens, divans, &c., are embroidered in wool. The work should be done in a frame, as only small patterns can be done well without one. You must be especially particular in shading. If you are working a flower, and the flower is small, two or three tints may answer; but in roses, and other large flowers, five shades are necessary. Always work the darker shades in the centre of the flower, and thence proceed, working in the lighter shades, until you reach the outline. In working leaves, on the contrary, you work in the lighter shades first, beginning at the point of the leaf, and veining with a darker shade: the neatest work is produced by working up each shade between the stitches of the preceding shade—this softens the blending. For leaves, three or at most four tints are sufficient. Always have your pattern correctly drawn on the material. You must be careful to bring the wool on the right side as near as possible to where it passes through, so that none may be seen on the wrong side, as this would cause trouble in drawing it, even after being taken from the frame. It is a good plan, when the work is finished, and while still in the frame, to moisten the back with a little isinglass water, and press it with a warm iron on the wrong side.

TRACING THE PATTERN.—Trace off the design on tracing paper, or, if none is at hand, on common tissue paper. Then pierce it through with a pierce, being cautious not to let the holes run into each other. Now lay this paper on the material you intend to work, and dust it with a pounce bag; you can, after this, easily trace the marks on the material with a black lead pencil, or, if the material is dark, you can take a camel's hair pencil and paint the meshes with a mixture of white-lead and gum-water. Even, on a light material, if you prefer it, you can paint with a mixture of stone-blue

and gum-water. Now, having everything prepared, you may proceed to grounding.

GROUNDING.—If you ground in dark colors your pattern should be worked in shades of a light and lively tint: if your ground is light, work in dark colors. For white grounding the canvass should be white: for dark grounding you must color your canvass with Indian ink. In all cases begin to ground from the centre and work outward, fastening off as you finish with each needlefull. Do not have all your threads of the same length, as the fastenings in this case will be apt to come together. If you work in tent-stitch, with single wool, your canvass ought not to have more than fourteen threads to an inch; and for every two square inches and a half you will require a skein of wool. If you work in cross-stitch, your canvass ought not to have more than twenty-two threads to an inch; and here a skein will cover two inches. If you work in tent-stitch, work straight, or your performance, when taken out of the frame, will be uneven. But if you work in cross-stitch, do so on the slant, working from right to left across the canvass and then back again: this makes neater work than if you cross each stitch as you proceed.

WORKING FIGURES.—Figures in embroidery usually have the best effect when worked in wool and silk, with a judicious mixture of gold and silver beads. The hair and drapery should be worked in cross-stitch, and the face, neck, and hands, in tent-stitch: work four of the latter for one of the former. Nearly the whole beauty of the work will depend on obtaining proper tints for the face, and you must be particularly careful, therefore, in selecting the right ones. The shades, in the face, must be very close: and the execution especially delicate. Do not venture on this part of your work until you have obtained proficiency by working on the other parts. Next to the face, the drapery requires the most care and skill. The shades here must be very distinct, especially in the folds of the dress. The lighter ones must be more distinct than the darker ones. Let the background be as subdued as possible in order that prominence may be given to the figure: this object will be best attained by working in the lighter shades in silk. Representations of water or of painted glass ought always to be worked in silk. The object of the fair artist should be to approximate as near as possible to the delicacy and richness of oil painting.

WORKING BERLIN PATTERNS.—The patterns purchased at the shops, you must bear in mind, are all drawn for tent-stitch, so that, if you wish to work in cross-stitch, and maintain the size of the pattern, you must count twenty stitches on the canvass for ten on the paper: and remember, if you retain the tent-stitch, a greater contrast of shade is required than for that done in cross-stitch. The best plan, is, if convenient, to procure your pattern, already colored, with the requisite shades of zephyr, from one of the shops in town. If this cannot be done you may exercise your taste in the selection of the shades and colors. It is quite an improvement to work the lighter parts of the flowers of Berlin patterns in silk: but never introduce it in the leaves. Always have your two darkest shades strong, and the others soft. In working Berlin patterns your canvass should have either ten or eighteen threads to the inch, according to the size of the work.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FROM the number of patterns forwarded to us this month we have selected four of the most beautiful.

FIG. I.—A CARRIAGE DRESS, composed of satin: the skirt made very full, with plain high body and sleeves. Mantelet of rich velvet, bordered all around with a trimming *piqué*, having a raised effect: the two ends of this mantelet fall very low in front. Bonnet of white silk, richly figured, trimmed with blush roses and lace.

FIG. II.—A BALL DRESS, of white *tarlatan* muslin, made low on the shoulders, and having short sleeves. The waist is pointed, and from it depends a long sash, the color to be determined by the taste of the wearer. The skirt, the top of the bodice, and the sleeves are prettily ornamented with wreaths, which may be varied to please the owner.

FIG. III.—A MORNING DRESS, composed of a *robe de chambre* of plaided cachemire of a pale sea green color, lined with lilac taffetas; this robe is gauged round the waist, and confined with a ceinture of taffetas the same color as the cachemire. Long, straight, loose sleeves, faced round the bottom with a broad row of green velvet. A deep flat collar of the same. Under-sleeves of white *batiste*, felled into a narrow, plain band of insertion round the wrists. Bonnet of white tulle; the two rows of white lace passing plain over the top of the forehead and the ears, where the lace is divided by narrow leaves of straw-colored *areophane*; the top row headed with small pink shaded roses, placed at distances.

FIG. IV.—AN EVENING DRESS of rich figured silk: half high on the shoulders: deep cuffs at the wrist, which just show the muslin sleeve underneath. With this costume, which is adapted either to the mornings or evenings spent at home, is worn a pretty head dress, somewhat similar to that of No. 3.

Besides these detailed descriptions we have a few general remarks to make on the newest fashions, and one or two patterns of walking dresses to give.

BONNETS.—There is no important change in these since our last. Those which are most admired are in velvet of two colors, such as those in pale violet, lined with citron color and ornamented with bunches of twisted marabouts: the interior decorated with *des oreilles d'ours*, interspersed with roses. Some bonnets are made rather shorter in the sides, while the back part is slightly raised. Ribbons have mostly supplanted flowers in decorating the interior of the bonnet: and elegant large veils are, in London, all the rage. In Paris a very fashionable *demi capote* is made of black lace lined with pink, and trimmed with black marabouts trimmed with pink: it is finished around the brim with a half veil of rich lace, of a very open pattern. Sometimes the hats are composed of white *crêpe*, in which case, if decorated with a long *panache* of white marabouts, they are very pretty.

BALL DRESSES.—In this style of dress there is, perhaps, more room for the fancy of the wearer than in any other style. Dresses, in three jupes, retain their favor: they are very pretty when each skirt is bordered with a triple embroidery, such as those of the *arachnée* gauze, *brodés* in colored silk and gold upon a white ground, and others in tulle, upon which are placed

flowers formed of *dots* of lace, each being encircled with a light silver thread, producing an effect somewhat resembling that of silver lace, and which is really beautiful when worn over a skirt of pale pink or blue. Those of the *tarlatan* muslin retain all their favor; they are generally embroidered in a stripe or wreath, embroidered in silk to imitate gold. The corsage green, and open single skirt, also *à la grecque*. In Paris the Grecian form is all the rage. A very splendid dress was to appear there, composed of white satin; the corsage *à point*, lappets of white blonde, in the form of waving *nœuds*, were placed on the front of the *jupon*, and in the centre of each *nœud* was placed a bunch of white roses; the upper *nœud* attaching the *mantille* of blonde which encircled the top of the corsage, and decorated the sleeves.

DINNER DRESSES.—Rich satins and velvets are now worn at dinner parties. A very pretty style is in pink, striped with bouquets of velvet *en relief*. This has a very pretty effect when the corsage is made *à draperie*.

CLOAKS.—These are in every style. Some of the prettiest are made in lilac satin, rounded on each side of the front, and edged all round with a broad band of fur; the back part of this cloak is made plain at the top, but the front is slightly felled on the top of the shoulders, where it is decorated with three large silk buttons. A band of fur, the same as that which edged the cloak, is placed under the third button, descending the whole length of the cloak to the edge, and covering the arm holes; five buttons are placed at distances upon this band; the top of the cloak is finished with a small fur collar, fastened in front with two broad strings of ribbon velvet, having tassels at the end of each. Another very magnificent cloak is a short one of royal purple velvet, lined with light crimson colored satin: this cloak has a small square cape, and loose sleeves attached to the arm holes: the whole surrounded with a rouleau of sable fur. But the most elegant affair of the season is a dress *Polonoise* of rich plum-colored velvet, the body being tight to the figure; the skirt is short and full, and is surrounded by a broad trimming of light sable; the cape is round at the back, and falls a little below the waist, covering the elbows, and then gradually slanting to the throat; the sleeves are exceedingly wide, and trimmed with fur, as is also the cape; the collar is of fur, the corners square in the front, it is cut rather pointed behind. This most elegant costume is lined throughout with amber satin, wadded and quilted.

CAPS.—The latest novelty is what is called in Paris the *Coiffure Fjelsted*, being a pretty little coquettish turban, without any crown, made in lace, and lined with pink gauze. This turban should be always of a middling size. Another, and one of a more distinguished character, is a little cap, called *à la Berthe*, made in black, green, or *grenat* velvet, embroidered in the same colored silk, and forming a kind of small lappet, which passes over the top of the head, falling on each side of the neck, the ends being terminated with a handsome fringe. The lining of this lappet is either of pink or cerise satin, giving a beautiful tinge to the countenance. This style of head dress is also worn for full dress, when composed of *point de Venise*, or *filé rayé*, alternate gold and silk.

FURS.—These are very fashionable.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Conquest of Mexico. By W. H. Prescott. 3 vols. Harper & Brothers, 1843.

THIS long expected work is now before the public, and equals, if it does not surpass the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," by the same writer. No history has appeared in our day so fascinating to the general reader or so valuable to the student. The air of romance that hangs around the theme, and the graceful manner in which the story is narrated, fasten the attention so completely as to disarm criticism on a first perusal, and it is only on a review of the volumes that the few faults of the author appear. Then we perceive that the style is sometimes turgid, the diction careless, and the charity of the historian too great. But we also perceive that he is the first writer who, in the course of three centuries, has thoroughly studied this subject, and that his conclusions, with one or two exceptions, are accurate and well digested. In a word this history of the Conquest is as much superior to Robertson's as that is to Solis's, or as Solis's is to the compendium in Constable's Miscellany.

The merit justly due to Mr. Prescott cannot be apprehended without understanding the difficulties under which he began this work. At that time there were but three histories extant of the Conquest of Mexico. The first in merit of these was that of Robertson, a meagre and shallow affair, whose elegant style could not redeem its mistakes. The second was the great history of Solis, which, though popular in Spain on account of its style, cannot be relied on, as the author takes hearsay for credible testimony, and quotes continually at second hand. To foreigners, moreover, the style appears bombastic. The remaining work was a compendium in Constable's Miscellany, stolen at wholesale from Robertson.

There were, however, in the Spanish tongue, and in Latin manuscripts of the sixteenth century, many accounts of the conquest, chiefly cotemporary, or written in the succeeding age, some of which had long been known to the learned, while others have been disinterred, mouldering, from old libraries, by Munoz and other Spanish scholars of our day. But to pass through these narratives was like listening to the confused tongues at Babel. No two writers agreed on every point: many contradicted each other on all. Each one wrote according to his prejudices and means of information, and, as all were cotemporaries of the conquest, or derived their facts from cotemporaries, no one was to be wholly depended on; for it is only in succeeding times, when the differing authorities can be collated with each other, and a comprehensive view taken of all, that an impartial story is to be expected. Cotemporaries give the best picture of the *spirit* of an age: it is reserved for posterity to judge between the *histories* of opposing partizans—between the scholars on the one hand and the men of the world on the other who sit down to write of their times.

As no one had yet thoroughly sifted this mass of testimony, Mr. Prescott had an arduous labor before him. So far as our own researches enable us to judge, he has executed the task with general impartiality.

The credit he has given to the newly discovered works of Ixtlilxochitl and Sahagun, we do not think misplaced. On the despatches of Cortez he places a just value. The manner in which he holds his course between Las Casas and Martyr, Torquemada, Diaz and Oveida, now adopting the story of one and now following the narrative of the other, and always giving his reasons for the preference, merits high praise. Not the least valuable portion of the book are the biographies of the various authors he has consulted, attached to the chapters in the first and second volume.

We have said that Mr. Prescott is generally impartial. But we think he is too charitable to the vices and crimes of the Conqueror and of his associates. We are inclined to allow much for the defective morality of that day: to admit that the cruelties practised on the Mexicans were not greater than the cruelties inflicted on the Huguenots. But there is this difference. The Mexicans received the Spaniards in amity and asked only to be left unmolested in their religion, while the Huguenots made war on the creed, the hierarchy, and all that was held dear by the Catholics. There is no parallel, except in baseness, between the massacre of Alvarado and the massacre of St. Bartholomew. To our mind, the torture and execution of Gautemoxin are acts for which there is no palliation, unless the lust of gold and conquest may excuse murder.

But we have not the room to discuss this subject as it deserves. Mr. Prescott condemns these atrocities, we admit; but he does not do it with the hearty indignation we could wish to see. His hero, it is evident, is a favorite.

With these few remarks we take leave of this valuable work, regretting our want of space to speak of it at greater length. Its faults are few and chiefly minor; while its merits are many and great.

The typography of the volumes is very fine, and we notice only three or four errors of the press.

Poems. By James Russell Lowell. 1 vol. Cambridge, John Owen, 1844.

It is now three years since Mr. Lowell made his public advent, in a volume of poems, entitled "A Year's Life," which at once gave him a position among the first poets of the land; for, notwithstanding some affectation and more carelessness, he evinced a genius so high, a perception of the beautiful so delicate, an ear for melody so exquisite, and a feeling of brotherhood to all mankind so ennobling, that, by general consent, he was regarded, by impartial critics, as having already asserted his claim to a distinguished rank, while bidding fair, in time, to rise to a still loftier station. This second volume has not disappointed the expectations of his friends. The first and longest poem in the volume is entitled "A Legend of Brittany." The remainder of the collection is made up of fugitive pieces, most of which have been published in the periodicals of the day. But they appear now in a revised form; and having generally been hastily composed, some of them were susceptible of great improvement. We may instance, among others, "The Poet's Dirge," now one of the most beautiful poems in the volume, but which, in

its original shape, was disfigured by verses totally out of keeping with the character of the piece. Mr. Lowell owed it to his fame to give us corrected copies of his poems; and we are glad for his sake as well as for that of the public that he has done so. In their present forms these poems possess very high merit, and will, with candid critics, win all the fame that the author can ask. We have not time, this month, to speak of the volume as we ought; but in our March number we shall, probably, have a paper on Lowell, in which we shall endeavor to do justice to his genius.

Harper's Illuminated and New Pictorial Bible—No. I.

This is a splendid number of an illuminated edition of the Bible, to be published in fifty numbers at twenty-five cents each—the numbers to appear at intervals of a fortnight. The engravings are on wood and are printed with the text; but their execution is so fine that they have the appearance of copper-plate impressions. We have never seen a better specimen of American typography than this number affords. The magnificent scale on which this edition is projected may be judged from the fact that thirty thousand dollars and the labor of ten years have been invested by Mr. Adams in the engravings; the whole capital embarked in the enterprise is eighty thousand dollars. When completed, this will be the most elegant edition of the Bible ever published.

The Various Writings of Cornelius Matthews. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers, 1843.

Here we have the writings of the author of Puffer Hopkins, complete. They embrace "The Motley Book," "Behemoth," "The Politicians," "Poems on Man in the Republic," "Wakondah," "Puffer Hopkins," "Miscellanies," "Selections from Arcturus," and "International Copyright." Of these we are best pleased with portions of "Puffer Hopkins," and of "The Motley Book." We have, at various times, spoken of most of Mr. Matthew's productions at some length; and we need not now repeat our general tribute to the variety of his style and the merit of most of his compositions.

The Writings of Jane Taylor. 1 vol. Saxton & Miles, New York, 1843.

Beautiful exceedingly are the writings of Jane Taylor, and long have they been dear to our heart. We are glad, therefore, to welcome them in this elegant edition, whose typography and binding are both creditable to the publishers.

Poems. By Bernard Barton. 1 vol. Henry F. Annens, Philada., 1844.

Mr. Barton is generally known by the name of "The Quaker Poet." Many of his verses are pleasant; and the present edition of them will be acceptable to his admirers.

The Young Student, or Ralph and Victor. B. Madame Guizot. From the French, by S. Jackson G. S. Appleton, Philada., 1843.

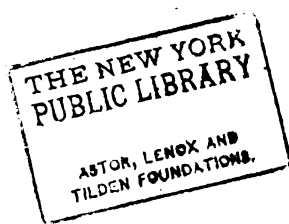
When this work appeared in Paris the French Academy pronounced the high eulogium on it, that no book so favorable to morals, had been published in France during the year. The story is admirably told: the characters of Ralph, Victor and Clementina should be study for all in similar situations. We know not where we have read a more fascinating book.

OUR TABLE.—The season is fruitful of new publications. W. D. Ticknor, Boston, has issued in one volume, 8 vo., "Rimini and other poems," by Leigh Hunt. J. Moore & Co., Boston, have given to the public a second edition of that delightful book of Mr. Sigourney, "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands," with several new articles not in the first edition. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada., have put forth a volume of poems, elegantly got up, entitled "Introits, or Anticomunions psalms for Sundays and Holidays." Harper & Brothers, New York, continue their serial publications: among these are "Gibbon's Decline and Fall," "Neal's History of the Puritans," and "McCulloch's Universal Gazetteer." E. H. Butler, Philadelphia, has sent us the tenth number of "Frost's Pictorial United States," the letter-press and engravings of which continue to be meritorious. Carey & Hart have issued "Tom Burke of 'Ours,'" in one volume: they are still publishing "The Farmer's Encyclopedia." George S. Appleton, Philada., has "Simcoe's Military Journal," a work that ought to be consulted by all who wish to obtain an idea of the sentiments and characters of the Tories during the American Revolution. The same publisher has also "The Minister's Family," by Mrs. Ellis, being the twenty-ninth of the "Tales for the People and their Children." J. M. Campbell & Co. Philadelphia, continue the publication of the "Foreign Semi-Monthly Magazine," which improves with every succeeding number. The house of Lea & Blanchard Philadelphia, is chiefly occupied in the publication of Medical Works. A. J. Rockafellar, Philadelphia, has published "Wilfred Lovel," a story of New York in the early colonial times, by J. H. Mancur.

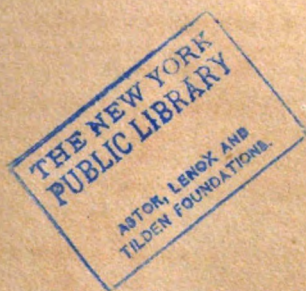
OUR MOSS ROSE.

This costly and beautiful embellishment was drawn by E. Pinkerton and colored by W. Byrnes, after nature. In the opinion of those to whom it has been shown, it is the most delicate embellishment that has ever appeared in a magazine. A few years ago such an illustration as this, in a two dollar periodical, would have been thought wonderful: and even now, we believe it will not soon be equalled. The colors, it will be seen, are not printed, but each flower is painted with the pencil.

The fashion plate is, if possible, even handsomer than the one in January; while "The Confidants" is one of Dick's best engravings.









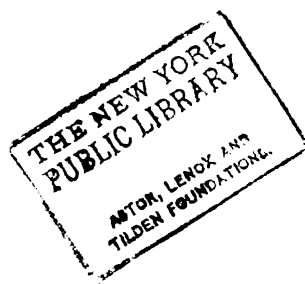
Engraved by W. H. Stiles from the original painting.

Engraved expressly for the Ladies' Bazaar, 1840.



Engraved expressly for the Ladies National Magazine





LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA: MARCH, 1844.

No 3.

THE POET'S METAMORPHOSIS.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

Gifted and worshipped one! Genius and grace
Play in each motion and beam in thy face!

SHE was just your ideal, dear reader, of all that is noble and lovely in woman; with wealth, beauty and goodness for her dower, she might have chosen a husband from the very élite of the land, yet she folded up that blossom of purity and truth, her heart, from the gay and bold insects, bees, wasps and butterflies, that sought its treasures and turned away "in maiden meditation" still. But she shut up within it one image—the image of a singing bird, that had often hovered round but never yet dared to alight. This bird was a poet, deaf, ugly, lame and poor, although Grace Carroll blindly persisted in thinking and declaring him rich, handsome, graceful, in spite of his red hair and sallow complexion, in spite of his halting walk, in spite of his shabby coat; yes, in defiance of friend and foe, in the very face of fact, handsome, rich and graceful he was, and should remain!

"But, Grace, his face is not handsome surely," said her friend Madeline.

"It is 'the divine beauty of his *soul*,' I see."

"He is not *graceful*, at any rate."

"Yes, Madeline, his looks, his tones, his actions, his words are all graceful and tasteful to me."

"Not *rich* then?—you cannot make him rich!"

"Now, Madeline, for shame! What call you wealth?"

"Is he rich, Grace?"

"Yes, rich and noble too: why he has genius, a king would drain his realm to buy."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Genius and honor—hope, truth, love! A heaven in his heart, an empire in his mind. What is your gold but dross to these?"

"But then—of such low birth."

"Low?—with the noblest!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Give him a patent of nobility and be done with it—do."

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"He has it now—I've read it."

"What!—where?"

"In his eyes, Madeline, and on his noble brow—'t was writ in heaven. You smile—but I tell you that a single word of praise or blame from that high-hearted being would affect me more than the applause or censure of a whole world beside."

"Grace! are you possessed?"

"Yes, *self*-possessed, Madeline, as yet, thank heaven! So pray don't imagine me *in love* with Horace Herbert."

"Well, you can't deny that he's *deaf* as a post sometimes."

"I'm glad he is. Deaf to all the idle, heartless, noisy buzzing of this frivolous and wearisome world, whose clatter might otherwise drown the music to which his soul still listens."

"And what is that?"

"The voice of God! the voice of divine love! the melody of heaven, which he echoes in his beautiful songs."

They were standing, Madeline and Grace, near a curtained window apart from the other guests at Mrs. Harvey's—and neither dreamed that they were overheard; but behind that curtain was a young man, who had apparently just entered from the garden through the open window. Too agitated—too deeply absorbed in the conversation to think of avoiding the part of a listener, he had stood trembling till it was over, and then, instead of re-entering the room, he rushed once more into the open air to give free vent to the passionate emotions of his soul.

"Thank God! thank God!" he cried, in a voice half choked by feeling, and tears uncontrollable rushed to his eyes as he spoke. "Thank God, she knows me—she sees me as I am—no, not as I am, but as I might, as I ought to be. She looks into my soul, 'thro' the rose-colored glass' of her own divine imagination, it is true; but I am more worthy of her praise and love than of the ill-concealed aversion of those around her. Blessings on the beautiful—the noble girl! What a lofty and luminous soul lighted up her face as she spoke—and I have deceived even her—but oh!

what a triumph to know that it is my genius, my mind, my heart she loves. 'Loves!' ah, no, she denied that she loved me. Perhaps—but there is yet hope! She will, she must, she shall," and with a proud and dignified mien, which, in spite of his limp, impressed almost all who beheld him with a sense of his superiority, he re-entered the brilliant drawing-room of Mrs. Harvey, and stood with folded arms apart, gazing upon the object of his long concealed affection, until she caught his gaze, and blushed beneath it as she never blushed for others.

"Oh, Mr. Herbert, you must come and sing for us. You must, indeed—one of your own songs, won't you?" And a bevy of beautiful and high-born girls approached him.

There was no reply; Herbert stood perfectly unmoved. "You forget he is deaf," said Mrs. Harvey, and she wrote their request on a tablet.

"Pardon me, ladies, I am not in the mood just now; my mind is out of tune—and you know how I frightened you the other day with my terrible discord, because I sang when I didn't want to." The young ladies looked disappointed. "Oh, Grace, *you* ask him. He always does what *you* wish."

Horace could always hear Grace Carroll's voice, that is if it was *very near him*; and yet she never raised her tone; perhaps it was on that very account—her voice was peculiarly clear and soft, and it seemed to reach his soul instead of his ear. And now she stole timidly to his side and put her sweet mouth close to his face. How his heart beat.

"Do sing for us, Mr. Herbert—just one song."

Herbert did not turn—he could not—that tone always roused in his soul an emotion he dared not betray; but he obeyed at once the spell of his enchantress, and sang in a rich, mellow, manly voice—while his dark face lighted up into almost inspired beauty, the following impromptu verses:

Speak no more! I dare not hear thee!
Every word and tone divine
All too fatally endear thee,
To this daring soul of mine.

Smile no more! I must not see thee!
Every smile's a golden net:—
Heart entangled! what can free thee?
What can soothe thy wild regret.

Speak again! smile on forever!
Let me in that music live;
Let me in that light endeavor
To forget the grief they give.

Thrill my soul with voice and look, love,
Like the harp-tone in the air,
Like the starlight in the brook, love,
They will still live treasured there.

As he finished Horace bent his dark eye earnestly on the fair and drooping face of Grace Carroll, and again it crimsoned as she felt the look.

CHAPTER II.

I GIVE thee, maiden, faith and love,
The richest gifts that be.
* * * * *
I'll serve thee in the noblest way
Inglorious man can finde,
And struggle for a conqueror's sway
Upon the field of minde.
* * * * *
And tho' no prowde ones thronge thy gate,
Nor mean ones courte thy viewe,
Thou shalt have reverence from the greate,
And honor from the true. J. M. H.

OUR hero only a short time previous to the scene related in the last chapter, had suddenly appeared in the fashionable circles of B——, introduced by some one, it was believed; but by whom or how, or whence he came, the gossips of the clique declared they could not imagine. Every one was interested in him: how could they help it? He was so peculiar, such a bundle of contradictions! Giving evidence at times in his writings and conversation of a lofty and brilliant genius, he was generally reserved, silent, haughty, "incomeatable," if I may borrow a word from a light friend of mine. Shabby in apparel and lame, there was, nevertheless, a certain nobleness, dignity and grace in his mien and address, which some few in the circle could discern and appreciate.

His hair and whiskers of a fiery red, contrasted strangely with his superb eyes, intensely beautiful in depth and hue, and full of eloquence in expression. His face was one of those which light up in emotions of joy, anger, or love, all the more gloriously from being usually cold, still and dark. It was generally supposed that he was of low, or at least obscure birth; but however that might be, his sentiments, deportment and language were always elevated and refined. At any rate, in spite of his red hair, his eccentricity, his poverty, his defect of hearing, his limp and his reserve, Horace Herbert was a very fascinating person to those he chose to fascinate.

The Carrolls happened to be boarding that winter at the same hotel with him, and they had thus become intimate.

One rainy morning, just after breakfast, when the ladies' drawing-room was more than usually crowded, Herbert had seated himself on a sofa near Grace, who was netting, rather apart from the rest of the company, and taken up a newspaper. Encouraged by her kindness, and the subdued softness of her manner toward himself, to hope for at least indulgence, if not return to his love, he had been wishing for several days

to converse with her in private; but she was generally so surrounded by friends that it was impossible, and even now it would not do to whisper, for that would attract attention and subject her to remark.

"Won't you read me the news, Mr. Herbert?" said Grace, leaning toward him, that he might hear—"there is no one near enough to be disturbed by it." This was just what he wanted, and he gravely began, commencing every sentence with one of the items common to newspapers, and finishing it in his own way, preserving the same monotonous and quiet tone throughout.

"*An alarm of fire was given last night about nine o'clock*—I beg you will listen to me calmly for a few moments, Miss Carroll—go on with your netting; no one will notice that I am not reading from the paper all the time."

Grace could not repress a laugh at this novel mode of conversing, and the three watchful maiden gossips on the opposite sofa could not imagine what there could be so very amusing in an alarm of fire. Herbert went calmly on.

"*Lost on Saturday morning*—I cannot endure this state of suspense any longer."

This time Grace blushed. "Well!" said one gossip to another, "any one would think it was her heart or his that was lost from the way she colors about it!"

"*Any one leaving it at this office*—I am obliged to leave town to-morrow for a few weeks."

And now tears stood in the dark and lovely eyes of the listener, as she raised them for a moment to his and dropped them again to her work.

"What in the world does *that* mean?" wondered the puzzled old maids, "crying because a reward is offered! I don't understand it at all."

"*We regret to announce the death of the Hon.*—I shall have no other chance to speak to you before I leave, or I would not enter upon so serious a subject in this apparently trifling way. You must have been aware, long ere this, of my devoted attachment."

A smile so radiant, so extatic illumined the face of Grace Carroll at this moment, that the gossips almost started from their seats in a fidget of surprise and curiosity. Rejoicing as she evidently did over the announcement of a death! Had the deceased left her a legacy? What a heartless creature she must be.

Herbert's voice began to falter—"We are gratified in being able to state—oh, Grace! I cannot go on—not here—not now! How dare I hope for such a blessing as your love? But do not—do not quite condemn me for my presumption! Without the advantages of wealth, rank, beauty, or—"

"Nay!" said Grace aloud, looking half in play, half in earnest over his shoulder—"I am sure, Mr. Herbert, you are not reading that sentence rightly—let me finish it myself"—and she began the paragraph again in a low, but distinct voice—"We are gratified in being able to state that—you must not go till I have seen you again. Believe me your love is appreciated—valued, returned. Would that you read my heart instead of the paper. But here are some verses you must read to me, Mr. Herbert," and she drew back blushing from his side.

"Is this the poem I must read?—oh, it is an old song of Moore's, I see."

"Tell her oh! tell her the lute she left lying
Beneath the green willow, is still lying there!—
Grace! all my soul is with gratitude sighing,
While your soft whisper replies to my prayer!"

"Tell her, oh! tell her, the tree that is growing,
Beside the green arbor she playfully set!—
Little those maidens, tho' wondrously knowing,
Dream of the news I am telling thee yet!"

"So while away from that arbor forsaken,
The maiden is wandering—oh! let her be!—
Meet me to-morrow when first you awaken,
Here, and meanwhile take my blessing with thee!"

"That is a touching and beautiful poem, Mr. Herbert—the last lines have found an echo in my heart; but I must bid you good morning now," and Grace Carroll, with her fair cheek flushed, and her lip trembling with subdued emotion, glided from the room.

"What does it mean? What does it mean?" murmured all three of the gossips in a breath—"how she colored—an echo in her heart! Let us look at the song, Mr. Herbert," some of them said, speaking aloud, "be so good as to lend me the paper a moment. I want to see what the play is."

"What the *by-play* is, you mean," said Herbert to himself; but at the same time he looked as if he had not the most distant idea that he had been spoken to.

"Dear! I forgot he was deaf! How stupid the man is!" She rose, and with a significant look laid her hand upon the paper, which Horace immediately resigned. They turned eagerly to the last verse of the song—

"True as the lute that no sighing can waken,
And blooming forever unchanged as the tree!"

"an echo in her heart! does she mean that *her* bloom will last forever, and that his sighing can never affect her? Well! did you ever? such vanity! Oh! that's it undoubtedly."

CHAPTER III.

"I give thee all I can no more,
Tho' poor the offering be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee!"

THE next morning before breakfast Grace entered the drawing-room with a beating heart. A young man, a stranger, occupied a sofa near the fire, from which he courteously rose as she came in. Grace thought she had never seen so handsome and distinguished-looking a man. He made a singular impression upon her mind, for which she knew not how to account. His carriage was noble and easy—a pale complexion, intellectually pale, set off to advantage his hair of glossy black, and eyes of the same deep hue, glistening with the fire of genius and feeling. Grace had naturally a passionate love of the beautiful in all its varieties, and this person's beauty was of so high an order, so classic and so noble, that it fascinated her in spite of herself. Besides it seemed to her that they must have met before, though where she could not imagine. After pacing the room for a moment or two, he went out, and immediately afterward Horace entered, and with only half a sigh at the contrast, Grace soon forgot the handsome stranger, in listening to the eloquent outpourings of his generous and pure soul; but while frankly owning a return to his affection, the happy and agitated girl overlooked the probability of her friends objecting to his poverty and his obscure origin; and when she did remember this, it was with some trepidation that she referred him to her father, and bade him "good bye" for the present.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT Herbert had more than satisfied Mr. Carroll was very evident, from the earnest manner in which the latter congratulated his daughter upon the subject,—and when Horace returned from his journey the wedding took place quietly, without any of the untasteful parade usual on such occasions.

Grace was very happy. She had but one trouble—the image of the handsome stranger would every now and then force itself upon her mind. It was very wrong, very improper, she said to herself, to bestow a thought of the kind upon any one but her noble, her devoted husband; but how was she to help it, poor child! when that husband himself by something indefinable either in manner or expression hourly recalled the image? And she found herself involuntarily constantly comparing the two;—"Horace would be handsome—he would resemble him, if he had only black hair instead of red! I must confess my folly to my husband—I shall

not be happy till I do, and when I have once relieved my mind by owning it, perhaps I shall forget that singular person," and so one morning about six weeks after the wedding poor Grace confessed to Herbert that she feared she did not love him as he ought. He did not look quite as miserable as she had imagined he would at this terrible announcement; but merely saying, "then it is high time I should bid you good morning, walked quietly out of the room."

In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Harvey, Madeline, and a few other intimate friends came in. Horace had not returned, and Grace was restless and disturbed. All at once, as she was adjusting a braid at the mirror, she saw—could it be—yes! in the very centre of the room, conversing with her father, and apparently perfectly at ease, the very person whose appearance had so strangely infatuated her fancy! As she turned from the glass he approached her and raised her hand to his lips, ere she was aware of his purpose. Grace was confounded, indignant.

"Sir!" said she with dignity, "your unasked intrusion here and this unwarrantable insolence must be explained to my husband." Mr. Carroll laughed, and the rest of the company opened their eyes.

"Madam," said the new guest, with a saucy smile, and the voice was strangely familiar, "you are tired of your husband's red hair. Does mine suit you?"

More and more amazed, Mrs. Herbert turned impatiently to her father. He was laughing heartily—and Grace echoed the laugh; for as she turned she faced the glass again, and saw the stranger hastily adjusting over his dark and curling locks the stiff red wig and whiskers of Horace Herbert himself! The amazed company joined in the merriment occasioned by this sudden metamorphosis, and Grace snatching the false hair playfully from him, threw it into the corner of the room.

"And the limp, Horace? Was that also a ruse?"

"A poetical license, Grace."

"And the deafness, too?"

"Ah! let me still be deaf to all but you, sweet wife!"

SWEET notes, to all but him unspoken,

Attuned to bliss a poet's thought;

He grasped the lyre, the strings were broken,
And silence hid the strain he sought.

A longing heart would fain have given

A nobler life to mortal things;

But found that earth will not be heaven,
Nor lyres resound without the strings.

STERLING.

WOMAN'S HEART.

BY MISS MARY L. LAWSON.

Why ask with smiles "can woman love?"
 Draw near and I will whisper thee
 The very saints that dwell in Heaven
 Have not more truth and constancy,
 If once love springs within her breast
 It knows no change of time or space,
 No after feeling of the soul
 The dear remembrance can erase.

And still she loves and hopes 'till death,
 And asks no other joy beside,
 Tho' danger wait on every step
 She lingers near her lover's side;
 When grieved or sad, with gentle words
 She cheers him on with hopes of fame;
 When ruin bows him to the earth
 She fondly shares his blighted name.

With patient meekness she endures
 Each change of soul what e'er it be,
 Tho' he is harsh, she sheds no tear,
 Save o'er his slight or perfidy;
 And if her heart is valued not
 The fearful knowledge comes too late,
 She hides her love with quiet pride,
 Alas! she cannot learn to hate.

"And where this earnest love's reward?"
 Ah! only where it gained its birth,
 For trembling fears and doubtful bliss
 Is all it ever wins on earth;
 But when life's fevered dream is past,
 Still lives the truth her bosom bore,
 An angel with her God above
 She guards her love forever more.

POETRY.

BY S. WALLACE CONE.

NATURE'S all poetry: her outward show,
 Soft whispering vales and smoothly swelling hills,
 Bright birds, and flowers like foot-prints left below
 By angel's feet when sent to heal our ills;
 The gentlest zephyr and the bubbling rills,—
 These all are parts of that immortal strain,
 Which from the birth of time till now distills
 Its music deep and wondrous, and again
 Binds a lost earth to heaven by an eternal strain.

The soul of poetry is that clear light
 Which from the throne of the eternal God
 Shines forth unchanged by years, forever bright,
 To gild the universe he spread abroad:
 Which, e'en in spirits clogged with earth's dull clod,
 Creates the feeling of the beautiful,
 Bears the rapt soul up where no step has trod,
 Blunts sorrow's sting, pain's wildest throes can lull,
 And gives to mortal grasp such flowers as angels cull.

7*

WHICH IS THE HAPPIER?

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

By a cheerful fire, in a neat little parlor, one cold evening in December, sat two young girls. One was a gentle creature, with soft blue eyes, and a profusion of golden curls; a clear, fair complexion, and a sweet expression playing ever in dimpled beauty around her fresh, red lips. She was busily sewing some firm cloth, apparently into a garment for children. Her sister, a stately girl of majestic presence, with a full black eye, and her jetty hair combed smoothly over her ivory temples, was quite absorbed in the contents of a book which lay open on the table before her. The gentler sister was named Eleanor, the other Isabel. They were the only children of a wealthy farmer. Their excellent mother had initiated them into the mysteries of housekeeping, including all the business of the dairy, and notwithstanding they were highly educated, and performed excellently on the harp and piano, she still required their assistance in all household business and kept no servant.

At length Isabel, having perused the last leaf of her book, looked up and exclaimed,

"Excellent! This story ends delightfully."

"I am glad you have finished it," said Eleanor, "for we must not disappoint the little Mays of their Christmas gifts. I am afraid we shall hardly find time to finish all the garments."

"I do wish," cried Isabel, "that there were not so many poor people, or else that mother did not think it incumbent on her to provide for them all. I have heard that Mrs. May was a beautiful and high bred girl, and might have been the wife of Mr. Andrus but for her foolish attachment to Mr. May, and now she is suffering the consequences of her folly. I am sure I cannot pity her."

"You speak harshly, Isabel, you are aware that Mr. May was doing very well until the destruction of his property by fire, and the subsequent sickness of himself and his family. And then what woman with a soul could live with Mr. Andrus? I would not marry such a man if he were emperor of the world."

"I dare say not," said Isabel, with the prettiest sneer imaginable; "you will marry for love undoubtedly."

"I hope I shall," replied Eleanor; "that is if I ever marry at all. But I can never love one who does not possess estimable and loveable qualities."

"Ah, sis," cried Isabel, "you may be sadly deceived with regard to mental *qualities*. I shall look for something more tangible. There is no deception in gold and silver."

"But, Isabel, how often does fortune desert her worshippers, while worth and goodness are eternal, and very frequently rise to wealth and worldly honors."

"Yes, I grant it all, Eleanor, but what avail wealth and honor to those who have worn themselves out in pursuit of them? When youth, health and beauty are gone, what shall we do with riches? This wasting of youth in winning wealth for old age is very much like selling your teeth to purchase a banquet, and then sitting down to gloat over it with your eyes. I want to live while I am able to enjoy life."

"There are different modes of enjoying life, dear Isabel. I believe I could be happy with a bare sufficiency."

"Well, Eleanor, I dare say you will make the trial, and I wish you all joy of your 'love in a cottage.' I shall look higher."

We will now pass over twenty years and return to seek after the destinies of our fair sister. We will make our first inquiry at this elegant house which is so tastefully surrounded by young fruit trees and blossoming shrubs, where everything wears the appearance of happiness and content. This is the home of the meek hearted Eleanor. She is now at forty, fresh, blooming and active as a girl. Good health and its sweet companion, cheerfulness, render her the worshipped centre of her family and friends. She had married as she said she would, a young man of amiable temper and excellent qualities. He was a mechanic, and perfectly master of the trade for which he cheerfully served a long apprenticeship. He married soon after he commenced business for himself, and still continues to work, although he has grown rich. Yet he has never debarred himself of the intellectual enjoyments of society, books, and the evening fireside at home, and it is evident that Eleanor has never known weariness or sorrow, and is now as fully alive to all rational enjoyment as when she sat in her girlhood by her father's hearth. Two lovely daughters are the Hours of her little paradise; and three noble boys came home from school at evening to gladden her heart with their roguish glee and filial affection. She is beloved by all that knew her. The rich honor, and the poor bless her; she has not an enemy on earth, and is at peace with heaven. With can she ask more?

But where is the queenly Isabel? Is she also happy in her heart's choice? Have patience, and I will tell you.

At a village fête she met a rich man's son from a neighboring city, who had been highly educated and initiated into all the mysteries of science, and had frequented the most refined circles of the most refined society. He was entranced and

captivated by the queenly beauty and proud bearing of a village maiden. Isabel knew well how to secure her conquest, for she was artful as well as insinuating; and when the nuptial day was fixed, and her engagement with Mr. Davenant made public, her triumph was complete, and the consummation of the marriage seemed to lay all heaven open before her. Her husband took her to the city, and in the pride of his heart exhibited her amid all the pomp which his immense fortune could command. And she was happiest of the happy, gayest of the gay, fairest of the fair.

But man, however heartless or even dissolute he may appear, has an innate yearning for the sweet, affectionate quiet of domestic life. He longs for a sanctuary to which he may retire from the noise and wearying strife of business, ambition and worldly pleasure, and rest amid the balmy flowers that cluster round the pure fount of love. Harry Davenant had been educated in the temple of fashion, yet he had dreamed of an enchanted land where he might recline in such a bower and listen to the murmurings of those living waters. And it was this longing for domestic bliss that led him to prefer the love of a village girl. He should have known that human nature is everywhere the same, that pride, love of display and selfishness, as well as the gentle virtues, are innate qualities which education may disguise or modify, but cannot eradicate. Keen and bitter were the feelings with which he discovered that Isabel was utterly and thoroughly selfish. She had no room for any generous feeling or disinterested affection. She was proud, not of her husband, but of his wealth, and she loved not him, but the splendor and gaiety which his position in society enabled her to command. They soon became estranged, and while she pursued her giddy course of unthinking vanity, he found a fearful solace in the self-sacrificing love of a poor girl whom he seduced from duty, innocence and heaven.

When this came to Isabel's knowledge she felt angry, insulted, humbled, and she poured out her heart's bitterness in stormy chiding and invective against her husband, not only in his ears but among her associates. He at first sought to evade the charge, but she eagerly sought the proofs, unwomanly as such things are, and confronted him with his infamy. Stung with guilt and anger, he reproached her with her heartlessness, and said if he could have found love and sympathy in your bosom he should never have sought it elsewhere.

From that day they were as strangers to each other. He sought pleasure wherever he could find her foot-prints, and Isabel still ran the giddy

round of fashionable dissipation. The world pitied her, and said she was a deeply injured and suffering woman.

Still she made parties, attended balls, soirees, operas and the theatre, was at every place of fashionable amusement, courted, admired and followed in all her preferences as an infallible standard of taste. And now would you see her at the age of thirty-eight, figuring as the belle at a ball? There is no girl fairer or gayer than she apparently is. Her fine, tall figure, improved by every appliance of art, moves with grace inimitable; her raven hair is displayed in the most chaste and elegant mode; her cheek is pale, yet like her neck, is brilliant with the best "pearl white;" and the idlers around her remark the languor of her dark eyes, and speak of deep sealed and nobly endured sorrow.

Would you see her at home? Come to her chambers and look upon this languid creature reclining on a velvet cushioned sofa. Her hands tremble, her complexion is sallow, and a hectic spot burns on either cheek; she bathes her temples with hartshorn and cologne waters, and various lotions and mixtures stand beside her, nauseous if we may judge from the expression of countenance with which she regards them. She speaks peevishly to every domestic who approaches her, and they obey her summons with lagging step and uneasy expression of face, as if they feared or hated her presence. She feels the need of human sympathy, she yearns for the accent of affection, her soul is thirsting for the sweet communion of a loving spirit. She looks around wildly on the magnificence of her chamber—wrings her hands and weeps for the desolation of her withered heart. She cannot endure this miserable loneliness, and again she disguises her haggard face, braids the gems across her aching forehead, folds the rich silk and fastens the glittering jewels above her bleeding bosom, and goes forth to be envied and admired. But who that could read her spirit would for a moment envy Isabel the crown which is so cruelly studded with ice diamonds around her tortured brow, and which chill and heavy is curdling her blood, and bending her proud head down to an early grave?

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Her flowers, bedewed with morning dew,
So beautiful and gay,
Brought visions of the verdant fields
And breezy knolls away.

A sudden sunshine seemed to flood
The murky town the while—

Ah! 'twas not all the flowers' work,
But part that maiden's smile

L. G. B.

THE DIPLOMATIC LOVERS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER III.

THE Count von Staremburg, ambassador of the Empress Queen Maria Theresa, had hitherto met with no success in the object of his embassy at the court of the Tuileries. This was to induce France to form an alliance with Austria against Prussia. The Prince von Kaunitz, ambassador extraordinary from the court of Vienna, had labored to the same purpose; and the conduct of Frederic the Great, who had formed a treaty with England, had a tendency to drive France to this measure. Notwithstanding, the cardinal, the Marchioness de Pompadour, and in fact every reasonable man, was opposed to the conclusion of a treaty with Austria, the hereditary enemy of France, against Prussia, her hereditary ally.

Colas, full of his own wishes, went to call upon the ambassador. Von Staremburg had just come from an interview with the cardinal minister, which had terminated most unfavorably for his hopes. All prospect of the treaty seemed cut off; yet, as M. de Rosier entered, a faint glimmer of hope broke again upon him. He imagined that the cardinal had sent him, and received him with the blandest courtesy.

The conversation turned upon the late ball, the beauty of the countess, the magnificent veil, and the envy of all who saw it.

The count perceived Colas was beating about the bush, and became most attentive. He mentioned that the veil came from the Netherlands, was of immense value; and as his wife had stated, that there were but two more like it, both in the hands of the empress. M. de Rosier now frankly confessed, that the veil had taken the fancy of a person very dear to him, and that he should esteem himself most fortunate, could he procure one like it.

"My dear friend!" cried the count, "we are both equally unfortunate. It is as impossible for you to procure such a veil, as for me to induce your king to form an alliance with our court!"

"That is true, count," answered Colas, who immediately understood at what price the veil could be had; "yet how many things are possible in this world, which at first sight we pronounce impossible!"

The count started at these words. "Can it be possible yet," he asked, "to secure the league—when all the court—the cardinal minister, and the Marchioness de Pompadour have declared against it?"

Colas thought a moment and replied, "do not despair of it however great the difficulty may be."

The ambassador sprang to his feet, "cost what it may," exclaimed he, "so I succeed with the treaty, I shall owe you everlasting gratitude. And if I thus fulfil the wishes of my empress, she will not refuse to permit me to testify my thanks by requesting your acceptance of the veil in question."

The diplomatists now understood each other. Much conversation followed; and Colas informed himself exactly how matters stood. He promised his intercession with the cardinal; the count promised his with the empress.

Colas had little success in his interview with the cardinal. He was shortly dismissed, and reminded that it did not comport with his duty to be led by a foreigner. But he was more fortunate in the private cabinet of Pauline. When she understood what was the price of the veil—"I will take care of it, Colas," said she.

And she did so on her next interview with the Prince de Loubise. He came making protestations of love as usual, and telling her how beautiful and kind she had been in his dream the preceding night.

"Ah, prince!" cried Pauline, smiling and blushing, "I must believe myself under the influence of a fairy. I also saw you in my dream last night. I saw you at the head of an army, in a splendid uniform, surrounded by victorious banners. You were returning to Paris after gaining many victories. I was one among a million of spectators who were shouting your praises. I stood trembling, and feared the triumphant hero had no eyes for me. But you looked graciously on me; you approached me; I lost my self-possession—and—"

The enraptured Prince caught her in his arms. Mademoiselle de Pons instantly extricated herself and gravely reproved him. "You forget," said she, "that we are not in the dream; that you are not the conquering hero. I will never yield my favors to any other: not even though I loved you, prince. I keep my best smiles, like a true daughter of France, for those who fight her battles."

"Oh, you are a strange little enthusiast!" cried the prince, and a coquette withal. "You point me to happiness which I can never reach."

"Why not?" asked Pauline innocently. "Have we not war with England?"

"True," answered Loubise; "you know, my charmer, that I am no sailor, and England must be met on the sea. Were there a bridge thrown across the channel, I would not claim your reward till I had planted my colors on the tower of London. But can you build me such a bridge?"

"Wherefore not, if you please, gracious prince!"

returned Pauline. "But you can assail England in Germany. Does not Hanover belong to the British king?"

"My lovely girl," said the prince—"you are better skilled in the politics of the heart than the politics of courts. Perhaps you do not know that Prussia has formed an alliance with England, by which Hanover is protected."

"Protected?" repeated Pauline—"and by the little king of Prussia? Then why does not our court conclude the league with Austria against him? Why do you, prince, against the wish of all France, against the claims of your own interest, oppose this league and the seizure of Hanover? Ah, if you knew what the people say of you!"

The prince shook his finger roguishly at Pauline, and said with a smile—"mademoiselle—mademoiselle!—I hear von Staremberg speaking from your pretty mouth!"

In this manner the conversation continued. The prince, in spite of himself, was influenced by Pauline's pictures of military renown. He debated with himself for some days. He was convinced he would have no difficulty in obtaining command of the army, through the influence of Madame de Pompadour. His ambition was awakened. He might rival the laurels of the Duc de Richelieu, and the Marshal d'Etrie. He had half made up his mind to bring about the alliance with Austria, when another interview with Mademoiselle de Pons decided him.

With his usual adroitness he introduced the subject to Madame de Pompadour. But all his efforts failed to convince the marchioness of the policy of the measure. In vain he endeavored to enlist in his cause her womanly vanity, and to embitter her against the king of Prussia—"I care nothing for this poetical king," said she: "and well know that he accords me little respect. But it is my fortune to stand no higher in the good graces of the empress queen. One balances the other, and the honor of our king outweighs both."

In vain the prince sought to convince the marquise that she was mistaken with regard to Maria Theresa's opinion, as the empress had been heard to express, in her private circles, the highest admiration and respect for her.

"Nay, dear prince," returned the marchioness laughing, "you are too good natured to take the Count von Staremberg's fine words for genuine coin. I at least would never believe them, unless the empress herself should write me."

Prince de Loubise concealed the chagrin he felt at the discovery that he was not invincible with the marquise. But his expiring hopes were revived by her last words, and his brain conceived a new project. "I must interest her

pride," said he to Pauline; "the empress must be persuaded to write a friendly letter to Madame de Pompadour. It will cost her nothing, and will secure the wished for alliance. But how to bring the matter to the ambassador? Nobody must know that *I* have any hand in it."

"Leave it to me!" cried Pauline. "It will come better from a simple girl than from a prince, and will compromise no one. What would I not do for such a prince? To see you at the head of an army—among the first generals of Europe! Oh, my prince, the day that you enter upon the command, I shall be—the happiest of women!"

The prince was all gratitude and rapture—Colas was immediately entrusted by Pauline with the secret. He conferred directly with the Count von Staremburg. The count despatched an express to Vienna. All parties were in expectation.

One evening, when the prince was present at a soirée, given by the Marchioness de Pompadour, he observed her in unusual spirits. She said to him, aside, in the course of the evening—"I fear, my prince, we must soon part."

"And can you pronounce my doom thus with a smile?" asked he.

"If I am deprived of the pleasure of your society," she replied, "I shall have the satisfaction of knowing you enjoy the fulfilment of your wishes. Without doubt the king will soon bestow on you a marshal's staff—and the command of his troops."

A flush of delight rushed to the prince's brow. "But how is that possible?" asked he.

"His majesty is disposed to conclude the treaty with Austria. The empress has convinced me she is the worthiest princess in the world. You should read the friendly letters he has sent me."*

"The empress has written to you?"

"Not a word of it now. To-morrow you shall learn more."

Late the next evening there was a knock at the door of Pauline's boudoir. It was Colas. He entered radiant with joy, and unfolded to Pauline's dazzled eyes the magnificent veil. She looked like an angel to him as she threw it over her figure. She laid it aside and rushed into her lover's arms.

In a few days the treaty with Austria was duly signed. Cardinal Bernis in vain opposed it with all his eloquence. He could not understand how the king, the favorite, and the whole court had so suddenly changed their minds. But he was obliged to put his signature to the treaty, or perhaps lose his ministry. In his heart he

execrated the Duc de Choiseul, who he felt convinced was the author of this unhappy alliance: for he was far from suspecting who had really brought it about.

"This cursed treaty makes me sick!" said the cardinal to Rosier, as the latter came with papers one day into the ministerial cabinet; "lay aside the papers; I cannot read, nor hear them read now. I am disgusted with the world, and must, I fear, turn philosopher, in sheer despair."

"In truth, I wish I could procure for your eminence, out of the medicine chest of philosophy, a dose of indifference for the follies of the world," said the young councillor.

"I could smile at them," pursued the cardinal, "did they not produce so much unhappiness for my poor country. And the world will attribute all the ill consequences to me, because the political abortion was baptised by my name."

"Ah, my dear lord, how many reputed fathers are equally innocent and unfortunate!" cried Colas, in a tone of comic sympathy.

"Would that I could discover the real parent of this diplomatic changeling!" continued the minister. "Cannot you help me to the secret, Rosier?"

"Could I do so, your eminence, perhaps we should find that the changeling had many. But like others before it, it may yet grow up to good. What seer can predict the days of good luck for an infant in this cradle? Let us patiently await the result."

The cardinal answered with a bitter smile—"you are right, Rosier: we must wait till the play is over. But should this misalliance even turn out fortunate, can any pronounce it a prudent step?"

"My dear lord, whatever is fortunate is prudent, in this world."

"So reason the blind multitude; but the rational will say, it was a foolish business—whatever be the ending. So, at least, will history speak of this league—and of *me*."

"Nay, your eminence, historians always measure things by the result. It has been thus in all ages. Some rationalists may perhaps say—Cardinal Bernis played a hazardous game, but it was successful. But minds of a higher order will laugh at this judgment, and say—the cardinal was a great genius, who saw the world with a more piercing and pervading sight than you philosophers. His eyes discerned the minute fibres that connect great events. What seemed to you a game of chance was with him the product of deep calculation. What you regard as accidental he brought about by merit and complicated machinery."

*History states that the letter was accompanied by the picture of Maria Theresa, splendidly set with jewels.

"Well—I shall be satisfied if fortune this once befriends folly. But I fear me, Rosier, the thistles will bear no grapes."

"Since I have had the honor to serve under your eminence in the diplomatic department—I have learned what tends much to preserve my equanimity in all reverses."

"And what is that?"

"First, we must not imagine we govern the world out of our cabinet; the world it is, that governs the cabinet. From the monarch to the savoyard, all are connected by an invisible band. The occurrences that surprise us result from the secret workings of this social concatenation which sets our prudence at defiance. Secondly, even in politics heaven is the best ally and adviser. I have seen how completely the strongest intellect has been set at fault; and how the activity of the most zealous has been unable to accomplish more than the imprisoned squirrel can do to the bars of his revolving cage. On the other hand I have seen great effects result from most inadequate and insufficient causes."

"You are right, Rosier," said the cardinal—"fatalism is the true philosophy of despair, and I am in a condition to become a convert to your belief. Meanwhile, as I said before—this business makes me sick. I long for rest and solitude, and have a mind to refresh myself for a few weeks in the country. The king has given me permission to retire to Fontainebleau, and I wish you to bear me company. We can philosophise as much as we please in those charming woods. It will do me good to withdraw for a time from the bustle and toil of court life. You will bear me company thither for a few weeks, M. de Rosier."

Colas bowed, and felt highly flattered by the cardinal's invitation.

But Pauline did not so gladly receive the information. "We shall be separated," she exclaimed, "for six weeks—perhaps two months. It is an eternity. Ah, Colas, what would I give could I walk with you sometimes, arm-in-arm, through those quiet gardens! How happy should we both be, able to enjoy each other's company undisturbed."

"Yes," answered Colas—"we should be in elysium. Does not Comte Oron own a beautiful country seat at Fontainebleau? Speak to the young countess, and persuade her to spend the month of May there."

"I will," cried Pauline—and she went immediately to the young countess, and painted the joys of rural life at Fontainebleau so glowingly, that she soon won her over. "Ah!" said the young countess to her father—"I pine for solitude. The winter has impaired my health; I want country air. I have never seen our country

seat at Fontainebleau. Permit me to go there for a few weeks while the court is in Paris. Now is the time to enjoy undisturbed the beauties of the place."

The old comte had no objection. The party was made up. Their design was naturally mentioned to the Prince de Loubise, who was so intimate in the family. He thought of the golden opportunities he would there have of enjoying the society of Pauline, untrammelled by conventional forms—and resolved to surprise her by his arrival.

"I am very anxious for a season of solitude," said he one day to Madame de Pompadour, "before I plunge into the tumult of military life. I would once more enjoy the sight of nature in her spring garb of beauty—and become a student for a few weeks. A word from you, gracious marquise, and the king will give me permission to retire for a while to Fontainebleau. Will you favor me, charming marquise?"

The marchioness promised him the royal permission, and soon obtained it. But she felt sad at parting with the prince. He must soon leave France with the army; and she could not bear the thought of shortening the brief time they were to be together.

"I feel an ardent desire for retirement," said she to the king. "This incessant whirl of court life wearies me: your majesty also needs recreation. We have fixed upon Marly for the summer; but the spring remains unoccupied. Suppose we trifle away the month of May at Fontainebleau?"

The king was dejected with ennui, and readily assented. "The sooner we go," he said, "the better."

The cardinal and Colas had been three days in the enjoyment of their philosophic leisure, and his eminence had immortalized his satisfaction in some neat verses, yet extant in his works; when the neighboring mansion of Comte d'Oron gave symptoms of being inhabited.

"I am glad of it," said his eminence to Rosier. "The young ladies are charming, and we can make them country visits. We shall have a little variety in our solitude."

Some days after Prince de Loubise made his appearance, with a numerous train, and took possession of one wing of the castle.

"It seems we are not to be quite alone," said Colas.

"True," replied the cardinal, "but I confess I am not sorry for the change. This palace was too much of a desert: every foot-fall sounded through its hundred chambers and corridors in a most startling manner. The lover of solitude ought to dwell in a cottage, not a palace."

Two days after came twenty wagons, laden with furniture for the royal use. Then came a host of servants, lacqueys, grooms, bakers, butlers, porters, chamberlains, secretaries, artisans, artists, &c. &c., into the palace court, one after another. Court and garden, corridor, chamber and hall, swarmed with the newly arrived. There was a tumult of footsteps and voices, and of all descriptions of noise, perfectly terrible to irritable nerves. Then with flying colors and martial music came the royal guards, on foot and on horseback; and for their accommodation, as well as that of the royal household, preparations were commenced.

"Saint Denys!" exclaimed the cardinal to M. de Rosier—"what does all this mean? In the name of all the fiends, what could possess me to choose Fontainebleau for country recreation!"

The cannons were fired all next day. The bells of the town were set ringing. Trumpets sounded; and the king made his entry amidst the shouts of the populace—"Vive le Roi!" Some hours later arrived the Marchioness de Pompadour, with a train of seventeen carriages.

"It is intolerable!" cried the cardinal, after he had been wearied out with the visits and audiences he had to pay and receive. "Paris has this advantage, that one need not be trodden to death in the crowd, for there is room at least to walk. But here one is jostled against at every step, or has his heel crushed. And nobody can shun visitors; for all the world knows just what one is about. I wish I could take flight to Paris; but it is my greatest vexation that I must stay here, and put on a smiling face before the king, and the marchioness, and the whole court!"

"I am sorry both for your eminence and myself," answered Colas. "But perhaps we may soon be alone again."

"No, M. de Rosier. His majesty is delighted: the marchioness finds it charming—the court divine! I should not wonder if they stayed the whole summer at Fontainebleau."

When Colas went that evening to visit Pauline, he learned from her how it had entered into the Prince de Loubise's head to come to Fontainebleau.

"I see it all!" exclaimed he. "I drew Pauline, Pauline the Countess d'Oron, the countess, the prince, the prince, the marchioness, the marchioness, the king—the king, the whole court. A noble train I carry about!" And he laughed heartily. "But to prove it," thought he—"let us try it the other way. See if the train will follow me back to Paris. That would relieve my poor cardinal at once."

"And why are you so thoughtful and taciturn?" said Pauline to her lover. "And why is it that

I see you seldomer in Fontainebleau than I did in Paris?"

"Because I am less my own master here than there. I thought to see you here from morning till evening; but you are far more inaccessible than in the *compte's* hotel. And if I must drag out four weeks more in this sort of life, I shall die of ennui and impatience; I wish I were back in Paris, Pauline."

"I wish so too, Colas, with all my heart. I came here to have your company, not to be in the midst of all this tumult. If you can get away from the cardinal, and return to Paris, I will follow you. To-morrow I will have a headache, and remain indisposed till I am sent where I can be near you again."

The thing was soon arranged. The cardinal continued his complaints of what he had to suffer. Colas gave the matter a ludicrous turn. "If your eminence will permit me," said he, "I will try if with a little magic I cannot blow the court away from Fontainebleau."

"Blow them to the moon, and I shall thank you," said the cardinal.

"Permit me then to depart, my lord. In eight days I will venture that you shall be a hermit in Fontainebleau. But my magic blast must be blown in Paris."

The cardinal laughed. "I understand you, my friend," said he. "You want to escape from all this clamor. Well—go; for the solitude I promised you I cannot give; I need not your company—for I have too much. Go; I envy you, but etiquette forbids my following you. I must stay here; but forget not, I entreat you, as soon as you arrive in Paris, to ascend the tower of Notre Dame, and blow with all your might, till the last stable boy here is vanished."

Colas sent a billet to Pauline and left Fontainebleau. Pauline became indisposed, and besought the countess to have her taken back to Paris. The next day she was worse; and the physician who was called in shook his head, and said he knew not what to make of her case. He recommended change of air; and as the young countess would not be separated from her friend, they left Fontainebleau together.

Scarce had the Prince de Loubise heard of the illness and departure of Pauline, than he became too impatient to remain longer. He came with an expression of concern on his face to Madame de Pompadour. "I hoped," he said, "to have long enjoyed the delights of your society. But I must away—I have received important despatches from the Marshal d'Etrie. My immediate presence is required in Paris, to make preparations for the campaign—my temporary absence has arrested them. I am constrained, dearest marquise,

to sacrifice the greatest happiness of my life to duty and a regard for the honor of my sovereign."

The marchioness was surprised. She endeavored to persuade the prince to stay; but he pleaded the stern necessity that called him away, and described the business as so urgent, while at the same time he betrayed so much grief at parting with her, that Madame de Pompadour could no longer withstand him. "Go, dear prince," she said, "where duty and honor calls you. I lose myself when I lose you, and shall be impatient for the moment to come when we shall meet again—I think the air of this place does not altogether agree with the king. The weather is yet cold and raw. Perhaps the court may return earlier than you imagine to Paris—and go thence to Marly."

The prince took his leave of the marchioness, but not of the king, because his majesty happened that day to be indisposed. The marchioness was in error, however, as to the cause of the royal indisposition. It was not the air of Fontainebleau but an oyster pastry that had disagreed with the king.

When Cardinal Bernis saw the prince depart with his train, he could not refrain from laughter. "The magic works," said he to himself. "I suppose my young braggart is blowing on the tower of Notre Dame."

But when the rumor spread that the king found the air of Fontainebleau unwholesome, and the whole court was going back to Paris; when the wagons were packed again, and the host of domestics, mechanics, musicians, &c., took their departure; when the king went away also, and the marchioness followed; when the train of courtiers, and the royal guard, foot and horse, departed with flying colors and martial music, leaving not a stable boy behind; and Fontainebleau was left silent and deserted—the cardinal was astonished. "Is it all chance?" cried he, "or has the braggart Rosier made a league with the devil?"

With the departure of Prince de Loubise at the head of the army to the Rhine, there fell out a link from the magic chain by which Colas had become so powerful. His discovery of his power came too late. But he did not regret this circumstance, for he was naturally of a contented disposition, and did not desire more than he possessed. During his employment in the cardinal's service he had saved a considerable amount, and this was increased by some munificent presents from his eminence. Colas found himself able to become the purchaser of a beautiful country seat in one of the provinces, where he could live independently and cultivate his grounds.

He wished for nothing more; for he was already tired of political life. Pauline, however, showed herself a little coquettish, and refused to consent to an immediate marriage. "I hope it will be convenient for you to wait a little, Colas," said she, "I am not willing quite yet to give up my admirers and flatterers, and suitors. Give my vanity holiday till I am twenty years old. Then farewell, days of conquest! I am firmly resolved to be married by the time I am twenty. At that age one has more power and consideration as a married woman."

Colas yielded. But nothing passes more swiftly than the nineteenth year of a young lady. At the end of it the diplomatic bridal veil was produced, and Pauline de Pons became Madame de Rosier.

It happened that the wedding day was the same on which the French lost the battle of Rosbach. The express which brought the tidings to the court, brought the young wife a letter from the Prince de Loubise.

"Pity me, charming Pauline," thus it ran: "I have suffered myself to be outwitted and beaten by the little king of Prussia! Indeed I deserve your pity; for without fault of mine I was compelled to give battle. I was hard pressed on all sides; and in the midst of my difficulties the troops left me in the lurch. So that you and the king of Prussia alone can say that you have conquered me, without being conquered in turn: I hate the Prussians—but I love Pauline! You commanded me to return a hero to your feet; if I cannot be a hero, I will remain, at least, your prisoner."

Pauline wrote back as follows:

"Pity me, amiable prince! I have suffered myself to be outwitted and taken prisoner by the little Nicolas de Rosier. Indeed I deserve your pity; for without fault of mine I was compelled to enter the lists. My heart pressed me hard: and in the midst of my difficulties my youth left me in the lurch. Bethink you, I am twenty years old; and twenty years are more terrible than an army. So that they and Rosier alone can say that they have conquered me, without being conquered in turn. I hate the twenty years with all my heart, but I love my handsome husband!"

"Seriously, my prince, we shall neither of us grieve long. After some time it will become a matter of indifference to the world whether a general or a maiden is victor or vanquished. How many battles are there, how many nuptials, and the world goes on in its old course! You will live not the less honorably in the annals of history—as I shall likewise in my children."

Cardinal Bernis was more vexed than ever at the news of the defeat at Rosbach.

"I foresaw this ill fortune," said he to Colas—as the reverses continued to the French arms the following year: "They can laugh at it at court, but it is a serious blow to my honor. France and all Europe look upon me as the author of this ruinous league with Austria."

"My lord," returned Colas, "a wise and experienced man like yourself should be indifferent to the judgment of France and Europe, when you know how little human judgment avails to penetrate into the causes of things."

"But I am minister; I signed the unlucky league; it was concluded under my name. This age and aftertimes will charge it upon me; who governs—they will say—if not the minister, Cardinal Bernis?"

"Nay—your eminence—I think this age and afterward will be much too rational to say any such thing. It is true, you are minister, as really so as his most Christian majesty is sovereign. But you know my opinions. Every rational man must be aware that neither the sovereign governs nor the minister."

"How! but I understand you. The Marchioness de Pompadour——"

"Pardon me: the marchioness is as innocent as yourself and the king."

"Who governs then? You excite my curiosity."

"I cannot satisfy it. Who governs? Perhaps chamberlains, copyists, artisans; perhaps the wives of the courtiers; perhaps their sons or daughters; perhaps the lacqueys or the coachmen—or the like; to-day this or these, to-morrow that or those. Where there is no fixed law, all is the sport of chance. There is no intervening power. And even the minister and the sovereign may find themselves but the instruments of this lawless chance."

"You go high to disgust me with my office. Then you look upon the government of France as nothing better than a royal anarchy?"

The two philosophizing friends held much more conversation on this topic; but our readers might find it something tedious.*

One effect of this conversation was that Colas rose in the esteem of the Cardinal, who saw that he was honest and independent in feeling, and honored him with his friendship. Through the good offices of the minister, Rosier was frequently enabled to add considerable sums, honorably earned, to his property. He felt very grateful for these marks of regard; and was much surprised when his illustrious friend assured him he was only endeavoring to indemnify him beforehand for the loss he might suffer in his service.

"The loss?" enquired Colas, astonished.

"How can you be surprised, with your keen and profound insight into human affairs?" returned the cardinal. "Have not you yourself pointed out the insecurity of the soil on which we stand in this royal anarchy? I am minister to-day; but know no more what I shall be to-morrow than

the grand vizier of the Turkish court knows if his own head will stand on his shoulders for twenty-four hours. You have been for some time employed by me, because I appreciated your worth. Is it not my duty to interest myself in your future fate? If I should fall, you will also; for the new minister will fill all subordinate offices with his creatures."

Colas was struck; and felt that at best, notwithstanding the cardinal's friendship, his position was an insecure one. Pauline decided for him. "Colas," said she, "you are now at the upper part of the wheel, and the minions of fortune cringe to you. But should the wheel turn—and his eminence, you know, may at any time lose the king's favor—then, Colas, those who now flatter will trample on you. Choose the more prudent part; retire voluntarily; ask for your dismissal. The cardinal, depend upon it, hints at something more than possibilities. Obey his suggestions, and thus retain universal esteem. We have enough to live upon independently at our country seat; or to maintain us during the winter in Paris, should we grow weary of a country life; what more do we want?"

Colas did not withstand the eloquence of his wife. Some months after he applied to Cardinal Bernis for his dismissal; the cardinal regretted it, but did not oppose his wishes. Indeed he commended the wisdom of M. de Rosier, in thus preferring retirement and an honorable competence to the glare and tumult of public life.

The cardinal's dismissal of Colas was accompanied by a considerable pension, bestowed on the young man as a mark of regard. Colas was much affected at this expression of friendship. He and Pauline immediately removed to their country seat. Here, in the cultivation of their grounds, and the society of a few agreeable neighbors, they forgot the pleasures of a city life. Colas found Pauline more lovely as a wife than as a girl; and she, on her part, did not sigh for the delights of coquetry.

They had not been long in their retirement when the papers brought them the news that Cardinal Bernis had asked and obtained his dismissal from the king. The duc de Choiseul was appointed minister in his place. Some time after, as Colas and Pauline were seated one evening in a grove of their garden, they were surprised by the sudden apparition of the cardinal. It was he himself. He had left his equipage before the outer court of the castle, and had walked to their country seat on purpose to surprise them.

"You are happy!" cried he, smiling on his young friends—"I am sorry to disturb you; but I wished to see you once more." He embraced Rosier and kissed the fair Pauline's blushing

*This translation being a free one, whatever is not essential to the story is omitted; and some portions abridged.

check. They persuaded him to remain two days as their guest.

"You know not, my children," said he, "whom you are harboring. I am banished from France. I am going to Rome, there to console myself, as well as I may, in the arms of the muses."

"How! you banished from France!" exclaimed Colas and Pauline astonished.

"Surely, for a philosopher like you, that can be no cause of surprise," answered the cardinal; "what you said to me once in jest in reply to my question, 'who governs then?'—'Perhaps savoyards, mechanics, washer-women, or the like'—I have found to be truth. Do you know how the Duc de Choiseul rose into the favor of his majesty! by first being conveniently blind, and bringing into his majesty's power a pretty young woman, a kinswoman of his, who thought to play the part of Madame de Pompadour—and then obsequiously removing her when the king's inclination no longer led him to cultivate her society. Nay, more, the duc, like a skilful courtier, managed to ingratiate himself with the marchioness also, by first betraying to her the king's petty intrigue, and then taking the young lady from Paris, apparently in compliance with her request. The duc played his part so well that he was sent as ambassador to the court of Vienna. But the marchioness had need of such a trusty friend near her person. Consequently, as soon as I asked for my dismissal, which I did because I found it impossible to bear all the reproach of that league with Austria and war with Prussia, De Choiseul became my successor. Thus, being blind at the right time, and seeing at the right time, has elevated the duc to the head of the French empire."

"But," cried Pauline—"what has occasioned your banishment?"

"A small matter; I had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of a market-woman."

"Your eminence is jesting!"

"Not at all—I followed up to its head the stream that carried me away from the throne. At the fountain-head there sat an ordinary market-girl, the mistress of my destiny. A groom of mine, engaged to marry this girl, was dismissed from my service for drunkenness and improper conduct. This girl came to me and entreated me to receive back the groom. I refused; and incensed by my refusal, the girl went to complain of my cruelty to her protector, a young lieutenant of the guard. The lieutenant went to the wife of the comptroller general. She employed her husband to speak to me; but I was inexorable. Chagrined at my refusal to oblige him, he complained of me to his mistress, a waiting maid of the Marquise de Pompadour. The waiting maid said heaven knows what of me to the marchioness,

and the marchioness heaven knows what to the king. Shortly after I received a letter, in the royal hand writing, informing me that my longer residence in France could be dispensed with, as the political measures of his majesty had not the good fortune to meet my approbation. So I am on my road to Rome."

The cardinal remained only two days with his friends, but continued for some time to correspond with them. After the death of Madame de Pompadour, in the sixth year of his exile, he was restored to the full favor of Louis XV. But he persisted in his resolution of never accepting another place at court. "For how can I tell," thought he, "who governs?"

THE BRIDES' BLESSING.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. M—— L——, OF BUFFALO, NEW YORK, LATE OF ALEXANDRIA, D. C.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

IN snowy guise the maid they led,

Beneath her father's doating eye,

To where the solemn rites were said,

That holy makes the marriage tie.

He saw her wed—he heard the vow

That told of love that look'd to heaven,

As gently droop'd her shining brow,

And hid the eyes to moisture given.

Then all the hopes of years came back

Upon the bride in that bright hour,

And all the future's opening track,

Seem'd rosy as some summer's bower.

The mother's heart with joy o'erflowing,

There bless'd her in her beauty glowing,

And gaz'd with fond and dream-like eye,

As pass'd the happy nuptials by.

They quickly pass'd—and night and day,

Together blent their light and shade,

Till went the wedded on their way,

Where Love another home had made.

But ere they went, the father press'd,

As hope o'er all the future smiled,

His parting wish—his fond bequest—

With trembling on his favorite child:

"Sweet daughter! now no longer here,

Thy steps may linger at my side—

The bliss of being always near,

To thee—to me—must be denied.

Thy love to answering love is plighted;—

The flower is pluck'd we nurs'd delighted,

To bloom transplanted, where new eyes

Will welcome hence our dearest prize.

"My smiles are with thee and my prayers;—

And all that here around thee linger,

Shall bless thee 'midst their hourly cares;—

And when the morning's rosy finger

Uplifts the curtains of the east,

Their orisons shall be heard for thee;

And when we gather at the feast,

Thy name shall oft remember'd be;—

And as the evening's shadows fall,
The songs you lov'd and us'd to sing,
Shall float around the olden hall,
Where erst thy voice did sweetly ring.
Nor shall these dear delights be single—
But oft with them thy praise shall mingle,
And long thy bosom's friend and pride,
Shall share the blessings of the bride.

"Thou goest from the sweetest place
Thy steps have ever trod, my child!
From where thy youth has learn'd to trace
Its lessons pure and undefil'd:—
From childhood's scenes—from kith and kin—
But, dearer far than all, from home—
That spot untainted yet by sin,
The more belov'd the more we roam.
But 'tis a fair inviting scene,
To which thy willing footsteps fly;
And where the lord to choose has been,
His happy bride may not deny
Their joys and fears to share together,
Through sunny or through cloudy weather,
And make the cares their lives partake,
The lighter for each other's sake.

"Mid pleasant scenes thy years have pass'd,
My beautiful and blooming bride!
And may life's sweet enchantments last,
Where'er you wander or abide.
May blooming wreaths thy brows entwine,
And scent thy way through every scene,
And days as happy still be thine,
As those of gentle youth have been.
I would not check one rising joy,
Nor dim the hope of blissful hours,
But bid thee soar above alloy,
That oft, too oft, the bosom sours.
Be mild, be true, unto each other,
And every thought unkindly smother,
That whatsoever ills arise,
Love may not be the sacrifice.

"Oh! 'tis a lovely thing to see,
Two natures blending into one,
Passing their days unitedly,
Life ending with them as begun.
They have a balm for every care,
That waits them on their mutual way—
A healing virtue to repair
The errors that the heart betray:
For each will drink for other's sake,
The bitter cup they may not fly,
And meet the ills they must partake,
With Love that gladdens every eye
And lightens each reluctant sorrow—
As planets from each other borrow
Their warmth and brightness, and display
Heaven's concord on their shining way.

"Ye then are one—and may it prove,
Through pleasant walks of peace and joy,
The prelude of an endless love,
With angels in prolong'd employ.

A rosy or a thorny road,
'Tis yours to choose—'tis yours to shun—
To bear a light or heavy load,
As ye may chance to look upon
Each tender lesson kindly meant.
As for the seed we till the ground,
And to our toils the yield is sent,
So shall the coming fruits be found,
Through wedlock's bright delicious season.
As ye shall heed the light of Reason,
Ye'll grope where folly mars the day,
Or find to bliss the certain way.

"Go, then, where pleasure leads before,
While we in sadness wait behind;—
The barque is loitering by the shore,
And sends its signal on the wind.
Go, while the waters dance beneath—
While float the shining clouds above—
While yet is green the bridal wreath,
And fresh the bosom-burst of love.
Farewell, my child! The maid—the bride—
The woman—dearly lov'd by all!
New scenes await thee o'er the tide—
New happiness at Friendship's call!
Go! while thy soul with hope is glowing—
Go! while thy heart is overflowing—
And never may that love be riven,
That draws thee nearest truth and heaven!"

One lingering grasp—one long adieu—
With "Blessings on thy head, my child!"
And o'er the waves the vessel flew,
'Mid thoughts of sadness strange and wild.
The distance widen'd—land and tide
Between them stretch'd their forms to sever—
From home the mother's elder pride
Was gone, but, ah! not gone forever!
A true, and tried, and trusted heart,
Had won and claim'd her as his own;
And she who sorrow'd to depart,
Grew happy with her lord alone.
And memory often backward stealing,
Was answer'd there by kindred feeling,
From bosoms breathing tones as high,
Beneath her own bright southern sky,
As those that kept her light and gay,
Where sweetly flew the time away.

TO IONE.

I've listened to the soft, sweet tones that steal
Half tremulous along that gentle lyre,
Whose every string, so fraught with hallowed fire,
Some passion-breathing bids us deeply feel:—
They come not as an echo from afar;
But bearing their full tide of richness, swelling
In spirit-waves of light; as if their dwelling
Had been amidst the gleamings of a star,
Where spirits only listened to its breath,
And gathered flowerets of undying hues
Bathed in the splendor of ethereal dews—
To weave around its gentle frame a wreath:
And, lost amid the gush of song, I've thought
A glimpse of angel pinions I had caught. E. J. P.

MRS. M'TABB.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

YE vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.

—
YOUNG.

MRS. DONALD McTABB was tormented by what Carlyle would call a "fixed idea" of gentility—one that haunted her perpetually from "morn till dewy eve," and from dewy eve till morn again, and would allow her no repose. But though the idea was fixed, the standard was continually varying with the advance she made up the golden ladder of fashionable life, from every round of which a different horizon was presented to her view, displaying a more distant goal she must strain her energies to reach, or all her former efforts would be unavailing. This great idea had not been born with Mrs. McTabb, but came into existence with her only daughter, an unexpected gift many years after her marriage. While she had no family, this worthy lady had fulfilled in an exemplary manner the duties devolving upon the wife of a respectable retail store-keeper in good business, and it was not until Miss Caroline Louisa McTabb saw the light, that her ambition took a wider range, and there settled upon her soul a determination that this darling child should never be consigned to the life of inglorious industry that had been her lot, but if human effort could accomplish it, should shine upon the world as a woman of fashion.

Mrs. McTabb had sense enough to know that money was requisite for this object; and as her husband was now prospering in his business, she proposed no change in their domestic arrangements, in which she was as economical as possible, until her daughter was seven years of age. Then she teased Mr. McTabb (a canny Scotchman who would not consent until he found it his interest to do so) into going into the wholesale line, and taking a house in a genteel neighborhood near the residence of some people she then considered the very mould of fashion. Mrs. McTabb hoped that propinquity might thus induce intimacy, and intimacy with such very genteel people would surely make Mrs. McTabb genteel herself. This change was happily accomplished, and by dint of laboring, pushing and striving; by cutting old acquaintances and courting new ones, at the end of ten years Mrs. McTabb found herself—just about where she might have been had she let all her efforts alone, and been content to swim along with the tide of prosperity that had flowed in upon them, making her husband a man of wealth, but leaving her as unrefined and uncultivated as ever.

A totally different line of conduct from that pursued by herself had advanced her younger sister, Mrs. Denham, now a widow in comfortable circumstances, with one fair daughter also, to a much higher place, in the opinion of those with whom they mutually associated, and in a sphere equally distant from the obscurity of their early lot, and from the exclusive circle of fashion with which it was now Mrs. McTabb's ambition to mingle. These sisters were as fond of each other as it was possible they should be, considering they had hardly a view of life or an opinion in common; but they were the only surviving members of their family, and the tie of blood is even stronger than that of sympathy. Mrs. Denham, therefore, loved her sister, because she was such, and endeavored by every means in her power to inspire her with a nobler ambition than that which so completely absorbed her soul, and which, like all other evil, did not stop there, but appeared in still stronger force in that of her only child. Her efforts to benefit them were, however, fruitless, and Miss Caroline Louisa McTabb grew to womanhood, a foolish, vain, ambitious girl, utterly dissatisfied with her position in life, murmuring at the Providence that had placed her in an affluent and highly respectable circle of society, and determining she would, if possible, reverse its decrees by forcing herself into that above her—guarded as it was by the two edged sword of aristocracy and exclusiveness which opposed her entrance within its sacred precincts.

Let not the patriotic reader start at the assertion that there is *one* serious evil attending the leveling of all distinctions of rank in our happy country—an evil which, though more than counterbalanced by much good, still remains such, and sheds its deleterious influences around us. Where these distinctions are more apparent we acquiesce in them without attempting to surmount the barrier they present, and fill with dignity the station assigned us. But when like invisible and over drawn lines they hem us in, intangible, but wonderfully strong, we are too often tempted, like Mrs. McTabb, to sacrifice the comfort and elevation within our reach, to the vain pursuit of a fancied good beyond it.

It is evening. Mrs. Denham and her daughter are seated with Mr. Mrs. and Miss McTabb in one of the drawing-rooms of the last named family, which is filled with splendid furniture, all as fine as gilding and scarlet and yellow can make it, exhibiting the affluence of money, but the paucity of taste in its proprietors. Mr. McTabb is absorbed in a pile of newspapers at one table, while at another sits the female coterie all busied with needlework, except Miss Caroline Louisa, who had stretched her languid length

upon a luxurious sofa. The ladies were as actively engaged in conversation as in sewing, particularly Mrs. McTabb, who had just been detailing, with considerable energy, the shocking rudeness of a lady of fashion, whose favor she had been striving to gain while at Saratoga during their northern tour, from which the family had but recently returned. The indignant matron concluded her harangue by saying,

"Yes, after Mrs. Fitzclarence had taken twelve rides in my carriage, and after Susan Fitzclarence (pert conceited minx that she is) used to come into Carry's room and fix natural flowers in her hair like a sister, and after Carry had given her an elegant French fan, just think of Mrs. Fitzclarence having a large party there on Wednesday to meet the Campbells from R——, that we were as intimate with as they were, and never asking Carry and myself, though we left cards there as soon as we got home. Is it not too provoking?"

"La mamma," said Miss Caroline, "why do you trouble yourself about it?—we are as good as they are any day. Just think Matilda," she added, turning to her cousin, "of Susan Fitzclarence having but five handsome dresses at Saratoga—can you imagine such meanness?—but five besides plain muslins, and I have thirteen."

"Five would suit me better than thirteen," said Matilda, laughing—"perhaps Miss Fitzclarence is no richer than myself."

"I don't believe she is as rich," said Caroline, "and to take such airs."

"Mrs. Fitzclarence's station does not depend upon her wealth," said Mrs. Denham quietly.

"Nor upon her manners either, I can answer for it," added Mrs. McTabb. "What would you do in such a case, Sarah?" she asked of her sister. "Is it not too bad to be treated so, and the Campbells to know it too?—they will think us mere nobodies."

"I do not see that anything is to be done but to submit," said Mrs. Denham, "you cannot force Mrs. Fitzclarence to invite you to her house, and as you have lived all your life without going there, it need not interfere with your happiness now."

"But I had calculated upon having the Fitzclarences here when I asked Mrs. Campbell, and now I cannot invite her," said Mrs. McTabb.

"I'll tell you what mamma," said Caroline, rising with sudden animation as the thought struck her, "we *can* force Mrs. Fitzclarence to invite us. Her invitations were only out this morning, we need know nothing about it, and can send Lewis at once with a note to Mrs. Campbell, begging her to fix Thursday for coming here; we will ask Mrs. Fitzclarence, and then she must invite us there on Wednesday."

"Oh, Carry! what a delightful plan. Go, my dear, write the note in your most beautiful hand, and send Lewis directly."

"But, my dear sister," expostulated Mrs. Denham, "don't you think such a proceeding will be undignified? Would you really wish to go to the house of a person you thought forced to invite you there?"

"No one need know we obliged her to do it, and I have set my heart on going—hurry, Carry, with the note"—and while Miss Caroline withdrew to execute her plan the mother proceeded. "You don't know how much I had built upon this acquaintance with Mrs. Fitzclarence. She was so kind and sociable that I felt sure of her inviting us to her parties; and if Caroline was once seen in such a circle as that, her beauty and accomplishments would be sure to attract attention, and she might then marry a man of real fashion."

"Who, perhaps, would make her miserable," added Mrs. Denham. "Fashion is a poor ingredient in domestic happiness. A woman too that intrudes into another sphere will not find herself half as happy when she is looked down upon by those around her, as if she remained among her equals who respect her."

"I should like to see any one look down upon my Carry," said Mrs. McTabb. "She is born for great things I can tell you, Sarah, and despises common people as much as anybody."

"It is easier to despise than to reverence," rejoined Mrs. Denham—"we are born to great things if we will strive after them; but whether admission to a circle of society we choose to think above that in which we are placed is one of them, may, perhaps, be doubtful."

"We *choose* to think above us," said Mrs. McTabb—"it is no matter of opinion, but a reality."

"It is a reality founded upon opinion after all," said her sister. "What is there really good or really great that is not as much within your reach as that of Mrs. Fitzclarence, or that you will gain by frequenting her house?"

"There is a great deal. She is of an old, respectable family, while you know as well as I do that our father was a tailor, and made all he left us with his own hands."

"And can your association with Mrs. Fitzclarence make him anything but a tailor? You gain nothing on that point. Our father was a good religious man—I revere his memory, and so should you, sister, as much as Mrs. Fitzclarence can that of any of her ancestors."

"Still it makes a great difference—goodness is one thing and gentility another. I am determined Carry shall go into the very best society, and I

wonder Sarah you have no ambition for your own daughter—if you had only chosen to cultivate the Braddocks, who were so fond of you when a girl, you might have been in fashionable society long before this."

"I loved Esther Braddock for her own sake, not for that of her position, and we were separated while both were too young to be very worldly minded. I continued in the state in which it pleased Heaven to place me, and my highest ambition for myself and my child is that we may do our duty there. We can cultivate our intellects, refine our tastes, and thus really elevate ourselves far better by doing so, than by wasting our energies to attain what, after all, is not worth the effort. I value the friends that surround me, and would not exchange them for more fashionable ones even if I could."

"Well, you know of old that we never can agree on this point. I only hope you and Matilda will come here on Thursday and take a glimpse of the gay world."

"Matilda may come if she pleases, but you know I never go out," and as Miss Caroline now returned, having despatched her note, and Matilda expressed her willingness to come to the party, the conversation took a different turn, until the arrival of Mrs. Campbell's acceptance of the invitation threw upon Caroline the onerous task of making a list for the approaching entertainment. It was indeed an onerous task. In the first place the claims of all their acquaintances to gentility were to be weighed and measured. Worth, talent, acquirement was nothing in the scale—it was the largest house, the finest furniture, the most remote connexion with fashionable people that decided these claims, and the discussion was so long and loud that poor Mr. McTabb who was a perfect cypher in their arrangements, at last gathered up his newspapers in despair, and taking a candle, retired to his own room, where he could read the prices current undisturbed.

Mrs. McTabb had taken care to have her daughter educated at a private boarding-school, where she had been taught the usual smattering of accomplishments that a common-place girl can pick up without any extraordinary effort; and where (what her mother thought far more important) she had become acquainted with some fashionable young ladies. These were, of course, to be the prominent belles at the party, (which was the first given by Mrs. McTabb since her daughter had left school) and Caroline was to beg one of them with whom she was more intimate than the rest, to furnish her with a list of eligible beaux, who were to be asked without having the slightest previous acquaintance with any member of the family. These preliminaries being settled, the

nature of the entertainment remained to be discussed. It was only October, and therefore quite too early in the season for a ball—a tea-party Miss Caroline said "was the most stupid thing on earth, and every one they wanted particularly to come would surely decline unless they could offer some great attraction." Fortunately an Italian opera company was in town—Mrs. McTabb, though she had no taste in music, patronized the opera because it was genteel, and the bright idea occurred to her of visiting these artists, inviting them to her party, and drawing upon their talents for the entertainment of her guests. In vain Mrs. Denham expostulated against this plan on the ground of her sister's slight knowledge of the private characters of either the male or female members of the troupe. Miss Caroline hailed it with rapture as insuring a full attendance at their party, and it was at once decided upon.

How thankful did Mrs. Denham feel when she left her sister's splendid residence for her own quiet abode, that an early choice of the better part in life had exempted her from the cares and anxieties that then oppressed its occupants—and with what gratitude did she look upon her own simple and humble minded daughter when she compared her with her ambitious and worldly niece. Yet simple as were Matilda's tastes, it would be wrong to say that she did not anticipate great pleasure in the approaching fête. It is natural for youth and beauty (and Matilda possessed both) to love such scenes, and her delight in the prospect was an innocent one, a purely social feeling unmingled with vanity.

Mrs. McTabb's arrangements were all concluded to her satisfaction with one serious exception. Mrs. Fitzclarence declined the acceptance of her invitation, though her refusal was accompanied by another note bidding Mr. Mrs. and Miss McTabb to her party. This threw the family council into confusion. Neither Caroline nor her mother wanted spirit, and they felt that politely as the note was worded, the refusal that was its companion said, "don't come," as plainly as if written there. But people will sacrifice a great deal to a "fixed idea," and after much consultation, a middle course was resolved on. Mrs. McTabb, though dying to go, declined the invitation as did her husband, who would rather have been privately bastinadoed than have gone; and Miss Caroline Louisa modestly signified her intention of accepting it.

It was a bold step for a girl of eighteen to venture thus without a chaperon into a circle in which she was an entire stranger—but "nothing venture nothing have," and Caroline, confident in the power of her charms, brightened as they were by a most elaborate and expensive toilette,

at nine o'clock on Wednesday evening found herself standing in one corner of Mrs. Fitzclarence's drawing-room, where no human being took the slightest notice of her. Her former intimate companion, Miss Susan Fitzclarence, gracefully waving the costly fan that was her gift, was too much occupied in flirting herself to bestow more than a few words on Caroline, and the room gradually filled with well dressed ladies and distinguished looking gentlemen, who were utter strangers to her. Some of these last she was aware were among the expected guests at her mother's house on the morrow, and she thought they would, of course, take advantage of this opportunity of being introduced to her. But she was disappointed, and after standing unnoticed and unknown for about an hour, unable to reach Mrs. Campbell and her daughter, who were in the other room, she was about meditating a retreat, when she was relieved by seeing a former school-fellow, Miss Evermonde, making her way toward her, leaning upon the arm of a very fine looking young man, with large moustachios. She overwhelmed Caroline with civilities, introduced her companion as her brother, Mr. George de Leancourt Evermonde, (the family were of French extraction) and after remaining a short time to ascertain that the Italians would certainly be at Mrs. McTabb's, left Caroline to be entertained by her brother. After this our heroine no longer wished the party was over. Her companion was full of anecdote, told her who every body was, made some remark either pleasant or ill-natured about all, and when at last he handed Miss Caroline Louisa into the carriage, it was with the assurance that her presence alone had made the party endurable to him. It was very certain that but for his, poor Caroline could not have endured it at all—she therefore thought Mr. de Leancourt Evermonde the most charming person she had ever seen, dreamed of his moustachios, and amid all the excitement of preparation on the ensuing day, found time to tell her mother enough to cause that good lady to build an airy edifice, much higher than any of the sugar ones with which Parkinson was loading her supper table, though formed of even a more frail material than they.

But Miss McTabb's invitation into fashionable society had made her only more anxious than ever about the success of her own party. She knew that all the arrangements were as expensive as possible, so that on that score she was satisfied—Mrs. Fitzclarence would be fairly out done, though alas! she would not be "there to see" that she was. But of the guests, not more than two ladies who were present at Mrs. F.'s party beside the Campbells, were expected by Mrs.

McTabb, and but a few of the gentlemen. Would this slight sprinkling of the élite give Caroline the advancement in the fashionable circles she had fondly hoped? Still it was better than none, and when the rooms were all brilliantly lighted, the grand piano-forte drawn out in regular style, and the violin and violoncello of Signori Monti and Tifolo, with the trumpet of Signor Soffiare brought in previous to the arrival of their owners, her spirits rose to an unwonted height, and she felt that now she was in her true element. The rooms were soon filled, the Italians came, but, sad to tell, the news was brought that Signora Capricci, the *prima donna*, from whom so much was expected, had been taken suddenly ill, and the afflicted Signor, her husband, was unable to leave her. Here was a misfortune and a derangement of Mrs. McTabb's plans, for she had built greatly upon the éclat of having Signora Capricci to sing at her house. But it could not be helped; and while she was bustling through the crowded rooms, telling every one of her disappointment, the instrumental performers began a quartette, which met with decided success. Afterward the Signorinas Tarfalla and Giacinta sang a duett, and in fact the whole troupe did their utmost to make amends for the defection of the *prima donna*. Miss Caroline Louisa devoted herself exclusively to the fashionables, leaving Matilda, who looked very sweetly in her plain white muslin, to attend to those of her own circle. There were few who did not prefer Matilda's society to Caroline's, still her marked neglect of her former friends, who perfectly appreciated her motives, converted some of them into bitter enemies. Mr. de Leancourt Evermonde was pronounced by these envious damsels an insufferable coxcomb, and they charitably foretold that "if Caroline married him she would live to repent of it."

Who so thankful as Mrs. McTabb when the last carriage rolled from the door, and the only misfortunes of the evening were the crashing of a waiter of expensive china, and the spilling of a glass of champagne by an awkward beaux of Mrs. McTabb's own set, upon Miss Evermonde's new blue satin dress. The young lady had quite forgotten her high breeding upon the occasion, and after eyeing the unfortunate youth, who trembled in every limb with no gentle aspect, had said in his very face, "who is that man?" Still these were trifles, and the affair had gone off well. Mrs. Campbell had said she had seldom spent a pleasanter evening. Mr. Evermonde had been devoted to Carry; the supper was magnificent, and no doubt the fame of her entertainment would spread through the fashionable circles and gain her the visiting acquaintance of many who

would long to come to "Mrs. McTabb's delightful parties." Her husband said he wished all the bills were paid, and went off to bed; while Miss Caroline entertained Matilda, who remained through the night, with an account of all the smart things Mr. Evermonde had said, but in which Matilda, try hard as she might, could see no smartness at all.

Heavy as were the bills Mr. McTabb expected, there was one handed in next morning to his wife that was entirely unlooked for and occasioned her no little consternation. She was very busy "clearing up," when informed that Signor Bronti had called, and though informed she was not at home, would take no denial. The lady was obliged to make a hurried toilette and descend, when to her astonishment the Signor presented her with a small bill for professional services, four hundred dollars! Mrs. McTabb was outrageous, and said, "she would not pay the bill—it was an extortion—the Italians had been invited as guests, and as such had contributed their share of the evening's amusement. They had the year before performed for Mrs. K——, and she knew from good authority they had made no charge." The Signor urged that "the troupe were under infinite obligations to Mrs. K——, she was a lady of highest ton and their best patroness. At her parties they were really guests, and treated as such—last night they made no part of the company—it was a professional affair and so understood by all." After a long and stormy debate Mrs. McTabb retired to consult her daughter, who urged her mother to pay the bill immediately. "The Italians would tell the story, and it might be thought mean in certain circles if they declined remunerating them, and thus impede their advance in fashionable life." Mrs. McTabb was struck by this thought, and after compelling the Signor to reduce his charge to three hundred, on consideration of Signora Capricci's defection, promised him payment on her husband's return home. Of course Mr. McTabb groaned over the *absolute necessity* his wife represented to him of giving three hundred dollars for a single item of her party, and gave a check for the amount to the now obsequious Signor, who hoped for his future patronage, and left Mrs. McTabb more convinced than ever of the omnipotent power of fashion which could enable Mrs. K—— to secure services for nothing which cost her three hundred dollars. She consoled herself, however, by telling every one of the immense expense of her party.

Miss Caroline Louisa had heard the proverb *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*—and as her first step into fashionable society had certainly been a costly one, she hoped that her success

would be in proportion. But months passed away and no progress seemed to be made. Miss Evermonde was invited to party after party, to which our heroine could gain no access, and though her brother was certainly attentive, it did not quite make amends for that disappointment. Her dislike of her usual companions daily increased, and at the entertainments given by them displayed a degree of hauteur and indifference that soon rendered the dislike mutual. At length to her delight, Miss Evermonde gave a large ball, to which the McTabb family and Matilda Denham were invited. Mrs. Denham would have preferred that her daughter had declined going, but seeing that she was anxious to take a survey of the circle, in which her cousin had so repeatedly assured her all the elegancies and refinements of life were centred, the mother, after stating her objections, allowed Matilda to follow her own inclinations.

She was surprised on entering her aunt's carriage, which was to convey her to the ball, to find Caroline its sole occupant, who informed her that Mrs. McTabb had suddenly been seized with one of her dreadful headaches while dressing, and had been obliged to give up going; that nothing could induce her father to go without her, and that they must, therefore, proceed alone to the party. Matilda would fain have returned and sent an apology; but Caroline would not hear of such a thing, and with a quaking heart she was obliged to accompany her cousin into the splendid ball-room. The Evermondes, who had their own views with regard to Caroline, did not allow her to remain in obscurity, but kept her well supplied with partners all the evening, while poor Matilda sat neglected and alone. A few of her former school-fellows were present, who each conversed a moment with her—but except a single dance with young Mr. Evermonde, and another with a forlorn, frightened looking youth, whom he presented to her, she sat an anxious spectator of the scene before her, trying (how vainly any one who has been similarly circumstanced can tell) to call to her aid all the philosophy she was mistress of, to console her under the acute mortification she experienced.

At length a lady and a fair delicate looking girl, apparently her daughter, took seats beside her, and after a short time the elderly lady entered into conversation with Matilda by asking the names of some of the other guests. Matilda blushingly confessed her ignorance, when the lady concluding her to be a stranger, said, "I can hardly realize that I am not myself a stranger in the place of my birth, and where I lived for nearly twenty years. Alas! there has been a sad change in society since my time—all are new

people—scarcely a name that I hear is familiar to me. Anybody it seems with money in their pockets can now obtain a footing where once the only access was by birth and refinement.”

“I have often heard a very different complaint,” replied Matilda, much amused at this variation of the tune her aunt was so perpetually singing.

“Ah, that was probably from some poor, foolish person who was struggling to get forward—though,” added the lady with a glance at Matilda’s sweet and dignified face, “you can hardly have come in contact with many such.”

Matilda was embarrassed, but she was naturally very ingenuous, and the lesson of the evening had not been lost upon her. She therefore scorned the idea of leaving the lady under a false impression, and after a moment’s hesitation replied,

“I have seen too many of the class you refer to, and fear I may myself be classed with them to-night, for this is my first appearance in this circle, and I am sure it will be my last. My mother has often told me that we are never happy when we step beyond the sphere of our own friends—I believe her now.”

The lady looked pleased, and turning her bright, intelligent face more fully toward Matilda, said, “your mother must be an uncommon woman to hold such sentiments in these degenerate days, when all seem to be busy pushing themselves up and their neighbors down. Do not think me impertinent if I ask with whom I have the pleasure of conversing? There is something in your face that seems familiar to me.”

“My name is Denham,” said Matilda.

“And your mother’s previous to her marriage?”

“She was a Miss Warren.”

“Then, my dear child,” said the lady, taking Matilda’s hand, “you are talking to one of your mother’s old friends—have you never heard her speak of Esther Braddock?”

“Ah, very often,” replied Matilda, and the lady who now announced herself as Mrs. Talbot, went on to say how fond she had been of her mother in early life, how their intimacy had been broken by Mrs. Talbot’s whole family removing to the northern part of the state of New York, where she had married, and never re-visited her native town until now. Mrs. Talbot kept Matilda with her during the rest of the evening, and astonished her very much by telling her that the ancestors of the illustrious Evermonde family had come to this country in the humble capacity of a hair-dresser, and that consequently they were far from being considered “*premier ton*” by the old aristocracy. This information was, of course, conveyed to Caroline, who, till that moment,

had thought herself desperately in love with Mr. Evermonde. As she had, however, determined she would never marry but into an old family, within a very few weeks he received a decided refusal.

We need hardly say that Mrs. Denham hastened to renew her acquaintance with her former friend, or that Mrs. McTabb did not neglect taking due advantage of her sister’s intimacy. But though she paid Mrs. Talbot and her family every attention, she could not succeed in making her society acceptable to them, while they evidently enjoyed greatly that of Mrs. Denham and Matilda. Mrs. Talbot insisted upon a visit from her former friend during the following summer, and so true it is that real refinement and superiority will work their way where boldness and vulgarity can find no entrance, that Mrs. Denham without an effort found herself an object of attention and respect in one of the most aristocratic neighborhoods the country can boast. Nor was this all. Matilda’s beauty and accomplishments made so strong an impression on the heart of Mrs. Talbot’s eldest son that he soon followed her home, and after a few months Caroline saw her modest, humble-minded cousin married to the son of a distinguished man, and depart with her mother to a beautiful estate which his father had just presented to him.

We must follow a little farther the fortunes of the McTabb dynasty. Matilda’s marriage gave them what they sadly wanted—connexion; and having thus an entering wedge among certain circles, they never rested until by main force they drove in their whole body—the husband and father following passively in their wake. But though success to a certain degree crowned their efforts, they were still as far from happiness or content as ever. The vision of the defunct tailor followed them like Banquo’s ghost, even to the kingly banquet, inducing a restless watchfulness which made them sensitive in the extreme to the slightest neglect, and ready to fancy insults where none were intended. Caroline was a showy looking girl, and an heiress, she, therefore, did not want admirers, and at length achieved a conquest that met her own and her mother’s entire approbation. Her father did not fancy the lover much, but that was of no consequence—he had been too long under domestic control to resist now. He did, however, take the liberty of predicting that Mr. Wilson Marriott would never make his daughter happy.

This gentleman was of an old and respectable family, though rather an impoverished one, and being either too proud or too lazy to make the requisite effort for his own support, considered Miss Caroline Louisa McTabb as but a slight

incumbrance to the large fortune of her worthy father. The besetting sin of his whole family was pride, it was one they hugged as closely to them as if it had been a virtue, and the necessities of the case must have been urgent when they consented to the heir of their house uniting himself with the grand-daughter of a tailor. But they did consent, and the haughty Miss Marriotts' no longer either young or handsome, made such condescending advances to Caroline, that a very slight effort on their brother's part succeeded in gaining her affections. We do not pretend to say she loved him, but she was immeasurably grateful that his hand would bestow the only blessing she coveted, and therefore accepted it as soon as it was offered.

The Miss Marriotts superintended every arrangement of the *trousseau*, the wedding and the establishment Mr. McTabb was to bestow upon his daughter; and as they were not without taste, and were entirely regardless of expense, the style in which she commenced her married career was unexceptionable. The Marriott connexion was one of the first in the community; all called upon the bride, many entertainments were given to her, and Mrs. McTabb folded her hands in deep content, for all her earthly desires were accomplished. It was true she felt a little afraid of her son-in-law, whose cold and haughty manner repelled every approach toward familiarity; and the cool determination with which his sisters had overruled all her suggestions while engaged in preparing for the marriage, was a little hard to bear. Still "they were great people, and no doubt had their foibles—Caroline had a high spirit, and though she was a little subdued before her marriage, would, no doubt, assert her own rights afterward." Alas! Mrs. McTabb little knew with whom she had to deal—many a spirit that can rise under the more common forms of oppression, feels its strength wither and perish beneath the influence of studied coldness and contempt.

Mr. Marriott despised his wife most heartily, and soon let her see it. He looked upon her as a silly, vulgar woman, whose only claim to consideration arose from her connection with himself—he attended her in public because it was respectable to do so, but in private gave her as little of his society as possible, and none of his confidence. His sisters, who were older than himself, possessed much influence over him, and were his sole advisers—everything was to be done as they thought best. If his wife attempted to expostulate she was listened to with perfect apathy—did she try tears, they were unnoticed—if she stormed, he left the house, sometimes spending days at his father's while she was alone.

Caroline would then send for her mother, they would together devise some new plan of resistance, each of which was as ineffectual as the preceding.

Mrs. McTabb had induced her husband to settle a handsome sum upon his daughter when she married. The canny Scot, mistrusting his son-in-law, had, however, placed the principal beyond his reach—the income he drew regularly, and from it bestowed expensive presents on his sisters—while from his wife he exacted an economy to which she had never been accustomed and could not practice. On one occasion—it was soon after the birth of her first child—a heavy bill of her contracting was presented to her husband for payment. He quickly went with it into her chamber, and in the presence of her nurse, rebuked her with such bitter severity for her extravagance, and commanded her so imperiously never to commit a similar error, that a nervous fever was the result of the agitation into which she was thrown, that for a time endangered her life.

The approach of death withdraws the veil from many a darkened mind. During a tedious convalescence Caroline had time for much serious reflection. She saw for what a shadow she had sacrificed the happiness of her life, and felt how little she was prepared for that higher existence on which, though for a time reprieved, she must one day surely enter. She felt too that there was then no distinction between those who are in high places here, and those who walk in the sheltered valley of humility, save that of the possession of "the pearl of great price," and this pearl in her efforts for worldly aggrandizement she had thrown from her unvalued.

When Mrs. Marriott emerged from her sick chamber she was a wiser woman than when she entered it. Conscious of her errors, she lost no time in endeavoring to correct them; and Mrs. Denham's counsel, during a long visit she paid her sister soon afterward, aided her materially in her efforts for her own improvement. Her husband and his sisters viewed with apparent indifference the change that had taken place in her, but gradually treated her with more respect. Their affection she hardly hopes to gain, but is certainly more likely to do so now, than when her heart was set upon the frivolity that once absorbed it.

Mrs. McTabb is still haunted by her "fixed idea," but following her daughter's example she has retired from the gay world. She will not yet believe Caroline's assertion, that all her domestic unhappiness is owing to her having made one grand mistake—that of placing for the chief good false instead of true greatness.

INFANCY.

BY MISS M. MILES.

On! beautiful, sweet children!
 That deep love for each other,
 The sister's earnest tenderness
 For her young, baby brother;
 Their voices mingle in their plays,
 Or thoughtfully they pore
 Thro' many bright and sunny hours,
 O'er books of nursery lore.
 Glad-bearted children! your light mirth
 With every tone breaks out
 In laughter, girlish glee, and song,
 And boyhood's merry shout;
 But when the passing cloud calls forth
 From one the quick-dried tear,
 With love, and kiss, and sympathy,
 The other hovers near.
 Oh! beautiful this deep love!
 Free from the taint of earth,
 The worldliness that shadows o'er
 Too soon the household hearth;
 Sweet orphans! with your sunny brows—
 From every sorrow free,
 Your fresh love as the cadence comes
 Of some old melody.
 Sweet children! still thro' coming years,
 Thus fondly cling together,
 And may your barks float side by side,
 In calm and stormy weather!
 No silver link in your young lives
 Be by a rude touch riven,
 And may your childish prayers ascend
 Like incense unto Heaven!

A WINTER SCENE.

BY S. D. VEANS.

DEEP o'er the hidden earth the white snow lays,
 Glossy and hard, and chrystalline it shines,
 Incrusting all the shore. The rocks are glazed;
 The moss and plants in perfect white appear;
 Glist'ning with pearly drops the branches wave;
 The shrubs and vines, enveloped by the mist,
 Ice-arbors form, of alabaster hue,
 Or in festoons hang arching overhead.
 'Tis like a coral grove, most beautiful,
 Most lovely to the gaze, and dazzling bright,
 A Paradise arrested in its bloom,
 And sleeted o'er with winter's snowy robe.
 Around a forest stands, but no green boughs,
 No trembling leaves, no flowers, no fruits are there;
 E'en the rough trunks of the tall trees are hid.
 For fruit the bended boughs are crusted o'er
 With spray congealed—creamy and rich it looks,
 In thought delicious for a summer bower;
 And icicles, as diamonds, pendent hang,
 And clustering sparkle on each leafless branch.
 The winds rush through, the heaving forest yields,
 The burthened tree-tops groan, and crushing strike
 The incrustations hanging from the boughs,
 And showers of ice fall pattering to the ground.

LOWELL'S POEMS.*

It is now two years since we commended, in the pages of "Graham's Magazine," the first volume of Mr. Lowell's poems. We then spoke of his genius in the warmest terms, predicting that, if he husbanded his powers, he would eventually produce a great poem. Our prophecy has been nearly fulfilled in "The Legend of Brittany," the longest composition in the volume before us.

If we were asked to apply a test by which the true poet, whose inspiration is heaven-born, could be at once distinguished from the factitious one who has dragged himself into versifying because it is the fashion, we should try him by his choice of subjects. A poet has an intuitive perception of the fitness of a theme. He knows at a glance what will suit his purpose. Like a landscape painter he takes in, with a single view, all the capabilities of the subject, seizes the strong points, modifies whatever requires it, and flings over the whole the golden haze of his imagination. We see this tact, if we may call it such, evinced in the minor poems of Milton, which often owe as much to the subject as to the handling. It is especially remarkable in Coleridge. But the mere versifier has no such faculty. Every subject is alike to him, or if he makes any difference it is in favor of what is common place. He usually selects a theme as ridiculous as the twaddle he writes on it. If he chooses a fit subject it is by chance, and after choosing it can make nothing of it. He is as perplexed as a pettifogger overwhelmed with the details of a complicated case. If any one doubts our position let him look through the *Rosa Matilda* school, refer to the writers who followed Pope and preceded Cowper, or inflict on himself the penance of perusing the ditties, sonnets, and other so called poems, yearly published on hot-pressed paper, "at the urgent solicitation of friends."

To apply this test to Lowell. The legend of Brittany is a tradition of a maiden of "low degree," seduced by a Templar, who afterward murders her lest the knowledge of his broken vow of chastity should become public, and deprive him of the hope of the Grand Mastership to which his ambition aspired. To conceal the crime the body is secretly interred behind the altar of the Temple church. So far the capabilities of the story are only common place, but now ensue passages of the highest imaginative power. No sooner is the foul deed done than horror and remorse seize on the guilty man. The vision

* *Poems by James Russell Lowell. 1 vol. Cambridge, John Owen, 1841.*

of the murdered victim is ever before him, gazing silently with reproachful eyes into his soul. He dares not go and look on the corpse: he dares not remove it to a safer place; but like one fascinated, he remains in the church, wandering restlessly to and fro in the aisle, returning, with wan and ghastly smiles the salutations of his friends. On the second day there is a high festival. The church is crowded. The Templar is still there. The magnificent ceremonies of the Roman church begin. The organ swells out, shivering the air with its tremendous bass, and then sinks down, like a lark fluttering to the earth, while the shrill treble of a boy begins the chaunt. Suddenly a breathless awe mysteriously thrills the assembly. No one knows whence it comes; but each feels its power. The organ stops, the choristers cease in the midst of the chaunt, and a universal horror throbs through the hearts of the spectators. Men look at each other with vague fear, uncertain what all this may portend. The silence is death-like. Suddenly a plaintive voice is heard from the altar, stealing across that stillness. It is a voice from the other world—the voice of the murdered victim, beseeching baptism for her unborn babe, and sweetly upbraiding the murderer. The legend proceeds to say that the priests “with ceremony due,” perform the rite; and that afterward, on looking for the seducer, he is found lifeless on the marble pavement. But the hope of pardon from above, held out to the repentant man by that mysterious voice, appears not to be futile, for “something of the darkness of his woe” has fled from the cold face of the corpse, as if the soul found peace ere it departed.

Such is the story. It is of great power, and well adapted to an ideal poem. No poet but one of high imagination could do justice to the scene in the cathedral; and the selection of it by Lowell proves his quick eye for the truly sublime, and his confidence in his resources, which he has not overrated.

The poem is divided into two parts. The first part contains many beautiful passages, and throughout evinces great delicacy of thought and feeling. The pictures of Margaret and her lover are very fine: indeed Lowell never fails in description. The first meeting between the victim and her betrayer is well told, as is also the growth of love in the gentle bosom of the maid. A strain of thoughtfulness runs through the whole of the poem. But the beauty sometimes becomes enervating, and the thought is now and then trite. Nor is the execution of the verses always faultless. In some cases the rhymes are incorrect, in others the rhythm is improperly harsh, not unfrequently words are used in distorted senses; and we have marked several passages where the

author has finished the stanzas by a weak and slovenly line, when he should have reserved all his power for it, as a workman is most careful of the keystone of his arch.

But these are trivial faults. We shall not be, as Cicero has it, “*auceps syllabarum*,” a mere critic of words. We look higher. If there are evidences of genius in a poem we can pass by minor blemishes. Age and experience will correct an author's tendency to commit these errors. In praising the earlier productions of Mr. Lowell we attributed his at times slovenly execution to the dislike to modify in calmer hours what was penned in the rapture of inspiration, lest he might injure instead of improve. The fear was natural, and perhaps there is nothing more difficult to learn than the art of correcting one's poems. But it is, nevertheless, what all, however high their genius, must acquire; and Mr. Lowell, though he has much before him yet to learn, has made many important steps in this walk since his last publication, as we shall have occasion to show directly. But to return to the legend.

The ten concluding stanzas of the first part contain a beautiful picture of the first love of a young girl, and we regret that the limits to which we have prescribed ourselves forbid us to insert them. The second part opens in a melancholy strain, like a mournful overture played while the curtain rises on a tragedy. Margaret begins to suspect the perfidy of her lover. Daily his neglect becomes more apparent. Here is a beautiful image which we cannot refrain from quoting.

“Full oft they met, as dawn and twilight meet
In northern climes; she full of growing day,
As he of darkness—”

But with neglect the affection of Margaret increases, as the poet truly says, she “in her silent patience loved him more.” Against hope she hoped. The drama, however, was rapidly drawing to a close. For awhile the Templar had loved truly, as truly at least as his sneering nature was capable, but gradually his ambition overcame his passion, and, after many struggles, he resolved to sacrifice his victim.

“Upon his casement, with a knotted brow,
He leaned and mused; dark shadows came and past
O'er his pale cheek; some dreadful tempting now
Coils round his heart, which struggles all aghast
And fain would shake it off, yet knows not how,
Then struggles less and less, and yields at last,
And the black serpent, colder and more cold,
Half sleeps, but tightens still its scaly fold.

The apathy, ere a crime resolved is done,
Is scarce less dreadful than remorse for crime
By no allurements can the soul be won
From brooding o'er the weary creep of time:
Mordred stole forth into the happy sun,
Striving to hum a scrap of Breton rhyme,
But the sky struck him speechless, and he tried
In vain to summon up his callous pride.

In the court-yard a fountain leaped a way,
 A Triton blowing jewels through his shell
 Into the sunshine; Mordred turned away,
 Weary because the stone face did not tell
 Of weariness, nor could he bear to-day,
 Heartsick, to hear the patient sink and swell
 Of winds among the leaves, or golden bees
 Drowsily humming in the orange-trees."

The five succeeding stanzas, describing the meeting between the lovers and hinting at the consummation of the deed (a narrative of which the poet, with excellent taste, avoids) are powerful and imaginative. The secreting of the body now follows, then the remorse of the murderer, his endless watch in the cathedral, the festival day, the crowded auditory, and the beginning of the ceremonies. Next occurs, perhaps, the finest passage in the poem.

"Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave
 The music trembled with an inward thrill
 Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on wave
 Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until
 The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave,
 Then, poising for a moment, it stood still,
 And sank and rose again, to burst in spray
 That wandered into silence far away.

Like to a mighty heart the music seemed,
 That yearns with melodies it cannot speak,
 Until, in grand despair of what it dreamed,
 In the agony of effort it doth break,
 Yet triumphs breaking; on it rushed and streamed
 And wantoned in its might, as when a lake,
 Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls
 And in one crowding gush leaps forth and falls.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
 As the huge bass kept gathering heavily,
 Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
 And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky:
 It grew up like a darkness everywhere,
 Filling the vast cathedral;—suddenly,
 From the dense mass a boy's clear treble broke
 Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant,
 Brimming the church with gold and purple mist,
 Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chaunt,
 Where fifty voices in one strand did twist
 Their varicolored tones, and left no want
 To the delighted soul, which sank abyssed
 In the warm music-cloud, while, far below,
 The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

As if a lark should suddenly drop dead
 While the blue air yet trembled with its song,
 So snapped at once that music's golden thread,
 Struck by a nameless fear that leapt along
 From heart to heart, and like a shadow spread
 With instantaneous shiver through the throng,
 So that some glanced behind, as half aware
 A hideous shape of dread was standing there.

As when a crowd of pale men gather round,
 Watching an eddy in the leaden deep,
 From which they deem the body of one drowned
 Will be cast forth, from face to face doth creep
 An eager dread that holds all tongues fast bound,
 Until the horror, with a ghastly leap,
 Starts up, its dead blue arms stretched aimlessly,
 Heaved with the swinging of the careless sea,—

So in the faces of all these there grew,
 As by one impulse, a dark, freezing awe,
 Which, with a fearful fascination, drew
 All eyes toward the altar; damp and raw

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The air grew suddenly, and no man knew
 Whether perchance his silent neighbor saw
 The dreadful thing, which all were sure would rise
 To scare the strained lids wider from their eyes.

The incense trembled as it upward sent
 Its slow, uncertain thread of wandering blue,
 As 'twere the only living element
 In all the church, so deep the stillness grew;
 It seemed one might have heard it, as it went,
 Give out an audible rustle, curling through
 The midnight silence of that awe-struck air,
 More hushed than death, though so much life was there.

Nothing they saw, but a low voice was heard
 Threading the ominous silence of that fear,
 Gentle and terrorless as if a bird,
 Wakened by some volcano's glare, should cheer
 The murky air with its song; yet every word
 In the cathedral's farthest arch seemed near,
 As if it spoke to every one apart,
 Like the clear voice of conscience in each heart."

Here is the highest imagination combined with a graphic power rarely equalled. We say nothing of the fancy that flashes continually along the verse, but which, if coming from a man of less genius, would be worthy of praise. The words of Margaret's spirit we reluctantly omit. They are, however, plaintive even to tears.

There are many things in this poem that remind us of Keats. Like all of his productions it has, often, an exuberance of fancy approaching to effeminacy. Like them, too, it has many weak verses. But like them it is full of noble verbal pictures. Like them it displays a genius of the very highest order: and like them it was written by a young man scarcely twenty-five. Its faults are minor and comparatively few; while its merits are great and numerous. We know no sustained poem by an American author equal to it.

The remainder of the volume contains the smaller poems of Mr. Lowell, chiefly fugitive pieces, most of which have already appeared in various periodicals. The noble ballad of "Rosaline," is given unaltered, nor do we see wherein the poet could have improved it. "In Sadness," "A Requiem," "Violet," "To Perdita," and "The Forlorn," all favorites with us, come likewise in their old guise. But "The Poet's Dirge," some of the verses of which are unsurpassed for melody by anything in the language, has undergone many and important alterations. This fine poem, which has a deep meaning by which we may all profit, was originally disfigured by verses, which, though few, marred the beauty of the whole piece. It bore every internal evidence of having been published as it came, shivering at a white heat, from the author's imagination, and without the benefit of those corrections which a careful revision, guided by taste, bestows. These corrections it has now received, and, in the present state, is one of the best poems in the volume. Yet, in one instance, to our mind, the pruning knife has been unnecessarily applied. It is in

the omission of the following verses, which are singularly in keeping with the mournful beauty of the remainder, and which have been discarded apparently on the false notion that they were merely a repetition of the preceding stanzas. But the poet as well as the orator should know that amplification is often, not only excusable, but desirable; and, in this instance, we think it increased the beauty of the poem.

"Three paces from the silver strand,
Gently in the fine, white sand,
With a lily in thy hand,
Pure as snow they laid thee;
In no coarse earth wast thou hid,
And no gloomy coffin lid
Darkly overweighed thee.
Silently as snow-flakes drift,
The smooth sand did sift and sift
O'er the bed they made thee.
All sweet birds did come and sing
At thy sunny burying—
Choristers unbidden,
And, beloved of sun and dew,
Meek forget-me-nots upgrew
Where thine eyes so large and blue
'Neath the turf were hidden."

We might instance many other poems in the volume as of great beauty. But in so doing we should be careful to divide them into two classes, the love-poems and those on manlier subjects. The love-poems are distinguished for delicacy, melody and prettiness, though now and then they are more elevated. Most of them are the fruit of former years: the later compositions of the writer are on more earnest and loftier themes. Among these later pieces "The Heritage," "The Parable," "A Glance behind the Curtain," "The Fatherland," and "Prometheus," are the best. They abound with noble thoughts, with glorious aspirations, with a brotherly love for humanity. We cannot peruse them without feeling that a better spirit breathes in the poetry of our time than in that of any age since Shakspeare: we may say a better spirit than in any preceding age whatever. This brings us to consider a question well worth a moment's delay.

It must be clear, even to a cursory observer, that an extensive though comparatively silent change is going on in the philosophy of the day. We think differently from our fathers. The philosophy of their time was disseminated from France: it required exact demonstration, was credulous of but few things, and skeptical of all. In our generation the German philosophy has fought its way to notice: it is a philosophy bordering on Platonism, is credulous of many things and skeptical of few. The *côté gauche*, the extreme left of this philosophy is represented in this country by the transcendentalists: their direct antagonists are the more stubborn of the conservatives. Between the two lie a thousand shades of opinion. But every man accustomed to observe these things

notices that the conservatives become yearly less potent, and that meantime the tendency of the mass toward transcendentalism increases.

Now this change is in part the result of ordinary causes which govern us in the most daily occurrences. The human mind has a passion for changes: it is like a pendulum that continually oscillates. To a shallow thinker, indeed, it would appear that these changes are governed by no law, that whim controls all, that the fashion of one's philosophy is like the fashion of one's dress; in other words that Plato comes in and Aristotle goes out, just as full breasted coats succeed narrow ones, or queus supplant wigs. But there are others who look deeper. They find that this apparent love of change is the result of the finite character of the human mind, which, never obtaining a thoroughly comprehensive view of any subject, is always liable to see some new argument, to unsettle, and by consequence to modify or wholly alter a preconceived opinion. We daily notice, in ordinary life, instances of this. Biography tells us of even great minds that have oscillated from one extreme to another, during a life-time, on almost every subject important to man, on morals, on legislation, on religion. It is not so with all men, on all subjects; but it is so with most men, on any matters where they think for themselves; for we do not now speak of those obstinate fools who take all things on authority, who carry their bag to mill with a stone in one end because their fathers did it, and disbelieve the antipodes, like the old inquisitors, because in that case people would tumble off from the under side of the globe. And as it is with individuals so it is with the masses. The opinions of communities are but the aggregate of the opinions of its members, usually originating with the few strong minds that are by consequence the leading ones. In the last century the rage for exact demonstration may be traced back to Locke and a few others. Nothing was then believed that could not be proved. Atheism was the ultimate consequence. This startled men, and a re-action began. Having gone as far as it could one way the human mind began to return in its orbit. It is now hurrying to its perihelion. The fashionable doctrine of the day is that the highest truths are not susceptible of exact demonstration, but flash on us, through some combination of the reason and imagination not as yet exactly understood. This seems, at least, to be the idea of Schlegel. No one can deny that the present creed is the best for Chistianity. It is now waging a fierce war with the old school, apparently with variable success; but that it will ultimately prevail we are as assured of as we are that the scholastic philosophy was a farrago

of words, or that Bacon was a sounder man than Aquinas.

We cannot shut our eyes to this re-action if we study the poetry of our time. The poets of this century are fast diverging from the philosophy of the past: let us be frank and say they are becoming more Platonic daily. The increasing popularity of Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson and Longfellow shows in what direction the tide of public thought is setting. And poets have more influence on the age than is generally believed. They reflect back the philosophy and morality of their time, and so increase its evil or good, as a concave mirror gathers the scattered rays of the sun into a focus. Voltaire was, in one sense, a disciple of Locke; he was also the apostle of scepticism. Rousseau was born of the Regent's suppers, and Rousseau paid back the debt by doubling the licentiousness of the age. It was when Buckhurst held his orgies in Bow street that Wycherley wrote his comedies. We might multiply instances. And the chastened tone, nobility of thought, the elevated philosophy of the poets of this generation are at once the consequence and cause of our morality and Platonism.

We thank God it is so. We thank God that men of genius appear to regard the gift of talent, not as a license for all manner of excesses, but as a trust with which to improve mankind. The days of Suckling, Vanburgh, Etherege and Congreve, of licentious comedies and still more licentious songs, the days when debauchees like Bolingbroke, hypocrites like Rochester, and villains like Buckingham were emulated by the town have passed away, and genius instead of dramatizing their characters and holding up their depravity to praise until the most appalling vices become epidemic, has dedicated itself at a holier altar, and, with apostolic staff and scrip, gone forth into the lanes and entered the lazar houses of society, to clothe the poor, to feed the hungry, to heal the sick, to administer to the dying. The feeling of brotherhood, which is at the root of all charity, is becoming the prevailing feeling of the age. We see it in a hundred benevolent enterprises, in our legislation, in our manners. We see it, too, in our poets. And among them all there is no one in whom this feeling burns as clear and high as in Lowell.

Here we must pause. We have only glanced at the subject; for to be thoroughly discussed, it would require the limits of a small sized volume. But we could not wholly pass it by. In making up a judgment on these poems it would have been impossible to overlook the influence which this growing philosophy has had on Lowell. It is so great that we may venture to pronounce, that if he had been born a generation sooner, or being

born in this generation, had been educated here instead of in Boston where this Platonism first took root, the character of his poetry would have been essentially different.

We had intended to draw a parallel between the merely descriptive poet, and the poet who, like Lowell, is both descriptive and ideal. We had intended to point out the difference between fancy and imagination, and to illustrate each by quotations from this volume. We had intended to show the gradual change which has been going on in the mind of our poet, from boyish effeminacy to a rugged and earnest manhood, as evidenced in his poems extending through six or seven years. We had intended to speak of his "Prometheus," in many respects a noble composition, and from that pass to the superiority of blank verse over rhyme, for all the higher purposes of poetry. We had intended to comment on several of the minor poems in this volume, on "Midnight," "A Fantasy," the "Ode," and a few others, each differing from the remainder in style as well as merit. And we had intended to speak of the sonnets, some of which are of very high character, while others fall below those in his first volume. But we are admonished that we have already exceeded our limits. After all, it is on the "Legend of Brittany," that the reputation of the volume must rest, and of that we have spoken at some length.

We may sum up in a few words. The genius of Lowell is great, but it needs training. What he has done is valuable chiefly as an evidence of what he will hereafter do when time shall have matured his powers and corrected his taste. It is to be regretted that his faults are of such a character as to shut the eyes of a large class of his countrymen to his really great merits. There is no American poet to whose future career we look with so much interest as to that of Lowell.

C. J. F.

THE WIDOW.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

SHE muses, while the unconscious tears
Drop heavily along her cheek;
And mem'ries come of happy years,
Until it seems her heart would break.

She sees once more the shady lane
Where first her virgin love was wooed—
She sees her wedding morn again—
And home, with its sweet solitude.

And faster now the thick tears flow—
Earth seems all gloom, all gloom the sky;
She cannot speak her utter woe,
But only prays with him to die.

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THE WIDOW'S REVENGE;

OR, THE YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER III.

"WHEN our guests had departed, Richard gave orders that his horse should be brought forth, and it was three weeks before he again slept beneath his uncle's roof, though he was frequently at the neighboring town and vigilant in his efforts to bring the murderers of poor Durand to justice. The attorney general found him an able and firm assistant, but with all their exertions no traces of the assassin could be found, and after a few weeks the search was abandoned as utterly hopeless.

"Three weeks—alas, less time than that has been sufficient to fix the destiny of many a human being.

"They met again and again, young La Brun and my gentle mistress—I witnessed the gathering light of first love settle upon her till that pure heart burst into blossom: such blossoms as never perish till they are trampled into the rich soil and petrify there. You could see it in every action—in the changing bloom of her cheek and the smiles that beamed through her pleasant eyes. It gave a new power to her voice, a sweetness and depth that was to her former tones what the ripe fruit is to the flower.

"It was a strange thing, this gentle and devoted love, commenced and strengthened amid scenes so distressing; but thus it was. The proud, honorable affections of that young man were truly given to the fair girl who seemed created to possess them, and a new world appeared opening to both, a world of bright, beautiful feelings, created by their own pure affections. This change came to pass while Richard absented himself from our dwelling: when he returned La Brun was the affianced husband of Therese Embury. The consent of my master had been obtained the very day before Richard returned home. That morning Monsieur La Brun was with my young mistress very early; when breakfast was over they sauntered toward the lake garden and sat down beneath a clump of willows on a green slope where the sunshine was smiling with gentle warmth. I had been of their company, but took a fishing rod and went to a bank beyond ear shot, where I amused myself with a listless attempt to decoy some of the pretty fish, that flashed like arrows of tiny silver through the waves, with a minnow fly which I had manufactured from shreds of silk cut from my embroidery frame. It was one of the most lovely mornings I ever remember. The forest trees all around the lake completely fringed the

mimic sea with a rampart of shivering foliage. A light wind ruffled through the leaves and dimpled the waters where they sparkled and laughed in the sunshine. All around among the shadows the night dew was still shining, and the breath of wild roses swept up from the forest dingles so profusely that every gush of air seemed more than half fragrant.

"When I left my young mistress, La Brun lay on the sward at her feet, reading one of the Italian poets which she loved so well, but I had scarcely dropped my silken line on the water when his book fell unnoticed to the earth, and I could see by the expression of the noble face uplifted to her's, by the graceful and drooping tenderness of her position as her head was bent toward him, that the author had been abandoned for that more beautiful poetry which springs with such sweet eloquence from young and loving hearts when they feel it truly and for the first time.

"While they seemed more and more absorbed the soothing warmth of noonday was creeping over us, when I was startled by the sudden tramp of a horse. It was cousin Richard galloping along the highway, which on that side was only divided from the lake by a narrow belt of trees. He saw me through the foliage, and turned his horse as if to ride toward us—but a sudden dread of his anger should he come unexpectedly on the lovers took possession of me. I flung down the fishing rod and walked hastily toward the spot where he had checked his horse on observing my intention. It was the first time I had met him alone since that terrible murder; I who in my heart believed *him* the murderer! When I thought of this my courage failed, and I would have retreated but for the stronger fear of arousing his violent temper. He reached forth his hand and seemed glad to recognize me.

"Is Mr. Embury at home, pretty one?"

"I answered in the affirmative.

"And my sweet cousin, is she well and beautiful as ever?"

"Again I answered yes, but with an anxious glance toward the lake, for my limbs trembled with dread that he might read his answer there. But the young couple were seated on a slope of the bank, and the thick willow foliage concealed them effectually.

"Richard dismounted, and passing his arm through the bridle, walked by my side toward the house, leading his horse.

"That was a gloomy day when we last parted," he said, looking keenly in my face.

"I was prepared for this subject, and having once resolved to bury the suspicions which no power of mine could crush forever in my own

heart, held such control over myself that no emotion was visible in my face.

"It was indeed a terrible day," I answered; "has the attorney general been enabled to gain no intelligence—has no light been thrown upon the cruel mystery?"

"I felt that his black eyes were searching my face, but walked on quietly as before, though my heart quaked within me.

"None whatever that I know of," he answered after a dead silence of two or three minutes duration. "The attorney general seems quite at fault, though backed by the police of Paris—or, at least such was the state of affairs when I left Brie."

"I believe that he has abandoned the pursuit altogether," I observed, determined not to drop the subject painful as it was, so long as he seemed disposed to talk of it.

"Indeed, I did not think he would have despaired so soon."

"There was a sort of mocking triumph in his tone that induced me to still greater attention. He changed the subject, however, without any assistance from me and to my great relief.

"You did not know, perhaps, that I have been a long journey since we met?"

"No," I replied, "we thought you domesticated at your own residence."

"I have been in Germany!"

"Indeed, your uncle will be surprised!"

"And gratified also, I trust, for I return richer by several thousands than when I left France."

"In spite of my efforts at self-control I felt myself growing pale.

"Comes your good fortune by inheritance?" I said at last, but the words came husky from my lips.

"Yes, a distant relative of my father made me his heir—he died very suddenly, and I have taken possession."

"Again there was a tone of mockery in his voice, though he must have been unconscious of it. It was the blackness of his soul looking up through all the soft disguise which he flung over it.

"And now I have come to your mistress for my bride, not a penniless dependant on her father's bounty, but fortunèd as a gentleman should be, if not so richly as herself. What say you, girl—will you live with us when Therese is my own beautiful wife?"

"Your wife!" I repeated in dismay, and quite unconscious of what I was saying.

"Yes, my wife. Is there anything very terrible in that—stay a moment," he added, stopping short and pressing his hand on my arm, while the fire of his black eyes seemed burning into my face. "We must understand each other—you have great influence with Therese, use it in my behalf and

you secure a generous friend, but thwart me in anything, whisper but a thought to my disadvantage in her ear, and you have an enemy implacable and more dangerous than woman ever braved. We are friends—is it not so?"

"The first part of this speech was uttered in a voice so stern and even ferocious that I shuddered as it fell on my ear; but the south wind was not more gentle than the persuasive tones in which the last question was embodied. Before I could answer he had taken a chain of massive gold from his vest and flung it about my neck. I shrank from the cold touch as if a serpent had coiled itself on my bosom, but at that moment Mr. Embury appeared at the door—Richard resigned his horse to a servant, and stepped forward to greet him.

"I hastily tore the chain from my neck, and grasping it in my hand, passed up to the library: it was usually vacant that hour, but the seclusion seemed insufficient for my thirst after solitude. I sat down in the recess of a window, and unfolding an India screen, shut myself in from the room.

"A few minutes and Mr. Embury entered, followed by his nephew; a dread of meeting that fearful man kept me motionless and silent. Mr. Embury was speaking, and there was something like displeasure in his voice.

"Nay, Richard," he said, "this importunity distresses me; my daughter must decide on her own happiness—she has been left free to choose for herself."

"And why should not her choice rest on me, her own and only cousin? I do not ask her hand as the poor huntsman sought her father's roof, penniless and humble almost as his servitors—"

"Richard this is ungenerous—have you not been to me as my own son?"

"True, good uncle, most true! but still I was a dependant, a feeder upon the bounty of my mother's relative. As such I dared not lift my eyes to his beautiful and wealthy daughter."

"Had her choice fallen on you, my brave boy, all this would have been nothing. Therese will have wealth enough to sanction heart-love as the only necessity in her selection of a mate, but it cannot be!"

"Mr. Embury spoke kindly, and it was evident that he felt for the agitation of his nephew, who betrayed the inward tumult of his feelings in every tone of his voice.

"It can be and shall, my good uncle—she loved me once, at least preferred me—"

"I did think at one time that she was not averse to the thoughts of a union with you," said Mr. Embury with great kindness, "and believe me I would not have opposed her desires had they gone in that direction—but since the death of poor Mr. Durand."

"Richard stopped short in his walk up and down the library, and interrupted his uncle by repeating the words he had used.

"The death of poor Durand,' he said, in a voice that shook spite of himself. 'What has my love of Therese to do with that?'

"Nothing with that in itself, perhaps much in circumstances which sprang from it. But for the examination of that unhappy affair she would probably never have known Monsieur La Brun.'

"Monsieur La Brun!" repeated Richard, for once addressing his uncle in the bitter and savage voice which had so frequently caused his inferiors to cower before him.

"Richard!"

"Never shall I forget the tone of painful surprise in which my master uttered this single word. It put Richard on his guard, and when he spoke again it was more cautiously, though his very heart seemed trembling with passion.

"Uncle,' he said, 'do you mean me to understand that Monsieur La Brun has presumed to address my cousin?'

"I yesterday gave my consent to their union,' replied Mr. Embury, with a grave dignity that would have conquered the temper of a less violent person, but a terrible imprecation burst from the white lips of Richard Schwartz, and he stamped his iron shod heel into the carpet with a violence that cut through the rich fabric to the marble floor. Mr. Embury arose and looked his nephew calmly in the face, but without minding this gentle rebuke the fierce young man turned away and strode from the library. Mr. Embury was about to follow him, but while his retreating step was still ringing along the corridor, he turned and appeared once more in the library. It seemed impossible that wrath like that which he had witnessed a moment before could have been so completely subdued in the brief time that had elapsed—but when Richard Schwartz stood before his uncle again it was with a subdued and comparatively tranquil air: he was yet pale, but the frown was driven from his massive forehead, and the flash of his eyes was smothered as it were by violence done to his savage nature.

"I did not hear you out, uncle,' he said in a manner and voice every way at variance with his late fierce outbreak. 'You were saying that Monsieur La Brun had proposed for my cousin. Did she sanction his application to yourself?'

"My consent had not been given otherwise.'

"And she loves him?'

"There can be no doubt of it!'

"Has she told you so—has she told you this with her own lips?'

"She has indeed; with her face buried in my bosom, and her fond arms clinging to my neck,

even as her sweet mother made her confession in the morning of my life; be generous, Richard, and say if I who was made so happy by that gentle mother, should thwart the pure affections of this the only pledge of our happiness.'

"Richard seemed struggling with himself for a moment, and his voice was husky when he answered.

"It is hard for me to approve the act that seals my own despair,' he said; 'yet I who loved, who still love Therese so passionately, must answer that you have decided as become her father. But this sycophant, this La Brun shall answer of his treachery—he knew that I loved her, he ~~must~~ have seen it in every look and word—but for him she would have been mine. I have thought of her, toiled for her, wrestled with the wild beast of the forest, and made my hand red with blood,' he paused abruptly—'the blood of fierce animals—and all to obtain wealth that I might be a match for her, and now—now that it is accomplished—when my coffers are heavy with gold and renown sits brightly upon my name, this man steps in and thrusts me aside.'

"This is but the injustice of a disappointed man,' said Mr. Embury, soothingly—'a little reflection will show you how unworthy such thoughts are of an honorable heart—but you speak of wealth, nephew, as if some new source of prosperity had been laid open to you.'

"I have been in Germany,' was the brief reply; 'a kinsman of my father is dead, and I have inherited his possessions.'

"I did not know that your father had a kinsman of sufficient wealth to enrich his son,' said Mr. Embury mildly, but with some evidence of surprise.

"I believe no member of my poor mother's family made much effort to attain knowledge of his connections or affairs. It was enough for them that he was a huntsman and dependant; but still my father was a man of no mean birth, and the wealth that I would have laid at your daughter's feet, if not equal to her beauty, is enough for independence.'

"Let us avoid the mention of my daughter till you can look upon her engagement more kindly,' was the consolatory reply; 'she will rejoice at your good fortune.'

"Mr. Embury arose as if about to end the conversation.

"One word,' said Richard, 'may I ask when this happy union is to be consummated?'

"In a few weeks, but the day is not decided on; before that time you will have overcome any unpleasant feeling regarding it, and we shall see you at the wedding happy as ever. May I not hope so?'

"The kind man held out his hand as he spoke, and Richard took it with seeming good faith; and Mr. Embury went forth in search of his daughter.

"I still sat motionless in my concealment, scarcely daring to breathe so great was my terror of the strange being whose labored breathing seemed to me like that of a wild beast disturbed in his lair. He stood as his uncle had left him, stern and motionless, his heavy brows gradually knitting themselves into a frown, and his lips shut with a pressure that drove the blood from them.

"*'I will be there and happy,'* he muttered in a low, concentrated voice, and folding his arms, he began to pace the library slowly and in deep thought. For half an hour his measured tread fell upon my ear—still he kept on, walking to and fro, never once lifting his eyes from the carpet, and his fingers, all the time, working together and clutching the velvet of his sleeve. At last he moved toward the door, and that same heavy footfall sounded back from the corridor till I heard his spurs clanking upon the stairs, and his stern voice giving orders that his horse should be brought forth.

"The window which I occupied commanded a view of the lake, and the clump of willows where I had left Therese and her lover. Mr. Embury had joined them—and with a strange fear of encountering Richard again should I stay in the library, I stole down a private stair-case, and crossing an angle of the grounds, joined the group. My master was informing his daughter of Richard's arrival, and I could see that the news distressed her; she drew closer to her affianced husband, nestling her hand in his, while her timid eyes were lifted confidently to his face like a dove pleading for protection.

"*'Why do you tremble thus?'* he questioned, pressing her hand between both his, and smiling upon her.

"*'At her own silly fancies,'* rejoined Mr. Embury, laying his hand caressingly among the waves of her bright hair; *'she was always timid as a bird.'*

"That moment Richard came dashing through the gate and along the walk that swept from it. He saw our little group, and drew his bridle with a jerk that brought his noble horse back on his haunches, though the sharp rowels had the instant before been plunged into his side. The spirited beast recovered himself with a start and leaped forward, but Richard curbed him fiercely, and after a curvet or two he wheeled and came in a gentle walk through the trees that separated us from the highway.

"Richard dismounted and came toward us with his hand extended. All traces of angry passion had

left his face. He shook hands with Monsieur La Brun cordially, and with expressions of warm congratulation. He complimented Therese on her recovered bloom, and protested that she was a thousand times more beautiful than ever.

"She looked at him seriously and with a thoughtful and affrighted expression of the eyes. There was something unsatisfactory in his cheerfulness—a mingling of frankness, duplicity and sarcasm that filled her heart with misgivings.

"*'Why you scarcely seem glad to welcome me back,'* he said, carelessly pressing his lips to the hand she had surrendered to his grasp—*'are you angry that I do not more strenuously dispute the possession of this pretty hand? Nay, my sweet cousin, that would be playing the coquette with a vengeance; so lift up those bright eyes and let me feel their sunshine once more.'*

"She lifted her eyes and shrunk back—they had encountered the deadly gloom that had so often chilled the blood in my own veins.

"Richard did not appear to observe her terror or the words of welcome that she forced herself to utter, but gaily shaking hands with us all, vaulted on his horse.

"*'Adieu,'* he said, with a slight wave of the hand, *'I shall be at the wedding.'*

"Richard Schwartz kept his word when the solemn day arrived which was to remove my sweet mistress from the bosom of her home—the first guest that arrived was her cousin. He was garbed in the rich uniform of a lieutenant des chasses, with his waist girded by a cachemire scarf fringed and embossed with gold, to which was suspended a scimitar, the sheath exquisitely wrought and studded heavily with jewels.

"Therese was sitting in our chamber, still enveloped in her snowy morning dress when we caught the glance of his uniform as he dashed through the trees. He dismounted at the gate, and looked up and gallantly kissed his hand when he saw my lady. Nothing could have been more cordial than his bearing, but there was a strange heaviness fell on my heart as I witnessed it. My mistress also seemed thoughtful, and only smiled faintly when I strove to draw her attention to the wedding garments scattered about the room. But when Monsieur La Brun drove up in his magnificent carriage, when he caught a glimpse of his bride, and that radiant smile broke over his face all solitude forsook her at once, her heart seemed brimming over with modest happiness, and the drooping lashes which veiled her eyes were insufficient to conceal the beautiful joy that gleamed within their blue depths like light in the heart of a sapphire; her little warm foot quivered in my hand like a restless bird when I knelt down to place the silken slipper upon it, and the smile

that dimpled over her lips was bright as sunshine on a half-blown red rose, while I knotted a string of pearls amid the garland of orange blossoms that filled her tresses with their delicious odor.

"How lovely she looked in her girlish beauty when my task was done! The wedding vestments of snow-white satin fell in graceful folds over her person; a veil of Mechlin lace swept like the spray of a fountain to her feet, and she seemed bathed in the delicate tints as well as in the perfume of her bridal flowers. She started, and her cheek took that rosy tint which is sometimes seen in a summer cloud beneath the folds of her veil. It was her father, come to lead her forth, and place the treasure of his life in the bosom of another.

"How white and agitated was that noble face; his hand shook, and big tear-drops stood in his eyes as he put back the snowy mist of her veil, and pressed his lips for the last time to that maiden forehead. He gathered her once more to his heaving bosom, kissed her brow, her tresses, and the cheek now growing pale against his heart. Then the strong man turned away his face—reached forth his hand and led her out—but the heart-dew lay amid the roses of her cheek and weighed down those heavy lashes: she looked up to the troubled face which he would have turned away with a glance of yearning affection: he forced a smile to his lips that it might re-assure her: and thus the gentle bride passed from the chamber of her birth.

"Detached from the house, and standing half-hidden in trees on the verge of that lake was a private chapel, built by Mr. Embury before his union with the mother of Therese. It was a small building, completely overrun with ivy, but the architecture was beautiful. Even at mid-day the sunshine which struggled through the clustering ivy and the stained windows, was only sufficient to kindle the purplish gloom sleeping about the altar with a soft golden haze like that which breaks through a sunset cloud. When we entered it that day from the broad noon, the solemn stillness brooding there fell upon our hearts suddenly. The smile grew faint on many a joyous face, and there was no rustling of dresses nor a single whisper to disturb the beautiful repose that hung over us. The bridegroom and the bride approached the altar; a priest was standing there with an emblazoned missal open in his hand, his snowy vestments sweeping the black marble.

"Not a voice or sound was heard in that chapel, save a quick sob that broke from my master once. The youthful pair knelt on the hassocks placed on a step of the altar, and the voice of that holy man swelled through the building, while he pronounced the nuptial ceremony, like

the sound of a trumpet. A voice low and full of trembling sweetness followed, so timid, so gentle, that it seemed in its contrast with the deep voice of the priest like the suppressed music of a nightingale when frightened from her covert. Another voice followed clear and firm as that of the priest, but musical with happy feelings.

"They arose from the altar united forever—and now that little chapel was filled with happy voices, alive with bright glowing faces all turned to the noble pair as they walked down the aisle. They appeared in the porch. The ivy trembled and whispered over them—a gush of bird songs swept over the lake while it dimpled in the sunshine, and all things seemed murmuring blessings upon them. Then came a troop of children, bright, innocent children, each burdened with a wreath of flowers. With imperfect song and steps that seemed like dancing in their free grace, they went before, tossing blossoms in the air, till the earth was carpeted thick with them; and the bride never sat down her foot but a cloud of perfume stole up and hung about the folds of her veil.

"Look at those ruins, young man, they are black and dismal now; but the day that Therese Embury entered them a bride, there was not a chamber in all that mansion which was not cheerful with flowers and haunted with joyous music. The banquetting rooms were flung open, tables heavy with silver and groaning with cut crystal, and goblets of pure gold were spread all the day long; and the guests wandered everywhere at will, the happiest crowd that ever roamed over that old mansion-house.

"There was dancing in the drawing-room when the sound of revelry and glad music rang through the building. The bride was still among her guests, but after the first dance she withdrew from the gay throng and drew near her father too serene in her happiness for brilliant mirth. She was standing by his side when I went out to see that lights were placed in the bridal chamber, and to scatter some fresh blossoms on the toilet, from a basket which one of the servants had, at my command, filled from the garden after the night dews had drenched them. As I passed through a private corridor which was but dimly lighted, the figure of a man at the upper end startled me—a gun was before him which he grasped with one hand, while he seemed forcing down a heavy charge with the other. He turned his face slightly, and I saw that it was cousin Richard—my first impulse was to retire, but my footsteps had arrested his attention, and he looked anxiously down the corridor, leaning forward and holding back the gun as much out of sight as possible.

"I knew that he had seen me and walked forward.

"The revel is kept up late," he said, moving a step forward, and placing his gun by a stack of muskets, which I now for the first time discovered beneath the arched window that lighted the corridor. "No matter, everything is ready for a glorious salute; I come up to see that the guns were all in order."

"It had been an old custom in the province to terminate every wedding festival by the discharge of three volleys of musketry under the windows of the bridal chamber; still the foolish practice was sometimes disregarded, and I felt hurt that cousin Richard had attempted to put it in practice on the occasion which seemed so solemn and important. Before I could speak a party of young men came up the corridor calling for Richard.

"Here gentlemen are your muskets," he said, pointing to the stack; "where is Mr. Embury? he must lead the salute."

"He will not—he refuses," said one of the company.

"Nonsense," replied Richard; "he must not break an old custom—the father always leads, if living, if not the next in blood—is it not so?"

"Yes, yes, the father leads," they exclaimed all at once—"Mr. Embury must not refuse us!"

"Go seek him—take no excuse. The father must lead—go—go, he cannot refuse his guests," said Richard.

"Two or three went out, and while the rest were gathered around the stack of arms, I saw Richard take up the rifle he had just been handling, and place it in a position least likely to attract notice.

"Remember," he said, "my uncle leads, no one must touch a gun till he is armed; but there they come, bringing him with them, I thought he would not resist."

"I went out of the corridor just as the party of young men returned, with Mr. Embury in their midst. He was expostulating with them, and seemed very reluctant to join in their boisterous project in honor of his child.

"I found the basket of flowers by the door, and lifting it to my arm entered the bridal chamber. How pure and quiet it was after the gorgeous banquetting room and the turbulent scene I had just left in the corridor. The hangings of pure white silk, damasked with silver, hung like a mass of broken and crusted snow over the heavy couch. The windows, the toilet, and more than half of the ceiling were dressed with the same exquisite fabric; the candlesticks which were of massive silver, stood before the mirror, that gleamed out from a frame-work of exquisite filigree, pure and water-like as a spring with its

edges filtered by a tracery of icicles. I scattered the blossoms about, on the snow white bed, the toilet, and the bright oaken floor. I entwined them in the frame of the mirror, and fastened the half open buds in bouquets amid the rich folds of the window drapery. The last rose was in my hand when the bride glided into the chamber: she half smiled, and a warm rose tint broke up to her cheek when she saw me.

"She sat down by the toilet, and I began to unfasten the veil from her tresses without speaking a word—but my hands trembled, and though I tried to be composed, a tear or two dropped amid its transparent folds—she saw that I was weeping, took the veil from my hand with a gentle smile, and laid it on the toilet.

"I must not have tears in my bridal veil," she said, winding her arms around my neck—"one kiss, and good night! No tears, girl, no tears—rejoice that I am so happy—sad a little—but still so very, very happy."

"I kissed her and went out rejoicing—happy, and yet with a strange emotion beneath it all.

"I was moving toward the door of my solitary chamber when the bridesgroom passed me—his step was light, and I never saw a face so radiant with happiness: he did not observe me, but gently opened the door of the chamber and went in.

"The room which I was henceforth to occupy was in a wing of the building opposite to that appropriated to the newly married pair. The window was exactly on a level with those of the bridal chamber, and the light that streamed through the snowy curtains reddened the walls around me, revealing that portion of the garden which lay directly about the building.

"I was not aware of it at the time, but in my agitation while fastening the flowers which I had just left among the window drapery of that bridal chamber, a portion of the curtain had accidentally been looped up from one of the lawn sashes, and from the position which I occupied in my own room I could witness what was passing opposite. La Brun stood by the window, resting lightly against the frame; his side face was clearly revealed as he remained silently contemplating his bride, who stood before the toilet slowly unweaving the wreath of orange blossoms which had confined the bridal veil to her head; his face was beaming with quiet happiness, and it seemed to me that I could discern the blushes as they came and went on the young face changing so modestly beneath his admiring eyes.

"Just then I heard the sound of footsteps in the garden. The revellers were mustering opposite the bridal chamber to surprise the happy pair with the threatened salute. I saw them draw together in a little knot, and heard their mur-

muring voices with a degree of pleasant curiosity to witness the surprise and pretty terror which would overwhelm the bride when the heavy volley was let off.

"Now!" exclaimed cousin Richard in a sharp whisper, which came distinctly to my ear as I bent over my window sill, for it was given with a keen, hissing sound more penetrating even than a cry.

"Now!"

"There was a loud report, a cloud of red smoke surged up between me and the bridal chamber, but through its glare I saw Henry La Brun spring upward almost to the ceiling. I heard a shriek, wild and terrible, as if a human heart had been fiercely rent asunder, and I fell back upon the floor, shuddering and heart-sick with horror.

CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.

TO THE BLUE BIRD.

BY GEO. B. WALLIS.

BIRD of the azure wing!

Thy music tells us Spring is near at hand,
And that thy fellow warblers soon shall sing
O'er all the blooming land.

From wint'ring 'mid the Southern orange bowers,
Thou comest, oh! welcome one, to this bleak clime of
ours.

Thou comest while still the snow
Lingereth among the shadows of the hills;
Ere even the earliest buds begin to blow;
While yet the winter chills,
The trickling rivulets in its icy ties—
Ere the first breaking blush of summer warms the skies.

And 'mid the falling frost,
Why are thy notes so sorrowful—art thou
Mourning that thy last summer's love is lost
To thy affection now?
Or that the children at the cottage door,
With their most glad voices greet thy song no
more?

I love thy plaintive notes,
Their sweet simplicity to me is dear;
And with them, o'er my heart returning, floats,
And o'er my raptured ear,
The Past—its dreams—home, and the voices there,
Sweetly as balm 'of flowers upon the twilight air!

A little while, and then
The flowers will bless our sight, and the bare trees
Resume their rustling green, and hill and glen
Resound with melodies
Of love and gladness; but the withering breath
Of Autumn brings again the waste and gloom of death.

Bird of the azure wing!
Would I could fly with thee, when winter lowers,
To meet the pleasures of another spring,
Of other birds and flowers;
Nor wait to feel, from Nature's dark decay,
The thoughts which but corrode my spirit's chain away!

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

It is yet early for spring costumes, but as we have received several patterns in advance, we lay them, without delay, before our readers.

FIG. I.—BALL DRESS of an embroidered muslin *a double jupe*, each *jupe* edged with a row of rich lace of moderate width: tight corsage, and very short sleeves, over which is worn a pelerine cape similarly embroidered, and encircled with a double row of white lace: this cape is formed round, and the ends crossed in the front, and attached with a rosette of shaded silk: the waist is slightly pointed: this robe is worn over a full primrose colored skirt, showing the embroidery to great advantage. The coiffure is perfectly simple, and arranged in ringlets.

FIG. II.—AN OPERA DRESS after the one worn by Queen Victoria on a late occasion. This splendid costume is composed of rich white blonde, put on nearly plain and relieved on the left side with a cluster of shaded blue and white roses. A splendid mantle of blue velvet is worn over, edged entirely with swans down, and having a *capuchon* attached to the back part. The coiffure is arranged perfectly simple, and only decorated with a small wreath of blue and white forget-me-nots.

FIG. III.—A WALKING DRESS, being a *petit* of rich purple silk, the facings down the front of velvet in the same color, connected by zig-zag cord, with which also the sleeve is ornamented. Corsage pointed: bonnet of black *velours épinglé*, having a knot on the top of the crown.

FIG. IV.—AN EVENING DRESS of light silk, the skirt trimmed with two small lace flounces: the corsage low, and pointed, and trimmed around the shoulders with lace: sleeves very short and trimmed also with lace. Coiffure simple, being plain ringlets adorned with white roses.

BALL DRESSES.—At no season of the year are ball dresses more desirable than now. We have descriptions of many patterns. One of the most beautiful is composed of an under dress of pale green satin, trimmed round the bottom with two broad lace *volants*, the two upper skirts being of figured white lace, the shortest looped up on the left side with a gold flat chain, terminating in a *sérigny*, in the centre of which is placed a splendid emerald. Low corsage of dark green velvet, headed with a fall of lace, and a fulling of white *tulle*, caught on the top of each shoulder; the short sleeve covered with a fall of lace. Coiffure formed of a twist of white and gold, decorated on the left side with a beautiful small bird. The hair worn in flat ringlets, and adorned behind with an ornamental gold comb. Another very elegant ball dress is composed of a robe of *crêpe lisse*, worn over an under dress of white satin; the corsage is low, the body fitting tight to the figure; the waist is long, the *points* being slightly rounded; the sleeve is very short, and composed of three puffs of *crêpe lisse*; the bust is ornamented by three folds of *crêpe lisse*, set on a little full, having in the centre, and on each shoulder, a small bunch of drooping flowers. The skirt is extremely full, and is not quite so long as the under dress; the bottom of the skirt is left open at equal distances, say about six openings round the

bottom; there are five flounces of *crêpe lisse in bias*, slightly festooned, and not set in too full; the top of each opening is finished by a bunch of flowers and drooping leaves, the whole forming at once, a trimming equally novel, simple, and elegant. The top of the gloves should be ornamented by a wreath of flowers to correspond with those on the dress. A rose with foliage, and drooping gold flowers, placed at each side of the head, complete this very elegant toilette.

DINNER DRESS.—A beautiful costume for dinner dress is of a rich claret velvet; the body fitting tight to the figure; the waist long and *à la pointe*: the corsage is low, and is ornamented by a narrow edging of worked cambric standing up round the bust; and puffings of white satin, diamond shaped, are placed to form a stomacher, while at the meeting of the *points* is a precious stone, either pearl, emerald, or any other kind as fancy dictates; the sleeve is short and composed of *points*, which meet in the centre, forming diamonds, in which are puffings of white satin, edged with a gold cord, the meeting *points* ornamented to correspond with the body. The skirt is long and exceedingly full; it is trimmed *en tablier* with diamond shaped puffings of white satin, each edged with gold cord, the *points* being fastened as above; we think that small gold tassels would be a very pretty substitute for the stones. The head dress is composed of a small hat or *toque* of pale green velvet, edged with gold, and having a long drooping feather placed under the rim on the right side, and drooping gracefully on the shoulder.

PROMENADE DRESS.—Besides the walking dress given in our plate, we have one peculiarly fitted for the current month. It is of striped fawn colored Pekin silk, the *jupes* decorated with two immense broad *volants*, put on nearly plain, and on the *biais*; plain high body and tight sleeves; pelerine cape of claret colored velvet, the back of which is decorated with a broad *volant* of the same, reaching only to the front of the arm; this *volant* is edged and headed with narrow folds of the same material; the ends of this cape falling low, and pointed in the front; round small collar, also formed of folds of velvet. Bonnet of emerald green velvet, richly trimmed with broad black lace, falling over and forming a curtain to the back part of the bonnet. No trimming is worn in the interior.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is little alteration in the general style of dress. Walking dresses are, however, remarkable for their simplicity. The mode is to have the corsage high, and fitting tight to the throat: sleeves long and tight: the skirt plain, or with one or two flounces. Bonnets continue to be of velvet or *velours épingle*: the simple black velvet bonnet is much worn in the morning in London: in Paris also black velvet capotes are fashionable for morning costume, lined with violet, or soft blue, or pink. Gayer colors are worn for full dress. Head dresses, in Paris, are being worn more over the forehead: the crown is also enlarged, so as to allow the back plaits of hair to be seen to advantage. The newest style of coiffure is called the *Tyrolienne*. It is composed of a *foul*, or head piece of gauze, beautifully embroidered in pearls and gold, and having on each side a long plaiting of pearls and gold, resembling a plait of hair. For full dress, nothing can be more charming.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."

EMBROIDERY.

IN our last article we gave directions for embroidery in wool and silk, with instructions how to ground, to trace patterns, to work figures, and copy generally the Berlin patterns found in the shops. We shall now offer a few hints on the various purposes to which the knowledge thus acquired may be applied.

BEAD WORK.—This is peculiarly fitted for purses and bags. Use the canvass called bolting; and work two threads each way on the slant, with China silk, being careful that the beads are all turned the same way, so that the whole may appear uniform. Work the pattern with thick beads and ground with transparent ones. Have as few shades as possible in this kind of work.

WIRE WORK.—Choose shades of a light, in preference to a dark color, and work with silk. Before commencing sponge the whole. If you use both wool and silk, employ the silk for the lighter shades, or you will impair the beauty of the work.

BRAID WORK.—Trace this pattern in the material, and proceed with the various shades from the outline, or lightest to the darkest, till the whole is completed. Only two shades are required, in braid work, for leaves, and three for flowers: make the points as sharp as possible, and, in turning them, work one stitch up close to the point where you turn the braid, and another immediately afterward to keep it in place. Vein the leaves in a bouquet with purse silk: in finishing, use gold twist as taste may direct; and in fastening, draw the braid through the material. For this purpose the best instrument is a chenille needle. In braid work only one stitch must be taken at a time, or the work will appear puckered.

RUG BORDERING.—Employ a wooden mesh, grooved, an inch and a quarter in width; pass the material over the mesh, and work in cross-stitch: the material to be used is what is called slack (a kind of worsted) which must be six or eight times doubled. You must leave three threads between each row, and not more than eight rows are required to complete the border.

GENTLEMEN'S WAISTCOATS.—For a dress waistcoat, embroider satin, either in the form of a wreath around the edge of the waistcoat, or in small sprigs: for a morning waistcoat you may work in any pattern you prefer.

BRACES.—Work in silk canvass three inches broad, in silk or wool, in any pattern you prefer. But there should be two colors highly contrasted.

BOTTLE STANDS.—For these, or for any small piece of work, star patterns are very beautiful. The materials are silk or wool, with gold or any other kind of beads, and gold thread or twist. You may use either velvet or silk canvass for foundations. Small sprigs are pretty for small sized work. For the flowers use chenille: for the leaves and stalks employ silk: a few gold beads will add much to the effect.

MEDALLION PATTERNS.—These are much used for large pieces of work. The outline should be traced in

brilliant silk; and for the centre employ two shades of the same color, working half in each shade; the medalion should be placed on a white field, and the whole grounded in dark color.

BAGS.—These may be worked in many ways. The border is often made to resemble black lace, and, when properly executed, looks very well. The parts filled up should be worked in black floss or black wool. Leaves may be worked with gold twist, or beads may be employed. The grounding should be in fine twisted silk: any color may be used. In other cases, white wool, white silk, silver and glass beads, and several other materials, are in requisition: so that a lady's taste has ample scope. A mourning bag looks well done in imitation lace, worked in black floss silk, and ornamented with black glass and silver beads tastefully arranged. Sometimes a bag is worked as a shield of four squares: in such a case, two squares should be worked in feather-stitch, and the others in any stitch that will form a pleasing contrast; the border should be a simple but elegant lace pattern.

With the instructions given in our three articles on Embroidery, any lady can work any pattern, with proper attention.

EDITORS' GOSSIP.

MARCH is coming! Before this number reaches our more distant readers, March will be here! But it will find portions of them under far different skies. Some will be amid blooming flowers and balmy airs, hearing every morning the notes of a returning bird, and wondering every night what old favorite will come next; while others will still be making the most of winter, furring themselves to keep him from too roughly kissing their rosy cheeks, and, in merry sleighs, whistling over hill and dale, with happy companions, making the air melodious with the light-hearted laughter of youth. Here we shall have blustering skies, fitful gusts of pattering rain, and rivers that roar along swollen and turbid. In cities the *parc* will be almost deserted: but now and then, on stray sunshiny days, there will be bright girls abroad, like violets seen peeping timidly out at the melting of the snows.

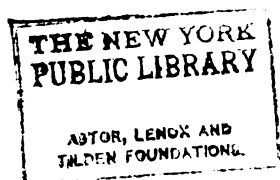
Really this is *leap year*!—we had almost forgotten it. We must ourselves write a story, or have one written about this same leap year, which is so nicely thrown in, every fourth year, to save bashful youths from that most horrible of all fates, *old bachelorship*! We always think of ghosts and old bachelors together: we are sure one can't be more frightful, and certainly not half so crabbed as the other. On Valentine's day there was sad work doing in the city. Thousands of missives passed through the post-office, and, amid a deal of jesting notes, there were not a few serious. Some of these days old married folks will talk of the mischief done mutually to their hearts on this same fourteenth of February, 1844.

We are in a good humor, as you have seen. We ought to be in a good humor. Our magazine, this year, has been admired "to distraction," as the old lady says in the play. Now we can't help confessing we are fond of compliments, and that, like most beauties and coquettes, we have a decided notion that we are entitled

to them. Look at the present number! The engravings are rarely beautiful: and the fashion plate, we will venture to say, is the prettiest of the month. That exquisite opera dress is the one worn by Queen Victoria. This plate was engraved by Pease, the same whose work will be found in the Gift for 1844. We are resolved to have our fashion plates done by the first artists. Then for the literary contents of this month! Read them, and deny, if you can, that "The Ladies' National" is the princess of magazines.

"The Widow's Revenge" will be brought to a conclusion in our next number, when Mrs. Stephens will begin a story, in an entirely different vein, to be completed in two numbers. We have on hand contributions from Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Ellett, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Orne, Mrs. Pierson, and others which shall duly appear. In literature and embellishments we shall keep in the advance.

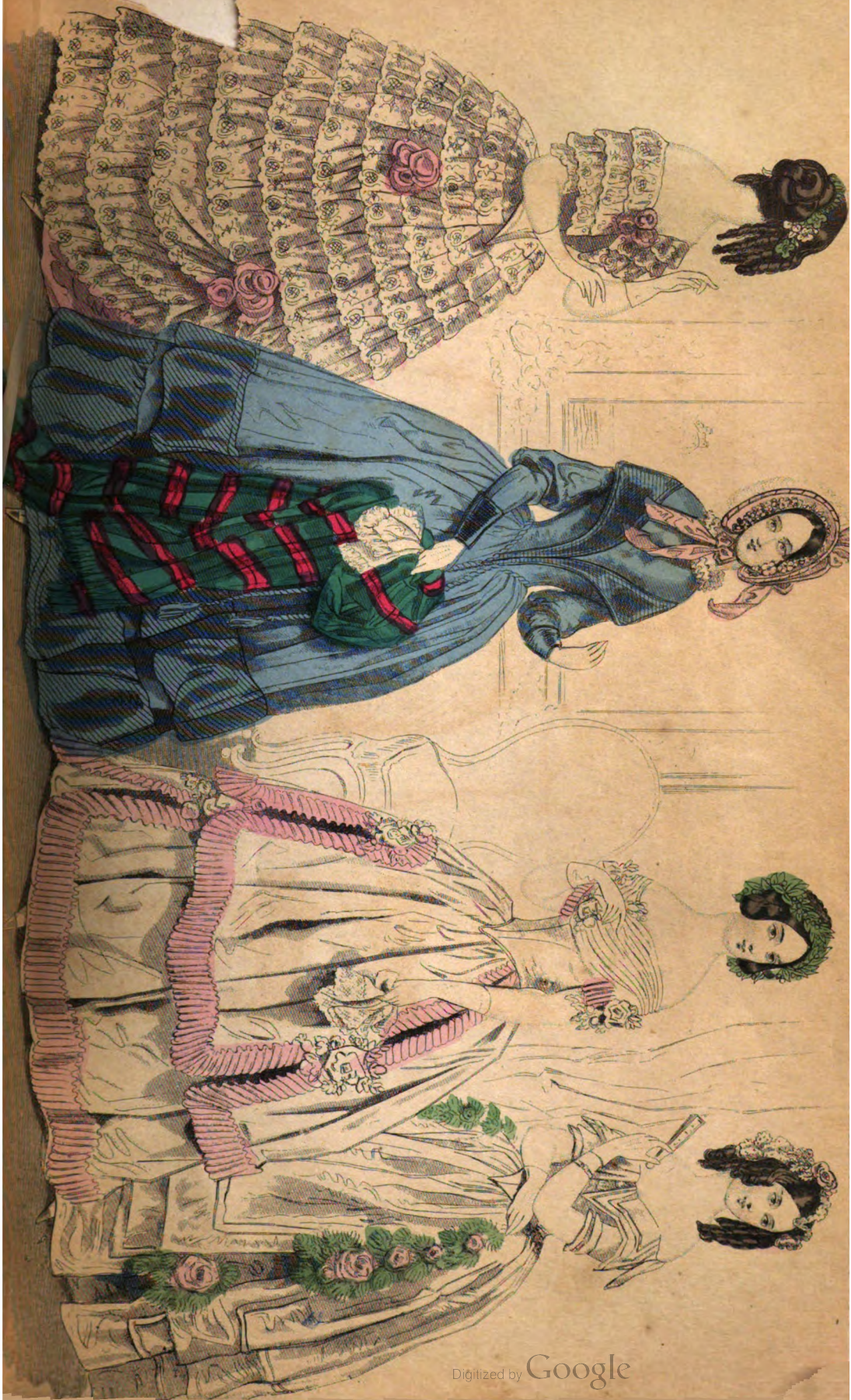
OUR TABLE.—Our Review of New Books has been crowded out this month to our great regret. We have many publications on our table we wished to have noticed at length. Foremost among these are the "Songs and Ballads" of George P. Morris, which for beauty, finish and sentiment are unsurpassed. Their popularity is a proof of their many merits. They are sung everywhere, in mansion and cottage, north, south and west. "Arabella Stuart," a new romance by James, has just been issued by the Harpers. It is much superior to several of this author's late efforts. "L. S. D., or Accounts of Irish Heirs," is a humorous novel by Samuel Lover, issued by Winchester of the New World. Lea & Blanchard have published a second series of "Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann;" we need not say that these epistles are unrivalled in their style, and that besides they convey a graphic picture of the manners and personages of the latter half of the eighteenth century in London. "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens, has been issued by the Harpers. It is very good: indeed in the writer's best style. E. H. Butler has sent us the eleventh number of "Frost's Pictorial United States," a work which maintains its high excellence in the illustrations, to say nothing of the accuracy of the text. There is a new novel by Miss Bremer out: it is called "A Diary," and is translated by Mary Howitt, who has written a preface, or had one written for her, not in the best taste. In this preface she assails the American translators of Miss Bremer's other works, and charges them with making their translations from the German, instead of from the Swedish. If we mistake not Mrs. Howitt was guilty of the same offence in the translation she made of "Home." Her preface is ferocious, and quite amusing. "The Canons of Good Breeding," has been issued by Lindsay & Blakiston; but who looks in a book to learn good breeding? Publications of this kind are traps for the ignorant: no one ever acquired the manners for a lady from a treatise on etiquette. There are many serials on our table: among the best are "McCulloch's Gazetteer," "Neal's History of the Puritans," "Harper's Pictorial Bible," and "Milman's Gibbon," all published by the Harpers.





THE MAY MONTH.

Painted by Sir James Stuart, 1750.





LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

THE ROSY MORN;

OR, GOING A COURTING.

BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "KISSING ONE'S COUSIN."

Good morning, Oliver—I thought you had froze up—it's the coldest winter I recollect in this century—but I find you out again, coming with the blue bird and the south wind. You're welcome, sir, you're welcome. When one sees you off here in the country, it is time to look for violets. Be seated—pray—I insist. Ah! what have you there?

THE ROSY MORN, I declare! But this isn't the first time I've seen that face. Isabel Vernon, sir, was one of the prettiest girls of my youth, and I know a bit of romance about her that I'd tell to you by and bye. But you mustn't hold the picture there. I can't stand it. It brings back the memories of days that are gone forever, when I could still win a smile from the ladies, and used to think myself *au fait* in making love. I'm now a superannuated old bachelor—little better than a mummy—who'll dry up some of these days and blow away, without a soul to look after him. Take warning by my example. They say you're unmarried, but I beseech you, with tears in my eyes, to repent and become a Benedict. I used to think there was time enough, and say when I got old and gouty and wanted a nurse, I'd take a wife: and so I flirted till one generation was married and the next had grown up, flattering myself all the while I was growing more irresistible yearly; but ah! sir, I forgot that crow's feet creep under the eyes and silver begins to sprinkle the hair at forty, and when I came to propose at last, after a winter of rheumatism, the girls laughed in my face, quizzed me about being an old beau of their grandmothers, and asked me if I hadn't dropped in at the wrong house, for the deaf dowager of eighty lived two doors higher up. I popped the question seventeen times that spring, and the last time in despair to an old maid with a parrot and monkey. She was about to simper yes, when Jocko bit me, and, mad with

pain, I shook my cane at the chattering rascal. I couldn't have helped it if I'd been put to the rack for it. Sir, she took the monkey in her arms—called me an unfeeling wretch, vowing she'd rather I'd struck her—and ended by going into hysterics, and afterward denying me the house. So I'm now, at seventy, an old bachelor, with a cross housekeeper and half a dozen heirs who open the papers every morning to see if I'm dead at last. But I'll live these thirty years yet to disappoint the villains—I will. And I'll marry besides. They shan't touch a maravedi of mine. I'm not so bad looking yet, am I?—you agree with me—you're a sensible young man: pray stay to dinner and I'll give you the benefit of my experience with the ladies, as a sort of prelude to my story. Heaven bless the dear girls!—here's hoping we may both get wives as lovely as the "Rosy Morn!"

—“What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.”

Going a courting! Why, sir, there's nothing like it: bowling at ten pins, riding races, shooting at Schooley's Mountain, trout fishing in the Tioga, or eating terrapin in season, glorious as they all are, can't compare with it! It's the most intellectual amusement I know of; talk of your chess playing!—a man's demented who'll sit down to this child's play when there are so many pretty girls ready for a flirtation, serious or joking just as they or you fancy. I take pride in saying I never touched a pawn or castle, but spent my leisure hours like a man of sense, in making myself agreeable to the sex; and I attribute that exquisite delicacy and refinement of character, which I see you notice in me, sir, chiefly to this habit. If we gentlemen went more frequently into the society of ladies there wouldn't be so many bears among us, nor would honest, though bashful men feel their knees knock together with fear, when they went a courting or popped the question.

Now, sir, this going a courting is nothing to be afraid of, if, like me, one but understands how to do it. Only let it get out that you are a marrying man, and half the difficulties are smoothed over.

by others. Brothers invite you to dinner—mamas ask their daughters to sing your favorite songs—parties are got up at which you are to be the lion—your opinion is asked on all points—and if the family has a country seat you can go there every Saturday and stay till Monday, the summer through, without spending a sumatchee. You've no idea, sir, what an easy thing love-making becomes under such circumstances. A walk down an elm-lane by moonlight—a chance meeting, at early morning, in the garden—or a summer afternoon together in the alcove does the business. To tell the truth I never came so near going the voyage as once when I spent a week in the country with a bridesmaid I had waited on: there was a porch almost buried in honeysuckle, behind the house, and adjoining the garden which was a perfect Paradise. There we used to sit; and, one day, if it hadn't been that the old gentleman woke from his afternoon nap and threw up the parlor window, just as I got his daughter's hand in mine, the question would have popped itself.

You stare; but I repeat, it would have popped itself. The fact is—between ourselves—these things come astonishingly natural after all, quite as if one was brought up to them and had been popping the question from a child. Don't trouble yourself about how you shall look, or what you shall say—the best thing you can do is not to think of the matter at all, but make a plunge at once, and then the business is soon over. There are a thousand ways to pop the question, as there are a thousand ways to make love. Some do it with easy impudence—some begin, choke for words and stick fast—some deliver a set speech and look for a clean spot in the carpet to go down on their knees—and some glide into it gradually, like a hawk narrowing his gyrations before he stoops, the poor girl sitting beside him all the time, trembling with a knowledge of what is coming, though her heart flutters in her bodice with love and gladness, notwithstanding, like a frightened bird. I've heard of one or two poor sinners who popped the question in the street; but these things—thank heaven! don't happen often or there would be no getting a yes from a lady. There's only one way more certain to insure a refusal, and that is to propose in a letter. A woman—let her love you as she will—is always frightened, when she comes seriously to think of leaving her home and her parents to entrust her all with a comparative stranger, and if you give her time to look at these matters coolly, ten to one she'll give you a denial. I'm an old man and have seen the world, and let me tell you the girl who would yield in tears, on a moonlight evening, would write a civil refusal or equivocal answer the next morning after breakfast. And

then what a fool a lover makes of himself on paper! I read some old letters the other day—the gods forgive my sins for writing such nonsense.

It's a mistake, sir, in these matters, to lend young folks a helping hand—all they ask is to be left alone—and if there are any meddling youngsters about, have them put to bed, or drowned, it don't matter a fig which, so as they're out of the way. Only give two lovers fair play, kick your match-making aunts to the deuce, and—my life on it!—the most demure will find a way of being understood, even if, like old Sir Isaac Newton, they have to make love with their feet. It may come rather odd at first; but they will sit looking into each others eyes until, by and by, their hands will somehow steal into each other, and so, getting cozier and cozier, the question, when they least expect it, will pop out, like a cork from a champagne bottle. It will pop itself.

Everybody makes love, yet it's a difficult matter to do it well. I used to know a good matron who maintained that the lady made love as well as the gentleman; in a different way to be sure, but still quite as effectually. I suppose it's a sort of positive and negative electricity business after all, and that the old lady was more than half right. Be this as it may, I have always noticed that they make love the best who are not in love: commend me to a coquette or a male-flirt for nice skill in the fencing science of the heart. They know the force of every kind of glance, can tell you how much a whisper in any given situation means, and read your heart by trivial outward tokens, that others would overlook, as effectually as if every thought of your bosom was laid bare. But sometimes they get really in love themselves, for flirtations begun in sport often end seriously; and then you have fun. There's no dull, humdrum courting there. The excitement of a Waterloo is nothing to it. Give me to struggle for some roguish little angel—just flirt enough to be saucy—who, now cozy, now frank, now coquettish, plagues you half out of your life, never seeming to care a sou for you, but half dying for love of you all the while, and yet so afraid you'll find it out, that she treats you—the vixen—almost like a dog. One while she fears you are only trifling with her, and then she is as cold as an icicle: another while your manner re-assures her and she is bewitchingly kind; but when, on your next visit, you come to lay your heart and hand at her feet, you find her again distant and guarded, and you go away cursing your own folly and her coquetry. And so the dear creature keeps sousing you from hot to cold as if you were a Dutch youngster undergoing the bath. But there's an excitement in it, especially if you are a bit of a

flirt—which all men are quite as much as women! The only way to prevent this uncertainty is to be frank from the outset: tell a girl the second time you see her, as I've known some crack-brained mortals to do, that you are in love with her, and she'll never hurt your feelings out of fear that you don't love her; but then—mark me!—she'll be just as likely to do so from pure love of mischief, for which I commend her when she is wooed in a fashion so blunt.

Of all things, I detest these matter-of-fact courtships. Give us some romance, in youth at least, for we have but too little of it in after life. I am not one of those who cry down whatever is not useful, and who sneer at poetry as the delusion of fools. These hollow-hearted cynics prove their own ignorance when they denounce what Providence has given us, just as he has bestowed sunlight, to lighten and cheer our path. If we could see life as it really is—its cares, its miseries, its disappointments—there is not one of us but would pray to die and be at peace. But the imagination of youth floods everything with golden effulgence, and though, as we advance, the brilliancy declines, there is still light enough left at the sunset to mellow our path and fling a not unlovely shadow over our graves. Ay! sir, romance—which is nothing but life in warmer tints—is that for which we ought nightly to thank heaven! We may be indulged in, I grant, to the destruction of all soberer views of life; but we had better run this risk and keep it, than lose it, and leave life a horrible chimera, a Golgotha of skeletons.

Then give me romance in love! Give me the thousand fluctuations—the doubt, the hope and the despair, to be crowned, at last, by the blissful certainty! Let me woo one who seems fickle, but is not so, who is like a May-day, smiling and frowning, and fascinating us by that very changeableness. One never knows in what a mood he is to find such a mistress, and so is kept in a delicious suspense, that makes him love her all the better: while the lady herself not rarely loses her heart in this Rosalind-like pastime, and finds that she can't always flirt with impunity. And even if the matter goes no further than a mere flirtation—if both pass unscathed from this skilful encounter of hearts, there is laid up for after life many pleasant memories of moonlit walks and evenings on the water, when youth and music together made the hours pass like the going by of the first summerly wind of the season, fragrant with spices and orange blossoms from the far off south.

"And yet the dream was pleasant,
Tho' it hath vanished now
Like shaking down loose blossoms
From off the careless bough,

They never came to fruit,
And their short lives soon were o'er,
But we passed an hour beneath them,
And we never cared for more;
No vows were ever plighted,
We had no farewell to say,
Gay were we when we met at first,
And we parted just as gay;
There was little to remember,
And nothing to regret,
Love touches not the flatterer,
Love chains not the coquette."

But I declare I have been haranguing for half an hour without telling you a word of my story. Indeed, my dear sir, you must forgive me: old men will be garrulous you know. Besides, what I have said you will find to be not without some bearing on my narrative.

Harry Wyndham and I were close friends when we were both young. We had been in college together, and bore each other company in many a wild prank afterward. We had ascended the White Mountains, visited Niagara, and penetrated to the then almost unknown prairies, in as many pedestrian excursions. On one of these occasions, setting forth from the country inn where we had spent the night, we walked about a mile, when we entered a pretty little valley, and saw before us a stately mansion half buried in trees. There was an air of baronial pride about the old place, and we stopped to look at it and wonder who resided there. Suddenly my companion jerked my arm, and through a gap in the foliage I saw one of the loveliest girls I had ever beheld, leaning on a stone balustrade that overlooked the garden. Luckily the trees screened us from her, so that she remained unconscious of the near vicinity of strangers, till we had time to feast our eyes with her beauty. The sun had not yet risen, but the east was kindling with gold and purple, against which her figure was brought out in rich relief. She was attired in a crimson velvet dress, low enough to display her rounded and snowy shoulders. Her arms were also partly bare; and on her head she wore one of the pretty, coquettish morning caps of lace, then so much the fashion. There was an expression of subdued melancholy on her countenance, which, however, did not appear to be natural, but rather the result of her present mood; for, from the listlessness of her attitude, she seemed to be absorbed in thought.

"By the gods!" exclaimed my mercurial companion aloud, "she is an angel. Who can she be?"

We were in the high road, not more than twenty yards from where she stood, so that she heard distinctly the words of Wyndham. She looked up like a startled fawn, snatched her shawl from the balustrade and, hurrying it on, walked quickly away, and was lost behind the corner of the house.

"You have spoilt all," said I. "But luckily she did not see us."

"I will know her," said my companion, not heeding my words, "here is matter for adventure; let us go back to the inn."

I laughed aloud to see the earnestness of Wyndham: he looked as if an empire was to be won or lost.

"You may go on, if you like," he said coldly, "but I will see the end of this. I never beheld such loveliness; and know her *I will*."

My companion, though a man of impulse, had a determined character, so I knew it would be useless to expostulate. Besides I was as fond of adventure as Wyndham.

"Pshaw! Harry," I said, "none of your nonsense. We will go back to the inn, and before evening be chatting with this angel, for trust my wits to manage an introduction."

And back to the inn we went, telling the landlord we had changed our minds, and would stay with him a few days to try the trout-stream he had been talking of. Accordingly, after a fresh cup of coffee, we accoutred ourselves and set forth, under the guidance of the innkeeper's son, to the little mountain stream that ran through the valley. The lad was bent on bagging a few squirrels, and, having pointed out to us the best places in the stream, left us. By noon we had fished the river pretty well, and had got quite into the valley, within sight of the mansion-house where this unknown beauty lived. Here we were met by the boy returning with his game. Just as he came up, a noble old eagle took wing from a gigantic blasted pine close by us, and sailed away toward the hills. Wyndham, on the impulse of the moment, seized the lad's rifle and took aim at the bird, which came tumbling, over and over, to the ground, and fell at the feet of a lady who, at that moment, in company with an elderly gentleman, emerged from the piece of woodland about a hundred yards off. The lady screamed and sprang to the side of her companion; but not before I recognized in her the beauty of the old mansion. I saw, in this incident, the opening for an acquaintance, and dropping my hat I walked forward and apologized, in my friend's name and my own, for the fright we had unwittingly given the lady. By this time Wyndham had come up, though awkward and embarrassed.

"Oh! say no more of it: Bell has got over her fright by this time," said the father—for such it was evident he was—with easy courtesy. "I wonder, too, at her alarm, considering she has lived so long in these woods." And then turning to Wyndham, he continued, "that was a fine shot, sir: I saw you raise your piece, but did not think you would bring him down at that distance. I

sometimes myself shoot: may I look at your piece?" and he took the rifle and handled it with a sportsman's interest in such matters, examining the lock and fitting the piece to his shoulder. "It is," he then continued smiling, "an old acquaintance, I think: honest Jack Dawton, our innkeeper, is a famous shot."

This led to further conversation, during which we mentioned our names and learned that of our new acquaintance to be Vernon, an English gentleman who had married an American lady, and since resided in this country. He introduced us to his daughter, and invited us to walk up to his house and take a glass of wine with him. I felt at ease at once; but Wyndham still continued partially embarrassed, so I left him to be entertained by the father, while I attached myself to the side of the daughter. I soon found her to be as animated as she was beautiful; and, before we reached the house, I set her down in my own mind to be a wit and a flirt, bent on making a conquest of me, which I was resolved mentally she should not achieve.

By the time our little flirtation was at an end we were at the house, and I found that Wyndham and the father had got into an interminable discussion about trout—I cut short the debate, which I saw was getting tiresome to Harry, by begging Mr. Vernon to accept the contents of our basket, and he, having, by this time, discovered that he knew our families, in return pressed us to come over and take an old fashioned supper on the fish with him. To this we did not, you may well suppose, object; and so we parted for the present. I saw, however, during our walk home that Harry was not in the best mood at my superior success with Miss Vernon, though he proudly endeavored to conceal his spleen. I said nothing; but resolved, by way of revenge, to give him up to her arts without warning, for every word she said had convinced me more and more she was an arrant coquette.

Well, the acquaintance once began, intimacy soon followed. Every day found us at Vernon House, the table of which we made it a point to keep supplied with the choicest game. The father was a whole-souled, hospitable gentleman, as young in spirits as either of us, and an excellent substitute when the daughter was not by; for, much as I had resolved that Miss Vernon was a flirt, and that I would have nothing to do with her, I gradually found that she was occupying a very large portion of my thoughts, and that whenever I fell into a reverie—which I now did wonderfully often—it was always about Isabel Vernon's dark eyes and racy conversation. Yet I did not dream of falling in love with her; for though Wyndham said nothing to me on the

subject, I saw that he was deeply enamoured of her, and I always was generous enough not to stand in the way of a friend. I often pitied him, too; because, like all men over head and ears in love, he was awkward and embarrassed in Miss Vernon's presence, and the consequence was that she always seemed to prefer my conversation, nor make any effort to conceal her preference. Many a time I could see him writhe beneath her saucy behavior. After a few days Harry began to grow moody: he thought himself neglected, and unjustly revenged himself on me, avoiding my society as much as possible. I detected the whole working of his mind; and, if he had been frank, and opened his heart to me at once, I would have done all I could for him, but, at length, I grew piqued at his treatment. A little incident brought affairs to a crisis.

One day we had all been to visit a remarkable cave in the hills, and, after our return, were spending the evening at Vernon House. The father was in high spirits, and he and I were chatting in a recess window, while Wyndham and Isabel were together in the next one. Harry had made a dead set at Miss Vernon that day, though I flattered myself with little success, for she seemed constrained in his presence, and often looked to me and her father as if piqued at our being so absorbed in conversation. As I felt annoyed at the public display of her preference, I was more reserved than before. But suddenly Harry rose and joined us, evidently chagrined at something. He saw I noticed it, and affected to conceal it by laughingly saying,

"I have been coaxing Miss Vernon to sing, but to no purpose. She drives me away by her perversity, and I abdicate that another may try his eloquence. See what you can do, my prince of chevaliers!"

There was a bitterness in this, perceptible enough to one so keen as me, even under its veil of badinage. I rose and answered gaily,

"Not that I can succeed where you have failed; but if I recollect aright, Miss Vernon promised me this morning, when she distanced me in that gallop, to grant me the next favor I should ask of her, to alleviate my defeat. So now, fair lady," I said, presenting her my hand to lead her to the harp, "keep your word with a true knight who will ever keep it to you."

She rose at once, and suffered me to lead her to the instrument, while Wyndham turned deadly pale. He saw my triumph, for the thin mask thrown over it by the manner in which I gained it, could not hide from him the evident preference of Isabel. And I, for the moment, intoxicated by the circumstance, followed her to the harp, and stood gazing admiringly at her as she bent

over the strings, until the fervor of my look called a blush to her cheek. Never had she appeared so beautiful as now. Perhaps it was the music she chose, for all her songs were plaintive and sweet—perhaps it was that new and delightful emotions were awakening within her, for her bosom heaved as if she was unusually agitated. Her father, when she sat down to her instrument, left the room. Now and then I stole a look at Wyndham. He stood moody and silent, apart from us, with folded arms, from time to time almost sternly regarding her, the very picture of a despairing lover. Isabel, did not, however, for a long time, deign to look at him, but continued to sing piece after piece, at my solicitation. At length I interposed, for my heart really bled for the poor fellow.

"Now, Harry," I said, "do you ask for a favorite. I'm sure Miss Vernon will sing it."

It was an unlucky speech. Wyndham frowned and drew himself haughtily up; while the lady bent over her harp and dashed off into our National air, which, in Harry's sedate moods, was his particular aversion. This looks serious, I thought: the gentleman has quarrelled, and the lady is saucy. To relieve us all of the embarrassment, I took up a music book and opened it before Isabel.

"There now, dear Miss Vernon," I said, "do stop that warlike tune—one isn't in the mood for Bunker Hill to-night. Here is one of the sweetest songs of Burns—I have opened to it by chance—and really, I feel wonderfully sentimental to-night."

"You!" she said, lifting her large brilliant eye suddenly to my face, with an expression it was impossible to misinterpret; and that glance made every nerve in me tingle with extatic pleasure. "You sentimental! oh! never, never, cavalier mine," she said, gaily shaking her pretty head; "but if you really are so, why I'm glad to see you begin to repent of your sins, and so," and her voice suddenly changed to that low tone which is so eloquent of hidden feelings, "I will sing anything for you." There was that in the manner in which she pronounced the word "you," that completely subdued me, as I saw she was herself subdued.

When she looked at the song and saw that it was "*Ae fond kiss and then we sever*," a deep blush suffused her face and neck; and, when she began, her voice trembled perceptibly. But, as she proceeded, she seemed to gather confidence, while I hung over her in admiring delight. When she came to the lines,

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

She was visibly agitated, and I saw a large tear-drop steal into her eye and roll slowly down her cheek. She rallied herself, however, with a powerful effort and went on to the close. Harry, at this moment, left the room hastily. The opportunity was not to be neglected, for I was now as deeply in love as man could be, and it would have been cruel in me, after these manifestations, longer to torture the poor girl. I hesitated only for a moment, while she sat before me terribly agitated. The words that would seal my fate forever were on my lips, when the door opened and her father entered, dragging Wyndham in with him.

Harry and I both felt embarrassed during our walk to the inn that night. We said little, and that not on the subject that was nearest our hearts. He was more moody than ever, though I strove indirectly to conciliate him; so, I finally got angry, and resolved to lay aside all scruples. Besides, I was bewildered by the events of the evening. In one hour I had irretrievably lost my heart. To confess the truth, I had been losing it ever since I knew Isabel, but the notion I had taken up on our first interview that she was a flirt, had made me guarded over myself, and I had pretty successfully kept down my passion, until her scarcely concealed tenderness this evening had broken down my barriers of pride and caution, and like a lake bursting from its enclosures, swept everything before it. The earth seemed too light to tread on; I was in the highest spirits; and long after Wyndham had retired in reserve to his apartment, I sat at my window gazing out into the moonlight, too happy to think of sleep. I own, too, that amid my other thoughts, came the consciousness of having my revenge on Harry for his sullenness. "Why need he quarrel with me—the sulky, jealous boy!—because Isabel preferred me to him."

It was almost dawn before I retired, and when I awoke it was verging towards noon. I sprang out of bed, dressed, and hastened down stairs, a little ashamed of my late rising. Wyndham had been long up and gone out: while I was discussing my breakfast he came in. He appeared to be in a better humor than on the preceding evening, greeted me with his old frank joviality, and began whistling to a canary bird in a cage outside the window. "He has come to his senses," thought I, "made up his mind he can't get her, and determined to give her up like a philosopher. A night's sleep is sometimes a good thing for a dunce. Well—he shall be my groomsman."

The day appeared the longest I had ever known, for I was anxious to be at Vernon House, in hopes to find Isabel alone and put her fears to rest. As my eye roved over the broad fields and

vast woodlands stretching far away over the hills which were her father's, I own I was not without feelings of satisfaction at the idea of a bride so amply dowered. But I dismissed these contemplations as selfish.

Evening came at length, and Wyndham and I began our usual walk to Vernon House. I noticed that as we approached it, Harry became less gay and seemed to recover a portion of his late silence and embarrassment. Isabel was not in the parlor when he entered. I thought she might be in the garden, and leaving Harry with her father I stole away in search of her. She was where I expected to find her, in a little bower at the bottom of the garden. She was leaning her head on her hand, but on hearing my footstep she looked up with a blush and a glad surprise in her eye: this passed away and a playful smile succeeded, while she rose and frankly extended her hand.

"I thought you were going to play truant," she began laughingly. "A pretty knight you are to be away the whole day, when you've sworn allegiance to me. Hear now my sentence, recreant that you are; you must cease wearing my colors—"

"Nay—I beg—I entreat," I interrupted her, half playfully, half seriously, "take not from me that privilege or I am undone. Rather," I said, lifting her hand to my heart, and changing to an earnest tone, "give me the privilege of claiming this—"

"In a minuet—oh! to be sure: when shall it come off?" she said gaily. I saw she was like all her sex, affecting to misunderstand me, while really wild with joy to find that I loved her.

"No—not in a minuet, dearest," I said, tenderly, "unless it be for that of life. Give me the right ever to have this hand, and with it the heart."

I looked at my companion at these words, certain she could no longer pretend to misinterpret my meaning. Her face was crimsoned to the brow, but there was none of the agitation I expected to see—no trembling of the bosom, no drooped eye-lashes, no tears on her cheek. On the contrary she looked me full in the face. "Very odd demeanor for one so much in love," thought I.

After a slight pause she spoke

"I cannot now misunderstand you," were her words, "but I hoped, after my jest, you would guess my meaning and not press the matter. I find I must speak plainly. *I engaged myself this morning to your friend, Mr. Wyndham.*"

I dropped her hand, my eyes and mouth wide open with astonishment. But her face assured me she spoke the truth. I was a victim, jilted

by a country coquette, beat at my own weapons! It was too bad. There was no use to say anything, so I bit my lip and cursed my egregious vanity.

For when I began to think coolly of the matter, I saw what a fool I had been. Her silence when with Wyndham—his embarrassment—her undisguised preference for me—bah! if I had had my senses about me I would have known that it is not him she loves, with whom a woman, especially one like Isabel, is on the most familiar terms. I ought to have known she would slight him, and pretend to prefer others, to conceal her own weakness, at least until he had declared his passion in words. It was not from love for me, but to see if we watched them, that she had looked around at her father and me yesterday! Oh! the jade. And I had been dolt enough not to see that she and Harry had quarrelled the preceding evening, and that this was the cause of her emotion; and not her passion for me.

To crown the whole, while I had been dreaming of extending happiness to Isabel as an eastern sultan gives a boon to a slave, Wyndham—unable longer to bear suspense, and hoping much from the emotion of Miss Vernon when she had sang the song—had hurried to the Hall, immediately after breakfast, and finding his mistress alone, disclosed his love and won from the weeping girl a confession that it had been long returned. No wonder he whistled to the canary bird when he came back.

I left that part of the country—you may be sure—the next day; and it was quite a year before I again saw Isabel. She was then Mrs. Wyndham. I had been asked to be groomsman, but as I had intended that post for Harry, I thought it best to decline. The wisest course—wasn't it?

A SONG.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

The bird, whose song impassioned,
The soul of music, wildly sighs,
Wears not a wing that's fashioned
In Beauty's radiant dyes.

The flowers of fragrance lavish
Like Love from out a guileless heart,
No glorious hues to ravish
The common eye, impart.

The lips like rubies glowing,
Too often curl with scorn and pride,
The smile most brightly showing,
A careless heart may hide.

But cheeks we prize most dearly,
And eyes most sure the soul to win,
Tho' Beauty light them rarely,
Are kindled from within!

UNCULTURED FLOWERS.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

FLOWERS of God's planting!—Man doth call ye *wild*,
Though in your breasts a gentle nature lies,
And timidly ye meet the breezes mild,
Paying their love-kiss with your perfum'd sighs.
Still, with unutter'd speech,
More true philosophy ye teach,
Than they, your rich-rob'd relatives, who share
The florist's tender care,
And shrink with fretted nerves from the too buxom air.

Methinks their polish'd petals hide
Some thrill of vanity or pride,
As the admiring throng
Through the rich green-house press along,
Where still they claim, in proud magnificence,
A warmer smile than Heaven's own healthful sun's
dispense,

Or lull'd on beauty's breast
To a brief dream of rapturous rest
Too soon—with pale, regretful eye
Fulfil their envied destiny, and die.

But ye, in humble cell,
Cloven nook or grassy dell,
Or by the brooklet's shaded brim
Turn in your trustful innocence to Him,
Who wisely metes the sun-beam and the rain;
Or else the plough-share's fatal pain,
Or the crushing foot repay
With a forgiving fragrance—and beneath
The same lov'd skies that gave you birth,
On prairie broad, or purple heath
Pass willingly away
From your slight hold on earth.

Perchance, with longer date
Gladdening the field-bee, at her work elate,
Ye nurse your buds, and give your winged seeds
Unto the winnowing winds, to sow them as they fly
In fertile soil, or 'mid the choking weeds
Or desert sands, where the rank serpent feeds,
Then, not of death afraid,
All unreluctantly ye fade,
Meek as ye bloom'd at first, in glen, or forest-glade,
Bequeathing a sweet memory
Unto the scented turf, where erst ye grew,
And garner'd in your souls the heaven-distilling dew.

Oh, fair, uncultur'd flowers!
The charm of childhood's roving hours,
Who seek no praise of man—have ye not caught
The spirit of *His* lowly thought,
Who lov'd the frail field lily—and the bird
By whom its breast was stirr'd?
And on his mountain-shrine
With eloquence divine
From its unfolded leaves, as from a text book taught?
Yes—still ye show, in lessons undefil'd,
The Christian life and death, tho' man doth call ye *wild*.

THE OLD MANSION.

BY R. B. ANDREWS.

CHAPTER I.

"But something ails it now—the place is cursed"

THE old lady and the young heir were the only remaining members of the Howley family. The old lady was the occupant of the family mansion. A pleasant home it must have been in other days; and a pleasant home it might be again when the young heir came in; but now, though kept in good repair, and in the midst of a fair domain, it had a certain cold, unoccupied look, which chilled one's heart, and seemed to declare its tenant a desolate one. Closed shutters spoke of unused chambers; or the light striking through the half open blinds of opposite hall windows, impressed you with an idea of silent, undisturbed peace. You seemed to hear door by door clap to after departing forms, as they went now to the bridal, now to the tomb; now in hope, now in mournful farewell. You seemed to see shutter after shutter close on the pleasant light, as the sealed or absent eyes of parents or children needed it no more. A master and mistress of fairer hopes than its present occupant had reigned within its walls; and sons and daughters from infancy to riper years had dwelt in its spacious chambers, in the sunshine and the light. True, passion and wilfulness and ambition had blended their dark hues in the tale of its time; and even the record of crime and of woe had mingled in its story. But father and sons, mother and daughters were gone now, no matter how nor whither, and Madam Howley lived alone. The second wife and the widow of the master of the mansion, it was before her that it had grown silent and lonely. Before her, parting feet had momentarily stopped, while trembling lips uttered a constrained farewell; feet that for the last time stood on the threshold of the family mansion; lips that for the last time broke the gathering silence of its roof. It was her hand that had leaned against the garret walls the pictured faces she found smiling in hall and chamber, even as it was her hand that had banished the living faces that beautified them at her coming. And yet, perhaps, they that said so did her wrong. A cruel husband might have made her a haughty, imprudent wife; and the wilful ways of ungoverned, though still lovely step-children, a cold, unfeeling mother. She had entered the mansion in the pride of her beauty and its fame; and if she dwelt there now the survivor of fair and noble inmates, she dwelt there as much the survivor of herself as she had been in those days. There might be a few who in reminiscences of

old times spoke of her as she led the minuet at an old fashioned ball; a few, perhaps, once sharers of better days, but now in altered fortunes, who occasionally renewed the memories of the past at her side; but from the world with its young and earnest spirits, its calmer or deeper actors, its daily interests and its unfolding events, she was as much departed and set aside as though she were already dust and ashes. Not that she had no relatives who would have sometimes broken her solitude, and held back, as it were, the cold door of the tomb from her living form; but she turned from their sympathies to the secrets, (if such she had) or the bitterness of her own spirit. The young heir had a kindly heart, and cherished no half-heard memories of the past against his grand-mother. But the frank beauty of his youth had no charm for an unlovely old age, and fell with as little impress upon it as the beams of the loveliest star on a bank of frozen snow. She rekindled no sparks for immortality from his bright and ardent spirit, caught no hues against an unfading youth from the promise of his morning. She barely endured his visits, and silently set aside his courtesies.

Tom Ashurst was the only living descendant of the Howley family—the son of the eldest daughter. As such, he had been taught to consider himself its heir, and from childhood future life had associated itself with the old mansion. He passed annually several weeks beneath its roof, notwithstanding the silence and gloom that reigned there; partly as a matter of duty to his aged relative, and partly out of friendliness to the deserted chambers of the past generation, the unvisited woods and unfrequented haunts. The Howleys had been a handsome race, and Tom inherited a full share of their good looks. His figure was a tall and manly one. He had the firm Howley step, and the dark Howley eye; while locks

"Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing"—

gave an aristocratic air to his noble head. Altogether, he had quite the bearing of a hero of romance; and indeed those who knew his orphan situation and future expectations, looked upon him as such.

It was on a February evening that Tom Ashurst, according to previous announcement, knocked at the door of the Howley house. A knock at that unusual hour seemed to waken an hundred echoes, and to resound from the locked door of many an empty room, startling the ears of domestics who had nevertheless been carefully awaiting its call. As the parlor door opened to give entrance to the young heir, a large and brilliant wood fire sent its long shadows into

the dim, cold hall. The old lady rose from her faded crimson chair which was rolled up toward the hearth.

"You make your coming late, Thomas," she said, scarce taking the young man's hand. "You will now," she added, turning with the same air and voice to the domestics, "light the candles and bring supper for Mr. Ashurst."

Tom wished in his heart the old fire light might have continued, for that looked mellow and cordial, and threw a deceptive and friendly color over the faded hangings and dull corners, like some kind, old dependant glad to ease the way and make things as pleasant as possible. Besides, he had a dread of the two wax candles, that, tall and solitary on the table, looked so like his grand-mother and himself, and always made the room darker instead of lighter. However, summoning courage from the still dancing shadows, he congratulated his grand-mother on her continued appearance of health and strength. For this he received a formal return of thanks, and the assurance which was always the second salutation at his receptions, "that he looked more like the Howleys than ever." A compliment which, however equivocal on the lips of the old lady, certain inspections of family portraits had taught Tom the value of, and which never failed to give an impetus to his light-hearted good humor. So he cast a glance at the mirror over the mantel, and laughingly replied,

"So they tell me, grand-mother. Miss Betsey Vowler, with whom I lately fell in, assures me I am extremely like; and I have heard they were by no means an ill-looking race."

"Humph!" said the old lady.

"Indeed," continued the young heir, as he warmed himself at the glowing coals, "I have always thought myself a handsome likeness of my great-grand-father Howley—the old gentleman, you know, in the east corner of the garret, with the velvet night-cap and crimson gown."

"Had his descendants emulated some of his old fashioned virtues," returned Madam Howley with a reproachful look, "a foolish boy had not been the only leaf remaining on the family tree."

The color rose on the young man's cheek, and an abashed expression came over his brow as though he regretted the careless words that had already awakened the spirit of bitterness. There was something exceedingly lovely in his face and manner, as with a changed tone he replied,

"Well, I often think of the contrast between the family tomb of the Howleys and the family mansion; the young and old that are gathered there, and you and I their only representatives here. So forgive me, grand-mother; and since you have an esteem for my great-grand-father of

whom I spoke so lightly—pray tell me what are your recollections of him?"

"Of what use, boy, rummaging the things of the past?" was the ungracious reply. "Here come lights and the supper. Let us talk of the things which have concerned you since we parted. You have been abroad, you say?"

Ashurst led Madam Howley to the table, and endeavored to make himself as inoffensive as possible. The evening dragged heavily along; and when they had resumed their seats by the fire, Tom sank into a reverie. He thought as he had done many a time before, how things should change when he became master there. How he would banish the two candles and the faded hangings, and light up the hall and rouse the old mansion from its lethargy. A sigh from the old lady dissipated many a gay dream. The young heir was touched at sight of her unhappy mien, and a remorseful fancy shot through his breast. "Why," he murmured to himself, "do I sit here, planning for the time when her presence will be done away, and extending no hand to prepare her against the great change? She is so unapproachable—but then——"

At the early hour of nine the old lady requested Ashurst to pull the bell. In a few moments two servants appeared; the male bearing a silver can in which Madam Howley's night drink was prepared, the female a satin bonnet and cloak which her mistress was accustomed to wear on her passage through the hall. As Madam Howley rose, and leaning on her gold-headed cane, was about to offer a good night to her grand-son, Ashurst as if moved by some deep feeling, came toward her. "Would she allow him to read, before she retired, the evening prayers of the church?" The old lady, though mute with astonishment, yet mutely suffered herself to be re-seated. Gaining courage, Tom desired the presence of the household, and called for the old family Bible. With awe he opened the silver clasps. On the blank pages were the names of the family in the tomb, their births, marriages and deaths. With awe he read the sacred chapter of Isaiah, the prophet's story of the Saviour of the world—"the tender plant," "the lamb brought to the slaughter," "the sheep before her shearers dumb"—Him that "poured out His soul unto death" and "bare the sins of many." With awe, on bended knees, he offered the simple, but sublime family prayer of the church. The old lady rose from her seat, and stood with her hands clasped on her cane, her eyes fixed on the dark locks before her. She moved toward the door the moment the voice of Ashurst ceased, but as she paused there to receive her hood and cloak, she extended her hands toward him.

"Come hither," she said, "and be the first of your family that ever received my blessing."

She moved a few steps into the hall, turned pale and tottered. The servants and the young heir carried her back to the old crimson chair. There was the stopping of a pulse, and the spirit fled.

"It was a disease of the heart," the old waiting woman said—"so she knew she must die."

The young heir was horror struck. But the old waiting woman consoled him, thanking Heaven her mistress had made so Christian an end, and telling him that his prayers had laid spirits that night, and the cloud would be taken from off the old house.

CHAPTER II.

"—An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall light thee to thy grave."

THE young heir was now the only survivor of the Howleys. It was he who followed the coffin, rich with black velvet and silver nails, to the burial-place of the old lady's family. Her connection with the Howleys was now utterly dissolved. The old mansion was his—his to have and to hold, his to alter and repair; his to throw open and rejuvenate.

With no hasty hand did he lay hold on the mansion of his fathers. For a few months he left it to that silence and solitude which it seemed to claim. To him it had almost assumed a human shape; and as he trod its floors, its walls seemed to look on him as if with appealing eyes. "Farewell," he said, as he took his temporary departure—"I leave thee awhile that thou mayest part gently with thy past. I will come again, and then, so help us Heaven, we will see better days!"

It was spring when he came again. The white blossoms fell beneath his horse's feet; drops of dew glistened like tears of joy; and as the door opened, a soft balmy air drew through the old hall, fanning his cheek and lifting his dark locks like the welcome of hopeful spirits. His "soul" had been "dark" that morning. But all these lovely things seemed to soothe him; and a calm trust came over him.

And now arose the sounds of busy workmen, pulling down and putting up, destroying and rebuilding. Not that Tom Ashurst, or as now he was called, Ashurst Howley, was removing the ancient landmarks and making the mansion a modern one. Indeed it needed but few changes, and those were all he made. A long window or a folding door, that let the fair scenes of his domain fall through his rooms; or the little conveniences that made the house a comfortable and pleasant home, these were all the external

changes. He spared the old fashioned furniture. He banished only that which looked forlorn or dilapidated, while the old China jars, the tapestried screen, the carved secretary and curious chairs, stood amidst modern articles which accorded with the olden style. The old mirrors still hung in chamber and in hall; and from the old family pictures, Howley took of the fairest and the dearest, and hung them, one by a sunny landscape, one by a pleasant window, one in a favorite corner. So their eyes followed him, and their lips seemed to whisper kindly, 'tis the young heir!

Indeed no day had been so full of feeling to Tom as that, whereon, attended by the old waiting-woman, he had gone to the garret where the family pictures had been thrown aside. She yielded him no willing service, and her hand trembled as she wiped the dust from them. Tom would fain have heard the story of each. "How lived, how loved, how died they?" But to his earnest enquiries he could only obtain the brief answer, that this was the old colonel, and that was the first Madam Howley; and this, the eldest son—and this, a daughter. Which daughter? Tom had never seen this before. Why, the youngest. And what was her name? It was Lydia—Lydia—Miss Lydia! And the old woman turned away, and with pale lips besought him to leave the pictures there, for they would bring no good below.

"Lydia! what a lovely face!" It was not done wholly after the manner of old fashioned portraits. There was a drapery of rich blue satin, and a few pearls hung in the dark hair. Time had half faded the color on her cheek; but her lips were full and almost trembling; and then, as she leaned upon her hand, she looked on him with such wondrous eyes! "Lydia! Tell me more of her!" But the old woman was gone. "I will not press her," he said. "She naturally shrinks, for these are all the faces of the dead." And he sighed, as taking the beautiful portrait in his hand, he descended the stairs.

Lydia! That picture was hung neither in corner nor by window; but directly over the old secretary between the library windows, where the young heir could see it best. It was the only one that was reframed. It was like a face that Tom exceedingly admired; exceedingly like! only this seemed like a phantom, and not so radiant in smiles and youth and health. And the names too! The names were the same.

And now the character of the old mansion was wholly changed. There was something going on both within and without. A horse stood at the door, or a dog on the steps. The bell rang often, and there was the sound of wheels on the avenue.

A laugh; or a quick step on the stairs. There were merry voices too at haymaking and at the gathering in of fruits; at cherry time, and at the shaking of the apple trees; for the young heir had a generous heart, and kept not his good things for himself and the rich only. And when winter came, Howley had taken care to light the old hall and warm it too, for there is something cheerful in warmth, while at Christmas there were green boughs, with store room and pantry full of gifts for the poor. And the old roof sheltered those that had neither friend nor home; the fatherless and the widow, the desolate and the oppressed—the stranger and him that needed help. Morning and evening they gathered together, the household and the stranger that was within the gates, and united in the simple service of family prayer; while the young heir led the rude and uncultivated voices that sang the hymns of the church.

And yet, changed as the old mansion might seem to others, it was still to the young heir a lonely house. Passing inmates sat at the board or slept beneath the roof; yet who but he called it home? Tom was not one whom idle companions could lay hold on. He was no heir of Sinne, "to ride, to runne, to rant, to roar." He was a student, but not a selfish, ambitious one. His heart was open and affectionate. Why then was he alone in the old mansion? Where was Lydia?—the Lydia so like the picture? Why was not she there?

"And so Tom often thought; and indeed it was not his fault. He had asked her many a time; asked her in his joy, asked her in his sadness, asked her when he was the heir expectant; asked her since he had been master of all. To be sure, he had never been directly rejected. But in the times of his expectancy she had told him they were both too young; too young in years, too young in character; and now—did she think so still?

CHAPTER III.

"I pr'ythee tell me, Sybil Gray,
What makes this youth so dull to-day."

It was just after Christmas that Miss Spencer became for a few days the guest of the Coplestones. Their estate was adjacent to that of Tom. Lydia had always admired the old Howley house; and had many times thought how pleasant it would look when the young heir came in. Yet it never looked so charming to her as it did now; the bright moon shining on its snow covered lawn; the dark trees stretching out their branches, and so many stars looking down upon its ancient domain. And then the old maiden aunt stood at the window beside her, telling so many stories about the young heir. How he led a quiet,

hospitable, gentlemanly life; how he never turned away his face from any poor man; and always had a kind look and courteous word for young and old, gentle and simple; how morning and evening service went up from the old mansion; and how he inherited his grand-mother's blessing. And now the old door opens, and Howley himself comes down the steps. "How tall he looks in the moonlight," the old maiden aunt says, "and how firm and free he treads! What a pity he should live alone in that great house, and should not marry! Let us go down to the parlor, Lydia; perhaps he is coming this way."

And soon the young heir sits in the midst of a pleasant circle. Lydia is so quiet for awhile. She is reproaching herself for her self-esteem. And then she grows gay, and Tom becomes serious; for he is thinking how lonely it will be when he goes home, and imagining how Lydia would look in the old arm chair by his fireside; and saying over to himself the name of the picture, Lydia, Lydia Howley. And then they all talk; and one says how the old house is changed since Madam Howley's days; how light the parlor is on a winter evening; how cheerful the hall looks, and how full of pleasant places the grounds are become. Tom listens awhile; and then he tells how solitary he is there. The parlor, he thinks, is never sufficiently lighted; and the house is so very still. Indeed, he often dreams, as he falls asleep in the twilight, that the old lady sits opposite him, and tells him that after all, a young man's housekeeping is scarce merrier than an old dame's ways. And she seems to mock him with the idle fancies he used to have on the long winter evenings they sometimes passed together. "Don't you think it's very dull? Upon my word, this silence is unendurable! *Nous changerons tout cela*!" And then Fred Coplestone, when the laugh is ended, asks if he shall sing a little old song he knows? He can touch the guitar a little. So he sings to them with a spirited manly voice, though nobody can imagine where he got the song.

THE YOUNG HEIR.

By his side the gipsy standing,
Marks his vacant air;
"I have many a charm, young master,
Drives away dull care."
On her sun-burnt face he gazeth,
Flings a half torn flower away—
"Dost thou know the secret, mistress,
Makes an old house gay?"
Musing—pausing—"pleasant voices,
Voices," she doth say.
At her outstretched palm he smileth,
Crosseth it with silver white.
"Can't thou tell the magic glimmer,
Makes an old room bright?"

"Kindly eyes, blue, black or hazel,
Shed a lovely light."

On a bough the young man leaneth,
Lending half a willing ear—
"Hast thou learned the heart-spell gipsy,
Makes an old tree dear?"
Pausing, musing, "forms beloved,
Often rested here!"

Up the lane his step returneth,
On his heart the burthen lies,
"I shall hear no pleasant voices,
Meet no loving eyes.
The old house is lonely, lonely,
I'll to foreign skies!"

So when the song is ended, and Fred is telling how he found it in some odd place while every one thinks he made it on purpose, though nobody says so; and Tom is blessing him in his heart for a clever fellow, nor dares to look at Lydia; nobody but the old maiden aunt sees how frightened she is at the last line, and how she scrawls a few words on a small bit of paper; and nobody but the old maiden aunt sees it laid in the young heir's hand when he bids her good night. And everybody but the old maiden aunt wonders, when Tom having paused a moment beneath the hall lamp, comes back as if he had forgotten something, and shakes hands again half round, though he speaks not a word. Fred Coplestone sees the tears on his cheek as he opens the hall door for him, and regrets his little, old song; but then he knows nothing of the scrap of paper and the words written thereon—"The old house shall be no longer lonely—Lydia."

The spring welcomed Lydia to the old mansion with drops of dew, and blossoms as bright as those which a year before ushered the young heir to his home. She half trembled when she found herself mistress there; she the successor of *old Madam Howley, her husband's stern grandmother*. Besides, had she never heard that the house was haunted; or when a young girl on her visits to the Coplestones, had Miss Dorothea, at no ill hour, half admitted her into the family secrets of the Howleys? Soon, however, every foreboding passed away. The house belonged to the young heir now; and if there had been spirits there, he had scared them away. "*Nous avons changé tout cela*!" she gaily said.

And now it was a pleasant place, that old mansion. The aun falling on curtained windows in winter; the bright lamps at evening that streamed through half closed shutters or over the hall door, how much they told of comfort and cheerfulness! Or on summer early morn, a blind flung open to draw in the fresh air; or at eve, figures seated at the door or slowly moving on

the terrace—even things slight as these had wrought a wondrous change. And it was the same within. The old house became gay; not with trifling revellers, but with pleasant voices; the old room bright beneath the glance of loving eyes. And as years passed on, the apartments gathered a new train of associations. There was sickness and health; there was parting and meeting; there the coming and going of beloved friends; there the voices of children at play and at prayer. And if it were no elysium which Sorrow and Care and Death forebore to visit, their shadowy wings drooped over no proud, rebellious, repining hearts, but over spirits made beautiful by Patience, Penitence and Prayer. And now the cloud is gone, and henceforth sweet shall be the memories of the old mansion!

THE CHIPPEWA'S GATHERING.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

HEARD ye not the sigh from the mountains sweep by,
While our war-fire's bright wreathings ascended on high,
While our braves through the war-dance flew wildly and fleet,
And the scalp-locks kept time to the sound of their feet;
Ha, ha! 'twas the breath of the spirit of death,
When the shaft of his vengeance springs forth from its sheath.

Then raise the proud swell, through each mountain and dell,
The tones of our war-whoop each foeman can quell!
For he knows that the death-shaft unerringly speeds—
When our war-bows are bended the bravest heart bleeds;
For with us is the breath of the spirit of death,
And the shaft of his vengeance springs forth from its sheath.

The maid of the Sioux to the forest depths flew,
When she heard the brave Chippewa's vengeful halloo;
And her lover's heart trembled, his cheek too grew pale,
For he knew when our warriors flew swift o'er his trail
That around was the breath of the spirit of death,
And the shaft of his vengeance had sprung from its sheath.

Then summon our men from the mountain and glen,
And rush in the might of our terror again;
Where our death-shafts are flying—our tomahawks speed,
The bravest and best of their warriors must bleed;
For they feel the chill breath of the spirit of death,
When the shaft of his vengeance springs forth from its sheath.

THE AWKWARD GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. C. F. ORNE.

It was a fine morning in September, when Helen Ashton took her port-folio, containing her sketch-book and pencils, and directed her steps toward a stream tributary to the Hudson, for the purpose of sketching a fine view on the opposite bank. Having selected a favorable spot, her mind was soon so fully absorbed in her favorite amusement, that she did not heed the rustling of the copse near, and it was not without some degree of alarm that she suddenly beheld a stranger almost at her side. The meeting was apparently as unexpected to him as to her, and apologizing for his intrusion, he passed on to some distance. Here he stopped to gather several plants and flowers, which he carefully deposited in a small covered basket, from which Helen inferred that he was collecting botanic specimens. There was something in his appearance decidedly ludicrous, and there was something likewise, she could hardly tell why—which greatly interested her. She had always been partial to dark hair, and his approximated so nearly to the color of tow, that it could not by the most over-strained courtesy be called either brown or auburn. It was, moreover, harsh and lustreless, and his manner of wearing it detestable, it being combed over his forehead so as to entirely cover it, and thereby conceal all its fine, phrenological developments—if any such there were to conceal. As for his eyes, she could neither judge of their color nor expression, they being shaded with a large pair of green spectacles. She recollected, however, that his mouth had a peculiarly pleasing expression when he spoke—that his voice was rich and musical, and that his teeth were of a dazzling whiteness. But his dress was of homely material, old fashioned, and so badly made as to destroy all symmetry of form, and she could scarcely forbear laughing, as she followed with her eyes his ungainly figure, as with a kind of lounging gait he slowly pursued his way, stooping down occasionally to pluck a flower. Having finally reached the borders of a thick grove of forest-trees, he turned round so abruptly that Helen had no time, by changing her attitude, to conceal that she was watching him. He bowed and smiled, and then waving his hand rather gracefully for so awkward a figure, disappeared among the trees. Helen returned the bow with cheeks blushing crimson, for she was vexed and angry with herself for having suffered him to detect her, fearful that the indulgence of her curiosity might, by him, be construed into boldness. Had she been vain, the thought might have occurred to her that he looked

back for the sake of obtaining a second view of a face which she could not but know was beautiful; for her mirror told her that her complexion was clear and transparent, and that her brow, eyes and lips, and, indeed, every line of her face were such as a painter would like to trace on his canvass. Yet of the greatest charm of her countenance—its ever varying expression—she, herself, could not judge—neither of the effect when she suddenly looked up and revealed the full sparkle and brilliancy of her dark eyes, that were ordinarily half shaded by their long, black lashes. She endeavored to resume her drawing, but her thoughts were so effectually diverted into another channel that she gave up the attempt, while her hand, sympathizing with the image in her mind, traced a faithful and spirited sketch of the uncouth figure of the stranger as he stooped to gather his herbs and flowers.

When Helen returned home, her cousin, Ariana Mason said to her,

"Whom do you think I have been introduced to this morning at Mrs. Ormond's?"

"Arthur Ormond, her brother-in-law, I suppose," replied Helen, "who is so celebrated for his fine person and extraordinary talents. She told me she was expecting him every day."

Ariana laughed aloud.

"Excuse me, Helen," said she, "but I cannot help laughing at your guessing that the person I saw was the much celebrated Arthur Ormond, that 'glass of fashion,' in which all the youth, noble or ignoble, if fame says true, do dress themselves."

"If my guessing wrong so provokes your risibility, you must tell me who he is without my guessing."

"His name is Ormond, and by his appearance I should think like old Norval, he might have tended flocks on the Grampian hills. If Mrs. Ormond had not told me herself that he was a relative of her late husband, I could not have believed her."

Helen, whose thoughts reverted to the stranger she had seen that morning, enquired how he was dressed.

"In clothes made in the fashion of my grandfather's," Ariana replied. "His boots, however, fitted so admirably his well-shaped foot that St. Crispin himself could not have made better. But what struck me most was his hair, which must be seen to be appreciated. I can merely say that it was not black and glossy as the raven's wing—neither would any person possessing the greatest possible share of romance, imagine for a moment that each hair contained an imprisoned sunbeam."

Helen no longer doubted that this singular Mr. Ormond, and the person she had seen gathering

flowers, were the same, but from some motive she could not well define, she refrained from mentioning her morning adventure to her cousin.

As Helen wished to complete the sketch she had commenced as soon as possible, lest one of those sudden changes incident to the climate might prevent her from remaining stationary for any length of time in the open air, she ventured forth the following morning, though not without coming to the conclusion that should she again chance to encounter the botanist, she would relinquish her undertaking. After regaining her former station, she started several times at the slight rustling of the foliage near, half expecting to behold him again emerge from the copse; but instead of his ungraceful figure, she at one time beheld a beautiful bird that brushed its wings against the leaves as it rose into the air, and at others, she found that the noise was occasioned by a sudden freshening of the breeze. Her feelings were exceedingly inconsistent—she was aware that they were—yet, when the time arrived when it was necessary for her to return, she felt disappointed at not having met the very person whom at first she imagined she sincerely wished to avoid. On arriving home and entering the parlor, with her port-folio in her hand, she beheld Mrs. Ormond and the identical person who was that moment in her thoughts. Mrs. Ormond immediately introduced him to her, and had he been the celebrated Arthur Ormond himself she could not have felt or appeared more confused.

"Your cousin tells me," said Mrs. Ormond, "that you are sketching some of the scenery on the opposite bank of the river—will you permit me to look at your sketch?"

"I believe it is not so spirited as it would have been had I felt in a better mood for drawing," said Helen, taking it from her port-folio and presenting it to Mrs. Ormond.

Without her perceiving it, a scrap of paper was drawn forth with the sketch, and fell on the carpet almost at Mr. Ormond's feet. He took it up, and as soon as Helen, who had been replying to a few questions of Mrs. Ormond relative to the drawing, turned that way, presented it to her with a humorous expression of countenance altogether inimitable. Never had poor Helen been so completely overwhelmed with confusion, for a single glance told her that it was the sketch she had made of him, all the defects of his person being so exaggerated as to make one of the most laughable caricatures imaginable. It was with difficulty that she restrained tears of vexation from flowing down her burning cheeks as she murmured, scarcely knowing what she said, "oh, sir, what will you think of me?"

"That you have an accurate eye and a humorous

fancy," he replied, "and that the communication between your eye and hand is surprisingly ready. I myself have some taste for drawing, but I should despair of producing anything so perfectly exquisite of its kind." He then added in a lower voice, "I beg, Miss Ashton, that you will not permit so trifling a circumstance to give you a moment's uncasiness; if you should, I cannot express how much I shall regret having unintentionally seen what was not intended for my eye."

Helen, somewhat re-assured by the unaffected kindness and sincerity of his voice and manner, succeeded so far in regaining her self-possession that Mrs. Ormond and Ariana, whose attention had been engrossed by looking at the drawing, were not aware that anything had happened to discompose her. Mr. Ormond, during the remainder of their stay, took little share in the conversation, and, to a cursory observer, appeared absorbed in his own thoughts; but Helen imagined that under this show of inattention she detected a real interest in the different remarks, which, unstudied, frequently threw light upon the character of the person who uttered them. Ariana, who was naturally lively and of an exuberant fancy, and withal a little given to ridicule, could not help aiming a few shafts at their silent and awkward looking visitor, but finding them warded off by the armor of dullness, in which, as she imagined, he was completely encased, she entirely ceased to honor him, even with this species of attention.

When it was time for them to depart, Mr. Ormond made an awkward and hurried bow, a ceremony that appeared to entirely disconcert him, so that in turning quickly round in order to make his exit, he hit his unlucky head against the edge of the open door and knocked off his green spectacles. Mrs. Ormond, with forced gravity, enquired if he was much hurt, while Ariana, who had less "power of face," could not conceal a smile; but Helen, she hardly knew why, instead of a disposition to laugh, felt for him as much pity and sympathy as she would for an own brother had he made a similar exhibition of awkwardness. One quick, keen glance from a pair of the most brilliant and expressive eyes she had ever beheld, as he stooped to take up his spectacles, showed Helen that he understood and appreciated the kindness and delicacy of that feeling which finds nothing to amuse in what must occasion pain to another.

From this time few days passed that Mr. Ormond did not call. Sometimes he brought specimens of the few flowers that still lingered in the wild wood, which he frequently copied with a skilful hand, while in all the dewy freshness of their morning bloom. By degrees, his reserve

and apparent shyness wore off, especially when no one was present but Helen and Mrs. Ashton, her paternal aunt, whom both of the cousins were in the habit of addressing by the familiar appellation of aunt Huldah. Miss Huldah Ashton had ever since the decease of Helen's mother, which happened in her infancy, been her brother's house-keeper. Ariana Mason, who was a year older than Helen, and whose mother died a few months before Mrs. Ashton, was admitted into the family at the same time, by her father's earnest request, who being deeply engaged in mercantile business, was frequently obliged to be absent from home. The girls were educated together at the best schools which our country affords, but though the moral and intellectual influences operating upon them were apparently the same, a few unamiable traits developed themselves to a greater extent in the character of Ariana than in that of Helen.

With aunt Huldah Mr. Ormond grew to be an especial favorite, a handsome person set off by fine clothes and an easy address, being in her estimation as dust of the balance when weighed against the high qualities both mental and moral which he evidently possessed. One thing, though aunt Huldah would scarcely have been willing to own it, had likewise its influence in establishing him in her favor. He never frightened away her favorite cat, even when she took the liberty of playing with the long skirts of his old fashioned coat, or when she sometimes ventured to jump up by his side and pass her paw lightly over the flowers he was copying. The three ladies differed in opinion as regarded his age. Aunt Huldah thought he was about twenty-five, Ariana was confident that he must be forty, and Helen thought he might be thirty. The question was referred to Mr. Ashton, who coincided with his sister.

Besides being skilled in drawing and painting, they found now his bashfulness began to wear off, that he had a fine taste in music, and that he could not only sing admirably, but touch several instruments with a masterly hand. It was the rich and fresh vein of thought, however, pervading his conversation which far more than his accomplishments, made him to Helen an ever welcome guest. Mr. Ashton too grew more and more pleased with him, and would frequently arrange his business so as to be at home at the time he usually called. Everything passed on in this quiet, even tenor for several weeks, when one morning Helen and Ariana received the following note from Mrs. Ormond:

"To-morrow evening, my dear girls, Arthur Ormond, my brother-in-law, will be here, and as his stay will necessarily be short, I propose inviting

the élite of the village and its environs the evening following. If you are not particularly engaged this morning, I wish one or both of you would call, as I have many things to say which I have not time to write."

"I cannot go," said Ariana, "for I have just received a large package from my father which I must examine, and a letter from him which I must answer."

Helen, who for several reasons was glad that Ariana declined going, was soon on her way to Mrs. Ormond's.

"This party is such a sudden affair," said Mrs. Ormond, inviting Helen into an apartment where she was making arrangements, "that I am afraid that I shall forget many things which I ought to remember. Arthur is so full of freaks that I am half a mind not to gratify him."

"The party then is by his request?"

"Yes—and why he wishes to be introduced to the ladies of this obscure country town I am sure I do not know, for there never was one of our sex yet that could please him. Some are too tall—others too short. The hair of some is too dark—that of others too light. Some have fine, sparkling eyes, but there is no meaning in their expression. Others have pretty lips, but their smile is insipid, and the smile of some—by what token I have been unable to discover—indicates a shrewish temper. One young lady he for sometime thought perfection, but she perfectly disenchanted him by accidentally appearing in his presence one morning in dishabille. He then discovered that she wore artificial roses on her cheeks as well as in her hair. To confess the truth, Helen, according to what I know of his taste, I think you would exactly suit him, which makes me think it quite unnecessary to assemble all the belles of the village."

"But what if he should not suit *me*? and I hardly think he will."

"Nay, Helen, unless you have already yielded your heart to another, he must suit you. Such a fine person—so just a taste in matters of dress—such elegant manners—such a splendid fortune—but then, if you should happen to like him I don't know what will become of my poor kinsman, the awkward gentleman, as Ariana calls him."

"Why?" said Helen, turning away to hide a blush.

"Because he has taken it into his head to love you so dearly himself that I am half afraid it will break his heart if you should prefer another."

"You cannot be in earnest, Mrs. Ormond."

"Most certainly I am—and let me assure you, dearest Helen, that however rough the casket which contains it, his heart is a jewel above all price. I believe you are not insensible to his

worth, and had not this fascinating Arthur determined to make his appearance among us, I do not know but that your regard for him might have deepened into a warmer sentiment. I at first gave my voice against the party decidedly, but my objections were overruled."

The conversation was now interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Ormond. His spirits seemed depressed, and he was even more silent than usual. Mrs. Ormond, first making an unsuccessful effort to draw him into conversation, took Helen by the arm, and as they left the apartment said in rather a petulant voice, "I do believe he is trying to appear just as badly as he can."

When Helen returned home Ariana met her at the door.

"Only see this beautiful jewelry," she said, "father has sent me. He has given me a French pelerine too, and materials for two elegant dresses. Nor did he forget you. He says this wreath of half-blown moss roses is for you."

"How beautiful, and what an exact imitation of nature!" said Helen. "I can hardly believe them to be artificial."

"Did Mrs. Ormond say that her party was to be to-morrow evening?"

"No, the evening after."

"Then by uniting all our forces I can get this beautiful silk made in season to wear. I will go and engage Miss Lamar this minute, lest some person should forestall me."

"I should not like to have so costly a silk made in a hurry," said Helen.

"But do you not know that I am determined on captivating Arthur Ormond. I should think such a prize worth a little extra exertion. What do you mean to wear?"

"My white silk, and the wreath of moss roses your father was so kind as to send me."

"I should think you were going to try to please the taste of that awkward Mr. Ormond. I heard him say the other day that he liked to see young ladies dress in white. But you know that I dislike him, and I am pretty sure that he reciprocates the sentiment most heartily, so I shall make no effort to please him."

The evening of the party came, and Ariana in her beautiful silk dress, which Miss Lamar had worked night and day to finish, with a bandeau of gems gleaming amid her rich, golden curls, and Helen dressed in white, with the wreath of moss roses entwined with her dark hair, in compliance with Mrs. Ormond's request, were among the first to arrive. Arthur Ormond, who was introduced to them with due formality, may, as he appeared to be a personage of considerable consequence in the estimation of the hostess, as well as her guests, merit a particular description.

He was little, if any, above the middling height, and his figure, though not of exact symmetry, struck the beholder as singularly elegant and graceful. There was in truth, something in his whole appearance, which, had he been a citizen of the old Roman Republic, would have stamped him, not only as a patrician, but as one who would have been distinguished among his class. His glossy hair, slightly inclining to curl, and of a dark, rich chesnut, waved with a careless grace around his forehead, and his firm, proud mouth, if not eminently handsome, was highly expressive, as were his eyes, which, though grey, when he was animated by conversation appeared so dark and lustrous, that a stranger would have mistaken them for black. His dress, which was of the finest materials, was perfectly plain, evincing, in every particular, the just taste of the wearer. When he was introduced to Helen, she almost started, for the keen, clear eye that met her own, was lit up with the same expression as was Mr. Ormond's, at the time he so awkwardly knocked off his spectacles. He took a seat by her side, and entered into conversation with her, but she did not sustain her part with the spirit which he might have anticipated from her intelligent countenance; and it would have been evident to a close observer, from the frequent wandering of her eye towards the door, and a slight change of color when footsteps were on the threshold, that she was expecting the entrance of some person, in whom she was particularly interested. Mrs. Ormond, who for reasons of her own, kept a somewhat watchful eye upon her, observed these signs of divided attention, and divining the true cause, soon made it in her way to pass near them, and among other things remarked in a careless manner, that Mr. Ormond would not be present that evening, it being his rule never to mingle in large companies. A shade of disappointment settled on the brow of Helen, but after a few moments of thoughtfulness, she made a successful effort to rally her spirits, and took an animated share in the conversation, which on the part of Arthur Ormond, had nearly assumed the character of a monologue. Helen was certainly entertained, but nothing more. His conversation, though sparkling and brilliant, lacked the rich vein of thought and feeling and moral sentiment, which ran through that of the awkward Mr. Ormond. Finding that the fifteen minutes which he had intended to devote to Helen, had lengthened to twice that time, he began to be sensible that some attention was due from him to the rest of the company, that had been assembled expressly on his account. He, therefore, joined a group of ladies, of which Ariana was the star. Now, for she had a talent for the sparkling and

brilliant style of conversation, flash met flash, and her blue eyes shone with a light as radiant as the sapphire gems that gleamed in her hair.

Left to herself, Helen's thoughts began to busy themselves in drawing a comparison between the Ormond, with whom a portion of nearly each day for many weeks had been spent, and the Ormond, the acquaintance of half an hour. The figure of the first was awkward, as were, at times, his manners, and there was almost habitually an air of embarrassment about him, that threw into shade, his really fine talents, and formed a perfect contrast to the elegant person, high-breeding and self-possession of the Ormond now before her. Yet, as far as mere form of feature went, it appeared to her, there was little difference. The proud lip, that was uttering the witty sarcasm or the brilliant nothing, had the same fine curve, but his countenance lacked those more delicate shades of expression, often apparent in that of the other, which seemed to answer to those finer tones of thought and feeling, uttered in a low quiet voice, when there was no ear to listen but hers, and which had woven a spell round her heart, that she had neither the wish, nor the power to break. There had been moments even, when with all his personal disadvantages, he had borne himself with a loftier air than his more showy kinsman—in short, all those subtle distinctions, which in her mind she could well draw between them, though she could not have expressed them in words, were in favor of her old acquaintance.

If Ariana disliked Mr. Ormond, she was fascinated with Arthur Ormond, and her enthusiasm had the effect to elicit many remarks, which were so piquant as really to surprise herself. But after she returned home, and had time to reflect on the conversation, she was far from being satisfied. She had said many witty and pungent things—Arthur Ormond many more, yet in all that there had been said, she felt that there was no heart. It was the flash which the mountain glacier gives back to the wintry sunbeam—dazzling and irised, but utterly cold.

The next day when Helen heard the well-known step of Mr. Ormond, at his usual hour of calling, she felt nearly as much agitated and embarrassed, as if the thoughts concerning him and Arthur Ormond, which she had indulged in during the evening, had been laid bare before him. She happened to be alone, and the conversation took a turn, which made him appear, both morally and intellectually to unusual advantage. In the absorbing interest of the fascinating themes they were discussing, he mechanically took off his green spectacles to wipe them, and forgetting to replace them, his countenance had all the advan-

tage which fine and expressive eyes ever impart. She did think that if his hair was of a color more decided—either black, brown, yellow or red, that it would form a better contrast to his complexion, and it would be more becoming if he would brush it away from his forehead; but these were only passing thoughts, which the interest of the conversation soon put to flight.

Several hours after he had taken leave, rather a large sized letter was brought her by Mrs. Ormond's errand-boy, which, on opening, she found contained two other letters and these words hastily written by Mrs. Ormond.

"MY DEAR HELEN.—The enclosed letters have been put into my hand, with a request that I would send them to you immediately. I can guess what they contain, and let me beg, for your own sake, as well as that of others, that you will read them carefully and weigh well their contents, before you make a final decision.

"ANNA ORMOND."

The first which she opened was from Arthur Ormond, and contained an offer of his hand and fortune. The hand-writing and language were both elegant, and the writer, though he appeared to have a due sense of her charms, both mental and personal, never, for a moment, seemed to think it possible for her to reject him. The hand-writing of the other letter was somewhat less dashing, and was signed "Ormond."

"I am aware," it said, "that you will this day receive an offer of marriage from Arthur Ormond, which ought, it may be, to deter me from making you a similar proposal, his personal advantages being so far superior to mine as to leave me nothing to hope, did I not think you superior to many of your sex. You have had some opportunity to become acquainted with my principles and tastes, and if these, in your opinion, are such as to make home the happy place it ever should be, you may be induced to overlook those defects in my appearance which cannot be remedied. I promise, however, should I be so happy as to receive a favorable answer, to make any reasonable alteration in my dress, which may be agreeable to your taste, as I hold it to be perfectly proper in such a case to concede whatever may have its foundation in mere whim. I will not conceal from you, that should you refuse my offer, it will, at least, for the present, make me very miserable, and will probably cause me to return to the resolution I had made before seeing you to remain a bachelor. As you, yourself, may on some occasion, have experienced the miseries of suspense, I trust you will not delay an answer to this longer than while you can feel perfectly decided which of the two offers to accept."

Helen read each of the letters several times, and imagination placed the writers before her. The contrast in their personal appearance was certainly very striking, and she found the superiority of Arthur Ormond in this respect was gaining upon her fancy. At this crisis Ariana entered the apartment.

"Did you hear that Mr. Ormond expects to leave town to-morrow?" said she.

"No—who told you?"

"Mrs. Ormond. I met her when I was out shopping this morning, and she told me that he would certainly go—but you look pale, Helen—what is the matter?"

"Nothing—I feel very well. Is aunt Huldah below?"

"Yes, she was when I came up stairs, but she is going out to take tea."

"Excuse me, Ariana—I must speak with her before she goes."

So saying, she sought her aunt, and informed her of the two offers she had received.

"Now aunt," said she, "I want your advice—which shall I accept?"

"Young eyes see differently from old ones," replied her aunt, "but I saw this famous Arthur Ormond, as he walked down the street yesterday morning, and I thought to myself, if he had not been better dressed, he would not have looked a whit better than our Mr. Ormond. As to the character and disposition of this fine sparkish gentleman, I know nothing about them except by hearsay; but I do know that the other is exactly calculated to make you happy. What do we think of the fashion of his coat or the color of his hair, when we hear him talk sentence after sentence that does one's heart good, and which would do to put in print. And then his singing, too—why the tears have come into my eyes more than twenty times when I have heard him sing, and for the life of me I could not tell the reason. I tell you, Helen, that the long winter evenings would be as nothing to a woman with such a husband—but those fashionable gentleman, like Arthur Ormond, who spend a third part of their time in dressing and in admiring themselves in the looking-glass, are not content to spend one evening out of twenty by their own fire-side, even when they have no business to call them from home."

"And my father—what will he think?"

"Oh, he is just of my mind. We talked the matter all over last evening. I led him to the subject on purpose, that I might know what his opinion was, for I expected that you would have the offer of Mr. Ormond. But then, Helen, if you like the other one best, I know your father will not cross you, and I am sure I would not for the world."

"I believe all three of us are exactly of the same mind," replied Helen, "so I will not detain you any longer, as it is time you were gone."

Helen returned to her room for the purpose of answering the letters. It was dark by the time she had finished, and it being a fine moonlight

evening, several young persons called to invite her and Ariana to walk with them. Ariana accepted the invitation, but Helen, whose thoughts were elsewhere, declined. She, therefore, as her father had been invited to spend the evening at the same place with her aunt, was quite alone. She took a book and tried to fix her attention upon it, but, as her answers to the letters had probably already been read, she could not prevent her thoughts from wandering from its pages, and in busying themselves relative to the effect they might have on the recipients. While thus engaged the door opened, and Mrs. Ormond, as usual, entered without ceremony.

She ran up to Helen, and shaking her warmly by the hand, said,

"You cannot think how gratified I am with your decision. I never saw so happy a man as Ormond, in my life. But there are one or two things I want you to tell me, truly and sincerely. Will you promise to?"

"Yes, if on hearing them, I find there is no reason why I should not."

"I assure you, there is none in the world. In the first place, then, I want you to tell me if you have taken any particular liking to the cut of Mr. Ormond's coat."

"Why no—" said Helen, laughing.

"Nor to the color of his hair?"

"I believe you are quizzing me, but I will tell you truly and sincerely, according to your request, that there is nothing in the fashion of his clothes or the color of his hair, which would of themselves, particularly strike my fancy."

"I have heard people say," said Mrs. Ormond, "that grief has been known to change dark hair white in the course of a few hours, and as it is a poor rule that will not work both ways, I do not know why joy should not turn white hair dark. So the next time you see Mr. Ormond, if he should have dark hair, I hope you will not lay it to heart. Hark! did I not hear the outer door open?"

"That is Mr. Ormond's voice," said Helen, listening.

"Very likely, for I requested him to call for me. There now, do not look so agitated. I should think the governor and all his council, as aunt Huldah says, were coming."

The girl who answered the bell, now opened the door and admitted Arthur Ormond.

"I thought," said Helen, speaking low to Mrs. Ormond, "that our Mr. Ormond was to call for you."

"He was—and so he has. This is the same Mr. Ormond that you have always been acquainted with—the identical Mr. Ormond who knocked off his spectacles through fright, in consequence of having attempted to make a bow—or to cut

the matter short, it is the awkward gentleman. If you do not like the metamorphosis, however, which he has undergone, he will, I dare say, for the sake of pleasing you, resume his tow-colored wig, his green spectacles, and his suit of grey. After all, it is an affair that should be treated seriously, and Arthur must manage it in his own way, and satisfy you, if he can, why he thought proper to appear in disguise."

Arthur hastened to explain.

"My first intention," said he, "was merely to spend a few weeks in the country incognito, and to attend to the study of botany, as an ostensible employment. When I saw you, there was another motive added to that of feeling myself free—of being emancipated from the shackles imposed by fashionable society. I wished to prove, whether there was a young and beautiful person of your sex, who could so justly appreciate the moral and intellectual qualities, as to let them outweigh the advantages conferred by dress, and easy, unembarrassed manners. The experiment has proved that there is, and it now remains for me to ascertain whether you will pardon a deception, which I own, I cannot, myself, altogether approve."

So sudden and unlooked for a transformation, could not otherwise than have the effect to disturb the current of Helen's feelings, which, since she had made up her mind to accept Mr. Ormond, with all his personal defects, had begun to flow more calmly, and a variety of contending emotions prevented her from immediately replying. A few moments reflection, however, sufficed to show her, that if his *mind* retained its identity, she could not regret that it animated a more attractive form, and when he again, with some anxiety, occasioned by her hesitating to reply, enquired if he might hope to receive her pardon, she frankly confessed that so far from regretting his improved personal appearance, it would cause her to overlook a deception, with such a motive for its foundation.

The winged moments passed so swiftly away, that ere they imagined that the evening was half spent, Mr. Ashton and his sister returned from their visit. Helen introduced Arthur to her father and aunt, the latter of whom put on an exceedingly grave countenance, and made a very formal courtesy in acknowledgment of his graceful bow. At first, she repelled all his attempts at entering into conversation with her, with marked coldness, but gradually her countenance began to assume its usual benevolent expression, and at length she said to Mrs. Ormond, in a low voice, "The stylish brother-in-law of yours, is enough like our Mr. Ormond to be his twin brother; if his hair was only a little lighter, and his dress was not

quite so fashionable. Don't you think now, that there is a very striking similarity in their manners?"

"I think there is," replied Mrs. Ormond.

"And only look at brother—how sociable he is with him—he appears to like him full as well as he does the other—" and aunt Huldah began to feel some misgivings relative to the advice she had given Helen. Finally, her uneasiness grew to such a height that she called Helen into another apartment and asked her if she had sent her answer to Mr. Ormond's letter. She replied that she had.

"I wish you had not answered it so quick," said aunt Huldah, "for there is something so kind of bewitching in this Arthur Ormond's appearance, that I am afraid that you will feel sorry you did not accept his offer instead of the other's."

"Supposing I should accept the offer of Arthur Ormond, now?"

"Oh, that would not be dealing honorably, unless you could first see the other Mr. Ormond, and make a fair agreement with him, for him to give the matter all up. I wish I knew brother's mind about it."

Helen finding that her aunt's tranquility of mind was seriously disturbed, let her into the secret, aunt Huldah stopping only to utter a few joyous exclamations, hastened to rejoin the company, with a half-formed determination floating in her mind to undeceive her brother, imagining that he must be suffering as much regret as she had done on account of Helen's decision. Finding the two gentlemen in close conversation, she took a seat near Mrs. Ormond, and assumed as much composure as possible. A few words which reached her ears, soon showed her that Arthur Ormond had made her brother the desired explanation. Whatever disapprobation Mr. Ashton might at first have felt, he soon became reconciled to the new phasis which the affair had assumed, and merry jests were already rife, when the door opened and Ariana entered. A few words explained the cause of so much hilarity, and though considerably disconcerted when she recalled to mind the *sobriquet* she had conferred on so celebrated a person as Arthur Ormond, she soon regained her self-possession, and contributed her full share to the merriment of the occasion, by composing extempore some elegiac rhymes on the demise of the "Awkward Gentleman."

As the splendid wedding, which took place in the same apartment, a few months afterwards, would of itself furnish material for a long story; it may be as well for each reader to draw the picture from imagination.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURE OF AN ITALIAN PEASANT
GIRL KNEELING BEFORE AN IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN.

BY E. F. GREELY.

SHE kneels beneath the mould'ring arch,
By the roadside dim and lone;
Silent the spot, and holy,
Around that chiselled stone:
Her taper fingers meekly clasped,
Her graceful neck bent low,
And her music-accent blending
With a streamlet's murmur'd flow.

The twilight hour (bless'd hour!) has come,
And the vesper bell is stealing
Over the quiet landscape,
That the mists of night are sealing;
While, from some far-off island lone,
From a convent's cloisters dim,
Is heard on the air of evening
The monks' low murmured hymn.

A fading, changing ray still hangs
On the mountain's highest peak,
And gleams on the far horizon
A gold and crimson streak;
Far in the East the full orb'd moon,
Like a bashful virgin, comes,
Tinging with light the tree-tops,
And the peasant's vine-clad homes.

Like a thing of human making, still,
Or the statue, at whose feet
She kneels in pure devotion,
Doth the maid her prayer's repeat—
And the muleteer stands still, to gaze,
And the estafette looks back,
And the uncouth brigand spares her,
And turns not from his track.

For there seems a spell in that drooping form,
And the lowly bended knee,
And who would harm the maiden,
A stony heart hath he.
The vesper bell is silent now,
And the convent hymn is done,
And the moon shines on the statue,
But the kneeling maid is gone.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

Oh! love forever throws its richest light,
And sweetest rosebuds over the stern heart,
And breast that dares all dangers. Woman's soul
Seems ever to derive its holiest bliss
From the proud ardent worshipping of one,
Who never bowed nor sued to aught on earth
But her own worth and beauty. For she deems
That water pure and inexhaustible
Which gushes from the flint rock, while the spring
That bubbles from the green hill's sunny side
Among sweet blossoms, in the time of death
Will fail and leave the flowers it nursed to die.

JULIEN AND COLLETTE.

A TALE OF THE VENDÔME.

BY HELEN MORTON.

I was travelling in the Lower Vendôme—a beautiful country which the lovers of nature cannot too often visit. While I was enjoying the smiling landscapes, and admiring the picturesque and varied scenes which the charming valley of the Loire presents to the admiration of the traveller, the day, thus agreeably occupied, slipped away, and I was surprised by night in a place to which I was a stranger. I followed the path without knowing where it would conduct me, and had proceeded about a quarter of a league, when I reached a little village, situated on the declivity of a hill, embowered in trees. The beauties of nature, while they fill the eye and give rest to the mind, afford neither food nor rest to the body—and I looked about for a place of shelter for the night. I saw about the midst of the village a cottage new and well built, and entering there, asked hospitality.

In an apartment neatly furnished I found a young woman, who, without being decidedly beautiful, had a frank and happy countenance. The coloring of youth and health mantled her cheeks, and the smile of contentment sat upon her rosy lips. Near her was seated a young man of twenty-four or five years, who held upon his knees a child, his glances at which unmistakeably spoke his relationship to it. I stated my case to the young villagers, and in an instant both were upon their feet to receive me, with all the cordial hospitality of people happy themselves, and willing to communicate happiness to others. My simple supper was soon prepared, and served with a propriety and neatness which redoubled the appetite that exercise had given me. I soon entered into conversation with the young man, who had seated himself at my side, and who replied to my questions with a frank ingenuousness which one does not every day meet, even in a village. As we conversed my eyes wandered about the apartment—for everything pleased and interested me—and I could not conceal my astonishment at the sight of the portrait of a fine old man, whose costume and decoration with the cross of St. Louis, spoke him of a rank in life above that of my worthy, though humble entertainers. Emboldened by the perfect home feeling which my reception had given me, I said—

“That is a fine picture—but not such a portrait as I expected to see here!”

“And no more would it have been here,” said the young man, “if those who possess the wealth of the original possessed natural affection.”

"Of whom then," I asked, "is it the portrait?"

"It is that of a brave and worthy soldier, M. de Morange, late proprietor of a chateau at no great distance. Alas! It is all that remains of him. He is dead! and the poor who were his pensioners, the unfortunate who were his great family bitterly lament his death, and devotedly cherish his memory."

"And by what chance," I continued, "do you possess the portrait of M. de Morange?"

"I will tell you the story," said my host, "while you sup. I was about twelve years old, when my father, following my mother to the grave, left me an orphan. My father was a poor carpenter, whose labor had barely sufficed for our subsistence. Some days after his death I went weeping to ask alms at the door of M. de Morange. He took pity upon me, and apprenticed me to an artisan to learn the trade of my father. Every Sunday I went home to the chateau, for a home M. de Morange made it, and I never went away with empty hands. Nor did he fail to give me good advice and encouragement. 'Julien,' he would say, 'only be an honest and industrious man, and I will never cease, while I live, to take care of your little fortunes.'

"I profited by the good counsels of M. de Morange, and was assiduous to perfect myself in the knowledge which pertained to my condition. At sixteen my benefactor one day called me to him, and said, as he placed a purse in my hands: 'Julien, I am entirely satisfied with you. Your conduct has won you everybody's good will and kind wishes. Continue to walk in the good road, and you cannot fail to find a happy end to your journey. Here is a little sum which I give you to make the tour of France. You must travel to perfect yourself in your trade. Adieu! Come back, as you leave me, an honest man, if you desire to be a happy one.'

"I took, with many thanks, the money which M. de Morange gave me, and packing my little bundle, started on the morrow on my journey. I travelled for four years from city to city, working at my trade, doing my very best, and striving to become a good carpenter. At twenty years I longed to see again the spot where I was born, and I returned in great haste after the desire took me—no richer than I went away, but an honest man, and the master of a good trade, sufficient to ensure me bread for the rest of my days.

"M. de Morange gave me employment, and recommended me to others. I lived well enough from day to day, and was content. I had never yet, since the death of my father, seen misfortune—and that, as things were ordered, resulted in my benefit. But it was necessary that grief should come—because, they say life cannot pass without

it. But I do not complain. What God has done is well done; and even misfortune has always brought me more good than ill. I found myself in love with Collette—my wife Monsieur——"

Collette acknowledged this easy introduction with a blush and a graceful bow, and her husband proceeded—

"She was as lovely then, Monsieur, as—as she is now, but I was poor, and she was rich——"

Collette opened her lips as if to speak. Julien prevented her—

"I know, dearest, it made no difference to you. I forgot, Monsieur, that I was poor, because Collette loved me just as well as if I had been wealthy. Her father was a great farmer. He owned meadows and vineyards—a good estate—but poor me!—I had only my trade. I could earn but thirty sous a day, and hired a poor cellar as a lodging, while my love slept in her father's own house. But we saw each other daily, and our life was mutual love and mutual happiness.

"One day, emboldened by what appeared to me a propitious mood of Master Sebastien, I ventured to intimate to him my love for his daughter. In a moment his whole manner changed. 'What! scoundrel!' he exclaimed—'dare you permit yourself to think of her?'—'Certainly, since Collette is not unwilling.' 'And do you think that I will suffer a clod like you to visit my daughter?' 'And why not,' I persisted, 'when *she* loves me, and would marry me?' 'You! you marry her! Oh, yes! she has been reserved for you! It is for you that she is rich and handsome! Look at the vagabond!' continued the father, '*he* must have a rich wife—*he* who owns not a furrow!'

"I would have attempted a reply, but Sebastien, who was in other matters the best man in the world, would not hear a word. He even struck at me with his cane—I dodged the blow—and bravely took the part of retreat. Returned to my little apartment, I reflected seriously on what had happened. I even felt that I had done wrong to love Collette—but," here he looked at his wife, "it was a wrong I could not repair. I was more than ever occupied with my passion. It turned my head. I neglected my business—my customers abandoned me, and I saw that I was about to lose all that my previous industry had won for me.

"I was reduced to despair, when it occurred to me to go and confide my unhappiness to M. de Morange. 'He is so benevolent,' I said to myself—'he wishes me well—he has already done so much for me—perhaps he will aid me out of this difficulty.' Arrived at the chateau I was told that the proprietor was dangerously sick. I returned home with a new grief, praying heaven from the bottom of my heart, to preserve the life

of the friend of the unfortunate. At an early hour in the morning I hastened to the chateau to make enquiry relative to the health of my benefactor. They told me that he had died during the night.

"I cannot describe to you my grief—my despair. I had lost everything, in losing my dearest friend. Forgetting all prior grief in this, I went home completely broken-hearted. At the end of five days I learned that the heirs had arrived at the chateau, and were exposing to sale the furniture which it contained. Curiosity drew me, like many others, to that sale. I saw the furniture of my benefactor passing into strange hands, and tears ran from my eyes, while his heirs, a niece and nephew, looked on with cold indifference. He had loaded them with benefits while living, and at his death left them an income of twenty thousand francs; and yet they sold all the furniture which he had inherited or collected. Ah! had I lost a connexion so kind, all should have been saved as he left it, in respect for his memory!

"I had been a half hour in the house, and was about to retire, pained and disgusted, when I heard the auctioneer cry, 'who gives a crown for this painting?' There were no bids. 'Will any one take it at four francs? At five livres?' Still there were no claimants. The picture was a portrait of their uncle and benefactor—my heart was torn—I wept like a child. I possessed but six francs in the world, but I could not endure to see the portrait of the man who had succored and protected me passed, contemptuously, for a mere song into the hands of strangers. I offered my six francs—the bid was accepted, and the picture declared mine.

"I received my purchase with transport. I could not forbear kissing the mouth which had so often smiled upon me—the hands which had so often been opened for my benefit. I carried the portrait to my little apartment. I hung it upon the wall—but the nail broke, and the picture fell to the ground. Astonished at its weight, which I had before perceived in carrying it, I examined the frame, and the back, broken by the fall, showed the end of a rouleau, I drew it forth—I opened it—and judge of my astonishment when I found twenty-five double louis d'ors spread before me!

"I examined the frame more closely, and my search was rewarded by finding a thousand louis d'ors, skilfully concealed like the first roll I had found—so skilfully concealed that nothing but accident would have revealed their existence. 'Just Heaven!' I cried, bounding with joy about my treasure, 'I am then a rich man! I may marry Collette, and the beneficent M. de Mo-

lived, thus blesses me after his death, and will look down upon my nuptials! How like is the portrait! How like *him* is this gift of happiness.'

"But a cloud came over me. I recollected his good counsel. The lips of the portrait seemed to move and to say what he had said so often while living—'Be *honest*, if you would be *happy*.' It was true I had bought the picture—but would the heirs, had they known it, have sold me a thousand louis d'ors for six francs? 'No!' I cried—'the gold is not *thine*, Julien—and thou can'st not, after all, marry Collette!' Hard as was the duty, I determined to restore it. But as I collected the money I found a carefully folded note which had escaped my notice before. I opened and read:

"'I know my heirs. They will sell the portrait of their benefactor. They would sell his body and soul, too, if they could. If they do have the ingratitude to put away this picture, the sum enclosed shall be for him who purchases it. May the money fall into good hands!'"

"'CHARLES DE MOEANGE.'

"This billet restored me to life. I could then keep money and conscience, too—I could marry Collette! The next day, at an early hour, I repaired to the house of Sebastien.

"'Why do you come here?' he asked, in a harsh voice, and with a repulsive manner.

"'I come to speak with you.'

"'But I have nothing to say to *you*!'"

"'You are very proud, Master Sebastien,' I retorted, 'because you own a bit of a farm!'"

"'A bit of a farm! What do you call a large farm, pray—a poor scamp, who owns not a sou!'"

"'You have not counted my money.'

"'I believe not,' said Sebastien, with a malicious grin, 'and I suspect that it is a long time since you counted it yourself.'

"'That,' said I, 'should you wish to sell the farm of which you are so proud, may not hinder me from paying, as well as another.'

"'In words, no doubt.'

"'In good louis d'ors, Father Sebastien,' said I, 'in good gold.'

"'Very well, I take you at your word, and will even give you an excellent bargain.'

"'What is your price?'" I asked.

"'Oh, a mere bagatelle of twelve thousand francs.'

"'Done!'"

"'Shall we go to the notary?'" asked Sebastien, whose manner had all along been one of mockery.

"'I am ready,' I answered.

"The good man was too willing to amuse himself at my expense, and we proceeded together to the village notary. 'M. le Notaire,' said Sebastien, 'here is a young gentleman who wishes to buy my farm, and to pay ready cash.'

Be kind enough to draw a deed to that purport, twelve thousand francs being the price, and Monseigneur Julien will pay you.'

"The notary hardly heard before he had filled out his blank deed, which he then read in a loud voice, entering as keenly into the joke as the other. Sebastien signed the deed, and to the astonishment of both, who supposed I would here hesitate, I signed too. 'Julien,' said the notary, 'signing is not all. It is necessary to pay as well as sign.'

"Aye—there is the pinch!" said Sebastien with an explosion of derisive laughter.

"It is true that the farm is a little dear," said I, affecting hesitation.

"Come pay," said the notary, and 'Pay, pay!' shouted Sebastien.

"Twelve thousand francs in an instant!" expostulated—"cash means a few days."

"No, no! No credit," they both said, 'the bargain is money down.'

"Oh, well," I answered, 'I am willing, but only on condition that M. le Notaire draws another contract, by which Sebastien shall agree to give me his daughter Collette, as soon as I pay this money.'

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said the farmer, laughing, 'and I shall run no great risk at that.'

"Then I drew from my pocket the twelve thousand francs in beautiful double louis d'ors, and spread them with some haughtiness upon the table. How great was their astonishment! Sebastien and the notary gazed with open mouths. I related the adventure of the picture, and shewed them the letter of M. de Morange which assured me in my right to the twenty-four thousand francs.

"M. Julien," said the notary, lifting his hat from his head, 'I am delighted at what has happened. I always knew that you would arrive at fortune, and now the happy day has come. I am entirely at your service, and in your future business I hope that—'

"M. Julien," said the farmer, taking the word out of the notary's mouth, and making me a profound bow, 'I have always had much esteem and consideration for you, I assure you. I have always said you were a brave young man, and that you must come to something, worth while, and I hope that—'

"The contract of marriage is ready between Monsieur Julien and Mademoiselle Collette," said the notary. In a few days we were married. The story of the picture flew rapidly over the country, and all the world were well pleased—except the heirs of M. de Morange. They pretended that the money did not belong to me, because they intended only to sell the picture. They even instituted a suit. The letter of M. de

Morange gained me the cause; the nephew and niece had to pay the costs and charges, and were every where ridiculed and condemned for their ingratitude and their avarice.

"We have been two years married; and were it not for this little one it would seem to me but two days. We have permitted Father Sebastien still to remain in enjoyment of his farm. I have built this house and embarked our capital in a business, which, by our striving to follow the precepts of our deceased benefactor, is every day increasing. That portrait we will part with, only with our lives. Our children shall be taught to revere the memory, and guard the image of the author of our little fortune. See, monsieur! one can almost fancy that he looks upon as from the canvass—that he hears me as I speak—that he smiles with pleasure at witnessing our prosperity, or in listening to the expression of the gratitude, which I can never cease to feel."

THE MOHAWK FALLS.

BY S. WALLACE CONE.

Lo! where yon bubbles on the Mohwak's tide

Elude the breath of the pursuing breeze—

Are they not types of our inflated pride?

Wayward as impulse, headstrong still we seize

On fair appearance, and with bubbles please:

Anon the storm drives off the sun's sweet beam,

And hope's bright pageant fades as sunbeams cease,

And disappointment shows, with murky gleam,

A world of shadows cold beyond our vanished dream.

Child-like yon river winds along its way,

Foams o'er the rocks, or careless seems to glide;

Here bubbles with the stones in loud voice play,

There, where a dangerous pass invites its tide,

Flows reckless on to troubles all untried.

Man—like it rages 'gainst yon rocky piles

Which seem like aged wisdom still to elude

Its causeless wrath, and warn it from its wiles:—

Is there no poetry amid those rocky isles?

But not alone in rock and river dwells

Sweet fancy's spell: tho' fawn nor Dryad rove

Its woody banks; rock, stream and valley tells

Tales of the Indian's fierce revenge and love:—

And now, e'en now, as all around—above

The white man's voice is echoed on the air:—

The Indian lover whispers in the grove—

Upon the evening comes the Indians prayer,

And in the waters roar bursts out his wild despair.

And oh! there's deepest poetry in love:

When the poor thoughts of mere mortality

Are all forgot, and our free spirits move

In their own power and light: when the keen eye

Hears in the loved ones glance its sweet reply:

When in the hush of twilight fondly near,

Hand clasped in hand, and sigh re-echoing sigh,

Soul speaks to soul, and angels stoop to hear

The music of young hearts unsoiled by sinful fear.

THE RICH MERCHANT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

It was late at night, and the streets were nearly deserted, the more especially as it was snowing fast. A single traveller, however, might have been seen, wrapped in a thick overcoat, urging his way against the tempest, by the light of the dim lamps. Suddenly, as he passed a ruinous tenement, the figure of a girl started up before him.

"Please, sir," she said, "if it's only a penny—mother is sick, and we have eat nothing to-day."

The first impulse of the moment was to go on: his second to stop. He looked at the girl. Her face was thin and pale, and her garments scanty. He was a man of good impulses, so he put his hand towards his pocket intending to give her a shilling. She saw the act and her lustreless eye brightened. But the traveller had forgot that his overcoat was buttoned tightly over his pocket.

"It is too much trouble," he said to himself, "and this wind is very cutting. Besides, these beggars are usually cheats—I'll warrant this girl wants the money to spend in a gin-shop." And speaking aloud, he said somewhat harshly, "I have nothing for you: if you are really destitute, the Guardians of the Poor will take care of you."

The girl shrank back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her shivering form. But a tear glittered on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp.

The man passed on, and turning the next corner, soon knocked at the door of a splendid mansion, through whose richly curtained windows a rosy light streamed out across the storm. A servant obsequiously gave him entrance. At the sound of his footstep the parlor door was hastily opened, and a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, sprang into his arms, kissed him on each cheek, and then began to assist him in removing his overcoat.

"What kept you so long, dear papa?" she said. "If I had known where you were I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office."

"No, my love," I was at my lawyer's—busy, very busy, and all for you," and he kindly patted her cheek. "But now, Margy, can't you give me some supper?"

The daughter rang the bell, and ordered the supper to be served. It was such a one as an epicure might delight in, just the supper for a traveller on a night like that.

"Pa," said the daughter, when it was finished, "I hope you are in a good humor, for I have a

favor to ask of you," and she threw her arms around his neck, and looked up into his face, with that winning smile and those beautiful dark eyes of her's. "I wish to give a ball on my birth-day—my eighteenth birth-day—it will cost, oh! a sight of money, but you are a kind, good papa, and I know you have been successful or you would not have been at your lawyer's."

"Yes! my darling," he said, fondly kissing her, "the cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money and took it to my lawyer's, telling him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall soon give up business."

"Oh! do, do, papa. But you'll give me this ball—won't you?"

"You little tease!" said the father, but he spoke smilingly; and putting his hand in his pocket-book, he took out a note for five hundred dollars, and placed it in his child's hand. "Take this—if it is not enough you must have another, I suppose. But don't trouble me about it any more."

The next morning broke clear, but the snow was a foot deep on the level, and, here and there, lay in huge drifts, blocking up the door ways. At ten o'clock the rich merchant was on his way to his counting-room. He turned down the same street up which he had come the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered around the open cellar door of a ruined tenement. The merchant paused to inquire what was the matter.

"A woman, sir, has been found dead below there," said one of the spectators: "she starved to death, it is said, and they have sent for the coroner. Her daughter has just come back, after being out all night. I believe she was begging. That's her moaning."

"Ah!" said the merchant; and a pang went through his heart like an ice-bolt, for he remembered denying a petitioner the night before. He pushed through the crowd and descended the cellar steps. A girl cowered over an emaciated corpse, that lay on a heap of straw, in one corner of the damp apartment. It was the same girl he had feared it would prove. The merchant was horror struck.

"My poor child!" he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you must be cared for—God forgive me for denying you last night. Here—take this!" and he put a bill into her hand.

The girl looked up and gazed vacantly at him. Then she put back the proffered money.

"It will do no good now," she said, "mother is dead," and she burst into hysteric tears.

And the merchant, at that moment, would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

The lesson thus learned he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for the mother, and afterward took the daughter into his house, educated her for a respectable station in life, and, on her marriage, presented her with a proper dowry. He lived to see her children list their gratitude.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

OH! they tell me not to sigh,
And they tell me not to moan;
But were all this world to die,
I would not be so alone!
He was all my sun by day,
He was all my star by night;
And however rough the way,
He was always my delight!
But he died upon my breast,
Like the first bright star of even
When it wanes upon the west
And then melts away in Heaven!
Yes! the Spring may come again,
And embrace this little spot,
Shedding peace to weary men,
But my babe will know it not.
Though the Spring should pass away,
And the Summer take its place,
And the Autumn be as gay—
I shall never see his face!
I shall never see his eyes
In the stillness of the even;
I shall meet him in the skies,
There is rest for me in heaven!
Yes! my sorrows soon shall cease,
When my weary soul shall be
In that blessed isle of peace,
Where there is no grief with thee!
Then persuade me not to smile,
Lest you take the wings of morn
And away to that bright isle
Where the sun himself was born!
Bring me back the babe that made
All my paths as calm as even—
Bring me back the early dead—
There is rest for me in heaven!
There is joy for those that weep,
There are joys for those that die;
There are harvests there to reap,
In that heavenly world on high:
There are fields forever green
In that valley far away,
Which my blessed babe has seen
In the sunny isle of day:
Though my beating heart should break,
And its tender chord be riven
By this sorrow for thy sake—
There is rest for me in heaven!

THE WIDOW'S REVENGE;

OR, THE YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER IV.

"I AROSE and went to the bridal chamber—oh, it was a fearful sight! The revellers crowded there pale, terrified and speechless. The bridegroom lay upon the couch, where they had lifted him from the floor; a bullet had pierced his temples, and a small stream of blood was trickling through his glossy and perfumed curls to the pure blossoms I had just scattered over the pillow, which lay crushed beneath his head, matted with dew, fragrance and blood, fit contrast for the day! That day in which love, happiness and murder were hurriedly blended.

"The bride stood by, pale and cold as a marble statue: her white lips seemed frozen together: the wreath of orange blossoms fell upon her neck with one end tangled among the tresses over her pallid temples—for while she was undoing the bridal flowers that fearful shot had broken off her graceful task. She was leaning against one of the massive bed-posts, her clasped hands fell heavily downward, and her stony eyes were fixed upon the dead; drops of blood hung upon the folds of her bridal veil, and one crimson spot gleamed redly upon her marble neck.

"Is he dead—oh, God! is he quite gone? said Mr. Embury, lifting his pale face to cousin Richard, who held the wrist of the murdered man, and seemed to be seeking for the pulse.

"Quite!" was the cold reply, and Richard dropped the hand heavily on the bed.

"I saw a shudder pass through the frame of my poor mistress: she bent slowly forward and fixed her glittering eyes on the face of Richard Schwartz: a smile—a strange, wild smile passed over her features, while she touched his hand with her cold fingers, moving her lips as if she believed that words were issuing from them.

"Richard braved that wild look for a moment, but at last, even his iron nerves gave way before its intensity. His audacious eyes fell, and he shrunk back like a hound eager to escape the eye of his keeper. At that instant one of the guests uttered an exclamation, and took something from the counterpane close by the pillows, and held it up to the light.

"It is the bullet which killed him, ragged and hacked as with a knife," he said, "it must have passed clear through the skull and lodged here in the bed."

"He was interrupted by the bride, who sprang forward till she fell half over the bed with a hysterical grasp, and snatched wildly at the bullet

She held it in the light an instant, then clutching it in her hand, drew herself uprightly by Richard once more. That fearful smile and the strange motion returned to her lips again, and then with a low cry she fell senseless over the bed, still grasping the bullet in her hand.

"I cannot go on with this scene. I cannot—no—no—even now my poor brain aches with its memory; scarcely had that wretched child fallen senseless by the dead, when questions were asked and answered regarding the perpetration of this fearful deed. Slowly, calmly, by broken words and half whispered hints, Richard fixed suspicion on his uncle. The rifle which Mr. Embury held in his hand had been loaded the day before, he said—loaded by his own hand with a peculiar kind of bullet, hacked for the killing of wolves. The rifle had not been placed among those intended for the salute, but in the confusion of going out, when a lamp had been overturned, Mr. Embury might have thoughtlessly taken it from the nook where it had been placed for safe keeping.

"These cold, cruel hints sank deeply into the minds of all present. It was doubtless accidental—they whispered, but the unhappy father-in-law must have fired that fatal shot.

"Mr. Embury was bewildered, heart-stricken, he could only lift his head in mute horror as these whispers passed around him. He was unable to say how the rifle came into his hands, but stood over his child bewildered, broken-hearted, and almost convinced that his own hand had wrought this terrible woe which crushed her.

"It was long—very long, before my mistress came to life again, and when she arose from the bed, her face had changed as I never saw human features change before. She spoke softly to her father and kissed him. She thanked those around for their kindness, and requested to be left alone with the dead.

"After a moment's consultation they went out, Mr. Embury staggering like a drunken man, and cousin Richard with a firm step: he paused to speak a word of consultation to the widow, again she lifted her eyes to his, and that same ghastly smile was on her face.

"I remained in the chamber, for I would not leave that poor child alone with her despair. I concealed myself behind the masses of white drapery festooning one end of the room and sat down on the floor, for my limbs trembled, and I had no power to stand up. I saw my mistress advance to the bed. She put back the curls from the temples of the corpse, and after gazing into his face with a wild look, she bent down, kissed the forehead, and seemed whispering something to the dead

"She remained ten or fifteen minutes, I should think, with her face nestled close to that of the lifeless bridegroom, all the time murmuring and whispering in his ear. At length she arose, and going to the toilet, unlocked a casket of jewels that stood upon it: then she took forth a cornelian heart which I recognized as an ornament which had belonged to her mother. It was hollow within and confined with a spring at the top. She touched the spring, and placing the bullet within the cavity of the heart, closed it again and suspended it around her neck. Then she lifted a candle and seemed to be examining her face in the mirror. She took the orange buds from her head very carefully, and folded them in her veil, and having put every thing aside with great precision, she went back to the bed, knelt down, and taking the hand of her bridegroom, laid her cheek lovingly in the palm, murmuring,

"Yes, love! oh, yes, you have told me all—it shall be done, we shall meet again, you know, when it is done; sleep on! sleep on! have I not promised? I, your wife—" then she rested her forehead on the couch and was still for some minutes, till the entire silence became absolutely frightful.

"I started up and went to the bed. She did not seem aware of my presence, and when I put my arm about her waist and almost lifted her from her knees, she looked up and smiled. I knew that she was mad, and yet how strangely calm and mild she was. It seemed as if all the knowledge and stern feelings of age had settled upon her soul in one single hour.

"They brought my master to trial, and while he was overwhelmed with the terrible calamities that had come upon his household, people marvelled at the fortitude and stern energy of the widow, the gentle, sweet being, who was almost a child one little month before. From the day of her husband's murder, up to the hour of Mr. Embury's acquittal from the charge of *intentional* murder, she had never been known to shed a tear or seen to smile, except when looking upon her cousin Richard. People called this fortitude, I *knew* that it was insanity.

"Mr. Embury was acquitted, but these terrible events preyed upon his heart, and he died just three months after the trial, leaving his child one of the richest heiresses of the county.

"Our household became like a funeral procession after the death of my master. For days together my mistress would remain shut up in her room, mute and motionless, brooding over her own gloomy thoughts, and when she came forth with that pale face so mild, so thin, and fixed in its expression, her presence almost terrified us, for no vestige of color had ever appeared upon

her cheek since that fearful night. She was always clad in a robe of black silk, and on her neck so cold and white, forever hung that heart of blood red cornelian, burning as it were into the marble of her bosom.

"A year had passed by—a terrible year to us all—and during this time my mistress never once spoke of the fatal night which had made her a widow. To me she was always kind, considerate, and gentle; but the girlish confidence had passed away forever. It seemed as if one deep and solemn thought had fixed itself in her heart, and nothing diverted her from it—though kind to every one, she had no sympathy with any human being—this one thought had locked up her soul, and she brooded over it continually.

"As the anniversary of her marriage approached, I could perceive a change in my mistress, her eye became more keenly bright, and that strange smile came and went on her face, like a shadow flying over deep waters. I saw her more than once press that cornelian heart to her bosom with one hand for half an hour together. At such times her eyes glowed like living flame, and her pale lips deepened to a blood red, though her cheek always retained its cold and icy whiteness.

"Twice during one week, a courier arrived at our dwelling, and went away again bearing sealed packets from my mistress. This terrified me—for I knew the man. He was a retainer of Richard Schwartz—that fearful being who had ever brought horror and misery to our roof. The very day after this courier departed for the third time, workmen were sent for from the village, bars of iron were brought into the court, and, to my profound astonishment, the bridal chamber, which had been closed for a year, was flung open, and the workmen admitted to its sacred precincts. A portion of the wall was carefully taken away, and an immense window built in its place; over this window the workmen wove a net-work of slender iron bars which covered it like a lattice. When this was completed, a drapery of silver damask was hung over the entire side of the room, where it swept to the floor in masses that entirely concealed the dimensions of the window from within, and the heavy silver cords intended to loop it up were artificially carried through the ceiling to a neighboring apartment.

"My mistress herself superintended these preparations; when the room was arranged exactly as it had been a year before, she went out and locked the door with her own hand.

"The next morning was the anniversary of her wedding day—never have I seen a morning more fresh and lovely. The air was full of bird songs, and everything was bright with sunshine and

verdure. The flowers sent up their perfume from the garden, and the little lake dimpled in the sunbeams brightly as it had curled and eddied a year before.

"I was in the garden, pondering over the gloomy thoughts that forever haunted me, when I saw that same courier dash through the gate, and in a moment after my mistress come towards me from the house: her eyes were burning, her cheeks red as fire, and that wild smile kindled up her entire face.

"'Give me joy, girl,' she said, lifting a paper which she was convulsively crumpling in her fingers, 'I have news for you—have news—this is my wedding day!'

"I knew that she had not been in her right mind since that fearful night, and now I feared that insanity had reached its paroxysm.

"'I know it is,' I replied, soothingly, 'alas! a gloomy day for us all.'

"'Gloomy, girl—gloomy,' she exclaimed, pressing my arm, 'gloomy, I tell you it is the happiest day of my life.'

"'Alas! my poor lady,' I replied, turning away to conceal my tears.

"'And why alas!—why these tears, girl—shame! shame! my second bridegroom must have smiles—mark me, smiles!'

"'Your second bridegroom, lady!' I repeated, still more and more convinced that she was raving.

"'Aye, my second bridegroom—sure a year is long enough to wait, and cousin Richard is impatient.'

"'Cousin Richard! great Heavens! cousin Richard!' I exclaimed, clasping my hands in terror, for it was the first time that name had been mentioned in our dwelling since the fatal night which had rendered us so desolate.

"'Yes, cousin Richard—poor cousin Richard—he loved me from the first, you know. This night he will have his reward—see!'

"She placed the paper she had been crushing, in my hand, pointed out the signature and laughed—I shuddered, it was the first time I had heard her laugh since that night.

"It was in truth a letter from Richard Schwartz—a letter full of tender protestations and passionate eloquence—'this night,' it said, 'this blessed night I shall claim you as my own—my bride—my wife—the sweet reward of all those years of devotion which were so long overshadowed by a doubt of your love.'

"I looked at my mistress in mute consternation. She took the letter from my hand, crushed it once more in her fingers, and laughed a low laugh that made me shiver.

"'Come,' she said, pointing to the flowers that

were lavishing their fragrance all around us—'gather them—gather them; red ones, remember red—blood red—I will have no other!' and with the letter still in her hand, she went to the house leaving me half dead with terror. It was a strange wedding day. The servants moved through the dim halls like ghosts. No guests had been invited, and yet tables were spread, and crystal and gold floated cheerfully up among flowers and fruit and ruby wine, as if a revel were to be kept up brilliantly and late.

"About sunset Richard arrived at our dwelling. He was magnificently arrayed, and followed by four stout serving men. We were in the *bridal chamber* when he entered the court, my mistress and I. There was fire in her cheek when she heard the sound of his arrival, and she hurried me impatiently as I put that same bridal veil once more over her tresses. Those tresses—alas! there were silver threads in them now, and she was not yet twenty—poor, feverish child!

"With a wild, obstinate whim she insisted upon appearing in the dress that she had worn a year before. Nay, the wreath of withered orange flowers and all—she *would* have them woven over her temples. I dared not disobey her, for she was imperative in the insane joy that possessed her—so gathering the veil in folds that it might conceal the unseemly blossoms, I led the poor creature forth, arrayed from head to foot in vestal white, but with a spot of fire on each cheek: and that crimson heart still glowing upon her bosom.

"It was dark when we left the house, and moved slowly toward the little chapel by the lake. The door was open, candles were burning on the altar, and a stream of radiance broke through the rich green ivy, and trembled far over the still waters that rippled close by.

"No sound was in the air. Clouds hung darkly in the heavens, and the tall trees stood motionless and sombre around the chapel. The appearance of my young mistress, as she moved along the path leaning upon the arm of Richard, was almost fearful. The torches carried by the servants, now and then, shed a glare upon her face, which was ashy pale. The bridegroom seemed agitated, and his features wore a startled and restless expression.

"We entered the chapel. The priest was standing by the altar, and he too looked pale in the dim light, while his vestments swept heavily to the marble pavement, giving a solemn and austere aspect to his whole appearance.

"Richard and his bride advanced slowly toward the altar, and knelt on the velvet hassocks placed for their accommodation, while the ser-

vants gathered in a knot far down the dimly lighted corridor.

"The priest grew pale when he commenced the marriage ceremony, and his voice sounded strange and hollow as it rose in the almost empty building. Richard also was much agitated; he trembled upon his knees, and his voice was broken and husky as he took the marriage vow. But the young creature by his side was firm and immovable: her tones never faltered, and when she arose from the altar, that fearful smile was lighting up her face. Richard stooped to salute her, he saw that smile, and drew back with a shudder—for the first time, perhaps, he had some suspicion that he had married a maniac.

"We returned to the house by torch light and in silence. As we passed the clump of trees where Therese had spent so many happy hours with her former bridegroom, the lights flared redly on the spot. I looked in the face of my mistress. Her gaze was fixed upon the trees, and once more a burning fever spot broke into each pallid cheek, and her eyes grew more fiercely bright, as if kindled to a fresh glow by the crimson underneath.

"We entered the house and sat down at the festal board. The bride tasted nothing, but she took flowers from the vases where rich fruits were embedded, and tore them in fragments over her plate. Every time Richard drank wine she raised a crystal goblet to her mouth, but never tasted a drop, though her lips were crimson as if they had been a thousand times bathed in the rich blood of the grape, which was by this time kindling the eyes and cheek of her bridegroom with a bold and joyous expression.

"As we arose from the table, Richard took the hand of his bride and kissed it. She did not repulse him, and he passed his arm around her waist as if to salute her cheek also. But she drew back, smiled, and taking my arm, moved toward the door.

"*'Maria will summon you,'* she said, *'you know the room.'*

"*'Not there, surely, you will not select that chamber,'* exclaimed Richard with agitation.

"*'Why not? when widows marry again the first husband should be forgotten—surely you have no cause to dread the room,'* said Therese, and that strange smile again broke into her face.

"*'No, no—I only thought it a singular taste,'* he replied quickly, and we left the room.

"We had reached the corridor where that fatal salute had been planned a year before, when Therese paused.

"*'I have forgotten the key to our room, you will find it on a table in the library,'* she said, *'I will wait for you here.'*

"I went back, and after finding the key returned to the corridor. Therese was standing beneath the window, just within the light which fell from a lamp held by a bronze statue near her. As she moved toward me I saw that the cornelian heart over her bosom was unlocked, one half had fallen down, and it was empty.

"Come," she said quickly: "I hear the servants retiring: did you send them to the south wing?"

"Yes, the whole household lodges there to-night," I replied.

"Well, come!"

"We reached the door of that fatal chamber. Therese turned the key in the lock and entered. I was about to remove the key inside, but she ordered me to desist, and began to walk up and down the room, clasping her fingers convulsively together, and breathing with short, painful gasps, like one in a rising fever. I approached to assist in disrobing her, but she motioned me away.

"Go call him, he will be impatient," she said: go, go, I require no assistance."

"I went and found Richard pacing impatiently up and down the supper room.

"It was a wicked taste in your sweet mistress," he said: "what could have put it into her head to select that chamber?"

"I shuddered and burst into tears. He looked at me a moment, then took up a goblet of wine, and drained it to the bottom.

"Confound it, girl, no more tears—take a glass of wine—one would think we were getting up a funeral—drink, girl, drink!—nothing but wine will keep up the spirits in this gloomy old place."

"He forced the wine upon me, and filling another goblet half drained it, and after a moment took a light from the table and left me alone.

"I was terrified at the solitude. The servants had all retired, and with terror quaking at my heart, I stole to my own room. I could see two figures moving in the chamber opposite; but very indistinctly, for the drapery which hung over that enormous window was thick and heavy.

"All at once I saw a shadow, as it were, glide toward the door, and the next instant the whole mass of drapery was lifted up, revealing Richard, who stood alone in the bridal chamber. He looked around as if bewildered, went to the door and tried the lock, then returned to the toilet and seemed striving to compose himself.

"That instant the door of my room was flung open, and my mistress appeared with a rifle in her hand. Her cheeks were in a blaze, and when I approached, she pushed me wildly from her. With a single leap she sprang to the window sill, flung open the sash, and stood framed in that dark stone, fearfully revealed by the light which formed a brilliant background to her figure.

She looked like an avenging spirit which had struggled to her object through a path of light.

"Richard, Richard, behold!"

"These words were uttered almost in a shriek. The bridegroom heard them, and turned toward the window where Therese was standing: he flung up his hands as if to implore forbearance, and then sprang to the door again. It was firm as iron. Back he came to the window, shook the sash and dashed his hand through the plate glass. He encountered the iron grating, shook it fiercely with both hands, and finding it firm, looked around for some means of concealment. None presented themselves. The bed was too far off, and every movement that he attempted could be seen from without. Again he seized hold of the grating and shook it with the desperate rage of a snared tiger. He uttered cries for mercy, flung up his arms madly, and after wrenching once more fiercely at the bars, turned in the frenzied hope of finding shelter from the bed.

"Oh! it was terrible—how slow and sure and steady she lifted the gun; I saw her slender finger touch the lock. There was a cloud of smoke which blinded me for an instant. Then I looked through the shattered window and saw the body of Richard Schwartz where it had fallen back half across the bed.

"My beloved, oh! my beloved—I have fulfilled the promise! your murder is avenged. Now, now, your wife may come to you!"

"I heard these words—I caught one glimpse of a white veil, of a small hand flung upward, and she was gone. My poor broken-hearted, insane mistress. She had plunged from that high window.

"I arose and fled—for flames broke out from the bridal chamber. That miserable man had flung down a candle in his mad attempt to escape death, and the drapery all around him was in a light blaze. No one attempted to save the building. We rushed forth. The next morning the ruins stood blackening in the summer air."

MAY IS COMING.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE clouds are gathering dark and fast,
And wildly o'er the sky they sail—

I hear the moaning wind go past,
As some lost spirit's mournful wail.

Big rain-drops plash upon the ground,
And patter in the leafless wood—
As when in dreams we hear the sound
Of dancing fays on solitude.

But lo! the clouds have broke away—
How glitter all the laughing rills!
And glad proclaims the blue-bird's lay
That May is coming o'er the hills!

THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"AWAY with her—she blasphemes the gods—let her be cast to the lions!"

It was a high day in Carthage. The sun shone with unclouded splendor on the white palaces and glittered along the beautiful bay of the Numidian city. The streets were thronged with the populace in gala dresses, for it was a festival in honor of the gods. Toward the great hall of justice a crowd poured continually, though the avenues leading to it were already blocked up; but the rumor had gone abroad that a Nazarene maiden was that day to be tried, and public curiosity was alive to behold her demeanor or hear her fate.

Within the hall there was scarcely room to stir. A dense mass of spectators filled it to suffocation, and it was with difficulty that the officers could keep the crowd from encroaching on the space reserved for the judges. The most intense excitement pervaded the apartment. The audience, as if impatient of control, heaved to and fro, and more than once an ineffectual attempt was made to rush on the prisoner, while ever and anon the shout would rise from the crowd,

"Away with her! She blasphemes the gods. Let her be cast to the lions!"

The object of this angry cry was a girl, scarcely yet in her eighteenth summer, and surpassingly lovely. She stood at the bar with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, her lips moving as if in prayer, apparently regardless alike of the howls of the mob and the angry looks of the judges.

"Wilt thou sacrifice? Again, I ask thee, wilt thou sacrifice?" said the prætor sternly: "remember—to refuse is death: the emperor is inexorable."

The maiden convulsively wrung her hands, and a large tear-drop started into her eye. A breathless silence ensued. Notwithstanding the cries for her blood, the spectators were agitated by many and various emotions. Some were secretly favorable to the new religion, and others pitied the accused on account of her youth and beauty; but at least half of the audience were bigoted Pagans and thirsted for her death. These, being the most brutal, had the ascendancy, as in every popular tumult. But all kept silence now, awed by that feeling of suspense which ever attends the crisis of another's fate or of our own.

To the maiden those few moments of silence were crowded with recollections. The events of her whole life rushed past her. She saw once more the pleasant valley where she had spent her childhood: she heard its cool waters, the rustle of its palm trees, the tinkle of the sheep bells on

the distant hill. Then other associations rose up before her. She saw herself attacked by an angry wild-beast, and saved only by the javelin of a chance traveller, a young Numidian hunter. The gratitude, deepening into love, which ensued; the mutual pledge of fidelity till death; their separation in consequence of his entering the army and being ordered to the German frontier with his cohort, moved before her like scenes in a magic phantasmagoria. Then came her conversion to Christianity, her secret baptism in an upper chamber where the persecuted sect met, her arrest and imprisonment, and now this scene! She felt that she stood alone, with no friend nor relative to advise, an orphan, poor, and of a despised religion. Oh! if her brave soldier had been there, she knew she would have had one bosom to lean on in this terrible crisis. But no pitying eye looked on her from the crowd, and seas rolled betwixt her and her bold lover. Yet, though thus deserted, her faith did not desert her. In earnest prayer she sought for strength from heaven, and he who had stood by Polycarp among the lions heard her cry. The momentary weakness brought on by her recollections of how many dear ties yet bound her to earth disappeared, and she looked firmly at the judge, her form erect, and her eye like that of Stephen when he confronted his murderers.

"Wilt thou sacrifice? I ask thee for the third and last time," demanded the prætor. "Cast incense on the altar of Jupiter and thou shalt be saved. Refuse, and thou diest ere high noon!"

The spectators bent eagerly forward and held their breaths, the better to catch the maiden's answer.

"I am a believer in Christ," she said calmly, "Him whom ye call the Nazarene. I cannot sacrifice to false gods. Do with me as ye will."

There was something so meek, yet dignified and courageous in these words that the mob's fury was for a moment checked in admiration. But their heathen prejudices and thirst for blood soon attained the ascendancy of better feelings. A low, sullen murmur ran through the crowd like the half stifled growl of a famished wild beast, which gradually deepened into a shout; and then came execrations and cries for vengeance.

"Away with her!—she blasphemes the gods; let her be cast to the lions!" roared the angry multitude again.

"Thou hast chosen thy fate," said the judge rising. "Away with her to the lions."

The maiden turned deadly pale, but though only a weak woman, she evinced no other sign of horror or fear. When the soldiers approached to seize her, she shuddered for an instant as if she

already felt the pangs of the lion: but immediately this trace of emotion vanished, and she signed for them to lead on. Yet there was still left one mortal feeling in her bosom. As she stepped from the bar she shrouded her face in her veil to conceal it from the gaze of the crowd.

"To the lions with her! Let her be cast to them at once. Ho! for the amphitheatre!" shouted the crowd, rushing tumultuously after the condemned maiden, struggling and fighting with each other to get near that they might spit on the prisoner, and now and then lashing themselves into a fury so great that it was with difficulty the soldiers could keep the mob from tearing her limb from limb. The slight frame of the maiden now shook perceptibly with terror, for though she had nerved herself to face the lions, her virgin delicacy shrank from being made the victim of a coarse and brutish rabble.

In this manner her conductors struggled through the streets, until in sight of the amphitheatre. Here, at the corner of one of the ways, they were met by a vast crowd, composed of the lowest mob of the city, who, hearing of the condemnation of a Nazarene, had gathered together ripe for mischief. Led on by some of the vilest of their demagogues, they had resolved to assault the officers in charge of the prisoner, that they might sacrifice her more summarily than by the lions in the arena.

"Stand back!" said the captain of the guard, unsheathing his sword, as he saw the threatening aspect of the crowd.

"Down with him!" cried one of the rabble, hurling a missile at his head. "Give us the prisoner or you die with her!"

"Close in, men, close in!" shouted the officer undauntedly, "ye pay with your lives for the safety of the prisoner!"

The little band gathered in a compact circle around the maiden, and prepared to maintain the unequal contest.

"Down with them all," shouted one of the most prominent of the rioters, "soldiers and prisoner—they are all secretly Nazarenes. Down with them."

With the words he headed a rush of the crowd that bore back the scanty band of the soldiery, like feathers are swept by the gale. Stones and bricks, meanwhile, filled the air, and though the guards were defended by shields, several were wounded. The prisoner, in this onset, would have fallen a victim to the missiles of the mob, but for two of the more humane of the soldiery who covered her with their bucklers. Thus pushed back by the rabble, the guards retreated against a wall of a neighboring house, and being now covered in the rear, essayed with more

hopes of success to make good their stand until succor should arrive from the city legionaries.

But the futility of this hope was soon apparent. The mob swelled rapidly, extending far down the thoroughfares on either hand. The whole city seemed up. There were doubtless among the crowd many who were secretly favorable to the prisoner, and a still greater number who wished not to see her perish except by a lawful death, but the more violent, if not most numerous, had attained the temporary ascendancy, and the others, uncertain of their power, were afraid to move in her behalf.

More than half of the guard had now fallen, the others were worn out and wounded. The soldiers began to murmur.

"Why should we die to protract, for an hour or two, the life of a Nazarene?" said one of them. "Comrades, let us surrender her to the people."

A sullen murmur of assent ran along the scanty ranks, and the mob, hearing the mutinous words, desisted and broke into huzzas. The maiden saw that her hour had come, and sank shuddering to her knees, lifting her agonized eyes to heaven in a last appeal. Suddenly, over the deep roar of the huzzas, rose the trumpet of cavalry, and the pavement seemed to the kneeling girl to rock beneath her, under the tramp of many horsemen. She started to her feet with sudden hope. The shouts of the populace had ceased simultaneously, and now was heard, close at hand, the clatter of hoofs and the shrill sound of the trumpet. Like a flock of sheep awaiting the approach of wolves stood the late riotous mob; now silent, with blank faces, and gazing agape at the sudden apparition of the horsemen. Down they came, the solid earth shaking under them; while far in the van, on a barbed horse, rode their leader.

"Disperse, ye knaves!" he cried, in a tone used to command, as he rose haughtily in his stirrups. "Disperse, or we ride ye down." And turning to his troops, he waved his sword, and shouted, "Charge!"

The word struck terror into the populace. For one instant they hesitated, but for one instant only. Up the long avenue, to where it turned to the left, they beheld the glittering lines of cavalry advancing at a gallop, each file wheeling around continuously, as if countless numbers yet remained behind: and, at the sight, the stoutest hearts gave way. The cry "fly for your lives," rose up on every hand, and, darting into the bye-streets or rushing headlong down the main thoroughfare, the mob dispersed with the rapidity of magic. By the time the leading files of the cavalry had come up, the street was empty.

Throwing his proud steed back on his haunches

as he reached the guard, the commander of the cohort addressed his brother officer.

"We were just in time, I see. I heard, on landing, that there was a riot in the city, and the cause: and I galloped at once thither. We are to-day arrived from Italy; and bring important news. Diocletian is dead, and the persecutions against the Christians are to be stopped. It is well we came up as we did—"

He would have spoken further, but, at this instant, his attention was arrested by a shriek from the prisoner and the mention of his own name. He turned quickly around, and for the first time his eyes fell on the maiden. Quick as lightning he leaped from his horse, flinging the bridle to the nearest bye-stander, and rushed towards her.

"Julia!" "Antony!" were the mutual exclamations of the lovers as they fell into each others arms; for it was the Numidian hunter, now risen to high rank, who had thus opportunely arrived to rescue his mistress.

Language would be too weak to describe that meeting. In haste the lover ordered a chariot to be brought for Julia, and by his commands she was conveyed to the house of the prætor, whose wife took charge of the orphan girl. The intelligence of Diocletian's death spread with inconceivable rapidity; and those who were favorable to the Christians, now spoke boldly out. The great mass of the influential citizens, as usual, sided with the new order of things. The tide of opinion turned. And the mob, finding their ascendancy over, sullenly submitted, like wild beasts confined to the limits of their cage and restrained from harm.

The young officer himself soon became a Christian, his conversion to that faith being doubtless attributable to the example and arguments of Julia.

On the pleasant shores of the Numidian bay stand the ruins of a once splendid palace. Tradition says that there lived the Christian maiden and her puissant husband, the hero and heroine of our story.

HOPE AND FAITH.

BY MRS. L. G. BARBER.

HOPE on! though sorrows haunt our path
And darkness shadowy walks beside—
Oh! hope, and we shall see at length
The sunlight brightening far and wide.
Have faith that evil days must end,
That heaven sees not with blinded eyes:
So, hope shall bear us up through life,
And faith redeem us to the skies!

CLARA ROGERS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"I TELL you, once for all," angrily said the imperious mother-in-law of Clara Rogers, "that if you marry Herbert Curran, I will disinherit you. What!—sacrifice yourself to a penniless adventurer—you, who might have had, and may even yet have, Mr. Lowrey, the millionaire."

"But I do not love Mr. Lowrey," said Clara, firmly, though with a blush, "while Herbert and I have been playmates for years; and until his father's death, and the discovery that he was bankrupt, you said nothing against his suit, dear mother."

"And what if I did not?" exclaimed Mrs. Rogers, her cheek coloring with indignation: "A pretty pass things have come to, when a daughter talks in this way to a parent. Go to your room, miss; and make up your mind to dismiss all thoughts of Herbert Curran, or meet my severest displeasure."

Clara obeyed, weeping. When she reached her chamber, she flung herself on the bed in an agony of tears.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "that I had some one to advise me. What shall I do? My dear father charged me, on his dying bed, ever to obey mother, and, indeed, she has been kind to me in everything but this. I believe, too, she thinks she is acting for my welfare, but little does she know the torture she inflicts on me. She is wedded to wealth and show, and fancies I cannot be happy if I marry a poor man like Herbert. But little does she know my heart. With him life would be sweeter in a cottage than with others in a palace. Yet how do I talk? Ought I to disobey a parent? Will not my own mother, now in Heaven, and my dear father frown on their child if she consults her selfish feelings rather than her duty. Who can I fly to for counsel? If my good, kind uncle was only here, I might seek his advice, but he is in India, where he has been so long, and whence, perhaps, he will never return. I have no other near relative to go to. I am alone, alone—" and a passionate flood of tears, at this thought, choked her utterance.

At length she raised her eyes, and they met her open Bible, which happened to lie on her bed. They fell on these words inscribed on the open page, "Look unto me in trouble," and, with a heart reproaching her for not having sooner sought aid from on high, Clara knelt at the bedside and prayed.

She arose comparatively calm, though her countenance was still sad, and the tears yet filled

her eyes at intervals. But her mind was made up to adhere to the path of duty, let the consequences to her own peace be what they might.

In the rear of the spacious mansion where Mrs. Rogers lived was an extensive garden, at the foot of which a natural arbor, screened among shrubbery, formed Clara's favorite retreat. Here, some days after that on which our tale commences, she was sitting, when a young man of prepossessing exterior suddenly emerged from the shrubbery, and the next moment was at Clara's side.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, "I see you at last. For days I have watched for this opportunity. Cruel, cruel Clara, why will you avoid me? I know you love me: then seek your happiness and mine by a clandestine union."

"Herbert," said Clara, after struggling with her emotion, "it is you who are cruel. How often have I told you that, if my mother persisted in opposing our union, I could not be yours. Respect for myself, my duty to her, and regard to my deceased father's dying imagination, all force me to this determination. And how can I consent to see you when, with every interview, our hapless love will only be increased.

"Clara!" said her lover, "do I deceive myself, or are you serious? You have pledged your faith to me, you have said that no mercenary motive actuates you—"

"I have, I have," she sobbed. "oh! Herbert, you know I care nothing for wealth—"

"I believe it, Clara," he said, in a softened tone, "but why then refuse me? I can earn a comfortable, though not a splendid subsistence, for you. Fly, and we will be happy in spite of your tyrannical mother-in-law."

"Herbert, Herbert," said Clara, "I must not, I will not listen to such language. Mother may err, but she thinks she acts for my own good."

"Forgive me, dearest," he said, "but I am almost mad at the thought of losing you. Reconsider your resolution, my own Clara. You doom me to misery by refusing me—you make me careless of what becomes of me—think of all this, of your own unhappiness, of the certainty that your mother is wrong, and that your father, if living, would differ from her."

The weeping girl still shook her head, though she suffered it to rest on her lover's bosom. Herbert made a last effort.

"Clara," he said, with some severity, "you trifle with my happiness. You have no right to refuse me after your solemn promise to be mine. Surely disobedience to your mother, in this instance, would be obedience to God."

Clara raised her head from her lover's shoulder, withdrew her hands from his, and brushing the tears from her eyes, looked steadily at Herbert.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," she said. "No, Herbert, I will not believe that disobedience can be right. Nay, I will listen to no more; for you have almost tempted me from the path of duty. And though you are angry now, you will yet do me justice, for an undutiful child cannot make a good wife."

Herbert turned sternly away, his disappointment destroying, for the moment, his better feelings.

"Then, farewell!" he said. "Farewell forever," and with these words he pushed aside the shrubbery, and was gone.

Clara looked incredulously to see if he had really vanished, and then clasping her hands, she flung herself wildly on the bench, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Gone! gone! and forever!" she murmured, "oh! that I had never been born."

She started, for a hand was laid on her shoulder, and looking up she saw, not her lover, as she at first hoped, but an elderly gentleman standing beside her. A few indistinct memories of his face crowded on her, but when he spoke, the recognition was perfect.

"I am indeed your uncle," he said, as she fell into his arms, "come back, after ten years absence, to lay my bones among you. Nay, weep not, my god-daughter, for I know the cause of your sorrow and can remedy it. I was told by the servant you were in the garden, and came hither to surprise you. Unseen, I heard your noble answer to your lover. And to reward you for it, I will settle on you at once, half my fortune, if you will marry him. So, cheer up, dearest."

Clara hid her face on his breast, for, at this juncture, she heard footsteps, and immediately her lover re-appeared through the shrubbery.

"Forgive me, dearest, I was too hasty—" he began, but, at the presence of a third party, stopped abashed.

"Dear me, Mr. Rogers, I have just heard of your arrival, and come breathless to welcome you," said Clara's step-mother, entering from the other side; but she, too, ceased abruptly on noticing the others. All looked embarrassed, except the newly arrived uncle.

"And, my dear sister," he said, taking Clara and her lover by the hand, and leading them to Mrs. Rogers, "you cannot welcome me better than by consenting to the union of these two young folks. I will see that the groom has wealth equal to the bride. I overheard her refusing a clandestine marriage, because it was hostile to her duty to you, and I think such obedience deserves to be rewarded."

The step-mother, at this new aspect of affairs, smiled graciously, and gave her consent, and Herbert blessed Clara ever after for her conduct.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

WITH the advance of spring the costumes assume a lighter and more airy shape: and the patterns we give this month are particularly choice.

FIG. I.—A BALL DRESS.—This rich and elegant costume is composed entirely of *volants* of rich white lace *posée* one over the other, and caught up on the right side with a bunch of beautiful shaded pink and white roses, a cluster of the same being placed a little higher up on the *jupe*; low plain corsage, and very short sleeves; *berthe* composed of three rows of lace, forming a square in the front, and confined with a cluster of shaded roses. This splendid dress is worn over a petticoat of rich pale pink satin. The *coiffure* is arranged in ringlets, and bows of hair are at the back; a *guirland* of beautiful shaded pink and white fancy flowers passing across the top of the head, and attached to the front curls. Altogether this is the most elegant dress of the season.

FIG. II.—A PROMENADE DRESS of stone colored silk; two deep flounces; a high boddiece; waist pointed; and sleeves tight from the elbow to the waist; a cord with tassels is worn around the waist and allowed to droop low in front. The bonnet is of pink, ornamented with marabouts.

FIG. III.—AN EVENING DRESS of white tarlatane muslin, *à double jupe*, the edge of the under skirt decorated with a fluted trimming of straw-colored areoplane, and continued up as far as the edge of the upper *jupe* on the right side, where it is caught with a beautiful shaded pink flower and buds; the upper short skirt is trimmed to match on the left side, it is continued up as far as the waist, and on the right only half way up; this skirt is also decorated with bunches of flowers. Tight corsage, made very low and pointed, draped round the bust with broad fullings of the same; the short sleeve formed entirely of the colored quilling, and bunches of flowers attached in the centre. The *coiffure* is composed of a Norma wreath of leaves and red berries.

FIG. IV.—AN EVENING DRESS of white tarlatane muslin, *à double jupe*, each *jupe* opened a space at the side, and ornamented at the top of the opening with a large rose. On the upper *jupe*, a string of roses extends nearly to the waist. The corsage is pointed, and low on the shoulders: the sleeves reach but half way to the elbows. Low capes, ornamented like the *jupe*s, and open in the same way, droop from the shoulders. The head dress is of lace and roses, the hair being worn in ringlets.

PROMENADE DRESSES.—As long as the weather continues unsettled, walking dresses will partake of the character of both winter and spring costumes. For cooler days a pelisse of stone colored *gros de Indes*, will be desirable, faced down the fronts and round the neck with velvet of the same colors, vandyked at the edge, and decorated with oblong net silk buttons; tight body and sleeves. Bonnet of pale pink satin, trimmed tastefully with a light white lace and pink satin trimmings. Another elegant dress is of rich striped green and lavender silk; the skirt made very full and long; tight high corsage, made high up to the throat, and *à biais*, surmounted with a small round, plain cape. A

funnel loose sleeve, reaching to a little above the wrists, and showing the under lace *manchettes* which fall over the hand. Capote of drawn lavender silk; the exterior of the brim decorated with rows of narrow black lace, interspersed on the crown with pale pink roses, and light green leaves. A more spring-like costume is a dress of rich fawn-colored satin; the skirt full and of a moderate length, ornamented round the bottom of the *jupe* with two broad rows of open net-work *passementerie*, resembling gympe work; sleeves *à la religieuse*, descending only to the bend of the elbow, allowing ample room for the under sleeve of fulled muslin; the corsage of the dress, which is made nearly high, is decorated with a pelerine of the same material, the form of which is rounded over the shoulders, descending and meeting in a pointed form in the front of the corsage, a fancy trimming resembling that on the skirt surrounding the sleeves and pelerine. Capote of white *moire*, the brim edged with folds of white *areoplane*, the interior decorated with *azules* of shaded *mauve*-colored and white ribbon, the crown of this capote is nearly concealed with beautiful May flowers, interspersed with white lace.

BONNETS.—These begin to be made of lighter materials, and flowers are generally used to decorate them. We have seen some beautiful dress hats worn of soft white *crêpe*, trimmed with a gothic style of blonde, intermixed with different colored roses, most of them being without leaves, or decorated with a *saule marabout*, or broad lappets. Bonnets of *velours épinglé*, chiefly pink, one much worn on the promenade. The cut of capotes still continues small. Straws will soon make their appearance: those worn in the morning will be very simply trimmed; for afternoon more show is necessary and feathers will be used, chiefly of the lighter kind, however.

CAPS.—The form of caps are now worn both with open and close foundations; they are generally made of blonde *nouée*, or rich *application*. Those most worthy of our notice, are the following: a *bonnet* formed of a lappet, crossed and ornamented with *rubant marquise*; another, having a crown piece with *papillons à la paysanne*, and decorated with tufts of flowers, and *ricochets* of ribbon. Those also which are ornamented with pink geraniums are very becoming; they are made of rich blonde, and fall on each side in the form of a scarf; others are decorated with sky blue geraniums, and roses covered with dew. For a morning, they are generally composed of India muslin, embroidered and trimmed with transparencies, white, pink, and blue, and rich Valenciennes lace. Those *à la religieuse*, *à la jolie femme*, and *à la Gabrielle*, are much in favor with their *demi barbes*, or long lappets, and their ribbons lighter than gauze. Speaking of morning caps, we must not omit mentioning two very becoming ones which have lately appeared, both of embroidered muslin; the one trimmed with Valenciennes, and ornamented with pink ribbons; the other forming a *fichu* at the back, short at the ears, and trimmed upon the centre of the head with a single row of Mechlin lace; the two rows which surround the ears being slightly felled, and decorated on each side with two *azules* of capucine ribbon.

COLORS.—The fashionable colors are of lively hues; light colors are always worn in the evening.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By J. Bayard Taylor. 1 vol. Herman Hooker, Philadelphia, 1844.

This is the first volume of a young man scarcely in his twentieth year. The poems give promise of future excellence, and many of them are highly meritorious. The longest one is called "Ximena, or the Battle of Sierra Morena," which occurred A. D. 1212. It is a story of love and war, and displays fancy, power and much artistic skill. For a composition of such length it is remarkably well sustained, especially when the youth and consequent inexperience of the author is remembered. Many parts are elaborately finished: and when occasion requires it the author is full of poetic fire. The following song, at the opening of the second Canto of "Ximena," is stirring as a war trumpet.

"Shout for the Spears of Spain!
The Moor o'er the deep hath come,
And the wild breeze bears again
The sound of his battle-drum.
Pour through our sunny land
The charging trumpet's peal;
Shout for the Christian band
And the spears of old Castile!

"Ye that have proved of yore
The might of your dauntless souls—
Ye who the lance ne'er bore
Where the tide of conflict rolls—
Strike, 'till the streams be dyed
With the battle's crimson rain;
With an arm of steel and a heart of pride,
For God and the hills of Spain!

"Shall your vales and proud hills be
By the Moslem's foot profaned?
Has the soul of your fathers free,
In their children's bosom waned?
With the hearts of your glorious sires,
Thunder the stirring peal;
Shout for your homes and altar fires,
And the spears of old Castile!"

There are several fugitive poems at the end of the volume, of various degrees of merit. None of those written in blank verse are to our taste: indeed we question if the author as yet fully understands the construction of this verse or has cultivated his ear to the exquisite but subtle harmony which characterizes it, in all its various forms, from the gentle beauty of Shakspeare to the sublime pomp of Milton. In one or two short poems, where the poet seems to have had the transcendentalists in his eye, he has failed to do himself justice. But generally these shorter pieces are admirable. The poem on the Brandywine is certainly very meritorious. It is graceful, quiet, full of natural images, and elaborated with much care. The author has talent, and we bid him God speed!

The Literary Remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark. 1 vol. Burgess & Stringer, New York, 1844.

This work is to appear in four numbers, making together a volume of three hundred and eighty four pages, printed in a handsome manner on fine white paper. It is edited by Lewis Gaylord Clark, the brother of the poet and a gentleman whose abilities and connexion with the deceased admirably qualify him for the task.

The volume includes the choicest of the poems, the Ollapodiana papers, and selections from the other prose writings of Willis Gaylord Clark. All these are admirable: indeed it is rarely we meet with a man capable of writing well in so many different styles. For sweetness, elegance, elaborate finish, melody, and chaste and beautiful imagery, the poems of Mr. Clark have never been surpassed by any American; while his Ollapodiana papers prove that pathos and humor, quaintness and tenderness, wit, sportiveness, seriousness and burlesque may all, in the hands of genius, be mingled, not only without injury, but with great effect. The work now given to the public has been long and eagerly expected, and will have an extensive sale.

American Floral Illustrations. No. I. E. Biddle, Philadelphia, 1844.

This is the first number of a work to be completed in twelve numbers, each number to contain four plates of elegantly grouped flowers, drawn and colored by Mrs. Hill, of this city, the celebrated teacher of painting in water colors. The aim of this magnificent publication is to give a series of American flowers, with their botanical and popular names, and the species and class to which they belong. The flowers are admirably drawn and the coloring is truthful and delicate. The first number contains a floral presentation plate, which is very beautiful, a title page, and two groups of flowers. The price for each number is seventy-five cents. This is a publication we particularly recommend to our fair readers; for it will surpass anything of the kind heretofore issued in this country.

Elements of Universal History. By H. White, B. A. With additions and questions. By J. S. Hart, A. M. 1 vol. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1844.

This excellent summary of the world's history has been much improved by the notes of Mr. Hart: and accordingly the present edition is far more valuable than the English one.

Guarica, the Charib Bride. By W. H. Herbert. 1 vol. A. J. Rockafellar, Philadelphia, 1844.

This is a deeply interesting romance, the scene of which is laid in Hispaniola, during the early rule of the Spaniards in that island. There are few living novelists equal to Mr. Herbert.

OUR TABLE.—We are crowded with cheap reprints, mostly issued by the Harpers', Winchester and other New York Houses. From the Harpers' we have continuations of "Milman's Gibbon," "Neal's History of the Puritans," and "McCulloch's Gazetteer," besides reprints of "The Unloved One," a novel by Mrs. Holland, "The Jew," a romance from the German, "The Birthright," a novel by Mrs. Gore, and "The Grumbler," the last work of fiction by Miss Pickering. Mr. Winchester also has issued an edition of "The Jew,"

of which the almost incredible number of one hundred thousand copies is said to have been sold in Germany. The same publisher has printed a French edition of "The Mysteries of Paris," which all acquainted with that language should read in preference to the translation. "El Dorado," is the title of a work by J. A. Van Henvel, from the same house, narrating the circumstances which gave rise to reports, in the sixteenth century, of a golden city in the interior of South America. The work also includes a defence of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose pursuit of this chimera led him to the scaffold. The Mirror continues to issue its extras: among the works lately published in this delightful library are the celebrated "Letters from under a Bridge," by N. P. Willis. Lea & Blanchard have published three further numbers of "Martin Chuzzlewit," which, however, grow more and more dull: they have also printed a cheap edition of Lover's romance of "Rory O'More." E. H. Butler has sent us the twelfth number of "The Pictorial United States." Berford issues "The Two Merchants," by T. S. Arthur, a story with an excellent moral. From Lindsay & Blakiston we have "The Complete Practical Receipt Book." G. B. Zieber has "The Crock of Gold," "Jack of the Mill," by Wm. Howitt, and all the late novels. J. M. Campbell & Co. Philadelphia, still continue to issue their cheap publications: they have now an edition of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation which they sell for fifty cents. A. L. Dick has published a splendid engraving of the monument, now being erected to Sir Walter Scott; at Edinburgh. The plate is well executed, is of large size, and forms a magnificent picture. It is sold at the low price of two dollars.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The winter has been very gay in all our eastern cities. Private balls, musical soirees and assemblies were kept up from Christmas to the opening of Lent almost without intermission. And never, in our recollection, did the ladies display such taste in dress as on these occasions.

None of the costumes, however, which have yet appeared, equal in elegance those which we have caused to be engraved and colored for the present number. The dress of Figure I., made of volants of lace worn over a pink skirt, is the envy of all who have seen it.

The winter has also been characterized by its musical taste. This may be attributed in part to the appearance of so many stars of the first magnitude at the opening of the season, and also to the reaction consequent on the decline of the lecture system, of late years so popular in our chief cities. The advent of the three great violinists, indeed, acted like magic. First came Artot, and everybody was enraptured with his grace and elegance: but when Ole Bull followed, his modesty, his wonderful command over his instrument and the wild originality of his compositions set the town in a blaze. Vieux Temps then appeared, the third in this glorious trio, and there were many to prefer his classic style to the more romantic one of Ole Bull. They departed southward; but the influence they exerted on the public mind remained, and the taste for music is ma:i

festly on the increase. The opening of the OPERA HOUSE, by Signor Palmo, has tended, in no small degree, to foster this growing taste. Nothing can be more brilliant than the interior of this magnificent house on a crowded and fashionable night. The blazing lights, the magic scenery, the splendid array in the boxes, and the illusion of the acting bewilder the mind, until we can almost fancy ourselves in fairy land. We hope the enterprise will be kept up with spirit.

The Hutchinson family have been the idols of popular audiences during the winter. There are three brothers and one sister. The chief merit of their singing consists in distinct articulation, and the exact drilling which they have undergone and which gives their quartette great unity. Their selections of ballads evince tact; but they have no pretensions to the powerful execution of disciplined masters. Their prepossessing appearance is much in their favor. Altogether nine out of ten in a promiscuous audience, would sooner hear the Hutchinsons than our best opera singers.

While on the subject of music, we cannot avoid expressing a regret that no effort has been made to perform the symphonies of Beethoven, this winter. They were got up in Boston last year. We are surprised that the wonderful compositions of this master are not made more generally known.

A word on our contributors before we close. Those for the present month will speak for themselves: for future numbers we have articles from Mrs. Orne, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Lawson, Donald McLeod, and others. We have in hand, from Mrs. Ellet, a thrilling story of some length, which, at the earliest opportunity, we shall give our readers.

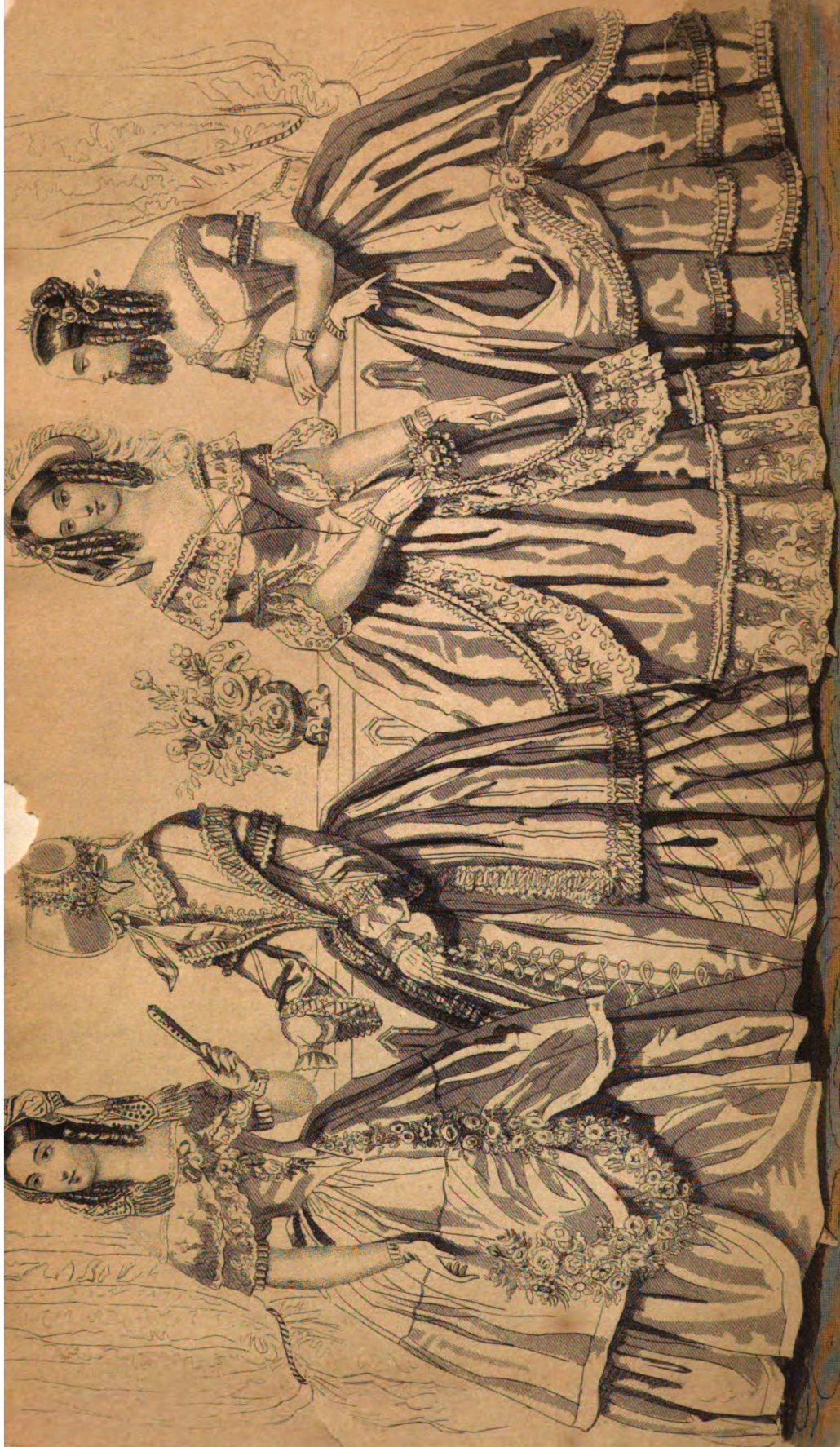
OUR MEZZOTINT.

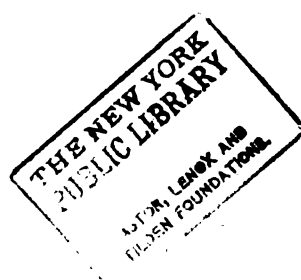
The engraving in the present number needs no praise from us to convince others of its high merit. This superb picture is in Mr. Sartain's best style, and is after a justly celebrated painting. We intended it for the March number, but the printers were unable to get off a sufficient number of impressions in time. No expense has been spared on this embellishment: its actual cost, as we can prove by the printer's and engraver's bills, *exceeds that of two line engravings*. But this did not deter us from using it. We have pledged ourselves to surpass others and we intend to spare no expense to succeed. Let this mezzotint be compared with the staring ones issued by other periodicals and its great superiority will be manifest. We would rather publish, as we are satisfied our subscribers would rather have, one *good* engraving than half a dozen indifferent ones.

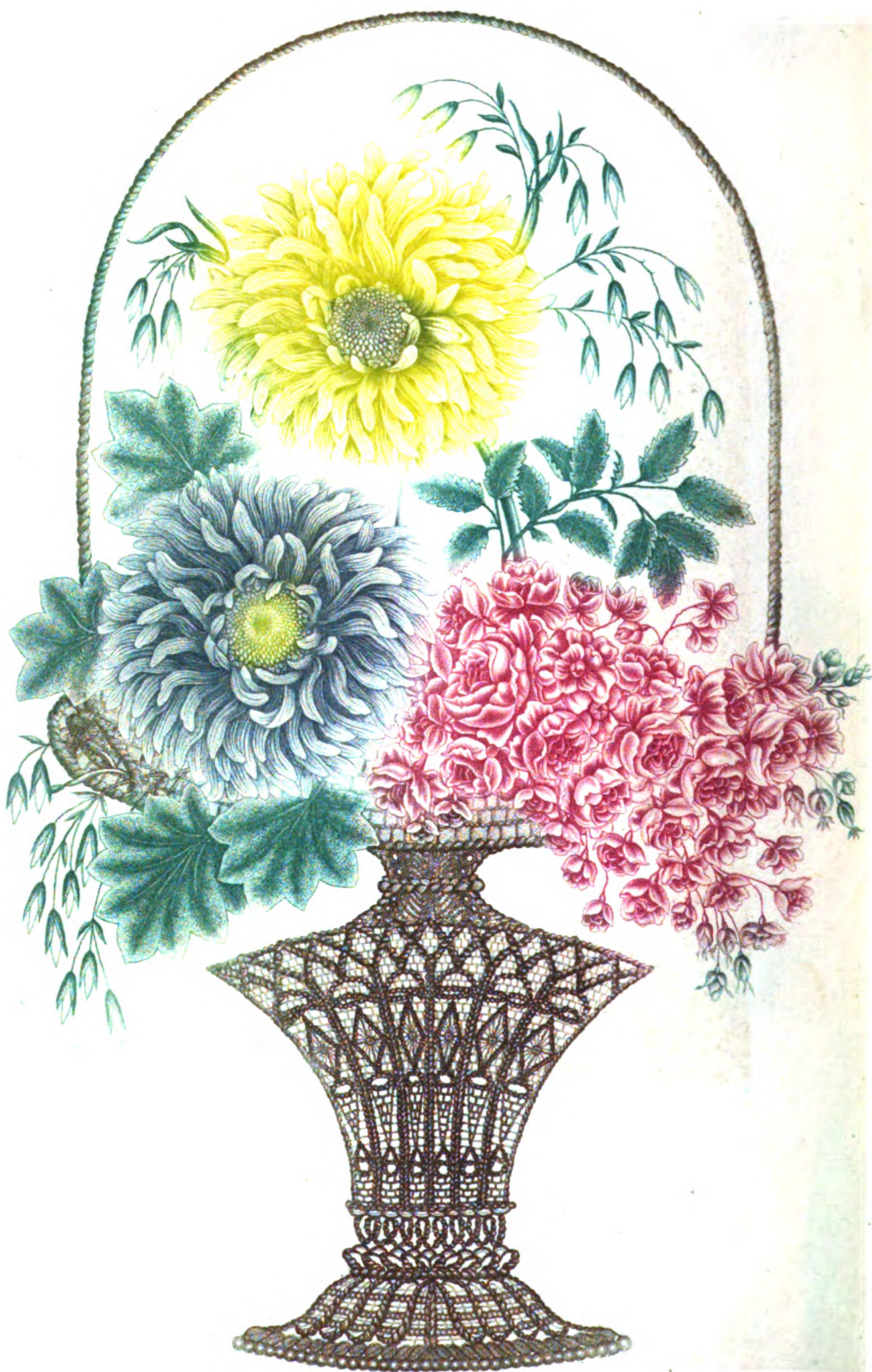
☞ In our next number will appear "OUR FEMALE POETS, No. II." The subject will be Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, better known as the "AMELIA" of the Louisville Journal.

☞ The Home Department is unavoidably omitted for the present number.









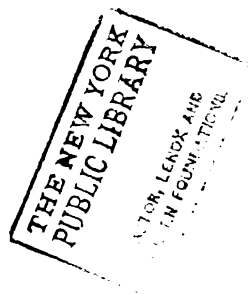


Painted by A. R. Chalmers R.A.

Engraved by H. T. Mearns

The May Queen

Engraved for Peterson's Magazine.



LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA: MAY, 1844.

No. 3.

THE MAY PARTY.

BY MRS. M. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER I.

"SEE on yon verdant lawn, the gathering crowd
Thickens amain." —
SOMERVILLE.

It was May day in merry England. The sun shone brightly, the birds carolled gaily, the air was full of perfume from budding flowers, and all nature appeared to be rejoicing in the season. Already, though it was yet early in the morning, the village green was thronged with youths and maidens attired in their gala dresses, some standing apart in groups of two or more, while others joined the principal crowd gathered around the May-pole, which, decked with garlands and streaming with ribbons, lifted its tall head in the centre of the space set aside for the festivities.

Among those who stood apart from the rest were two persons somewhat plainly attired, but bearing in their mien undoubted evidences of higher birth than the generality of those surrounding them. One of the two was a short, thick-set man, rather more gaudily attired than his companion, and apparently a year or more older. The other was of a tall and unusually handsome person, with a bold, expressive face, whose lineaments bespoke his Norman blood. He appeared, however, to wish, on the present occasion, to disguise his lineage, since he was dressed only in a plain suit of Lincoln green, like that used by the foresters of the period.

"I tell thee, Hal," said this person, addressing his companion, "she is as lovely as the Hours, whom the Saracens believe will welcome them to Paradise if they fall in battle. We shall be sure to see her to-day; and, as it is full two months since I met her last, I could not pass near this village, urgent as our business is, without having an interview with her."

"You know best, my lord," answered the elder stranger respectfully, "but you also know it is all important to cage Prince John before he learns that our lion-hearted king is free. We are perhaps as

yet the only persons in England who are aware of this important truth, and, if we lose no time in reaching the capital, we may stir up the king's party secretly and seize the usurper before he can fly."

"True, true, my good friend, Sir Henry Beaumont: you are past being a mad-cap and taken to giving good advice. I shall do so, too, when I am married. But just now I am desperately in love. The king's business will not suffer, for a sharp ride into the night will make up what we lose here. But recollect we must drop our titles, Hal, in speaking to each other, else my little romance will be spoilt."

"Then you really entertain honorable views of this girl, whom you know to be a knight's daughter and of good lineage, though poor. I must say, my Lord Clifford, you are romantic. Are you sure she does not suspect your rank?"

"Quite sure. She thinks me only a poor forester. In that disguise I first chanced to meet her. Her wonderful beauty fascinated me, and I succeeded, at length, in secretly winning her love. She believes me to be the follower of some nobleman in the north, and this accounts for my long absences. My plan is to keep her ignorant of my rank until the king is fully established, and I have recovered all the lordships of which Prince John and his minions have deprived me: then I will surprise her by taking her home as a bride to my ancestral castle. You smile; but when you have seen her you will not wonder at my love. Look—there she comes; and, by our lady, the village girls have chosen my peerless Maude for their Queen of May."

A shout from the crowd, at the same instant announced the appearance on the green of the long expected pageant. Surrounded by her attendant maidens, chosen like herself from the loveliest virgins of the neighborhood, the newly elected Queen of May moved gracefully along, while a band of music played before her, and young girls in white strewed flowers on her path. Hers was, indeed, a rare beauty. Her person was rather above the medium size, and exquisitely proportioned; and every movement was grace

itself. Her complexion was delicately fair; her eyes were of the softest blue; and her tresses, that fell in massy curls across her snowy and rounded shoulders, were of a bright auburn that in the shade seemed almost chesnut-colored, but which glittered like gold where the sunbeams kissed them. A conscious blush at the many eyes upon her heightened the rare beauty of her face.

"She is divinely lovely," said Sir Henry, surprised out of his usual stoicism to female beauty, "I do not wonder, Clifford, at your choice."

"Hush! she comes," said his friend, and, as her gaze, at that instant, met his, he raised his cap. A glad, joyous light broke into her eyes at the recognition, as when the sunlight shines on a rippling wave.

In some agitation she took her seat in the bower which had been prepared for her, and received the homage of her subjects, though her looks wandered continually to where her lover stood. As soon as possible Clifford knelt before her.

"Fair princess," he said, affecting to be unknown to her, and she immediately took the hint, so that none knew of their acquaintance, "I am, as you see, a stranger; but, having heard of the wonderful beauty of the queen of these festivities, I have stopped to beg the honor of her hand in the dance. And I shall go away, now that I have seen her, maintaining she is the most beautiful of her sex."

Maude blushed from brow to bosom at these words, but stole nevertheless a covert glance full of mirth at her lover. She was about to give him her hand, eager to have the opportunity afforded by the dance to exchange those inquiries which form the conversation of lovers, when a bustle was heard in the crowd around, and, pushing his way through, a new-comer appeared on the scene, who by his swaggering mien, his costly dress, and the deferential fear yielded him on all hands, seemed a personage of power and importance. He walked directly up to Clifford, surveyed him from head to foot, and said haughtily,

"Maude Davenant dances first with me on May-day," and he took the maiden's hand, who shrank from his touch, "stand back, knave, whoever you be—I say, stand back."

Clifford's hand involuntarily sought his sword hilt, but Maude clasped his arm, and said imploringly,

"He is the Lord Verney's retainer and favorite. He is all powerful—oh! enrage him not."

Clifford could not shake off his sweet suppliant, but he drew himself haughtily up, and said,

"For this once your insolence shall go unpunished. But as for your dancing with this fair

maiden, I tell you, miscreant, you shall do no such thing, unless she herself prefers your suit to mine. Nay, fear not, dear Maude," he whispered in her ear, "he cannot harm me: I have friends as powerful as he," and giving her his hand anew, he led the not unresisting girl away from her angry suitor.

"And so you will not dance with me. Mistress Maude," he said. The girl still shrank back.

"God's wounds," exclaimed the retainer, scowling at Clifford, "you shall pay for this," and changing his tone to one of bitter scorn as he addressed Maude, he said, "ay! and you too, fair mistress," and with these words, he turned and passed back through the circle, the villagers making way for him with faces in which terror was legibly written.

"He will be as good as his word," said a gray haired looker on. "None ever knew Haviland of the Hill, Lord Verney's all powerful favorite, to forget an injury. I am ignorant who you are, fair sir," he said, addressing Clifford, "but, if you take an old man's advice, you will make the best of your way hence, for ere the sun is two hours higher, this servitor will be back here with fifty strong fellows in his train."

Maude, too, looked seriously alarmed, and conjured her lover to be gone. She had no fears for herself, she said: no harm could possibly come to her. The villagers corroborated what Maude said, and lent their influence to persuade the stranger to depart, for his bold bearing had won their regard. At first he jested of the matter and insisted on leading off the dance. But when his companion came to him and said that the discomfited suitor had mounted his horse and galloped off in the direction of his patron's castle, Clifford felt the matter began to grow more serious. He had no attendants near at hand, and Lord Verney was known to be a favorite with Prince John, who now usurped the realm in the absence of his brother. Clifford saw that a detention, and much more a discovery of his person would ruin the important mission on which he was engaged, and he did not, therefore, deem it prudent for him longer to hesitate to depart. He insisted, however, on leading down a single dance, at least, with Maude, his object being to exchange a few words in private with her from whom he had been so long absent. He seized, therefore, an occasion to draw her apart, and urge his suit, that she would consent to be his before the leaves should fall.

"Go, go, only go," she said earnestly, "and I will say anything. 'Yes! I will wed you ere then. There, will that do? Go, now. Believe me, no harm can come to me. This man I have often repulsed before, he is ever angry at such

times; but he comes again before the month is out to beg forgiveness and sue again. But you he would murder. Oh! fly, then; and, in better times, we may meet again."

"With that hope I leave you," said Clifford—"but think not this man can harm me. I have friends, who will stand by me, more powerful than he and his master both. But I will tell you more when we meet again. I am here, to-day, without assistance, and besides have urgent business at London, or I would even now stay and fight this braggart, but—nay! nay! I think not of remaining," he said, noticing Maude's alarmed look. "Farewell, and may all sweet angels bless thee. Ere many days I will return to claim thee, with a train of friends who will frighten this Haviland of the Hill back to his den, if he dares to make his appearance."

With these words he joined his companion, who stood ready with the horses, leaving Maude bewildered, yet glad at his departure.

CHAPTER II.

"What doth he here?"

LARA.

THE day had considerably progressed, and the cloud cast over the festivities by the altercation of the morning, had dissipated gradually. The huge dragon was in the midst of his gambols on the green, and the villagers were dancing with linked hands around the May-pole, while Maude from her bower, surrounded by her maidens, smiled on the scene.

And yet that smile covered an uneasy heart, for Maude alone, of all those partaking of the festivities, had not forgotten the event of the morning. The scowl of Haviland when he parted from her, haunted her memory. She had assured her lover that no harm could come to her, but she knew this man had the power and might not want the inclination to injure her. She had long been aware of his revengeful and brutal disposition, and being an unprotected orphan had ever heretofore striven to decline his suit without irritating him. His perseverance, however, assured her that she must give him a more decided rebuff, and she had yielded accordingly, on this day, to her natural repugnance to him. But now that Clifford was gone, and she felt herself alone, she could not prevent uneasy fears arising in her bosom.

Suddenly, while combatting these fears for the twentieth time, the music stopped, the revellers ceased dancing, and several maidens in the outer circle began to shriek. Maude started up, instinctively feeling that her apprehensions had proved true; and her eyes met a well known and dreaded form, at the head of a body of about fifty

armed men, who had galloped rudely on to the green.

"It is Haviland of the Hill!" cried the villagers in consternation, huddling together like a brood when they see the hawk abroad.

"Ay! it is Haviland of the Hill!" said that personage sternly, looking around—"where is this malapert knave whose head I will soon make as high as my battlements?"

No answer was returned for some time, till, at last, one of the boldest of the crowd, ventured to say that the person sought for had left the village two hours before.

"Ha!" said the ruffian, "has the coward fled? Then let us swoop into the dove-cote and be off."

With these words he dismounted and walked directly for the bower where Maude and her affrighted maidens watched the scene. As he approached, the trembling virgins shrank before him; while, though their fathers and brothers scowled on the ruffianly intruder, none dared to arrest his progress. Their fear cannot be understood without remembering the abject condition of the common people of England at this period, which was the same as that described in the glowing pages of *Ivanhoe*. At all times, during the early feudal days in Europe, the power of the nobles was vast and nearly irresponsible; and, in the vicinity of his own domains, the wealthy baron or his retainers could perpetrate almost any crime with impunity. Resistance to these tyrants, on the part of the lower classes, was sure to bring ruin. It was, therefore, with indignant bosoms, but a consciousness that opposition would be vain, that the villagers saw the ruffianly Haviland rudely push aside maiden after maiden until he reached the affrighted Maude.

"I pray you, sweet mistress," said he, in tones of mockery, "now that your craven swain has departed, to lead me one measure. Nay, shrink not," he said as she drew back tremblingly, "for, by the true cross," and he suddenly changed to a tone of deep and angry passion that made Maude shudder, "you follow me whether or no. I have wooed you long with fair words," he said, bending down his hateful head and whispering in her ear, while her companions shrank back further and further from her side, "but I have come now to woo you after another fashion. You scorned me this morning when that base villain was at your side, and spoke big words because I was backed by no one, and he had a swaggerer to aid him, but—God's death—you shall be my leman before you can be his wife. Ah! you scream, do you? You draw back—then thus I fling you to my saddle."

With the words, despite the struggles and shrieks of Maude, he seized her in his arms

and bore her rapidly toward his steed. His last words, uttered in the raised tones of deep passion, had betrayed his purpose, but the villagers, for an instant, were too bewildered except to gaze horror-struck on the scene. But this daring outrage, so much surpassing any which had yet been perpetrated even by the lawless followers of the neighboring barons, soon fired them with an indignation that no considerations of prudence could check. The young men especially, with whom Maude was regarded as a being almost of a superior order, so that an outrage on her approached to sacrilege in their estimation, began to murmur sullenly, and, at length, one of them crying out it was a shame that an unoffending maiden should be borne thus from their midst, a rush was made at the ruffian who had by this time reached his horse. Clubs and bows were called for, and stones began to fly. Though his troop was numerous and well appointed, the ravisher knew that an angry mob was not to be despised, and that his safest course would be to fly from a resistance he had not looked for. He, therefore, gave Maude in charge of two of his men, and said,

"Fall ye into the centre. Close around them, my men, and face outward with levelled lances. We will see whether these churls will dare to resist us. And when we have bestowed our prize in safety we will come back and chastise them at our leisure. Move on. Trot."

The body of men-at-arms, at these words, plunged their spurs into their horses' sides and charged the populace, through whom they went like a whirlwind through a field of corn. In a moment more they had gained the highway, and the dust from the ravishers' hoofs was rolling over the brow of the next hill, before the defeated villagers could recover from their consternation. Then a universal cry for vengeance rose up: but how and when was it to be obtained?

"There is but one hope," said a bold youth, who was thought to have lifted his eyes to Maude, "we must march on the ruffian's castle and burn it about his ears. It is time the people spoke for themselves. They are doing something down by Sherwood Forest, under bold Robin Hood; and why should we not strike a blow against these oppressors?"

"Hush! Wilfred Howden, madman that thou art," said an old man, "your words, if repeated, would bring the troops to burn our houses to the earth and cast our slaughtered bodies on the pile. No, no, there is no hope there."

"Then what can be done?"

"Nothing, I fear. Maude was a sweet girl, and we all loved her. But, even if we were to march on the castle, I fear, from her captor's threats, that her ruin would be compassed before

we could reach there. We must bow to the will of God."

"The will of God!" stoutly said the youth, "I, for one, will not believe that it is His will that so sweet a creature as Maude should fall a prey to this ruffian. No, comrades, let us rescue or avenge her. All that will march with me will follow to this side of the green."

As he spoke he stepped out from the crowd, and was instantly followed by about half the males, comprising the younger and more ardent men. In vain the elders expostulated against the madness of their enterprise. Indignation had, for the time, drowned every prudential consideration. But their purpose was checked, for the present, by the sudden blast of a trumpet in the highway, and the appearance immediately afterward of a large body of knights and men-at-arms wheeling on to the green. At the head of the troop, on a powerful horse, rode their leader, a man of majestic presence, accompanied by the two strangers of the morning; while, close by, the standard bearer upheld the royal banner of King Richard.

CHAPTER III.

"Brave Talbot, we will follow thee."

— HENRY THE SIXTH.

To account for the opportune arrival of these allies, we must return a few hours in our story, and follow Clifford and his companion, who, it will be recollected, on leaving the village, took the road to the capital.

"I like this not," said the young nobleman to his friend. "That villain looked as if he meant something when he threatened harm to Maude; and I fear that I may be leaving her unprotected to the fangs of the wolf. Would that I had a score or two of armed men with me!"

"What, my lord, would you risk failure in our present business on the mere chance of Maude being in danger? Believe me, there is nothing to fear."

"Your words do not assure me. And, as for risking our present business, I tell thee, Beaumont, I would risk lands and life, ay! everything but honor, to save Maude from harm."

"Still, my lord, I think you unnecessarily alarm yourself. This Haviland would not dare to perpetrate any outrage on Maude: her lineage should protect her from that. Were she a churl's daughter there might be cause for fear."

"Well, I must leave it to heaven, and go forward. But ere the week is out, if the king gets his own again, I will muster my train and return to claim her, and take vengeance on this knave for his insolence. Here is a fair road now: let us dash into a gallop."

For quite an hour they maintained their rapid pace; but, at the end of that period, on reaching the brow of a hill, they saw a cloud of dust in the valley below, and immediately afterward the flashing of spears.

"Ha!" said Clifford, drawing in his rein, "these may be enemies. Had we not better turn aside into this clump of trees, and ambush till yonder horsemen come up? If they are foes we shall thus escape them."

"It is well said," replied Beaumont, "for two against as many score—and yonder troop counts quite that number—is odds which no knighthood should fight under."

In less than quarter of an hour the body of men-at-arms dashed over the hill, and exhibited to the concealed travellers a banner emblazoned with the royal leopard. Foremost in the van rode a stalwart knight, whom both seemed to recognize at once.

"The king!" simultaneously exclaimed Clifford and Beaumont looking at each other in surprise. "Richard himself. Here are the very friends you want," said the latter to the young nobleman. "His majesty has landed from Germany sooner than he thought, and our mission is useless."

Both now advanced from their covert and were immediately recognized by the monarch and his attendant knights. To their surprise, he informed Clifford and Beaumont that the French king had sent word to the usurper of his brother's release, and that the prince had fled.

"We are now pushing northward after him," said Richard. "Lord Vere has taken another route, and other faithful friends are pursuing in different directions. We ourselves are for Oxford, and since the bird has flown and your adventure spoiled, you had even best join us. But how is it, my lord of Clifford, and you, Sir Henry Beaumont, that I see you masquerading in this dress?"

Clifford knew the king's character and did not, therefore, hesitate to make him acquainted with his love for Maude and with the events of the morning.

"By St. George!" exclaimed the knight-errant monarch, as soon as his follower had concluded, "this may turn out something else than a May-day jest. The rascal Haviland is not unknown to me: he is as great a villain as his protector, Lord Verney, is a traitor, and may put his threat in execution. My lord of Clifford, we must have you guide us to this place: it lies but little out of our route, and we will be there ere an hour, and before any mischief can be done."

The lover, whose anxiety for Maude had now become painful, thanked the monarch warmly, and expressed his fears that they might arrive too late. Richard accordingly ordered his followers

into a gallop, and at this pace they reached the village green.

The deserted May-pole, the total cessation of the festivities, and the commotion visible among the populace assured Clifford, at the first glance, that his worst fears were verified.

"Where is Maude? Where is your queen of May?" he exclaimed, looking around.

"May it please your worship," said the old man, who, in the morning, had urged Clifford's departure, "Haviland of the Hill has been here and forcibly carried her off to his castle."

"Now may God forget me," exclaimed the impetuous monarch at these words, "if I do not burn the rascal's fortress about his ears. Nay, my lord of Clifford, despair not. We will give instant pursuit."

"But, my liege," said the young nobleman, "it may be too late. The villain is ere this at home, and safe in his castle. Before we can arrive—oh! Sancta Maria, I tremble to think of it."

"Then let us put spurs to our steeds at once. Stop—how long has he been gone? Not half an hour, you say. Then there is hope, strong hope, Clifford, my poor friend. And which road did he take? You say you can guide us by a shorter way to his gates, so that we may yet intercept him. Gentlemen, one of ye dismount a follower and give this youth a horse. Be composed, good people," said the king, turning half around in his saddle, as he reined back his horse, "I am King Richard, and will see that your wrongs are righted. Now, lords and gentlemen, dash on."

At this announcement the villagers who had, hitherto, not suspected the truth, burst into a deafening shout, which rose even over the clatter of hoofs and the jingling of swords as the cavalcade galloped down the high road. That their king had returned safely from captivity, and that he should in person chastise this outrage, almost made the populace delirious with joy and gratitude.

We will not attempt to describe the various emotions that tore the bosom of Clifford. A hundred times he reproached himself for leaving Maude in the morning; and yet what could his single arm have done if he had remained? He pictured to himself the castle gates closing behind Maude, and herself in the power of her brutal captor. He turned in agony from this picture. At that moment he would have given lands and lordship, even life itself, to rescue her from the fate which he had too great reason to fear awaited her.

Their route lay through a broken and hilly country, and it was not until nearly an hour had elapsed that they came in sight of the castle,

whither, the captor, it was supposed, had fled. As Clifford looked on the gloomy fortress, and saw the banner lazily drooping in the sun, with no appearance of more than the usual watch on the walls, he became almost faint with the fear that Haviland had sought another refuge, in which case the fate of Maude would be beyond human interposition. His agitation affected him so that he reeled and nearly fell from his saddle with dizziness. But suddenly a shout recalled his scattered senses.

"There the knaves are," said the king. "Cheer up, my lord. See ye not the cloud of dust and the flashing of their armor, as they come over the brow of the hill. Now they see us, for they break into a gallop. By the bones of my fathers! they are nearer than we to the gate, by an arrow flight. Dash on, nobles and knights, dash on!"

Not a word was now spoken for several minutes, as every member of the train felt too deeply the excitement of the crisis. The castle was built on one of three small hills, forming a valley, into which both parties were now descending. The acclivity over which the captors had made their appearance was less elevated than the one which the pursuers had crossed, and this gave the former considerable advantage. Each party had to descend into the valley and ascended the opposite height before the castle could be reached.

"We gain on them!" at length said King Richard, "see they have to make a circuit to the bridge down yonder—that will give us some advantage. Drive in your spurs and have at them, noble gentlemen!"

Another silence now ensued. Both parties directed their course toward the little bridge, which, crossing the rocky stream that ran through the valley, afforded the only avenue to the castle. If the captors reached it first three men-at-arms could keep it against the whole pursuing host until the rest of their companions should be safely disposed in the fortress. The horses of both trains were accordingly at their topmost speed. Foremost on the one side was the king, Clifford and a few others: and in the van of the other party Haviland himself appeared, mounted on his powerful charger, and bearing Maude apparently lifeless across his saddle. At his side rode four of his followers whose object appeared to be to gain possession of the bridge. It soon became evident that they could succeed, and the captor in safety bear his prize across.

Clifford had snatched a lance from one of the men-of-arms, and though unprotected by defensive armor, was pressing forward side by side with the king, who, at this instant, looked around.

"We must overthrow these four knaves, or all is lost," said the monarch, speaking in the low,

hoarse tones of intense excitement, "place your lances in rest, gentlemen, and follow me."

The four men-at-arms had now gained the bridge, and wheeling turned to face their pursuers, while Haviland, with his insensible captive, galloped across. Clifford followed the fugitive with his eye up the ascent. The portcullis was slowly raising, and in a few minutes Maude would be within its iron grating. This consciousness gave him the strength of a giant, and levelling his lance full at his antagonist, whom he now approached, he bore the man down before him as a willow wand is prostrated by the gale. With one bound he was on the bridge. He heard the clatter of hoofs beside him and glanced around. It was the king who also had overthrown his man. The others appeared to have been less fortunate.

"Saint George for merry England," shouted the excited monarch, as he saw that they gained on the fugitive, "and death to all traitors. We have him, Clifford—his steed falters—one leap more and we come in before him."

As the king spoke, they had nearly gained the drawbridge which was down, and together the fugitive and his pursuers sprang toward it. The monarch's charger, a noble animal of the most extraordinary speed and endurance, was the first to reach the plank, and, as Haviland came up almost side by side, Richard, with a backward sweep of his huge sword, smote the traitor under the arm, where the joints of his armor exposed his person, and he fell from his saddle. At the same instant, with his powerful grasp, he caught the falling form of Maude, and swung it into Clifford's arms, who was now at his side, as lightly as he would that of a child.

"Down with your traitorous banner," shouted the king, shaking his gauntlet at the walls, "or I will not leave one stone upon another. Ho! there," he said, turning back, as the rest of his party, having gained the command of the bridge, now came thundering up the ascent, "sound trumpet and summon this place to surrender to their liege lord, Richard Plantagenet, on pain of death to all its garrison."

The loss of their leader and the awe of the monarch's name had the desired effect, and the keys of the castle were brought forward and presented submissively to the king.

"See that the garrison is disarmed, my lord," said Richard, turning to one of his train, "meanwhile we will in hither and rest for an hour or two ere we resume our journey. This fair girl too must have attendance. Ah! Clifford," he said, as the young lord bore forward to the entrance the inanimate form of the beautiful Maude, "your lady-love will be the brightest bride in our realm, if she looks but half as lovely when recovered."

And ere long, when Maude had recovered, as she did almost immediately afterward, the king confirmed his praise and promised her as dowry a fair estate. He was as good as his word, some months subsequently, when, after his own complete restoration to his kingdom and the discomfiture of his enemies, he gave away the orphan Maude at the altar, the highest dignity of the church officiating on the occasion.

Lord Clifford bought a manor in the vicinity of his bride's late residence, and for long years afterward always appeared, with her, for an hour or two, among the villagers on May-day, to grace their festivities.

LIFE'S LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

How strangely in this life of ours,
Light falls upon the darkest shade!
How soon the thorn is hid by flowers!
How Hope—sweet spirit!—comes to aid
The heart oppress'd by care and pain—
She whispers, "all shall yet be well!"
We listen to her magic strain,
And yield the spirit to her spell.

How oft, when Love is like a bird
Whose weary wing droops o'er the sea,
While not an answering tone is heard,
She spies a verdant olive tree;
And soon within that sheltring bower
She pours her very soul in song;
While other voices wake that hour,
Her gentle melodies prolong.

Thus, when this heart is sad and lone,
As memory wakes her dirge-like hymn,
When Hope, on heav'nward wing hath flown,
And earth seems wrapp'd in shadows dim—
Oh! then a word, a glance, a smile,
A simple flower, or childhood's glee,
Will each sad thought, each care beguile,
Till Joy's bright fountain gushes free.

To-day, its waters gladly stirr'd,
For Peace was nigh—that gentle dove;
And sweet as song of forest-bird
Came the low voice of one I love:
And flowers, "the smile of Heav'n," were mine,
They seem'd to whisper, "why so sad?
Of Love, we are the seal and sign,
We come to make thy spirit glad."

Thus, ever in the steps of Grief,
Are sown the precious seeds of Joy;
Each "fount of Marah" hath a leaf
Whose healing balm we may employ;
Then 'midst life's fitful, fleeting day,
Look up!—the sky is bright above;
Kind voices cheer thee on thy way—
Faint spirit! trust the God of Love.

THE TRIFLER'S VICTIM.

BY JANE D. BALDWIN.

SLOWLY tolled the deep-toned bell of the church of St. Louis, while from beneath its massive arches issued forth a long funeral procession. By the coffin covered with white satin, and blazing with rich silver plates, the snow white plumes of the hearse with its draperies of spotless white, and by the four young girls, who dressed in white, and wearing long white veils reaching to the ground, each holding in her hand one of the four white ribbons attached to the coffin, might be known that she whom they were bearing to her last resting-place was young: while the long train of carriages that followed bore ample testimony to the wealth and rank of the deceased. The priests clad in their long scarlet tunics, and bearing aloft blazing torches, their company headed by the Rev. Father Antonio de Sedella, passed along two by two, chanting the *miserere*. Slowly the procession wound round the *rue St. Louis*, and then proceeding in a long, unbroken line, entered the cemetery where the coffin was deposited in the splendid marble vault of the Pascal family, when the priests slowly chanted the "*requiescat in pace*," and the circled crowd recovering their heads, left the remains of Adèle Pascal, the young, the beautiful, in their last resting-place.

Born of wealthy parents, their cherished idol, at the same time the darling and pride of her only brother, gratified in the indulgence of every wish, and perfected in every accomplishment, Adèle Pascal shone the acknowledged belle of every social circle. One of those enthusiastic beings who could never be satisfied with a divided affection, sensitive and retiring in her nature, yet withal gay and sportive as a child, "*to see her was to love her*."

Such was Adèle Pascal at the time her parents received a letter from her brother Charles, then in New Haven, begging permission to invite his friend, Henry Selborne, to accompany him on his return to Louisiana. The permission was willingly granted, and soon the two young men arrived at Sycamore Grove, a beautiful summer residence of the Pascal family on the banks of the Mississippi.

During Charles Pascal's four years absence within the walls of "old Yale," Henry Selborne was his bosom friend and the chosen repository of all his joys and sorrows. Selborne was talented and obliging, and having received that matter-of-fact education which most New Englanders give their sons—that kind of training which fits them to act well their part on life's stage—he soon possessed himself of the warm friendship of the

frank hearted Creole, to whom his society became indispensable. When we add to his other qualifications to please, a fine person, and peculiarly winning manners, we no longer wonder that one so gentle, as Adèle, soon owned to herself that Sycamore Grove would be insupportably dull when he was gone.

In general Selborne's attentions to Adèle were marked with a frankness that would have prevented any one less susceptible than herself from thinking that he loved her, but she, poor girl! thus construed them, and soon he became to her, society, friends, the world.

Oh! could men but know how often their attentions (slight though they may be) are thus translated by our sex—could they but see the agony of hopes raised but to be wrecked—could they note the flushed cheek, the quivering lip, the “pulses maddening play” when a compliment is paid by them, to which, perhaps, they attach no meaning, or could they on the other hand, see the pillow wet with tears, where a sleepless night had followed a slighting word, an averted look or an exclamation of admiration for another at a time when their long continued attentions had made the *seriousness* of such no longer a matter of doubt—they would hesitate, nor in future act the trifler's part.

Often a look or a word casually spoken by Selborne would afford Adèle hope and happiness, and again an averted look or an unmeaning attention bestowed upon another, tortured her sleepless pillow with doubts whether her love was returned. Could she have seen that it was but his *accustomed gallantry*, she would have known that he had no heart to give.

Thus days glided into months, and still Selborne lingered at Sycamore Grove a welcome visitor, while Adèle pleased with the dangerous proximity, lavished her whole wealth of love on him—when she was aroused from her dream of happiness by Selborne hurriedly informing them that he had just received letters urging his immediate return to the north. Alas! for Adèle's hopes! So closely envoven had her passion for him become with her every thought, that the idea of separation had never occurred as possible, and now the thought was more bitter than death.

When Selborne had been absent about two months, her brother received a letter from him, dated at Saratoga, where he said he had met with an old flame of his boyish days, Miss Dashfort, a New Haven belle, a young lady whom Charles described to his sister as being wealthy and extremely beautiful. From this hour the unhappiness of Adèle began. Hitherto the spoiled child of fortune, her whole life had been as a bright summer's dream. Sorrow by name alone

she knew. Now her mind was filled with a strange uneasiness, tormented by fears that often subdued her to tears. Then again she would hope on, and love deeper and deeper, as the sweet reflection came that bright days might yet be in store for her. And blissful anticipations of his return, of again meeting with him after so much sorrow and foreboding, would steal over her saddened soul, dispelling all gloom, all doubt, all sadness. Those only who have had their dearest hopes darkened, and again suddenly re-illumed, can realize the wild excitement with which Adèle heard of Selborne's approaching return to Louisiana.

He came to New Orleans; but oh! the agony, the despair of the fond-trusting Adèle. He brought one with him who enjoyed that name and place which Adèle had so fondly hoped would be hers. His wife! the sound rang in her ear, the death knell of all her hopes. She heard of the beauty and accomplishments of Mrs. Selborne, his bride; but her warm heart's aspirations had been crushed, and, by the deadly paleness of her cheek, alone might be read that the sun of her earthly happiness had set.

As autumn approached an alarming cough was noted by her physician as the premonitory of consumption, for such was her malady misnamed by those who understood not that other disease *a broken heart*; and in less than two months, the trifler's victim had passed from this to another and a happier world. Alas! for the bitter requital too often given for a woman's love.

LOVE'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

On mission pure, from realms divine,
Young Love was sent to Virtue's shrine,
But wild and gay, he stopped to play
With sportive Beauty, by the way.

She led him thro' her fragrant bowers,
She chained his wings with wreaths of flowers,
She charmed him with her magic smile,
And softly murmured—"rest awhile!"

Alas! her eyes were blinded quite
By Beauty's dazzling glance of light;
And while the glorious Syren sings,
The boy forgets his angel-wings!

Yet still he sometimes leaves his play,
And asks "to Virtue's shrine" the way;
But Beauty weaves anew her chain,
And Virtue looks for Love in vain!

THE WIFE OF A GENIUS.

BY ANNE P. DINNIES.

—"In the darkest hour
Thy smile is brightest—"

It has often been a question with me whether a man of genius should marry! Not that I would deny to that gifted, sensitive, and eccentric being the companionship of a congenial, or, I should say, a sympathizing spirit, but I would prefer that the soother of his often ruffled feelings—the confidant of his aspirations after excellence, and the consoler of his disappointments, were sought for in a mother or a sister. To the admiration involuntarily inspired by genius in the female breast, and the affection excited by its preference and strengthened by the ties of relationship, she would not unite that utter *dependance* for all that makes life a blessedness—aye, for life itself, which is implied in the sacred name of wife.

A man of genius! what an expressive phrase. How it conjures up, at the same time, ideas of dazzling brightness and thoughts of gloom and melancholy! *Genius!* what is it but a picture of two sides, the one crowded with all that is most lovely, beautiful and excellent, fixing the eye of the beholder in admiration, and exciting whatever is good or joyous in his heart, filling it with pride and hope and happiness, until some fitting breeze sports over the canvass, and reversing its position, presents a scene of caprice, anxiety, irritability, ambition, disappointment and despondency. We gaze upon it in sadness, turn away with a sigh, and mourn that so much of evil is mingled with the fair things of earth. By genius I am not to be understood as meaning talent, though refined by cultivation, strengthened by study and discipline, and embellished by taste: genius implies none of these things, though it may be united with them all. Genius, as in Scott, may be purified and controlled by judgment, science, knowledge of the world, or above all by religion; but it is too often as in Sheridan the concomitant of folly, weakness and dissipation. To its possessor genius is as often a curse as it is a blessing—to those connected with him it is too often only a curse. There is no denying it—a man who is a genius, though he has a world of his own where all is sunshine and happiness, yet he is unfit to mingle in the coarser scenes of life and come in contact with its stern realities. His wife may see the threatened evil—his children may shrink from its approach—but he will not open his eyes upon it until it falls to overwhelm him. Wrapt up in self—far away from this world and those around him—the man of genius sits silent,

apparently brooding over his shattered hopes or fortunes, when in fact his mind is afar off in the centre of his ideal world, revelling in all the strange delights of a reverie; and it is fearful to arouse and recall him to the truth. When we read or hear of the separation of Lord and Lady Byron, few think what an age of misery must have preceded that event. He *may* have felt much—but her sufferings *must* have been long, silent, agonizing. We are told by Moore that "Sheridan never *ceased* to love his wife!" Possibly, but was he always kind? or rather, was not her married life a continued scene of trial and unhappiness? And Shakspeare! the immortal Shakspeare! how proverbial were *his* domestic miseries. Where then is the fault? Let us see.

Madeline was the daughter of a clergyman, and nurtured from her infancy in the paths of virtue. Her mother was a woman of powerful mind, and taught her early to practice those peculiar privileges of woman, self-control, and submission to the will of others. As she grew older education added its strengthening influences to her character, and the example of her parents harmonized them into all that is excellent or lovely. Fair as she was good, gentle as she was intelligent, Madeline was too nearly perfect to require many words to describe her, but she had one fault—she was romantic—

"She had a woman's heart, and love too soon
Twined his light fetters round her spirit's wing,
Bending it down to earth—"

She became the wife of Edward Gilmore. I sum his character in a few words, but they are fearful ones. *He was a man of genius!* Beautiful! beautiful as the rainbow of heaven was Edward Gilmore in the eyes of his young wife, and bright in intellect as he was beautiful in person. She worshipped him with the devotion known only to the young and trusting heart of a romantic woman, when after long years of doubt and anxiety she is united to the man she has chosen and loved and idolized. *And he loved her*, not as common men love, but as a genius loves. She was his *dream*—and oh! so fair, so sweet a dream. Often as she sat by his side, her hand clasped in his, gazing up in his face, expecting some word of tenderness to break from those closed lips and bless her with its music—he had forgot that she was near him, so was he carried away in thought—thinking of Madeline, dreaming of Madeline, until the *real* Madeline, if recalling him suddenly to life, seemed colder and less fair than the creation of his visions, and he would turn away in disappointment, sometimes in anger, and Madeline would *feel* that their affection was not alike.

At first it was difficult to conceal how painful

was the unkindness of his manner—but after a time she schooled herself to bear in silence, though never with indifference her husband's variable disposition. Scraps of poetry addressed "to Madeline" she often found amid his papers—and once she had discovered a partially finished portrait of herself on the fly-leaf of a volume of Petrarch's sonnets—and on this she had feasted for weeks. What did it signify to her ardent heart that their originally small fortune was fast dwindling away, while Gilmore made no effort to increase it.

"He will realize his dreams one of these days," she would say to her parents. "He will publish some of the beautiful visions which so crowd upon his fancy. He will win fame, and fortune must follow it—and you will yet glory in his genius, father—and see, dearest mother, see how pure, how devoted is his love for your Madeline when even the charms of Laura, portrayed by the impassioned pen of her lover, could not banish the image of his own wife from his noble mind."

"He had better do something to keep his wife from starving," was her father's stern reply, while the gentle mother would gaze upon the radiant features of her child, until tears dimmed her vision, and then turn away with a sigh. Poor Madeline!

Month after month rolled by in this uncertainty, and even she began to feel that there were nobler aims in life than silently brooding over the beautiful reveries of fancy. At last winter came with its long, chill evenings—and Madeline found a cheerful fire was quite as essential to the enjoyment of a genius as to that of a less elevated being; but their stock of fuel was diminishing fast, too fast for their scanty funds—for Madeline had now of necessity become an economist. She wished, yet dreaded to call her husband's attention to the subject. At length an opportunity occurred, and placing her hand upon his arm, and looking up in his face so fondly that he smiled upon her unconsciously, Madeline said—

"Edward, dearest! you have never told me what you intend to be yet. Surely it is time to decide upon a profession?" she paused doubtful of the effect, but he answered cheerfully.

"Yes! Madeline, I shall be an author—my plans are almost matured—I mean to write, dearest. You shall be my critic and amanuensis, and your praises will but forestal the approbation of the world. I may not win a local habitation, but my *name* shall be borne by the winds of heaven and reach the uttermost limits of the earth."

"Dear Edward!" ejaculated Madeline sadly—his enthusiasm delighted her, even while she shuddered at the ambitious dreams he betrayed, and wished to save him from the fate so common

to characters of his stamp—the feverish hope, the anxious expectation and the bitter disappointment. "Dear Edward, it will be long ere you can accomplish all this, but let it not be very long, my husband, before you begin the work. We have need of your exertions, dearest, for the spring will find another claimant on your love and on your *industry*." There was a slight emphasis on the last word, but Gilmore did not seem to hear it—he clasped his wife to his bosom and immediately commenced talking of his future intentions for *his son*. Madeline shuddered, and a fear of she knew not what crept upon her spirit—and she sighed involuntarily as she composed herself to sleep that night. As time rolled on, bringing no change in the habits of her husband, new shadows were cast upon the life of Madeline, till at length she gave birth to an infant. "A beautiful little girl, ma'an," said the nurse, presenting the new born babe for its mother's admiration.

"Thank God it *is* a girl," said Madeline, forgetting for a moment her husband's disappointment in the fulfilment of her own unexpressed, and until now unconscious wish—"she will, at least, know how to bear adversity, for all women know how to *suffer*."

Gilmore approached her, and she read the blighting of one fond hope upon his brow.

"It *might* have been a statesman, Madeline, and admiring senates have hung upon his words," was the first remark that escaped him.

"She is God's gift, Edward!" said the wife, "and you must learn to love her for my *sake*." The evil was inevitable, and the disappointed father overcame his feelings so far as to search amidst the hoards of memory for a name suited to the little stranger. Every female distinguished in history or the arts was scanned over to afford an appropriate appellation for the heroine. In vain the mother urged that the child's character might possess none of the attributes of the prototype selected. Gilmore was resolved, and so the little traitless being was offered to its Creator in a Christian Temple, and by a Christian teacher under the heathen designation of "Sappho." Poor Madeline!—a sense of ridicule humbled her sensitive heart at the moment. She shut her eyes to avoid the smile which she fancied wreathed the lips of the spectators, and her chastened spirit stood before its God—"save her—save her!" was the prayer of her soul, "Thou who hast created her, let her *not* be a genius." The large tears fell upon her cheek, and she felt as they cooled its burning blush that she was *heard*.

The birth of the child brought changes to their dwelling: Madeline, though even more anxious

than ever for the future, was yet so occupied by her new relationship and her household cares that she could not hang so constantly about her husband as had been her wont; and as she no longer hoped he would aid in the support of the family, her mind had fallen upon its own resources, and she was earnestly endeavoring to fix upon some available means whereby she might herself (by patience and industry) attain this object. Gilmore felt this change in her, and it acted as an incentive upon him. "She *shall* admire and love me still," he said, and suddenly he began to write—day after day he bent over the task—night after night he spent hours at his desk. His eye flashed, over the paper rays that lit up the almost extinguished torch of hope in the bosom of his wife—and the hectic of his cheek and quiver of his lip told her that his whole soul was in the work. It was finished. He brought the manuscript in triumph to Madeline, who nestling her babe to sleep upon her bosom, prepared anxiously to listen. It was a tale of the East, one of fancy's brightest gems, glittering with beautiful thoughts, euphonious words and gorgeous imagery. Fairies and sylphs and elves and gnomes composed the actors—and the plot was a perfect master-piece of art. Madeline was enchanted, she praised him with all the fervent sincerity which she felt, and sympathized in his hopes and his expectations. A new impulse seemed given to their existence; and Gilmore hastened to offer this first effort of his aspirations for fame to a publisher. The first, nay, even the second member of that tyrannous fraternity declined it without touching the MS.

"Novels and tales had become a drug—they had already more fictions of that description than they could get off their hands, and advised him to turn his talents to a more profitable department—to write for a political newspaper, or the tract society," and politely bowed him to the door. A smile of scorn curled the haughty lip of Edward Gilmore, as he repeated to himself the assurance that power had rendered these men supercilious and unfeeling—but they will regret it, whispered vanity, as he made a third application. This gentleman was more urbane in his manners. He spoke of the difficulties of authorship as if he had once encountered them in his own person—took the manuscript and promised it an early perusal. He pledged himself to nothing decidedly, but permitted Gilmore to hope. So he went home exulting to his happy wife. Alas! before another day had closed the unfortunate MS. was returned in an envelope.

"It was very beautiful—Mr. Gilmore had a fine command of language, and a fancy redolent of poetry and romance, and he regretted not

being able to present him to the public—but other engagements, and the very prosaic taste of this degenerate age really precluded the pleasure of doing so. Fairy tales were no longer read, and he would presume to suggest that Mr. Gilmore should devote himself to the muses—as a poet he must succeed."

"Soft spoken hypocrite!" exclaimed Edward, when he had read through this note. "There is sarcasm in every line—but he shall repent this insult!" And in a paroxysm of anger and disappointment he flung the beautiful creation of so many days into the blazing grate. Madeline rescued it unseen before it was quite destroyed, but dared not name it to the outraged Gilmore, while with woman's ready tact she hastened to soothe his wounded feelings.

It was late ere the disappointed couple sought their night's repose, but before they did so Madeline led her husband to the cradle of their babe, and the quiet sleep of infancy, as he gazed upon its innocent face, went far to tranquilize his agitation. But a deep gloom fell upon his spirit—and from this moment Madeline's whole efforts were directed to arouse the disappointed man from the despondency into which he sunk. Alas! this is one of the rapid changes which sometimes mark the monitor of genius. Day after day—week after week with untiring patience did she pursue the painful task—vain were all her efforts. The sun of hope which for a short time had beamed too brightly upon Gilmore's life had now gone out from his horizon, and left a midnight darkness over all his sky. And ere long ill health was added to the catalogue of the author's evils—wasted energies, ruined hopes, broken health! Alas! poor Madeline—to sit and watch the gradual decay of so much loveliness. But she was a woman and a wife, and bore the struggles firmly and in secret. Her parents were now dead, and Madeline was glad that they knew not her trials. From every one did she hide the fears which were preying upon her own heart, yet hour by hour they grew stronger, until she could no longer deceive herself. Her calamity was complete. The gifted, the enthusiastic, the dreaming Edward Gilmore had become an *imbecile*! Genius had sunk into that most appalling stage of insanity when hope leaves the bosom of the spectator, and his heart acknowledges instinctively the power of the Almighty. God had smitten him. The high aspirations, the noble impulses, the brilliant fancies and the powerful intellect had been taken away, and the passive and still perfect machine which had enshrined them remained to be watched over by the eye of affection and wondered at by that of curiosity. "Is it," asked Madeline of her own heart, "that

he allowed the fine capacities which God had given him to remain so long unemployed, or is it in judgment upon me for having so idolized those noble gifts that they have been withdrawn?" But who dare scrutinize the will of Omnipotence? The wife felt that she must submit, and bowed her head meekly to the chastisement. Suspense was over, and Madeline nerved herself to the performance of the duties that were before her. Calmly, patiently, silently she drank of the cup which fate had bestowed upon her, and mingled with its bitterness she found one drop of sweet which was gradually giving its flavor to the draught.

Her daughter was a fine, healthy child, full of beauty and intelligence, and daily would she dress her and seat her upon a table by her husband's chair, and with a mournful pleasure watch the vacant smile overspread his face, while he mechanically raised his long, pale fingers to her sunny curls, and sought to hang fantastic wreaths amid that beautiful hair. Flowers, ribbons, feathers, and all bright colors served to interest alike the intelligent child and imbecile father—and while thus they were amused poor Madeline would ply her rapid needle for their daily wants. Time passed over, and it was curious to observe how the child increased in judgment, while the father remained in a state of complete fatuity—and Madeline would steal an hour or two from her daily toils to educate the girl. Need it be said that that education had far more of the *useful* than the *ornamental* in its character? She had prayed that her child might not be a genius, and she had striven to make her a good and useful member of society; employing all the energies and faculties she possessed for the benefit of herself and others, and He who bestowed the gifts had blessed their judicious cultivation, and soon rendered her a consolation and a joy to her mother. Years had rolled over, and Madeline was calm if not happy.

The hopes of her youth had been rudely blighted, and her heart had known sorrow—but religion had supported her under every trial, and sustained her in the faithful performance of every duty. How truly did she realize that beautiful stanzas of an unknown poet—

"Oh! when the heart is sad and lone,
And wearily the spirit droops,
And blessings perish one by one,
As pass away our youthful hopes;
Where shall the drooping spirit turn
But to that page of sacred Truth,
Where wisdom may true knowledge learn,
And age know brighter hopes than youth."

Madeline had early learned to repose her trust on Him who has promised never to desert those who look to Him for aid. And when at length she saw her imbecile husband sink into the

slumber of death, she mourned him as a loss, but felt that he might perhaps recover in another world the brightness he had lost in this, and this hope consoled her for the absence of one she had been so long accustomed to tend upon as a child.

But the child Sappho was now indeed a blessing. With much of her father's original brightness of character, her mother's judicious direction of her talents had rendered her a lovely and useful woman, and the little beauty with the heathen name soon grew into an energetic Christian. It is true she would sometimes write with a fancy and feeling almost equal to her father's, but she would in the next moment occupy herself in some plain household duty acquired from her mother's example. And when not many years had shed their light upon her head Madeline bestowed her upon one whom she thought a fit protector for her through life's thorny way, and said to him, "she is not a genius, but she is a useful and a Christian woman."

THE MAY QUEEN.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

Now the merry May hath come,
Bringing with it blooming flowers;
Now have past the winds of March;
Now have past the April showers;
Softly wave the verdant trees,
Flinging shadows o'er the river;
While beneath, from sun to shade,
In the breeze the ripples quiver;
Birds are flocking in the fields,
Birds upon the spray are singing;
And the lilac, blushing red,
Forth its fragrant balm is flinging.
Now the merry month hath come,
In the woods are children Maying!
Some are dancing on the sward;
Some beside the streamlet straying;
Some, as light as young chamois,
Down the breezy knoll are bounding;
Some are weaving chaplets fair—
Hear their silver laughter sounding!
Fast they twine the od'rous wreaths,
Nimble ply their fairy fingers,
Looking oft toward her home,
Where the Queen of May yet lingers.
Through the garden now she comes,
By her chosen maids attended;
In her cheek the rose and snow
Like the sunset hues are blended;
There is magic in her eye,
With its sly and merry glances;
There is music in her step—
See her, far ahead she dances!
Now they lead her to the throne,
Scatt'ring wreaths in rosy showers—
Ever thus, sweet Queen of May,
Be thy pathway strewn with flowers!

THE CITY BELLE;

OR, SIX MONTHS IN THE COUNTRY.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

"My sweet Louisa, the doctor has informed your pa that he can prescribe nothing farther for you, except a six months residence in the country, which, with proper care, he says, may greatly alleviate your symptoms. We have consulted on the subject, and I have concluded to write to a relation of ours in Lebanon county, to know if she can accommodate and nurse you. Your pa and I cannot possibly leave the city at present, but Sarah shall accompany you, and she is careful and affectionate."

"Oh! ma, how can I live six months in the country—away from fashion, society, and all the elegancies of life? And with no other companions than the rude, ignorant country girls? Dear ma, I cannot think of it. I had rather stay and die here."

This conversation took place between Mrs. Henshaw and her invalid daughter, in one of the most elegantly furnished parlors in Philadelphia. Mrs. Henshaw was a leader of the fashionable circle, and her only child Louisa had been a belle from girlhood. But a depression of spirits and bodily languor had for some time lain heavily over her, and her health had begun rapidly to decline. Perhaps she could have explained the cause of her illness, but she did not attempt it, and her affectionate mother determined to lay upon her country relatives the burden of which she was so heartily weary. It was to her own brother she had resolved to confide her child. He was a wealthy farmer, living on the very lands on which she passed her youth. Having been adopted by a wealthy childless aunt, she had married the rich and elegant Mr. Henshaw, and had utterly forgotten the home and the friends of her childhood, until it became necessary to take Louisa to the country, and then the utter impossibility of leaving the city herself awakened in her memory the idea of a brother that was once dear to her. But she spoke of him then only as a relation, trusting that her daughter's pride would justify her caution. Louisa wept bitterly at the thought of leaving her parents, the city, and her acquaintances; but Mrs. Henshaw hastened the preparations, and the invalid lady with her maid were sent away, with an earnest charge to avoid damp air and damp feet, and write if she should grow worse.

It was the latter part of March when they set out, but the day was exceedingly fine. Louisa wept until the carriage was some miles from the city, and the sun high in the clear heaven.

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Then she uncovered her face and looked out the carriage window with a determination to see some hateful, or at least unpleasant object. But her eyes fell on neat, white dwellings and fair fields, with a soft shade of green on every swell, relieving the brown ground-work, and orchard trees standing in sightly rows, while the light winged songsters were flashing to and fro, and filling the air with their sweet chirping melody. "How beautiful!" she cried involuntarily. She was already in love with the country.

Mrs. Henshaw received several brief letters, stating that Louisa was contented, and that her health was improving.

"I wonder she can be contented," Mrs. Henshaw would exclaim—"a girl like Louisa, so genteel, so highly accomplished, so very delicate and sensitive, to be contented amongst such ignorant, unpolished people! I suppose, however, she is amused at the wonder and admiration of the country beaux and belles, and enjoys a sort of queenly triumph amongst them. How must her fine figure, magnificent costume, and refined language and manners contrast with the coarseness of the young creatures around her. I should like to see her in the rustic church, shining amongst them like a dew spangled rose in a field of daisies. I wonder how she gets along with the young Greys. I warrant she keeps them all at her feet, for she is a queenly girl. I should be amused to see their awkward attempts at imitating her dress, speech and manners.

Toward the last of September Mrs. Henshaw was surprised at the receipt of a large sheet of foolscap in the form of a letter from her daughter. She was just dressing for a sailing party, so she laid it aside until the next morning, when with sundry exclamations of wonder she broke the seal. But how did her wonder increase as she read.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—

I have provided myself with this mammoth sheet for the purpose, and with the intention of writing you a history of my six months in the country.

"We shall find some amusement in this letter," said Mrs. Henshaw to her listening husband. "Louisa is disposed to be facetious, I see, by her commencing with father and mother."

It was Saturday evening when I arrived at Mr. Grey's, and as you will remember a cold rain had succeeded the fine weather. I felt chilled and miserable, and the snug old farmhouse presented a most comfortable appearance. As the coach drew up the house door opened, and a pleasant looking, portly gentleman came out, saying to some persons within, "no, no, I can bring her in my arms if necessary." He

looked rather surprised as I sprang from the vehicle; he, however, conducted me very courteously into the parlor. But at the door I paused. It was a large apartment, destitute of centre-table, piano, or lounge, but there was a bright wood fire burning on the hearth, and the room contained everything necessary to comfort, and some superfluities; for before the fire stood a velvet cushioned easy chair and footstool, and my good aunt Grey with a large snowy pillow in her hands was waiting to accommodate her invalid niece. She looked curiously at me; I blushed for shame while my heart overflowed toward them for their kindness. And then the grotesqueness of my own position presented itself, and while I pressed a hand of each I burst into a hearty fit of laughing, in which my uncle joined merrily. "Girls!" he cried as soon as he could speak—"come, your cousin needs no possets or weak soups; come, and shake hands with her." The three girls entered, and while they made their compliments he went on, "away with the big chair; all Louisa wants is employment, air, and exercise. In six weeks she will be able to run a race with the fleetest beau in the township." He then sat down beside me and enquired for you both with great kindness and solicitude, until we were summoned to tea. During the evening I had leisure to observe my cousins. They are named Mary, Ellen, and Lucy. I was struck with their beauty and the propriety of everything around them. I assure you, mother, they were perfectly elegant in their home-made dresses, with white capes and aprons. When we retired for the night I found we were all to sleep in a large chamber, with a good fire in the small fire-place, and two large beds standing in opposite corners, with wash-stands, and all the etceteras. Mary, the eldest, sat down by the table and opening a large bible began to read. I followed the example of Ellen and Lucy, and sat down and listened devoutly. When the chapter was read she said, "let us pray," and we knelt while she read devoutly some beautiful evening prayers. I never laid down so happy in my life before. In the morning we arose before the sun, and when we came down we found aunt busy about the breakfast: and the girls got the white pails to go and milk. I would go with them, and though I was very much afraid of the cows, I went into the yard, and soon grew so bold as to put my hand on one that Lucy was milking, and finally resolved to learn to do as they did. I was very awkward and we all laughed heartily, but they said I would soon learn. And then the funny little calves with their innocent faces and merry gambols—oh! how I did love them. After an excellent breakfast we dressed for church. Neither of my cousins were

any way inferior in appearance to your elegant Louisa. The congregation at the church was highly respectable in appearance, serious and devout in their demeanor, and attentive to the services. Through the week as I observed the cheerful activity of my uncle and his family, saw the girls sweeping, scouring, scrubbing, churning, baking, cooking, spinning, sewing, knitting; embroidering, sketching, painting, and withal finding time to read and write, I grew very much ashamed of my own ignorance and helplessness, and resolved to make myself mistress of all these useful accomplishments. They were all busy the whole day, and seemed to take pleasure in their occupations. Oh! if you could see their happy faces as they sit at work in the evening while uncle reads aloud: and then if you could listen to our evening hymns. Such singing I never heard, so sweet, so clear, and so natural! I declare I forgot my ill health before I had been here two days. There is such pleasure in gardening. When the girls commenced I put on laced boots as they did, and went to work digging beds, transplanting flowers, sowing seeds and training shrubs. We do not fear the dew or run for a slight shower. Such a garden as we had; such variety and abundance of flowers and vegetables, such luxuries in form of peas, beans, and sallads. I flatter myself I am now quite a gardener, though at first I did not know a plant from a weed. I have also learned to make cheese. Not merely to see it done, but to perform the whole process myself. I have become proof against "damp air and damp feet." You should see us gathering strawberries in the meadow while the grass is wet with dew, or raking hay at the approach of a thunder cloud until the big drops begin to fall, and then running to the house laughing amid the bright shower. Oh! there is no life like a country life—no pleasures like the free exercise and pleasant labor of a farmer's family. I often smile as I recall my impressions of country life and country people before I came here. I had been taught to sum up in these words all that is degrading, ignorant and vulgar. I find here on the contrary all that is ennobling, truly great and excellent. What a poor, worthless imbecile I was when I left home. Only fit to be waited on, dressed at enormous expense, and admired for a season! Now I can not only superintend housekeeping, but I can bake good bread and cakes and pies, cook meats in the most excellent manner, make butter and cheese, and spin flax and wool. These are such accomplishments as grace a woman. Call country people ignorant! Why there is not a farmer's child of ten years old that might not pity the deplorable ignorance of a city belle. Nor are the minds of

country people inferior in any respect, and most of them are well cultivated. Do you remember those lovely poems which we so much admired in Peterson's Magazine? and how we wondered who the fair author who signed herself Ellen, might be? Well, it is my very little country cousin here. Does not this settle the point as to intellect? And then you know that most of our great men were farmers or farmer's sons, brought up to work until they were sent to college. Apropos. Do you remember the enthusiastic praise with which the reverend professor Dr. D—— spoke of a young Mr. Grey, a student in the seminary. Well, that Mr. Grey was your brother's son. I wonder you did not enquire him out, and invite him to our house. He came home just in the merry time of harvest. He is handsome, genteel and highly educated; how did he surpass any gentleman of my former acquaintance; and particularly that mincing, delicate Mr. Lassons, of whom I once fancied myself desperately enamored, and to whom was owing in part my *terrible illness*. In part I say, for idleness of mind and body had a good share in producing it. I could have knelt down to him the first evening of our acquaintance, and when the next morning he put on a linen frock and large straw hat, and took down his sickle, I thought him, if possible, more captivating than before. What comes next? Why he says he will be a farmer, an independent, happy farmer: and, dear parents, with your consent your daughter Louisa will be mistress of his farm, his house and heart. Do not get angry, dear mother, but come you and father and see how happy we all are here, and how good. I know you will approve my choice and bless your affectionate daughter.

LOUISA M. HENSHAW.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Henshaw, "I agree with you, wife; there is amusement in that letter. I always told you you would get your reward for cutting your good brother so unmercifully. Your cherished, only daughter, who was to marry a titled foreigner, at least, will now become the younger Mrs. Grey, a farmer's wife."

"She shall not! indeed she shall not!" cried Mrs. Henshaw. "It would kill me outright," and she wept miserably.

"But," persisted Mr. Henshaw, "Louisa will do as she pleases. She is her own mistress and our only child. And I doubt not will be a much happier, useful and respectable woman with your nephew Grey, than as the wife of the first lord in England. We will go and see them married."

"We will go and take our poor deluded child home," sobbed the lady.

"But you know," said the teasing gentleman, "the doctor ordered her to stay in the country six

months. You surely would not defy the doctor? Louisa would certainly die if we should take her away before the six months have expired."

Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw left town the next day, and after a pleasant journey came in sight of the venerable mansion with its sheltering elms, noble orchards and extensive fields, in which the lady was born, and where she sported away her childhood; but which she had not seen before since she was in her fourteenth year. Now, as she looked upon it, many a tender memory arose from every pleasant spot, and she wept for very tenderness and fond regret. Passing the orchard they saw a group of lovely girls chatting and laughing as they gathered the large, fair apples into baskets, which a noble looking young man carried and emptied into a wagon for use.

"There is our daughter and son-in-law," said Mr. Henshaw with assumed gravity.

"God bless them!" cried Mrs. Henshaw with energy. "I have been a fool, and now I feel that sixty years of artificial life in a city were well exchanged with all its pride and circumstance, for the true happiness which that dear girl has enjoyed during her six months in the country."

THE LILY AND MAIDEN

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

THE lily grew in the woodland shade
Where a bold knight wooed a lowly maid;
"In that snowy flower," he said, "I see
A sign of thy faith and purity.
When the wars are o'er I shall come again,
Like it unchanged and true remain."
"Oh! fear me not," the maid replied,
"But meet me here by the wildwood side."

Three times the lily bloomed and bore;
The wars were past, but he came no more.
The summer fled; and wild and fast
Thro' the bleak wood roared the autumn blast.
Yet daily went the love-lorn maid
To the trysting spot in the forest shade.
When the winter came, the knight had wed,
But the maid and lily lay withered and dead.

A CHARACTER.

BY MRS. L. G. BARBER.

A CHILD, she was all charity,
Yet gentler grew with years;
And when naught else she had to give,
She freely gave her tears.

She talked of heaven, and bade them live
To win it by their love:
And now, though dead, her memory,
Star-like, guides souls above.

OUR FEMALE POETS No. II.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

This delightful poet is a native of St. Michael's, Maryland, at which place she was born in 1821. From her earliest childhood she evinced the sensibility which is the characteristic of her writings, and in which, perhaps, she surpasses most, if not all of her sister authors. While yet young she removed with her parents to the west, and soon began to evince a decided genius for verse. Her contributions to the Louisville Journal attracted the notice of the public on account of their sweetness, melody and luxuriant fancy. The Southern Literary Messenger was also favored with her poems. She wrote under the signature of "Amelia," and so extensively were her articles copied, and so well did they embody the feelings of a sensitive woman's heart, that the title she had thus chosen for herself soon became a household word from Maine to Mississippi. For a long time the real name of the author was unknown except to a few personal friends and others in the west. She only threw off her disguise when her fame was established. She still, however, when she contributes to the Louisville Journal, uses her old signature: and to that paper she continues to furnish her choicest poems.

It has been said that the mental character of a poet can be discovered in his verse, and the remark is true, especially where the writer is a woman. No one can peruse the poems of Mrs. Welby without feeling that the author is possessed of a warm and generous heart, that she is full of all noble impulses, and that though alive to the sympathies of earth, she has aspirations for a more congenial state of being. It has also been remarked that no woman can write poetry well until her heart has seen much sorrow, until she has drank, and drank deeply, of the bitter waters of Marah; and we are pointed, in proof of the assertion, to the melancholy examples of Mrs. Hemans and Norton, who rose from amid the ruin of their household altars to find, in tearful numbers, consolation for a broken heart. But it is a mistake. How dreadful would be the truth that the genius of woman could have no existence until her affections were slighted and her earthly hopes destroyed! The error has arisen from a forgetfulness of the happiness of the many in absorbing pity for the sorrows of the few. Our own country is full of bright examples of women who, in the midst of as much happiness as it is possible to attain here below, have won for themselves enduring fame as poets. Mrs. Welby is one of the most prominent of these. There are others we might name, who crowd on our memory, all lovely, as sister stars in heaven.

Those who know the subject of our remarks speak of her as equalling, in all respects, the expectations formed of her from her writings. In the grace of her conversation is reflected the delicacy of her poems. Her accomplishments are many and various. A true woman—discharging all her duties—the centre of an admiring circle—rather retiring from than seeking the public eye—her character is painted, by all her acquaintance, with pencils dipped in glowing colors. Her maiden name was Coppuck. She was married, at the early age of seventeen, to her present husband.

There is a richness and luxuriance of imagery about the poems of Mrs. Welby, combined with a delicacy of the most refined character, which remind us of the gorgeous paintings of a Titian. Her fancy seems to be overladen with its rich treasures, and she pours them forth accordingly with wanton prodigality. In some cases, there is no doubt her poems would be improved by judicious pruning; but usually this fulness of her imagination has the effect of a warm, sunny glow thrown over a landscape, bathing everything in rosy hues. Her writings are crowded with passages we might quote to elucidate this remark. Here are a few.

"When shines the star, by thee loved best,
• Upon these soft, delicious eyes,
*Lighting the ring-dove to her nest,
Where trembling stir the darling leaves;*
When flings the wave its crest of foam
Above the shadowy-mantled seas,
A softness o'er my heart doth come
Linking thy memory with these—"

"Even now thy dear remembered eyes,
Filled up with floods of radiant light,
Seem bending from the twilight skies,
Out-shining all the stars of night;
And thy young face, divinely fair,
Like a bright cloud seems melting through,
While low, sweet whispers fill the air,
Making my own lips whisper too;
*For never does the soft, south wind
Steal o'er the hushed and lonely sea,
But it awakens in my mind
A thousand memories of thee."*

"Till thou wert called in thy young years
To wander o'er that shoreless sea,
Where, *like a mist, Time disappears,
Melting into Eternity."*

"I'm thinking of some sunny hours
That *shone out goldenly in June,*
When birds were singing 'mong the flowers
With wild sweet voices all in tune;
When o'er thy locks of palmy gold
Flowed thy transparent veil away,
Till 'neath each snow-white, trembling fold
The Eden of thy bosom lay;
And sheltered 'neath its dark-fringed lid,
Till raised from thence in girlish glee,
How modestly thy glance lay hid
From the fond glances bent on thee!

There are some hours that pass so soon,
Our spell-touched hearts scarce know they end:
And so it was with that sweet June,
Ere thou wert lost, my gentle friend!

Oh! how I'll watch each hour that closes
Thro' Autumn's soft and breezy reign,
Till summer blooms restore the roses,
And merry June shall come again!
But ah! while float its sunny hours
O'er fragrant shore and trembling sea,
Missing thy face among the flowers,
How my full heart will mourn for thee!"

We know of nothing approaching to this except in Lalla Rookh. The descriptions are dashed off with a glowing pencil, but with great exactness. Nothing indeed can be more graphic than the "darkling leaves," "tremblingly stirring" in the night breeze, or than "the sound of the soft, south wind," "stealing o'er the hushed and lonely sea" at twilight, when earth and sky seem melting into one, and the shadowy obscurity fills the mind with vague emotions of solitude. And what can be more delicately touched than the picture of the young girl, with her snow-white veil trembling over her bosom, and her modest eyes bent downward and hid beneath the drooping lashes? Here, in a different measure, is a poem almost, if not quite as good as the preceding. It is entitled "The Rainbow."

"I sometimes have thoughts in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up on the sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold;
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost parts of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it fell,
While its light sparkling waves stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore,

No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air,
If I looked on the ocean the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a circle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul—
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unfold,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It felt my full soul like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;

I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
Yet, oh! when death's shadows my bosom uncloud,
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold,
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold."

Rich and gorgeous, however, as her poetry usually is, she has written some things in a simpler and more subdued strain. Many would think the following, which reminds us in passages of the ease and finish of Pinckney, superior to her more ornate productions. We should, perhaps, be of that opinion ourselves, if the whole poem possessed equal merit throughout; but while in some verses the poetic spirit is kept up, in others it flags. She is describing a young girl, who

"is all simplicity,
A creature soft and mild—
Though on the eve of womanhood,
In heart a very child."

A fair being of seventeen, who, though flattered, remains unaffected by it. To use the beautiful language of the poet,

"She dwells among us like a star,
That from its bower of bliss
Looks down, yet gathers not a stain
From aught it sees in this."

Her child-like nature, however, is that only which common observers notice. Others see deeper things in her.

"And yet, within the misty depths
Of her dark dreaming eyes,
A shadowy something, like deep thought,
In tender sadness lies:
For tho' her glance still shines as bright
As in her childish years,
Its wildness and its lustre now
Are softened down by tears—
Tears that steal not from hidden springs
Of sorrow and regret,
For none but lovely feelings
In her gentle breast have met;
For every tear that gems her eye
From her young bosom flows,
Like dew-drops from a golden-star,
Or sweetness from a rose.

For e'en in life's delicious spring,
We oft have memories
That throw around our sunny hearts
A transient cloud of sighs;
For a wondrous change within the heart
At that sweet time is wrought,
When on the heart is softly laid
A spell of deeper thought.

And she has reached that lovely time,
The sweet poetic age,
When to the eye each floweret's leaf
Seems like a glowing page;
For a beauty and a mystery
About the heart is thrown,
When childhood's merry laughter yields
To girlhood's softer tone."

We have still another poem, which has been selected from Mrs. Welby's fugitive pieces to quote before we close. It is in a different vein from either of the others, but bears marks of the

same genius. There is an exquisite delicacy about many passages of this poem which makes it a peculiar favorite with us. No one but a close observer, an accurate delineator, and a woman, herself a wife and parent, could have written this poem. It is "on seeing an infant sleeping on its mother's bosom."

"It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing,
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing
Where every tint of rainbow-beauty blends;
It had soft violet eyes, that, 'neath each lid
Half closed upon them, like bright waters shone,
While its small dimpled hands were slyly hid
In the warm bosom that it nestled on.

There was a beam in that young mother's eye,
Lit by the feelings that she could not speak,
As from her lips a plaintive lullaby
Stirred the bright tresses on her infant's cheek,
While now and then with melting heart she prest
Soft kisses o'er its red and smiling lips—
Lips, sweet as rose-buds in fresh beauty dress'd
Ere the young murmuring bee their honey sips.

It was a fragrant eve; the sky was full
Of burning stars, that tremulously clear
Shone on those lovely ones, while the low lull
Of falling waters fell upon the ear;
And the new moon, like a pure shell of pearl
Encircled by the blue waves of the deep,
Lay 'mid the fleecy clouds that love to curl
Around the stars when they their vigils keep.

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
That youthful mother as she soothed to rest
With a low song her loved and cherished one—
The bud of promise on her gentle breast;
For 'tis a sight that angel ones above
May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of bliss,
When Innocence upon the breast of Love
Is cradled, in a sinful world like this."

There is no sister poet in America with whom Mrs. Welby can be compared, her style being so essentially different from that of any of her contemporaries. Such of her writings as have found their way to England have been highly commended there. In many points she has no superior of her sex, either abroad or at home. The great west to which she rightly belongs, notwithstanding the accident of her birth in Maryland, has reason to be proud of her; and can boast, whatever may be said, that she is entitled to take rank, side by side, with the highest of her sister poets, east of the mountains. We know no one whose writings have been more widely circulated, or who has been less indebted to adventitious circumstances for success. No clique forestalled the opinion of the public by laudatory notices in advance of her poems; but unknown and unassisted, trusting solely to her own prodigal genius and depending on the justice of her readers, she came before the world. Nor does she appear to attach any very high importance to her writings, leaving them, like Shakspeare, to be cared for by others. This indifference, however, is one of the surest proofs of a well-balanced mind and of that modesty

which is so lovely in woman. Mrs. Welby need not fear but that justice will be done to her. A valuable composition, be it in verse or prose, the world will not willingly let die.

In proof of this, we may notice the fact that her poems are now being published in Boston, by one of the first houses of the country. * * *

THE WORLD WEARIED.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I DO not like this festive scene,
Tho' splendor glows upon my sight.
It speaks of grandeur, pomp and wealth,
And yet it seems too falsely bright;
I own that all around is fair,
But careless voices meet mine ear,
These costly robes hide aching hearts,
And true contentment dwells not here.

Then take me to my father's home
When seated by its cheerful hearth,
Perchance I may in time forget
The world's cold smile, its blighting mirth
Amid the kind and happy hearts.
'That gentle peace of mind endears,
Less darkly will those shadows fall
That dim the light of happier years.

But do not ask my longer stay,
These glittering baubles charm no more.
I trusted once earth's fading joys,
Now trust within my soul is o'er,
The bitter lessons I am taught
Amid this world so dear to you,
Have robbed me of the faith I held
In those who once seemed good and true.

Why urge me forth to crowded halls,
I only sigh for perfect rest,
To feel that home's loved ties are mine,
And tranquil thoughts within my breast,
There humble duties, quiet bliss,
And joys of mind make life divine,
The restless cares I shrink from here
Can harm me not in that dear shrine.

And think not that I carry back
A heart that only grief can move,
No, I will hide each altered thought
Beneath the gaze of those I love,
I would not blend with their glad tones
A voice that whispered of regret;
Or meet their glances of delight
Mine eyes with tears of sorrow wet.

Still soft affections ceaseless care
The source of silent grief must prove,
Unkindness I could firmly bear,
But not their tender words of love;
Yet God will hear my earnest prayer
Who ask aright, nor ask in vain,
And in my father's pleasant home
Sweet happiness is mine again.

THE BROTHERS.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY MISS M. MILES.

"THEY will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still." SHAKESPEARE.

It was a well stored library. Busts, pictures, two small, but exquisite statues, one of Diana and the other of Apollo, were within, besides many old and ponderous tomes of classic lore, intermixed with the lighter literature of the day. The sunlight was streaming through the stained and gothic window, lighting up the room with its stately and unique furniture, which bore the witness of wealth and aristocracy. Within were sitting two youths, who scarce had numbered, from their appearance, one and twenty summers. One was beautiful, very beautiful, with his white and lofty brow, his golden curls and stately and proud bearing, his smile like sunshine and flashing eye that the gazer would turn away from with a prayer that heaven would shield him from the ills that fatal gift might bring him.

The other could not boast of *beauty*, but there was an expression of thoughtfulness and feeling in his large, dark eyes, of intellect upon his noble brow, and a smile mournful, though sweet, upon the full lip, that insensibly drew the heart toward him: although the eye might rest more admiringly upon the face of his brother. They were sitting in silence there amidst the loveliness of all that art and wealth could gather around them, and a deep, heavy frown was darkening the white and open forehead of Walter Rothseaton, whilst his brother's beautiful face was evidently convulsed with passion. Many bitter words had passed between them until Walter sprang to his feet, exclaiming,

"Edward! I may not, I will not listen to such words from your lips. Would you have me by one single word give your name to the world, young as you are, loaded with obloquy? Is it not enough that I have seen you caressed, worshipped, the idol at the household hearth, pampered in every wish, courted by the very menials who eat the crumbs from our table. Aye, loved with such a *deep, intense* love that it mingled with fear of losing its object, whilst the father has turned away from me, and the mother's eye dwelt coldly upon her own child? Have I not warned you, entreated, and when I could not save, screened you from just anger? Have I not lived so straitened and mean that I have been called *miser* by my associates, in order to pay for *you* those who were suffering from your neglect, and to keep you from the disgrace that too surely

awaited you? Shame on your dastardly spirit! that now speaks out in every word because I will not wrong my noble friend by giving you the funds with which he entrusted me when on the eve of departure—funds for his widowed mother. Shame on you, Edward Rothseaton? Your transcendent beauty veils a cold and cruel heart. I have borne too long, and now will shield you no longer from your just reward. Go to your wild and reckless associates: drain the red wine cup, and keep your orgies in the gambling-houses from which I have warned you. Sooner or later disgrace will come and fall heavily upon our house—sooner or later they will find that I the neglected, the unloved, was more true than their idol," and his dark eye flashed as he drew his proud form to its full height.

Edward Rothseaton also rose, but breathed not one word as his brother in just anger spoke so bitterly, but ere Walter ceased, his whole countenance was distorted by the evil passions that were raging within his breast, until its beauty was so marred that one could almost shudder. Pale, livid with rage, he drew near, and his words came forth with a hissing sound from between his clenched teeth.

"Walter Rothseaton! you know *me* well, and that I brook not your taunting words. Give me the gold, I dare not ask my father for more money—and I will have this or my influence is so used that another sun sees you an alien from home and friends. You have trod upon the serpent but to feel his deadly sting. Will you give me the gold?" and he smiled almost fiendishly as he caught the distressed, almost convulsive look his brother cast upon him.

"No! I never will betray my trust, away, Edward," as the other grasped his arm, "I will not be thus held back."

"You shall never leave me until you give me the gold," shouted Edward. "Give it to me or I am ruined," and he fixed an almost Herculean grasp upon Walter. "Give me the gold!" and his eye glared fiercely.

"Never! never!" and with a strong arm he cast his brother off. Blinded with passion he staggered and fell heavily, his head struck the sharp edge of the antique table, and the blood gushed forth, staining his golden hair, and white and motionless face.

A sharp cry broke from Walter as he raised him up, and a deeper shadow fell upon his face as he lifted his head and saw his stern father, with eyes flashing with anger, standing over them. Lord Rothseaton caught the senseless form of his son in his arms, exclaiming in a voice hoarse with passion, as he pointed to the door.

"Away, fratricide, away, unnatural boy, to your own room, there to await my commands."

"Hear me, father! oh! hear me!" broke from Walter's quivering lip.

"Away," again rang sternly through the room, and Lord Rothseaton violently rung the bell. Walter gave but one look toward his unconscious brother, and then with a heart wrung with a sense of injustice, grief, and outraged affection, sought the solitude of his own chamber. The father bent over Edward, and his selfish grief broke forth in words until Edward sighed and opened his eyes.

"Bear him gently," said Lord Rothseaton to the servants who were assisting in laying the feeble, but conscious young man upon his bed, whilst his mother's clamorous grief was heard in the stately chamber. "There, now summon Dr. Cowyers quickly."

"One request, father," came forth in feeble tones from the pale lips of Edward, whilst his eye even then was glittering with rage.

"It shall be granted, were it to lop off my right hand," said his father, and bent toward him.

"*Revenge for this blow*, let Walter be a wanderer from his home."

"It shall be done," said Lord Rothseaton, "I cast him off, I disown him forever. Over the threshold of his father's halls his step never treads whilst I have life."

A smile like a gleam of radiance lighted up that pale but beautiful face as he murmured, "it is well," and who could have deemed that it was the smile of satisfied hate, when it looked so like the beam of mercy and forgiveness?

"Only stunned, my lord, my lady, this wound is not fatal, and bleeding so freely from the temple beneficial rather than dangerous. Only a little danger from loss of blood—I shall soon have him about again, I hope," exclaimed the kind-hearted Dr. Cowyers as he bustled about his patient. "No fear, no fear of any serious consequences, my lady, all will be well. Your accident, although I do not know yet how it occurred, will only render you more interesting to the pretty young ladies here."

"It was a blow from his brother's hand that caused it," said Lady Rothseaton, a weak-minded woman of fashion, who had no affection or natural feeling, excepting for her beautiful and idolized child. "Yes, Edward was thrown down by Walter in passion, and he shall bitterly rue the hour. We disown him forever."

"Walter strike him in a moment of passion!" exclaimed the old doctor, who had known the two brothers from their childhood. "I cannot believe it. Oh! think well ere you cast from you one so noble and affectionate."

"*I have thought*," said Lord Rothseaton, laying an emphasis upon the word, "and Walter Rothseaton is no longer a son of mine."

The good old doctor well knowing that remonstrance would be of no avail with one of Lord Rothseaton's determined character, only shrugged up his shoulders, and bowing coldly, withdrew from the room. He had studied both their characters, and had read rightly the springs of action in each. He had seen the neglect with which Walter had been always treated, and the consummate art with which Edward wound himself around all hearts, aided by his surpassing beauty. Often, even in his early childhood, had Walter, stung to the soul by unmerited punishment or rebuke undeserved, rushed from the old castle, and taking refuge in his more humble mansion, poured out all his sorrows to his sympathizing listeners. He had seen that Edward had been petted in the lap of luxury until his overbearing spirit could only vent itself upon one who was ever ready to serve him, and the old gentleman felt that some mighty wrong must have roused Walter to such an act of passion.

It was late that evening when Walter was summoned to his father's library. His own resolve was taken, and it was with a firm step and composed countenance that he appeared before his stern parent. Lord Rothseaton did not even bid him be seated, but pointing to some papers open upon the table, said,

"Walter Rothseaton, with the morrow's dawn you leave this house forever. Your unnatural and unworthy conduct has made you an alien from home and friends. There are the title-deeds of the estate left you by your uncle. That will place you above the necessity of exertion, and by right they are yours, I would not wrong you of one cent, for you dearly love the lucre," and there was a sneer on his lip. "Now let me never see you more, and be thankful that your brother's death is not upon your conscience. This much more, I shall get you a commission in the ——— regiment, so that we may not have your presence in England."

"Favors from you, sir, I accept not," was Walter's proud reply. "These deeds are my right, and I take them. Fear not that I shall intrude in these courtly halls or offend with my presence. I go forth with little to thank you, my natural guardian, for not even the small meed of affection. Yet once more would I see my mother and beg her blessing—it is a bitter thing for one to go forth thus unloved without it."

"Your mother cannot leave Edward, and she bid me say she wished not to see your face again, and now, farewell! I wish you well."

"Farewell! and be sure the hour of retribution

will come sooner or later," exclaimed Walter, bitterly. "I go forth, but the time will be when you will give worlds for such true affection as I have poured unrequited upon you."

Walter walked with a firm step from the room through the wide hall where one or two of the old servants were standing in sorrowful silence, for they loved him well, and shed tears as he bid them good bye. He called his own servant to him, gave him some directions, and then, as he held open the door, walked calmly down the marble steps and stood in the moonlight, gazing at the house to which he was no more to return. Pride, strong, overmastering pride, and the keen sense of injustice and bitter wrong sustained his spirit, and his bearing was as proud as if he were lord of all the rude domain. He trod the garden walks which had often resounded to his boyish mirth, and to the silvery laugh of the little sister, who was the only being who then really loved him, and whose voice was hushed in the grave, and seeking a small alcove, he threw himself on the ground and gave way to the overflowing anguish of his soul. A light step startled him, and springing up he saw before him one whom he deemed far away—his cousin, who lovely, and with her sweet face bathed in tears, stood in the moonlight.

"My poor Walter! I arrived this evening with papa, and have heard of all from old Janet. My heart recoils at this injustice. We will not remain. Papa is indignant, and he and Lord Rothseaton are in high dispute. They would not let you know we were here, but I watched my chance, and followed you to tell you how dearly papa and I love you; and to know where we can find you. You must go home with us—nay, no reply for my sake, for your own, for Lansing's, whose life you saved, and whom you love, you must go with us," and as she spoke the last name a blush mantled to her forehead.

How blessed were those few truthful words, and how healingly they fell upon Walter's spirit.

"I am going to Dr. Cowyers to-night, dear Ellen, he is my old, tried friend. Come to me there, to-morrow, for I shall leave England never to return as soon as I arrange my business. I bless you, kind cousin, for all your love and sympathy. You have never wounded, and your sweetness and attention have often been interposed as the dove of peace when all has been desolation and storm; God will bless you, Ellen, you will make Lansing happy. Now leave me, and tell Sir Henry I would see him before I leave"—and he clasped his cousin's hand, and pressed a brother's kiss on the cheek of one who had ever been to him as a kind and dear sister.

"Come, come, Walter, cheer up, my dear

boy," said Dr. Cowyers, "you have still those who love you, though they may not be of your proud kindred: you have not tasted food for many hours, and your eye is too bright and your cheek too feverish. You must have a cup of this good tea, which my wife has had made for you, and then you shall go to your own chamber, where you so often have slept in your childhood."

Walter gratefully took the offered beverage from the hand of the good, old lady, who had been kinder than his own mother, and with a melancholy smile told them of his future plans.

"Sir Henry has influence, and I intend to try for a captain's commission in the —— regiment now destined for Spain. I must have action, and as Lansing Delvoir is major of it, I shall have friendship at least to soothe me—I am anxious to leave England immediately."

"You are right, my boy, win yourself a name. The war in Spain will give you laurels, yet, but Walter, I would cast from me the name of Rothseaton, and Sir Henry can easily procure permission for you to take that of the uncle whose estate you inherit. 'The name of Creighton is quite as much honored.'"

The morrow came, and after a long conference with his uncle, Sir Henry Glentworth, Walter was persuaded by Ellen to go to London with them until he could leave England, which they all thought, under existing circumstances best, as he would escape coming in contact with his unnatural relations. Sir Henry and Lord Rothseaton had come to an open feud: and the former had avowed his intention of seeking his nephew and offering him a home—for the dissipation and evil courses of Edward were well known to him, although his blinded parents could not see that their idol could become the slave of sin. He and Ellen had refused to partake of the hospitality at the castle, and, when Walter was established an honored and welcome guest beneath his own roof, he said,

"Now, Walter, I will be a father to you, and Ellen a kind sister, in place of these who have heaped such bitter wrong upon your young life. Banish the sorrow from your heart and hold the fairy's faith

'That each cloud of life has a shining fold.'"

—
Night upon the waters, and the proud ship sped onward like a white winged bird. The fair stars came out one by one, pale watchers to keep their vigils over those who were slumbering within that frail bark, many of whom were to lay their bones in a foreign land. No sound broke the deep stillness, save the measured tread of the officer upon duty, and now and then the loud and promptly obeyed command. A young officer

was leaning over the ship's side, and gazing gloomily into the waters below. He had been but a short time among them, and yet the most thoughtless at the mess-table checked their light hearted mirth as they saw the pale, sad face of Captain Creighton. He was courteous to all, but none ever saw a smile upon the handsome lip that was compressed as if to keep the bitter thoughts from finding vent in words. None ever saw a glance of gladness in the large melancholy black eyes. All felt that there was some grief resting upon the noble spirit of one who was respected and loved, and they gave him a soldier's kindly sympathy by abstaining from the jest and laugh in his presence.

"Do you believe in the shadow of the evil eye, Jack?" asked one of the sailors of his mess-mate, as he cast his eye toward Captain Creighton, "my old mother said its marks were known."

"Avast there, shipmate. The evil eye has not been on you, youngster; sorrow be upon the souls of them who have cast that black shade upon a face that never frowned upon the poor and needy: his own servant has told me all. Bad luck and a swift passage to Davy's Locker to those who have wronged him."

Several months had gone by, and Captain Creighton had earned some laurels in one or two slight skirmishes with the enemy, but now the battle of ——— was over, and he who under Lord ——— had distinguished himself by many deeds of daring bravery through that terrible day, lay wounded upon the plain, which was strewn with the dying and dead, whilst the sweet moonlight streamed down, and the sky of sunny Spain was as calm as if the cry for blood had not been heard in her fair land. The English soldiers were busy in removing the wounded, and the cry for water, the groans of the dying, and the rattling of arms alone broke the deep stillness of midnight.

"Walter, my dear fellow, thank heaven you are alive," exclaimed Major Delvoir, coming up with a detachment of his own regiment. "But wounded I see, I feared it when I saw your noble steed rush masterless by amid the din of fight. What your left arm broken too! This is bad, and that ugly wound in your side—you on the eve of fainting. I must stanch that bleeding," and Lansing Delvoir unwound his scarf from his waist and bound it tightly over the wound. Then calling two of the soldiers, he directed them to make a sort of litter upon which Walter Creighton was laid.

"Gently, my good fellows," said he, for Walter had relapsed into a torpor resembling faintness, "I see lights in yonder mansion, which is half hidden by the vines and trees. Bear him gently,

and we will make some of the haughty dons give up their comfortable retreats there."

Slowly and cautiously did the men proceed, headed by Lansing, until they stood at the threshold of the large mansion, which they found had already been singled out by their own troops. The door was open, and the soldiers bore their wounded officer directly into the wide hall that was filled already with the wounded. A side door opened, and Lansing almost startled as a beautiful girl came forth with one aged attendant. Her face was deadly pale, and she almost shrieked as the sight within her ancestral home burst upon her view.

Major Delvoir bowed low, and with the courtesy of a soldier apologized for his intrusion, although it was the dwelling of an enemy. He spoke in Spanish, and pointed to his friend. What was his surprise when the lady replied in good English, and cast a look of admiration and pity upon the noble, though pale features of Walter. There was no womanly shrinking from the exercise of compassion as she led the way to a comfortable bed-room, and after seeing him laid upon the bed, with her own hand administered a restoring cordial until the surgeon of the regiment could be summoned. Then telling old Margurite to remain and aid them in dressing his wounds, she left the room, pale but calm, to give orders for the comfort of those whom the fate of war had thrown upon her hands. Lansing gazed in admiration upon the beautiful girl thus strangely thrown in their way, and a few questions drew from the old woman that her name was Inez Montaro, that she was an orphan without near kindred, that her mother had been an English lady, and that it was only within a few weeks that she had taken possession of her estate upon her coming of age; and the encomiums that the old woman bestowed upon the Lady Inez's charity, sweetness, loveliness of character and mind, made Major Delvoir bless Providence for the mercy which had given Walter such a compassionate nurse.

Weeks, long weeks passed by, and Walter Creighton was still on a sick bed. The ball had been safely extracted from his side, but fever had ensued, and from a state of wild delirium he had fallen into a condition of dreamy unconsciousness that threatened more serious consequences, but his was not the lot

* * * "the soldier has to bear,
With none to soothe; and none to bless
His hour of sickly loneliness."

A fairy-like form was hovering around his pillow: a beautiful face was bent in kind solicitude above him, and woman's gentle hand held the healing draught to his parched lips.

The sunset was drawing to its close, and for a moment Inez Montaro left the sick room where, with old Margurite, she had kept through the long hours an untiring watch. She stepped lightly out upon the balcony from one of the wide windows, for she saw Major Delvoir, who still remained in the neighborhood, approaching. In a few moments he was by her side.

"Any change, my kind friend?" was his quick question, and, "alas! none!" the sorrowful reply. Lansing stood a moment in an abstracted manner, and then said, "I have had letters from England of a sad nature. Lady Rothseaton, my friend's mother, is dead, and from the letters which I receive from his uncle and cousin, I fear his brother is going fast to ruin. They say Lord Rothseaton's mind has become so much impaired that he is a complete tool in the hands of his son. Poor Walter! sometimes I think that it were better that his noble spirit was at rest."

A blush that vied in brightness with the sunset's lingering glow stained even the brow of the Spanish girl; and her dark eyes were veiled from view by the long lashes as she hastily said, "list! I hear Margurite calling," and with one light bound she sprang in at the window, and again stood beside the bed of the invalid. What had caused that crimson blush? that downcast eye? And Delvoir sighed as he feared that a deeper interest than compassion was stirring the heart's depths of the beautiful maiden. Walter muttered a few words, and then opening his eyes, gazed around with a look of returning consciousness. He smiled faintly as he saw Delvoir beside him, and then turned and looked wonderingly at the lovely girl, who hastily held a cordial to his lip.

"Her heart was in her large, sad eyes,
Half sunshine and half shade;
And love, as love first springs to life,
Of everything afraid."

And he almost deemed that some angel visitant was hovering around him.

"There, my dear Walter, the light has come back to your eye as of old, and with a little tender care we shall soon have you convalescent. I shall forbid all conversation now, and lest you should be tempted to ask if you are in an enchanted hall, bear off this fair lady, and leave you to the good offices of Margurite," and Major Delvoir drew Inez from the room.

In a few days Captain Creighton was able to leave his room, his wounds rapidly healed, and the color began to tinge his pale and sallow cheek. Gently had they broken to him the tidings of the state of affairs in England, and although he felt some natural regret for his mother's death, yet he could not feel that deep grief as if she had shewn toward him a mother's holy love. Sadly

did he ponder over the disgrace that must surely fall upon their proud name, and his recovery was somewhat retarded by the melancholy nature of his reflections. Inez was ever hovering near him with some kind and touching attention, and when she saw the cloud rest heavily upon his brow, would take her guitar, and casting herself upon a low cushion at his feet, sing the tender and mild lays of her own land, until music fell as a spell upon the troubled waters of his soul and calmed them.

It was evening, the guitar was thrown aside: the bright face of Inez bowed, and with one hand resting in that of Walter Creighton, she was listening to those deep and passionate words which fall so thrillingly upon the young heart when first heard from the lips of one loving and secretly beloved. He spoke much, and there was deep anxiety upon his lofty brow, whilst the quivering lips bespoke the strong emotion within. There was a beautiful smile upon the sweet face of Inez, although tears were in the large black eyes as she raised her head, and an expression of womanly devotion not to be mistaken shone in her countenance, but she did not speak. Walter drew her toward him

"I have told thee all, Inez, my beloved. You are an orphan with no near kindred ties, and I worse than one. Be mine, and I will watch over thee with untiring love, and be father, brother, husband unto thee," and as he caught the tremulous "I will, Walter," he drew her to his heart, and felt that there was a blessed and lovely flower to shed radiance and beauty around his path where all had been so drear.

There was light and mirth and revelry within the stately mansion of Lady Auley, for it was the bridal eve of her only daughter, a fair and delicate creature, who looked as if the winds of heaven had never visited her cheek save in balmy whispers. She was plighting her vows, and the words that bound her until death unto another were spoken. But who was he by her side? Edward Rothseaton! with a smile upon his lip, blandishment upon his tongue, and the tender tone of endearment toward that fair girl who had given into his keeping the wealth of her young affections. Lady Auley had not lived in the gay world, and devoting herself to the education of her only child, was totally unacquainted with the *on dits* of the day. Too pure minded and unsuspecting to think of deception: and won by the apparent frankness and assumed gentleness of Edward Rothseaton's character and manner, she gave her consent when he sought the hand of her sweet Rosa, well pleased with an alliance with

the house of Rothseaton, and glad that one so gifted was to be her son. Edward had wound himself around the heart of the artless creature, but he loved her not. Her ample dowry was what he grasped at in order to repair his shattered fortunes. He was incapable of loving aught so pure and good. And sooner would the mother had seen the green sod above her than to have given her happiness into his keeping had she known his utter worthlessness.

But one short month had elapsed, and the bride of Edward Rothseaton was sitting alone in her solitary drawing-room, although the pretty French clock upon the mantle-piece pointed to the hour of midnight. She had been weeping bitterly, and there was anguish depicted upon her pale face, as if years had gone over her head in that narrow space.

Bitter had been her experience in that short time, and she felt that a shadow had been cast over every hope of her young life—that her idol was debased and fallen. She started as a quick tread fell upon her ear, and almost screamed as the expression of her husband's face met her eye. He was deadly pale, and the beautiful lip was white with foam as he stood stern and terrible before her.

"Rosa! I am a ruined man—even the roof that covers us is no longer mine. The castle, this house, plate, furniture, all goes to the hammer. I have lost all, and even your dowry given into my hand this day, has gone. Will you cling to Edward Rothseaton now, fair one?" and there was a sneer upon his face as his heart-struck wife stood motionless before him.

"Speak!" he continued passionately, "and not stand moping there, white as a statue; tell me where to find your jewel-case. Your diamonds will help me to leave this den for where the law will find me not."

"But they shall never be yours," replied Rosa, completely roused by his unmanly insults. "They are family diamonds of such worth that I consider them in trust, and blazing as they have done to the good and noble, I yield them not to you. Had you been in sickness or adversity how gladly would I have clung to you, but now, 'oh! heaven!'"

"Ha! you speak bravely, my fine dame, and do not know that I have just seen where you slipped the key of your boudoir. Here it is, and now, my tender wife, who is master?"

Rosa sprung up and stood entreatingly with her hands clasped. "Oh! Edward! show some mercy. Is it for this that I left the tender mother who so loved me?" and she burst into a passion of tears.

"Take that for your kind opinion," exclaimed

the unmanly coward, and he struck her. She recoiled a step, and then ringing the bell with a calmness that awed even her husband, her own maid, who had been with her from a child, appeared.

"Bring me my cloak, Lizette, and prepare yourself to accompany me to my mother."

"Oh! my lady, it storms hard, and the night is so dark, do not go forth, your cheek is so pale, too: do not, my lady," and the frightened girl stood in wonder and amazement at the unexpected scene before her.

Her lady repeated the command, and when the girl returned, she said—"it is no place, Lizette, for either of us," and she threw the cloak over her and walked calmly toward the door, when she turned—"Heaven forgive you, Edward, as I do, and my prayers shall be for you, but on earth we meet not again"—and she went forth, that young bride from the home of him who had promised to cherish and love her, followed by the weeping maid. It rained in torrents, but still she went on with fearful strength until she reached the home of her childhood. The door was thrown open in answer to her loud summons by the astonished porter, and she passed up the wide stairs into her mother's dressing-room, where Lady Auley was even then sitting thinking of her child, and hoping that the cloud might not be dark that seemed hanging over her. The door opened, and her beautiful one stood with drenched garments and dishevelled hair before her. Flinging herself upon the breast that had cradled her infancy, she uttered a cry of anguish that went to the mother's heart, and twining her arms around her, burst into such passionate weeping as if the young heart was indeed breaking. Long, long was it ere those convulsive sobbings subsided, and then Lady Auley laid her upon her own bed helpless as a child, and giving her a composing draught, watched through the long night over her troubled slumbers, and prayed beside her.

Again was Walter Creighton in England: and at the close of a dull autumn day he sat in a private room of one of the principal hotels in London. Inez was by his side, and earnestly had they been conversing together.

"You know how I found my father, dear Inez, poor and imbecile, a shattered wreck of what he once was, and actually turned from the door of the castle by the myrmidons of the law who had possession of it. Yet he knew me, and clung to me for love and protection: me whom he once cast from him. Dr. Cowyers, my old friend, has taken him into his charge, and I trust that time and kind treatment may do much. Edward has

absconded none knows whither, after secreting all the jewels of his young wife, and almost breaking her heart. And heavily has the hand of retribution fallen upon all who so wronged me—you dear Inez!"

A loud rap at the door interrupted him, and the old steward of his father's entered.

"It is all done as you wish, sir," said he deferently. "Here are the parchments, and the old castle, the town-house, all the inheritance of your ancestors is now your own, free from mortgage or incumbrance. Master Edward little thought into whose hands they were to pass. All your commands have been obeyed: the old servants of your house are reinstated in their places, and bless the hour when you came so opportunely, on the very day when all was to have been sold at auction. Bless your bright face, my lady," he added, turning to Inez, "I am sure you will make Master Walter happy."

"Thank you for your good wishes," answered Mrs. Creighton smiling, as she warmly shook the hand of the good old man.

Mrs. Rothseaton was languidly reclining upon one of the low couches in her mother's drawing-room, with many lines of sorrow written legibly upon the pallid brow. A book was in her hand, but her eye rested not upon the page, and her wandering eye showed that her thoughts were not there. The footman entered, and told her that a gentleman wished to see her upon urgent business. She started nervously, and as if fearing she knew not what, told him in a hasty manner to show him in, and Walter Creighton, with his young wife, were in her presence.

"Excuse this intrusion," said he, after making himself known, "but neither Inez or myself could rest until we had seen you, and rendered back into your hands that dowry of which my unprincipled brother robbed you. Would that we could win back happiness to your heart. But you will love and trust us, and come with us to the castle. The change may bring back some brightness to this pale cheek," and he kindly took her hand with a brother's affectionate interest.

"Yes! I must claim in you a sweet sister," exclaimed Inez as she embraced her, "and run away with both you and your mamma into the country. You don't know what a good nurse I am, but Walter can testify to it," and they left her, feeling that they had created an interest for themselves in her warm heart.

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It was a gloomy evening, and in a low, squalid tenement, in one of the bye streets of the metropolis, was seated round a table in the centre of the room four or five ill-looking men, whilst a pack of dirty cards, and the bottle and tumblers

betrayed that their calling, at least, was not the most reputable. An individual entered and took his seat among them. Could it be the high born, the beautiful, the proud, and idolized Edward Rothseaton, who, fallen and depraved, was leagued with sharpers? Even so, for vice and dissipation had led him on, step by step, until his very soul was scathed by the touch of sin. The indulgences which his own fatal gift of beauty had won for him, had been his ruin, and in the very prime of youth he was an outcast. He poured the burning liquor into a tumbler and swallowed it almost fiercely, and then ensued a long and earnest conversation with his associates.

"I have vowed vengeance, and I will have it," said he to them at its close, "I am desperate now. And for a blow once received in that very room where my good brother sits in security, I will yet have the revenge I then vowed. You will stand by me, my men, and we meet to-morrow night at——"

All was silence in the Rothseaton Castle, but still the young master and his gentle wife were sitting alone in the library, and laying many a plan for the future. There was more of peace and the heart's happiness upon the face of Walter than had been there for years, long years—and the hand of Inez was laid in his with all the confidence of affection.

"List! dear Walter, did you not hear a grating noise?—there again I hear it!" and she started up in alarm. "What is it, dear Walter?"

"Nothing, love, but the wind. Do not look so pale, dearest—I will go and see." He turned, but found himself in the strong grasp of two powerful ruffians, and confronted by the glaring and fierce eye of his own brother.

Inez uttered shriek upon shriek whilst her husband was struggling with his assailants, but as she saw Edward spring forward and fix a deadly grasp upon his throat, sight and hearing failed, and she sunk down in a deep swoon. But the servants now came rushing in, and a scene of wild confusion ensued. The hold of Edward relaxed, as a grey haired man rushing forward arrested his arm, and as he would have levelled a blow at him with the heavy club which he held, he saw *his father's* face. The intoxicating liquors he had freely quaffed, and the contending passions of his fierce nature were too much for a constitution enfeebled by excess, and reeling forward he fell dead at the feet of that parent, whose idol he had been, and in the very room from which he had driven his brother from his home. Heavy had been the hour of retribution!

Three years had gone by, and there was a merry Christmas gathering in Rothseaton Castle, Major Delvoir and his wife, Walter's sweet cousin

Ellen, Sir Henry, Dr. Cowyers and other friends of the noble host. Edward's widow too was there, with a smile upon her fair face, although there was a chastened expression in the eye that once was lighted up with the mirth of an untouched heart. A blush too was upon her cheek as she stood in the recess of the window listening to the low tones of a brother of Ellen who was intently watching her countenance. And Walter and his wife exchanged an arch glance, as Inez whispered, "may not a second love prove the happiest?" Lady Auley too was there: but the most interesting person in the family group was an old man whose hair was silvered, and whose fine figure was bent more by sorrow than time. A laughing blue-eyed boy was playing at his feet, and there in the home of that son whose love he had cast from him as worthless, did the proud Lord of Rothseaton sit down in the evening of life, calm and happy, deeply penitent for his sins.

RAWDON HILL.

BY MRS. E. M. SIDNEY.

BRIGHT in thy beauty, bright!
 The green hill-side, so fair before me spread,—
 A freshness as of light,
 And flowers upon thy head!
 And the blue waves that hushed beneath thee sleep,
 Or murmuring low their lazy pathway creep.
 Oh! there I love to sit,
 Whiling the time away in dreamy mood;
 To see the wild fowl flit
 Scared slowly up the flood,
 Or far beneath, 'mid grassy caverns cool,
 The sun-fish dozing in the silvery pool.
 The bridge far down the stream,—
 The fisher boy upon its fairy side
 Idling away life's dream,—
 And then beyond him, wide,
 Stretch bowers, arching o'er the rushing flood
 That glitters by, then darkens in the wood.
 The hum of insects round—
 The waving air—the heavens without a breeze—
 The wain's low creaking sound—
 While through the scattered trees
 That skirt the lake's far shore, are dimly seen
 Teamster and road in all their dusty sheen.
 The bright fields far away—
 The waving grain, across whose golden sea
 The shadows slowly play—
 The reapers 'neath the tree
 Scarce seen—and faintly on the distance borne
 In mellow tones, Hark! to the noontide horn.
 Bright spot of memory;
 Oh! how I love thy lake, fields, hills afar!
 To me thou'lt ever be
 Sweet as some chosen star;—
 Some desert's distant fount—some long sought shrine—
 Youth's fairy home, what holiest magic thine!

AUNT PATTY;

OR, THE VISIT TO NEW YORK.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

ACROSS the highway, and yet so near our dwelling as to be almost within the shadow of the huge masses that embowered it, stood a red farm-house two stories in front, and sloping down within ten feet of the ground in the rear. It was one of those old fashioned buildings, more than half chimney and stair-case in the interior, which our great grandfathers must have considered the very perfection of architecture when they married and settled in life. Many of them are still extant all over Connecticut, and it generally happens that these old *homesteads* remain in possession of some direct descendant from the builder, even to the fifth and sixth generation.

But we have to speak of this red farm-house in particular, and a fine specimen it was of the olden times. A huge white lilac bush overshadowed the front portico, and shook its snow white plumes against the second story windows: common roses clung all around the lower windows, and the long spear-like leaves of the iris shot up in profusion amid the rank grass near the front gate. Six tall lombardy poplars grew in parallel lines on each side the walk which led from the portico to the door-yard gate, where they stood firm, green and perpendicular, like so many church steeples that had abandoned their natural duties in a fit of humility, and found root and vegetation in front of aunt Patty's dwelling; a gate on one side of the door-yard opened into a garden where vegetables of every kind grew in beautiful union with marigolds, sunflowers and sweet-williams. Around its margin the picket fence was almost concealed by double rows of thrifty current bushes. A plumb tree stood in each corner, and at the lower extremity a fine old pear tree gathered half the garden within the shadow of its magnificent boughs.

It was a pleasant old place that homestead, particularly in the spring time, at sunset, when the cows came lowing to the front gate, and the hens gathered themselves to rest amid the blossoming boughs of that old pear tree. It was pleasant to sit in the portico and feel the perfume steal over you from the white lilac bushes at such an hour. It was pleasant to see the rich sward brighten beneath the dew that fell so softly upon it. It was a pleasant sight when aunt Patty came round a corner of the house, with her spotless milk pail on her arm, and the milking stool in her hand. Good-natured aunt Patty, I can see her now stooping in spite of her immense rotundity which made the act anything but a

graceful one, and gathering handsfull of white clover, with which she enticed the cows to a green spot by the way-side, where she could sit down in the sunset shadows and take time over her milking. I can see that brown, plump hand of hers patting the glossy necks of the fine animals, or coquetting them along, now holding forth the clover blossoms till the gentle creatures almost lapped her fingers, and then drawing back with a "so, so, so," till she secured the position which exactly suited her fancy, for aunt Patty was a connoisseur in such matters, and loved to enjoy herself, and take things easily even at her work. To have seen the good woman at such times you would have supposed that she had grown fleshy and good-natured amid the caresses of half a dozen fine children at least—that her pigs and her chickens, the fat horse, the yoke of great long oxen lolling in the barnyard, and the flock of snow white geese cackling away on the brink of a beautiful stream just in sight, had been the object of especial masculine care for ten years at least—but you would be very much mistaken. Aunt Patty was an old maid, with a very small head set close down to a remarkably large body, garnished with a good-humored face, and supported by two pretty little feet, which seemed quite incapable of supporting the immense weight they were called upon to carry over the ground, when their owner took a locomotive fancy into her mind. Aunt Patty was single, but then all single ladies have had their lovers, you know, and she was no exception to the general rule, let me assure you! According to her own story aunt Patty had always been so large that our fingers would not clasp when we attempted to measure her waist. There had been a time when she was only considered a very plump, fair, fresh-looking girl. When her neck was longer, her cheeks not red, but damask, and her small mouth one of the prettiest little rose-buds of a mouth that could well be imagined. She had been in love too. Aunt Patty always sighed grievously when she confessed this gentle impeachment—and if a very stout woman of fifty could look interesting, there was a sort of tenderness in her look at such times, a regretful sadness that would have touched our romantic feelings, but even our sentiment could not withstand the ludicrous idea of unhappy love and aunt Patty.

We had no precedent to go by—novelists never select fleshy women for heroines, and the idea of weaving a romance around one, was a stretch of originality which none of us had genius enough to accomplish. When I say none of us—let it be understood that some half dozen young ladies ranging from twelve to seventeen, all belonging

to the village, considered aunt Patty's dwelling as a sort of a general home, a rendezvous where they could meet at any hour—chat with the old maid, pluck her fruit, drink milk in the spring-house, make lark-spur chains in the garden, and in short enjoy all the immunities and pleasures of home with none of its parental restraints.

"Well aunt Patty," said one of our number, lifting her eyes from her knitting, where she had just looped up a stitch. "Well, aunt Patty, pray tell us the story about your visit to New York and all that?"

Aunt Patty looked grave and shook her head.

"Come, aunt Patty, do tell it, pray do, and we will help shell your peas," exclaimed half a dozen voices—"some of us never saw a large city in our lives. Come, be good-natured, do!"

"I don't like to think of it," said aunt Patty, taking the tin basin from a pile of pods in her lap, and gently shaking the green peas which she had just begun to shell into it. "There was something about that visit that always makes me feel kind of melancholy."

We looked at each other and smiled roguishly.

"Oh! never mind, aunt Patty!" urged the first speaker very demurely. "It will do you good to talk it over—you know it is concealed grief that breaks the heart."

"Just so," exclaimed aunt Patty, heaving a sigh, and letting her plump hand fall into the basin with a large, marrowfat pea half open between her thumb and finger—"just so."

"Come, aunt Patty, tell us all about it," said one of the group, dropping on one knee before the old maid, and taking up a handsfull of pods which she began to shell diligently into the basin, while her elbows rested in the good woman's lap. "Come, move your chair more into the shadow of the lilac, or the sunshine will steal round before we have done. We shall never have a better time: the portico here is so cool, and the white clover smells so sweet, while the dew is drying from its blossoms drop by drop."

"Well," said aunt Patty, casting a fugitive look at our demure faces, "you always will have your own way with me, girls, but now, you won't go and tell it all over the neighborhood."

"Oh! no, no, honor bright!" we all exclaimed.

"Nor laugh at me when you get alone?" she continued, rather seriously.

"Oh! aunt Patty, how can you think of such a thing?"

"Well, one of you run and shut the gate, or those mischievous geese will be cropping the clover again, before we know it."

Up started the young lady who had been kneeling before aunt Patty, and away she darted between the poplars toward the gate, in time

to frighten back a fine old goose, who, with ten apple green goslings in her train, had just protruded her long neck through the opening, and was quacking softly for her young ones to follow into the tempting clover, which lay lingeringly before her, like great pearls amid the grass all around the house.

"There!" she exclaimed, running back, with her young face in a glow, and flinging her sun-bonnet down, "there! now for the story!"

"Now for the story!" we all exclaimed, "now for the story!"

"Well," said aunt Patty, "it must be—let me think. Yes, it must be upwards of fifteen years ago, when I was about your age—" Here a quick telegraphic glance went round our circle.

"My father had a great crop that year, and concluded to go down to the city and sell it for cash, so—as I had never been away from home, and was an only child, you know—he promised to let me go with him and see the world. My mother's cousin had settled in York, and we determined in our minds to make her a visit, for she had a daughter about my age, and it seemed natural that we should enjoy ourselves together. About that time mother had taken a girl to bring up for help. She was a slender little thing, and didn't seem strong enough to earn her own salt, but her parents were dead, and she had no one to depend on but my mother, so she was treated almost as well as I was myself, and never got through with more than half the work that I did, though she was taken for help. I could spin my run of linen on the little flax-wheel, while she was reeling off her day's work, and as for carding tow, or weaving homespun, her little hands didn't seem to have strength enough in them to handle the cards or fling the shuttle, but she was handy at fine sewing, and had a natural turn for all sorts of ladies work. She painted flowers as natural as life, and loved to work in the garden better than anything in the world. She was always good tempered, and never tried to get rid of any little charge that she was strong enough to do, besides that, she worked collars and cuffs for me better a thousand times than I could do it myself—clear starched all mother's caps, and gave everything she touched a genteel air that no one else could reach. I loved poor Louisa very much, and treated her like a sister, but she had one fault, and that was a constant habit of reading. She would keep lights burning after midnight half the time—and spent every shilling that she could get in books of poetry, besides borrowing from every family in the neighborhood. My father did his best to break her of this bad habit, but when he took her reading away, she grew pale and thin, and almost pined herself to death—till

it really made my heart ache to see her looking so melancholy—so at last she was left to her own folly.

"Well, when it was settled that I should go to the city, I thought Louisa might feel disappointed that she could not go with us, but she seemed more pleased and happy than I had ever seen her. She even threw aside her books and gave herself no rest till all my clothes were in order and packed up for the journey. I did not know how much the girl had made me love her, with her sweet ways, until I felt the tears start into my eyes when she came out to the gate with my band-box in her arms, and wished me good bye. She really did seem like a sister to me, then, and I told my father so as we rode away in his great Pennsylvania wagon, with half a ton of cheese, and my baggage stowed behind.

"He gave the horses a touch with his whip, and said it was a great pity that the child would ruin herself with so much reading, for she was a good-hearted creature as ever lived. Then we began to talk about the price which he would get for his produce—wondered what kind of a place New York was, and found so many sights on our way to the sea shore, so many beautiful farms and new fashioned houses, that it really seemed as if I had been away from home a week, when we put up in the sea-port town that night. There were few steamboats on the Sound in those days, and I had never seen even a sloop before, so there was much to admire and wonder at in the little sea-port. The pretty schooner, with its crimson flag streaming out on the wind, and its hull rising and falling to the swell of the tide, made my heart dance as we went down to the wharf, and when we put out to sea, the motion of the vessel as she flung the white spray up from her boughs, the sunshine sparkling on the waters, and the distant land that seemed as if it was crowding itself up against the sky, was like something that I had seen in a dream. The motion of the schooner did not affect me, and I sat on deck till late in the evening, for the stars seemed brighter than I had ever seen them before, and I loved to watch the moonlight shining like silver in paths and ridges on the water. The sound of the waves, too, as they whispered and broke around the vessel, put me in mind of the wind when it gets restless in the old poplars here. I had never been so far from home in my life before, and though I did not wish to go back, a sort of home-sick feeling came over me; for there was something about the wide waters that made it seem as if I had gone out in the great world never to be content again.

"Well, at last I went down to my little berth in the cabin, and was rocked softly to sleep like

a babe in its cradle. That put me in mind of home once more, and I dreamed that I was a little child again, and that my mother was rocking me to sleep with her hand on my forehead, and singing, 'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,' in the sweetest voice that I had ever heard from the lips of a human creature. The song was in my ears when I awoke, it was the ripple of the waves close by my head that made me dream of it, but after I knew that it was like another dream to lie there with my eyes closed and listen to the ripple, ripple, ripple of the waters. At last, would you believe it, I was sound asleep again, and when I awoke in the morning, there was such a tramping over head, a trailing of ropes to and fro, with the sound of hammers and a din of noises everywhere about, that I was frightened, and at first thought that we were in danger, and perhaps cast away in Hurl-gate, or some of the terrible places that I had heard of so often. I dressed myself and called out for father. He came down to the cabin as smiling as ever, and laughed out when I told him how frightened I was.

"'Come,' said he, 'I will show you the rocks, come.'

"He took me on deck—the sailors were hauling the schooner into a dock, and we were in New York City. All around us lay schooners, vessels, and steam-boats, crowded close together, till their masts stood thick and tall as a forest of trees when the leaves have fallen. On the land, so far as I could see, great brick stores and houses seemed piled one against the other—row on row and tier on tier, till it appeared as if the earth must give way beneath so much weight.

"I trembled like a leaf when I stepped on shore, for the idea of so many human beings crowded into one spot made me feel how small I was, and how little of the world I had seen or ever should see. I felt a trifle home-sick, too: it did not seem natural to be upon land with no green thing in sight, no horse-tracks in the street, or grass or dandelions on either side—our own footsteps sounded strange as we walked up the stone pavements,—and instead of the pretty brooks that we can find almost anywhere creeping through the grass, gutters ran down each side of the street full of muddy water. It made me lonesome too when people went by us without bowing or seeming to care any more about us than for the stones they trod on. I did bow to three or four of the first persons we met as we always had been in the habit of doing with strangers at home, but they looked in my face and went on: one or two of them smiled, but not as if they wished to thank me for noticing them, and the rest paid no attention whatever. I declare

my face burned like fire at their want of manners, and I determined to wait till they bowed first before I gave them an opportunity to show their bringing up in that way again.

"Well, by and bye we turned into Broadway: you ought to see that street, girls. It is enough to dazzle your eyes to walk up it, though you do not see a really natural thing from one end to the other, not even the people. The stores are all windows in front, some of them with panes of glass half a yard long, and these are crowded full of the most beautiful silks and satins and velvets that you ever saw. The jeweller's shops seem half out of doors, and they glitter like the sky when it is sprinkled thick with stars; piles of money lay in some of the windows; gold and silver and bank bills enough to buy out all the rich farmers in these parts for three miles round.

"Oh! I do wish you could see Broadway when the lamps are all lighted up in the evening. Indoors and out the whole street seems blazing with fire, away, away as far as you can see it is lined off and dotted with lamps, each put upon the end of a post in a glass lantern, and making the way like a chain of stars that have no end. The stores are blazing with light, and when it falls on the shiny silks, the beautiful jewelry, and the apothecaries' windows, where jars of red and yellow, and green and purple turn it into a thousand bright shades all meeting together, it is like the Arabian tales or the fairy stories that our Louisa loved to read so well.

"Of course I forgot all home-sickness while looking at these beautiful objects. The street was full of people: the gentlemen dressed up as if they were all going to a wedding—and the ladies walking along so lack a daisical as if they really hadn't strength enough to carry the gold beads and great double hoop ear-rings that glittered over their necks. It was the fashion then to wear gored skirts and tight sleeves with short waists. You need not laugh—they looked very well in those days—and there was not so much consumption as there is now, I can tell you!—but I must say the fashion was carried out as I had never seen it before: their dresses had scarcely a gather in them, and but for their heads I might have supposed all the ladies I saw a congregation of half open umbrellas walking out to take the air. Still you know anything is beautiful while it is the fashion, and before I had walked twenty rods I began to be ashamed of my calimanco dress and my straw gipsy, with its little wreath of pink roses—though when I left home it was the prettiest thing in our neighborhood.

"Well, after awhile we turned out of Broadway into one of the side streets, went round several corners, and up and down till my head

was completely turned. At last we stopped before a brick house, three stories high, and with a great brass knocker on the door that glittered like gold. My father lifted the knocker as if he were afraid it would burn him, gave a little knock and dropped it again. There we stood at least five minutes, my father with his hands in his pocket, waiting as patiently as possible: and I, with my travelling basket in my hand, and feeling as if I should sink into the earth with fatigue and fright—for I was at the door of our city cousin, and my heart seemed choking me.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

THE EXILE'S DREAM OF HOME.

BY MRS. C. H. W. ESLING.

He slumber'd in a foreign land, with stranger skies above,
Far from his sunny childhood's home, the circle of his love,
Long weary leagues were stretch'd between, and yet his wakeful heart
From all it early used to love, had learn'd not to depart.

It wander'd softly back again to his old halls of birth,
Where merry hearts, and laughing eyes, made glad the social hearth,
The mingling of young voices sweet, swell'd on the summer breeze,
And gleesome footsteps frolick'd round the green, ancestral trees.

Light forms were glancing to and fro, and locks of sunny hair
Floated in wild luxuriance upon the balmy air,
And laughter, like an unchecked rill of silvery water clear,
Fell with a rush of melody upon his slumbering ear.

Eyes that had failed to meet his own at morning's ruddy light
Now gazed upon him joyously at the deep hush of night,
He heard fond words of sweet import in love's soft hallow'd tone,
And clasping hands of snowy hue lay close within his own.

Around those fair and tender hands his fingers tightly twine,
While a soft murmuring thro' his sleep whispers "mine, only mine,"
Slowly the misty vision fades at those low thrilling words,
And fled's the magic touch that struck his heart's harp's thrilling chord.

The vision's past, and loosen'd now is slumber's light link'd chain,
And lonely days, and lonely nights of thought are his again,
But tho' upon a foreign strand, or on the ocean's foam,
Still grateful leaps the Exile's heart for that long dream of home.

EARLY TRIALS.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

THE village school had just been dismissed, and the merry sound of childhood's mirth rang through the broad and shaded street of the little town of B—. It was a sweet secluded place, shut in as it seemed from the rest of the world by the hills around it, while the neat dwellings that graced its principal street showed that its inhabitants were equally removed from either extreme of human condition, occupying that safe middle station in which comfort and happiness may be more easily reached than in any other. But the children just freed from the "restraint that sweetens liberty," showed no inclination as yet to enter their quiet homes; the little girls loitered along in groups eagerly talking together, while the boys indulged their more noisy sports around them—whooping, running and wrestling together in all the exuberance of youthful gaiety. At length the master, a tall, slender, intellectual looking young man, emerged from the school-house, and far from proving any check to their mirth, his presence only seemed to increase it. The boys gathered round him, begging him to act as umpire in their sports: while the girls stood smilingly expecting some token of his regard. Nor were either disappointed—a few moments sufficed to decide whether Will Simpson or Harry Hill ran fastest from the old pump to widow Dawson's elm: or which could give the longest jump, Sam Hoskins or Tom Stiles. The master then joined his more gentle pupils—had a kind word, a pat on the head, or an affectionate glance for each, and then proceeded on his evening walk.

Great indeed had been the change in the village school since George Osbourne had taken it under his guidance, and substituted the law of kindness for that of fear. His predecessors in office had been of the regular, old fashioned pedagogue stamp, who thought knowledge could be beaten in by other avenues if it did not enter in the usual way: and their system had produced its natural results of misery, deceit and hatred of the very name of learning—misery in those years which God has willed should be the happiest of our lives, but which man so often darkens by his selfish tyranny—deceit, when all the pure feelings of childhood are gushing fresh from the soul—and hatred toward what has been divinely appointed to still the cravings of that restless curiosity so rife in the earlier portion of existence.

These evils had, however, long since been expelled from the little school-house at B—, under the gentle, yet firm rule of George Osbourne,

who had been called by the united wisdom of the village to its mastership some two years before the opening of our story. It was known that a series of depressing circumstances had induced our hero to accept this humble maintenance, while his leisure hours were devoted to the study of the law, and misfortune had thrown an interest about him which his personal appearance and character were well calculated to increase. He was, therefore, not only beloved even to veneration by the children entrusted to him, but soon became a favorite with the older inhabitants, and found a kind smile and ready welcome to greet him at every house in the village.

At the upper end of the long street, which with its shadowing elms and bright flower gardens, was as pretty a one as could be found in the country, stood a mansion of more pretension than the rest, being larger and built with more regard to architectural symmetry. It was the residence of Mr. Ramsey, the principal lawyer in the place, and owner of considerable property in the neighborhood, and it might be noticed, and was noticed by some of the gossips of the place, that George Osbourne's walks invariably led him past Mr. Ramsey's door, though the most beautiful views in the neighborhood were in quite an opposite direction. There was one view, however, on which the young man loved to gaze beyond any other, even though he was an enthusiastic lover of the streams and woods and hills that spread their beauties around him—it was that of the fair face of Ellen Ramsey, who might occasionally be seen bending over a favorite flower in the shrubbery, or over a little more favorite book at the parlor window. It may be that Ellen had an intuitive knowledge of the time when George was most likely to pass that way, for it was not often she could indulge herself in reading or in gardening, her time being most fully occupied in attending to the whims of a foolish and capricious mother, and to the wants of a tribe of younger brothers and sisters, toward whom she fulfilled a mother's duties.

On the evening we have introduced George Osbourne to our readers he was more fortunate than usual. As he approached the gate leading to her father's house, Ellen had just left it accompanied by two of her little sisters, and a quick step soon brought him to her side. A faint glow suffused Ellen's usually pale cheek as she returned his greeting and consented he should join them in their ramble to a spring in the neighboring wood.

"I am so close a prisoner during the day," said George smiling, "that an evening walk like this is very precious to me."

"You are too hard a student, I fear," said

Ellen with an anxious glance at his attenuated figure, "your health may suffer from such constant application."

"I have a great object in view, Miss Ramsey," he replied, "and great effort must accomplish it. Sickness and health are in a higher hand than ours, but success in life depends mainly upon our own exertions."

"Is success in life then so necessary to happiness?" asked Ellen, "are not its truest blessings as fully enjoyed by the humble as by those on whom fortune smiles more kindly?"

"They are, thank heaven! by thousands—but they cannot be by me. My earthly happiness is to be reached but by one path—that path I follow even should it lead me to the grave—better death than life without it."

Ellen looked with wonder at the excited face of the young man as he spoke in a manner so different from his usually calm and quiet demeanor. His face was flushed, and his eyes fixed upon the ground as though he even then were looking on the grave of which he spoke, and she answered gently,

"Your object must be a noble one, or it could not, I am sure, absorb you thus, but if you look and speak so sadly about it I shall have to quarrel with you for spoiling my pleasant walk. I want to enjoy the freshness of the woods and lanes, and you promised to enjoy it with me—I hardly know you this afternoon."

This slight rebuke seemed to rouse George from his gloom, and for awhile he made an effort to converse more cheerfully. But it would not do—a chord had been struck within him that would not cease to vibrate, and he felt hurried on by an impulse he could not resist, to pour out to the gentle girl by his side feelings that long had been struggling for utterance.

The two little girls had left them far behind, and were now lost within the shadow of the wood, and Ellen proposed that they should hasten forward to join them. They soon reached the wooded hill, at the foot of which bubbled up the fountain, which was the object of their walk, and George and Ellen stood awhile upon its brow, looking at the fairy forms of the children who had already bared their little feet, and were now wading in the stream, making the woods ring with their happy voices. Ellen's face showed her sympathy in their mirth: but George's brow was still darkened—neither spoke until he turned abruptly to her, saying,

"What is so enviable as the happiness of childhood, knowing as it does nothing of the distracting doubts that darken the brightest moments of maturity—the present is all to them, while we can scarcely enjoy our bliss for fear that another

hour may snatch it from us. Yes," he added, passionately, "to be near you as I now am—to see you, day by day, pursuing your heavenly round of duty—this should be happiness to me—yet I am sometimes almost maddened by the thought that that very duty may lead you to banish me from your presence as a fit punishment for my having dared to love you as I do."

Ellen covered her face with her hands as she spoke, and for a moment her whole frame trembled with agitation, but at length withdrawing them, she laid her soft, white hand upon his arm and said gently,

"That is a strange thought, George—ah, why should we not be happy together?"

Alas! George knew more of the world than Ellen, and in the midst of his transport at finding his mistress did not despise the only offering he had to make to her, that of a true, devoted heart, he well knew how little the gift would be valued by her worldly minded parents, unless accompanied with something more substantial.

All his hopes and fears were now poured forth freely: and Ellen wept as she listened to the history of his struggles against an affection which she felt must now form the happiness of her life. He told her that he had come to B—— a broken-hearted man, his prospects in life blasted by the misconduct and misfortunes of his father, and to rescue that father's memory from dishonor was to be henceforth the one great object of existence. He described the repugnance with which he entered upon the only employment in which he could engage while preparing for his profession, and the gradually increasing interest with which he pursued it when he found how easily he gained the love of the trembling urchins that had at first approached him. And oh! how sweet it was to Ellen's ear to hear that her presence had shed a light about his path, even when she had thought him indifferent to her, and that in the midst of her daily domestic trials one heart at least had divined them all and yielded her his ready and devoted sympathy.

The summer evening had closed in upon them ere they bade farewell at the garden-gate: and the children who reached home long before had received some portion of the rebuke their protracted absence called forth from their querulous mother and their stern, forbidding father. But all rebukes fell dead on Ellen's ear. One sound alone vibrated there—it was the rich, mellow tone of George Osbourne's voice, telling her of his eternal love—and even the faint fret of the ever fretful Mrs. Ramsey lost its usual power to annoy.

It was singular enough that the attachment of George Osbourne to their daughter, though sus-

pected by some of the good people of B——, was unthought of by Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey. Though he had been a frequent visitor at their house from the time he had first settled among them, they considered his attentions solely prompted by his strong regard for themselves as by far the most agreeable people in B——. This worthy couple were in fact so lost in the contemplation of their own consequence that they could bestow but little attention upon others. Mrs. Ramsey had been a beauty, and a beauty she still continued to think herself, though years of discontent and fretfulness had destroyed every vestige of it; and for one thought that was bestowed upon the growing loveliness of her children, she gave at least a dozen to her own decaying charms. Unfortunately for the happiness of her family Mrs. Ramsey's selfishness was of the exacting species. Nothing was ever good enough for her—she was really poetical in imagining what might be attained to contribute to her gratification, and the efforts of no mortal had yet been able to give her entire satisfaction. Everything might always be a little better, and the highest praise she ever bestowed was—"well, it may do." The only being to whom she yielded deference was her husband, probably for the reason that his self-importance was as much exaggerated, and his will even more despotic than her own.

How it happened that two such selfish beings as we have described should have been the parents of the humble, disinterested Ellen Ramsey seemed really a psychological mystery—yet so it was. Ellen never appeared to think of self, her existence was merged in that of others, and so constant were the demands of those around her upon her time, her patience, and her cares, that to any one of a less heavenly temper than herself her life would have been one long scene of weariness and vexation of spirit. Her mother, ever the victim of some imaginary malady, was too weak to attend to any of her household, and very few of her maternal duties, all of which devolved upon her eldest daughter, while to them was added the more onerous one of ministering to her sickly fancies. Still do what she might there was always something wanting; in spite of all her efforts the sweet accents of approval seldom met her ear, and she labored on loading the golden hours of youth with the heavy cares of mature life, uncheered by any outward tokens of parental affection. Yet few faces wore an expression of more placid sweetness than that of Ellen Ramsey. Her rich, dark hair was braided across a brow on which heaven seemed to have set the seal of peace, and as she walked her daily round of self-denying duty she looked as though she tasted of a higher happiness than often falls

to the lot of those, who living but for their own enjoyment find the boon denied them even from the very eagerness with which it is pursued.

Words can scarcely paint the astonishment and dismay of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey, when a few days after the *éclaircissement* between the young people, the state of their daughter's affections was made known to them. That she should have dared to love at all without their having accorded their permission to do so, was bad enough—but that she should have fixed her regards upon George Osbourne, the penniless school-master, was a folly and a wickedness that perfectly appalled them. Mrs. Ramsey took to her bed, requiring Ellen, broken-hearted as she was, to be in constant attendance, while the burden of her song was the ingratitude of children in general and of her own in particular.

Mr. Ramsey dilated with infinite pomposity on the same subject, and after telling Ellen that he had forbidden George the house, commanded that she should neither see him nor hold with him any communication whatever, on pain of her father's eternal displeasure. His daughter wept and besought in vain—in vain she urged the worth and talents of her lover—what were they when weighed against his poverty? She was sternly required to forget him immediately as one utterly unworthy of her regard.

Forget him, Ellen could not, but she had been too long trained in the school of self-denial and obedience to think of resisting her parents' wishes. Sweet as was the day dream in which she had indulged, she must awaken from it and contemplate as best she might the dark future that now seemed to stretch such a weary length before her.

George Osbourne soon quitted B—, goaded almost to desperation by Mr. Ramsey's contemptuous rejection of his suit: and great were the lamentations of both old and young when they learned that their kind friend and instructor was to be taken from them. No parting interview was granted to the lovers. A few lines of adieu were placed in Ellen's hand by a servant, whose sympathy with her sorrows was greater than her dread of her master's anger, and these were the only visible records that now remained of the love that for two long years had been daily growing in her heart, and was to influence her destiny forever.

* * * * *

Years have passed away. Let us again visit B—, and turn down that shady lane towards the wooded knoll, where George Osbourne first told his tale of love. Nature is still the same—the fountain bubbles up as freely as before from its gravelly bed, the tall oak and chesnut rear their heads even more proudly, for time has but

added to their leafy honors. The soft rays of the summer sun are lingering on their topmost boughs, but no happy children now are sporting in their shade amid the pure waters that nourish their stately branches, nor does a maiden listen while her lover breathes his vows. But the place is not unoccupied. At the foot of the hill two ladies are seated on a fallen tree close by the streamlet's edge, engaged in deep and earnest conference. It is Ellen Ramsey, her girlish beauty now matured into that of the serious, thoughtful woman, with a fair younger sister by her side, who has just returned from a visit to a distant relative; and Ellen is endeavoring to chase away the cloud that rests on Sophy's brow, while she dwells on the monotony of her home, when contrasted with the brilliant scenes in which she has of late been mingling.

"It is of no use, Ellen," said Sophy, "to try and persuade me that I ought to be happy. This quiet hum-drum life may suit you very well, who can bear to be snubbed and scolded from morning till night, while you are doing all you can to make others comfortable, but I am differently constituted. I love pleasure, dearly, I love my own way, too, and after being flattered and praised so long, it makes me perfectly miserable to endure mamma's perpetual fault finding—to say nothing of papa's grumbling."

"Hush, dear Sophy," said Ellen, as she placed her hand upon her sister's lips, "these things are hard, I grant, but life has heavier trials."

"Ah! I know it well," said Sophy, with a mournful voice, "and yet some call life beautiful—it can be so only when shared with those who truly love and value us."

"Is there no beauty, then, in submission?" said Ellen. "In bending our spirits to His will who appoints their earthly destiny? Yes, believe me, Sophy, deeply as the heart may yearn for earthly love, and dearly as it may cherish the gift when once bestowed, there is a higher and a holier affection which can gather beauty even from love's ashes, and enable us to endure all, to forgive all, and even hope for all, when but for that heavenly gift we might despair."

"Ellen!" exclaimed Sophy, surprised by her sister's manner, "dearest Ellen, have *you* ever loved?" And as Ellen bowed her head in silent acquiescence, Sophy threw her arms around her, and at length won from her the history of her early trial. All Sophy's minor miseries seemed to vanish when she heard of Ellen's silent sorrow, so long, so uncomplainingly endured.

"And you so good," she said, "so gentle, so full of sympathy for others, have had so little shown to you! Ah! where is Heaven's justice that this should be? Where is your reward for

all your goodness and patient submission to the will of others?"

"It is but a poor morality, dear Sophy, that leads us to expect rewards for having done our duty. A blessing we may look for, and that has not been denied me. In my early youth, I was like yourself, too prone to exaggerate my domestic trials, and to wish myself in an earthly Eden where sorrow could not enter. My intercourse with George Osbourne first opened my mind to higher views of human destiny. Though young, he had suffered much—adversity had taught him many precious lessons, and with him for my guide, the path towards Heaven seemed smooth and plain. We were separated, my dream of earthly happiness was broken, and in the fearful struggle that ensued, I learned my innate weakness, and also where to look for help and strength. My own sufferings taught me to feel for those of others, my own weakness to bear with their infirmities, and my own need to labor for their benefit. Poor and feeble, indeed, have been my efforts, yet God has blessed them, and in your love, my Sophy, and that of the other dear children, I have had a rich reward—do not deprive me of it by your sinful discontent."

"I will not, Ellen," said Sophy fervently, "a life like yours is a beautiful and holy thing. Ah! could I but see you happy as you deserve to be, with the only man you can ever love. He lives, you say—why not hope for his return?"

"I have hoped, Sophy, even against hope during the eight long years of our separation. His parting words were 'love me, and trust me, until we meet in happiness,' and well have I obeyed them, but hope is nearly dead now."

An approaching footstep startled the sisters, who hurriedly rose from their seat, when a gentleman emerged from the shaded path, and in a moment was at Ellen's side—"George"—"Ellen"—were the only words spoken, yet what volumes of love and truth were uttered in those simple sounds! Ellen neither screamed nor fainted, though Sophy was near doing both, so excited was she by this denouement of the sad taste to which she had been listening. Sophy was, however, wise enough to carry her agitation elsewhere, and being of a most ardent impulsive nature, she hurried at once to her father, told him of George's return, and pleaded Ellen's cause with such eloquence that the father's heart was touched, and she was empowered to invite George Osbourne once more to the house from whence he had been so unceremoniously dismissed. How bright and glowing were the hearts and faces of the sisters on their return to the home they had left so pensively an hour before. A thousand buried hopes had revived in Ellen's breast, while

Sophy, joyful as a ministering spirit, forgot the troubles that before engrossed her, in her beloved sister's happiness. George had not half told his tale when ushered into Mr. Ramsey's presence, but as after a long interview, that stately gentleman gave a gracious permission that his visit might be repeated, he had many opportunities of concluding it to Ellen's satisfaction.

Eight years of unremitting effort had at length accomplished the object to which George Osbourne had in early youth devoted all his energies—that of repairing the wrongs done by his father to a friend, whose trust he had betrayed. Then, and not till then had he felt emboldened to return, strong in the confidence of a tried integrity, to offer a suitable home in a western city, to the woman he had so long and ardently loved. Though his high sense of honor had forbidden the attempt to engage Ellen in a clandestine correspondence, he had through a friend in B——, gained occasional tidings of her welfare, which had cheered him during his weary absence.

Mrs. Ramsey fretted more than ever at the prospect of Ellen's marriage, and it is even whispered, made more than one effort to prevent it. How ineffectual these were, might be proved by a peep at Ellen in her distant home, where she and her husband are now reaping the fair fruits of their early discipline in the gentle virtues that adorn their own fire-side, and shed the influence of their beauty on all around them.

THY VOICE.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

THY voice hath ever been to me
A sound of sweetest melody;
Not to my soul more joy could bring,
The sacred songs that seraphs sing.
For thro' life's ever varying scene
It hath a guardian angel been,
An ever-during, potent charm,
A talisman to shield from harm.
In childhood, when my careless mirth
Some little sorrow checked at birth,
Thy dulcet voice was ever near
To whisper solace in mine ear.
In youth, when pleasures led the way,
My steps were going fast astray,
Thy gentle voice was sent to save,
Its tones a timely warning gave.
In manhood, by its cares oppress,
My troubled spirit found no rest,
Save when the breathings of that voice
Still bade it hope, and still rejoice.
The evening of my day draws near,
Its sun will set both bright and clear,
For still that cherished voice of thine
Doth blend its ardent prayers with mine

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE fashions for this month are very beautiful. The evening costumes continue as elegant as ever, for now that Lent is over, gaiety is the order of the day. The opera in both New York and Philadelphia is thronged: consequently we add, to our other costumes, an opera dress, which is of remarkable beauty.

FIG. I.—A BALL DRESS of white tarlatane muslin: the corsage low, tight and very much pointed. Two deep lace capes, looped up in front with roses, surround the bust. There is a white under skirt, over which appears two jupes, looped up in front with a magnificent string of roses and other flowers, extending from the waist, and brought again half way up the right side. A head dress of white crape, edged with gold, the ends falling on each shoulder completes this costume, certainly the most *distingué* one of the season.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of primrose colored silk, over which is worn a skirt of the same material, forming an open tunic. The sleeves are wide and open, with cambric ones worn under. Corsage high and very much pointed, while a deep cape extends from the shoulders to the waist. Bonnet of straw trimmed with roses. This costume is peculiarly appropriate for an American spring.

FIG. III.—AN OPERA DRESS of rich pink satin, the jupe trimmed with very wide lace, over which is worn a skirt of the same material as the dress, trimmed also with lace, forming an open tunic. The corsage is low, somewhat pointed, open and laced in front, showing the lace beneath. The shoulders are surrounded with a lace cape: while the sleeves, reaching half way to the elbows, are also trimmed with lace. A splendid dress hat of blue, with plumes of the same color complete this exquisite costume.

FIG. IV.—AN EVENING DRESS, of green satin, worn over an under skirt of pink, which is looped up with a single rose. Corsage low, and very much pointed. The sleeves of this dress are short, without trimming. The hair is worn in curls, with no ornament except a few small roses.

BONNETS.—There is no material change in the form of bonnets, except, perhaps, that they are worn more open, so as to show more of the countenance and allow the interior of the brim to be more trimmed. In Paris the capotes worn in the morning are decorated with lace instead of ribbon. The folds on the outside are also worn very broad. Veils still continue in favor. As summer approaches the trimming of bonnets will become lighter, and flowers will succeed feathers. For material those made of horse-hair, and called Neapolitan will be most in favor, on account of their extreme beauty and lightness. Other styles, however, will more or less prevail, especially straws and casings.

DRESS HATS.—These continue to be very fashionable in London for evening costume. Amongst other novelties, most elegant and *recherché* dress hats have lately appeared, composed of black tulle, spotted with gold, and edged or bordered with a gold fringe raised upon the sides, giving the hat a most graceful and coquettish appearance. Those of *crêpe* are also great favorites amongst the *élégantes*, some being decorated with a

blonde frangé, or a tight and cloudy description of spotted *marabouts*, the interior of them being prettily trimmed with fullings of tulle the same color as the *crêpe* may be, which composes the hat. Some have the *marabouts posés* sideways upon the hat, and united with a *petite* wreath of small roses encircled with white heath; the interior trimmed with *mancinis* of the same.

CAPS.—Never was there a time when caps were more worn than now in Paris, where they are adapted for all descriptions of toilettes and at all times, both old and young patronizing them. A very pretty morning cap worn there is composed of fine muslin, lined with pale pink or blue, and trimmed with four rows of Valenciennes lace. Then there is a style formed of a lace lappet, *montées en guirlande*, and trimmed with a small bunch of geraniums, or a camilla. Evening caps are mostly composed of blonde, falling on each side in the form of a scarf, and fancifully decorated with a wreath of hyacinths.

WALKING DRESSES.—These are most preferred with plain skirts; the fashion, however, tolerates sometimes a double flounce of a moderate width, or what is more in favor, a *plissé* of ribbon, forming a succession of trimming, the whole width of the skirt. The bodies of these dresses are made high up to the throat, and the sleeves perfectly plain and tight. Those which are composed of the *glacées* silks, have generally bodies opening in the front, with facings and collar turning back, and attached with straight straps or small *patties en passementerie*. We have recently seen some dresses composed of *velours épingle*, made in the following style: the skirts opening the whole length upon a breadth of satin, laced across with ribbon. A new style of sleeve has also lately appeared, made very wide and divided upon the top of the arm, the bend of the arm, and at the wrists, with three bands of the same material as the sleeve is composed of; others of the same description descend only to the middle of the elbow, allowing of the under sleeve of muslin being seen, which is also fuled to the wrists. As an appendage to these walking dresses having an open corsage, we must not omit mentioning those very pretty chemisettes intended to be worn with them, the body part of which is entirely composed of Brussels lace inlet, put on *en bias*; a narrow ribbon is passed under the edge of the collar, raising the rich looking lace with which it is surrounded. For materials, besides silks, and more in accordance with the approaching warm weather, we have *balzerines*, *bareges*, &c. &c. Some of the balzerines, this season, exceed in beauty anything which has ever come to the market. The silks are generally of light colors, and quite gay.

COIFFURES.—In Paris, a head-dress called, *la coiffure Rosine*, is very fashionable. It is composed of white jet, intermixed with pale pink or cerise velvet, having a beautiful effect on dark hair. For ladies with fair complexion, the coiffure is made in black jet, interspersed with black lace. Flowers worn in the hair are generally single ones and large; but we think them less beautiful than the smaller ones united or in clusters. A very elegant head-dress is made of a wreath, having a succession of leaves encircling the face and passing under the curls: the black hair *frisés*, and intermixed with small sprigs of drooping flowers.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."

EMBROIDERY.

Embroidery on muslin is intimately connected with the preparation of elegant dresses, and, therefore, no lady should be ignorant of this art, which is chiefly devoted to ornamenting the borders of dresses, handkerchief, capes, caps, collars, and other muslin articles of use or luxury.

The material usually employed is cotton. Of this there are two kinds. That called Indian, or Trafalgar, is in very general use, and is found most durable in work which has frequently to be washed. English glazed cotton is also employed, but only on designs executed on a thin fabric. It is more elegant than the other, but a single washing destroys its beauty.

The patterns to be used are usually purchased, and may be obtained at a small cost; but if a lady has a taste for designing, she may make her own patterns, and original ones are always preferable. But, before working the pattern, it is necessary to learn the stitches to be employed. These are the button-hole stitch, the glover's stitch, the half herring-bone stitch, the chain stitch, the satin stitch, the tambour stitch, and the embroidery feather stitch. We consider it necessary to give directions only for a few of these.

EMBROIDERY FEATHER STITCH.—This is but an elongated button-hole stitch, and is usually employed in working leaves, where it produces a very beautiful effect.

SATIN STITCH.—So called from resembling the threads in satin, and much used in embroidery. A knot is made at the end of the cotton, silk or worsted, which is brought through the material on which you intend to work, from the under side to the upper one. Next, the needle is again put through to the under side, at the distance of about half an inch, and is then put back and brought to the upper side, about half way from the first point: the next stitch is carried to the same distance from the second; again the needle is brought back, and the same process is repeated. In working on a surface the stitches run in parallel lines to each other, and are taken lengthwise of the figure or subject you are making. They are also of unequal lengths, in order that the ground may be more effectually covered. In working drapery, be careful to take each stitch the way the threads or grain would naturally fall.

CHAIN STITCH.—This is often employed in lace work. Make a knot at the end of the cotton, and draw it through to the right side. While you put in the needle let the end hang loose, and bring it out below, so as to incline a little to the left hand; pass the needle over the cotton, as you draw it out, and this will form a loop: each succeeding one is done in the same manner.

TAMBOUR STITCH.—This has a close resemblance to chain stitch. The needle, which has a small hook at the end, and is fixed in a handle of ivory, is put through the material stretched in the frame, on the upper side,

and the cotton being held underneath, in the left hand, is put upon the hook and drawn through to the right or upper side, where it forms a loop. Through this loop the needle is again passed, and also through the material, a few threads from the place it passed through before. The cotton is again drawn through, and thus a succession of loops is formed. The pattern is worked entirely in these loops or stitches.

INTERIOR STITCH.—So called, because often employed to fill up the centres of leaves, in lace-work. The stitch is formed by taking two threads breadthwise of the leaf, and sewing over them; then leaving a row of one thread, and sewing over two threads, as before.

The making of eyelet-holes, we presume is too well known to require description. We will, however, add a few instructions on other matters.

FORMATION OF BARS.—You take four threads of the muslin on the needle, and sew three times over them, passing the needle through the same opening each time, and drawing the four threads as close as possible. Each succeeding four threads are taken up the same way; and thus the required number of bars can be easily formed. The thread in this stitch passes from bar to bar on the right hand.

LINES.—These are formed by drawing together six threads of the muslin, and sewing over them with five thread as close as possible.

SPOTS ON NET.—These, though simple, form an elegant variety in lace-work. To make each spot the middle is to be passed backward and forward through one hole in the net, and alternately under and over two of the threads of which that hole is formed. These spots must be placed in clusters, but an open mesh must be left between each.

EYELET HOLES IN LACEWORK.—These are not difficult to execute, and when well arranged have a beautiful appearance. One mesh of the net is left for the centre, and you work it round in button-hole stitch. A great variety of devices may be formed by a tasteful and judicious disposition of these eyelet-holes.

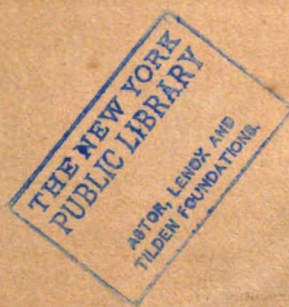
VENING OPEN HEM.—This is worked in a curve, or other pattern, in which the threads cannot be drawn out. The hem is made by sewing over two threads taken angularwise of the muslin, and then pursuing the same method with two threads taken contrariwise and uniting them together as in straight open hem. The appearance is the same, but the pattern is a curve or other shape.

PEARLING.—This is a kind of lace edging, not worked with needles, but often used as a finish to embroidery on muslin. It is very pretty, and is sold ready prepared for use.

DARNING.—This is, when employed in lace-work, done as follows: It is worked as common darning, but with fine cotton, which is doubled; and, in this stitch, the inner edge of flowers is sometimes worked, the centre being executed in half herring-bone stitch. It looks well; but rows of chain stitch, are, in our opinion, preferable.

These are the stitches most commonly employed, and therefore the most necessary to be known.

In our next article we shall give directions for working patterns, and name some of the prettiest.



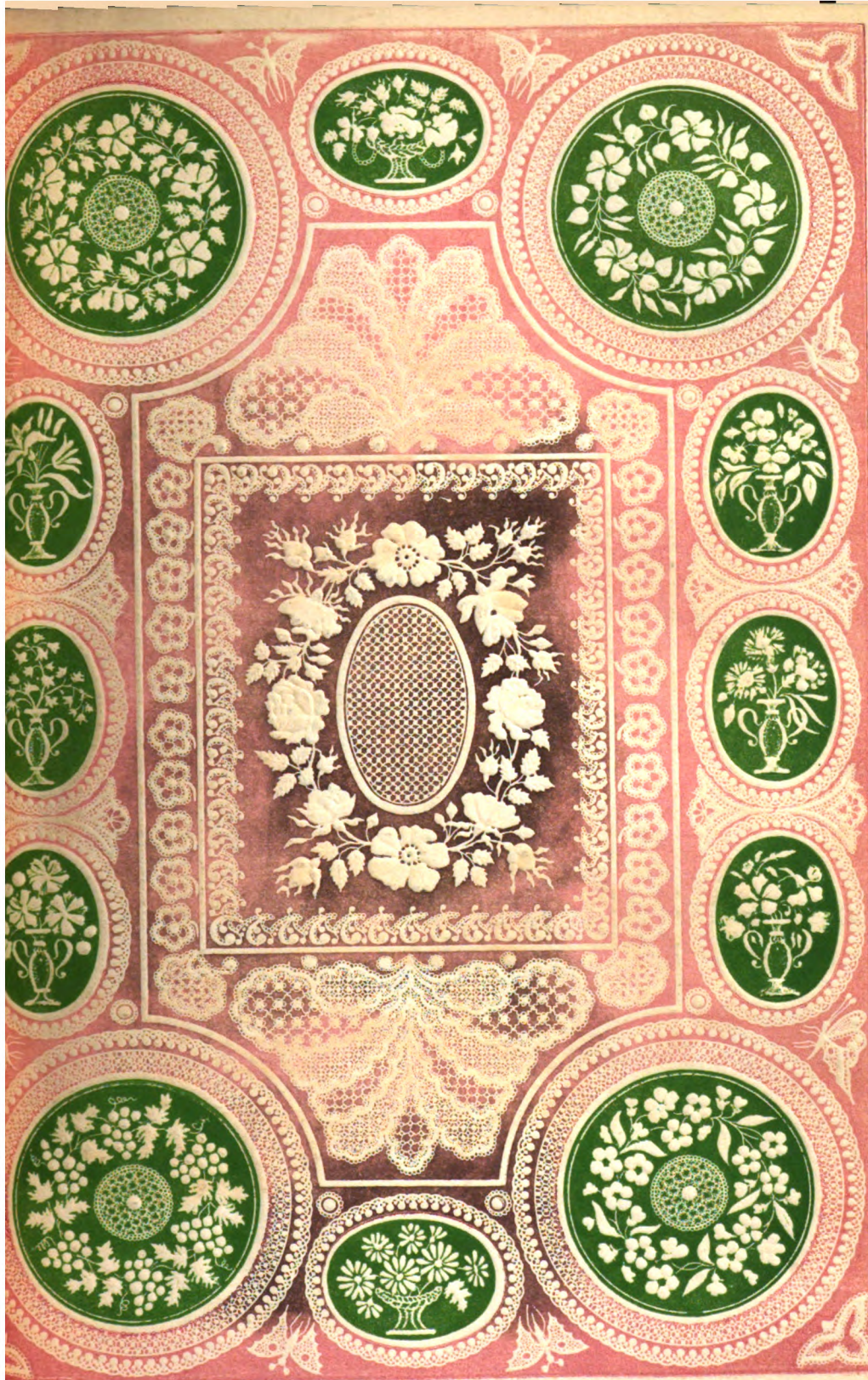


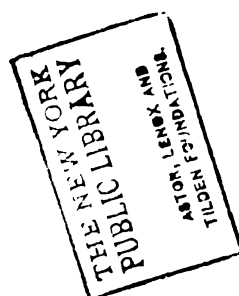
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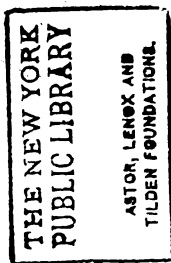
Engraved by Story & Adolph.

MYRRHINA.

Engraved for the Ladies National Magazine.









LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

THE CROSS OF CHRYSOLITE.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

"AND where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet?
And where shall Zion's songs again seem sweet?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The heart that leaped to hear its heavenly voice?
Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her rest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave!"

BYRON.

In the summer of the year of our Lord 1190, a minstrel was walking down a main street of London in the direction of Westminster Abbey. His mantle of dark cloth, was cut with some pretension to taste, and hung with a jaunty air. From his right shoulder was suspended a small rebeck; and his firm step showed him not unconscious of possessing a handsome figure.

Close behind him followed a party of flat-capped apprentices, jesting with every passenger who came within reach of their voices.

"What ho! Sir Minstrel! wend you to the crowning of our brave King Richard?"

Glancing behind him and showing a handsome face and a dark eye, the party addressed replied affirmatively.

"Your equipage is scarce so full as a *jongleur's* ought to be," said another of the apprentices.

"No," quoth the minstrel, "it lacketh an ape. Come nearer and I will lead thee."

"Aha! Simon thou hast the worst of it!" laughed his companions.

"If he be so unmannerly I will give him a taste with my knife," muttered Simon sulkily.

"An thy knife be no sharper than thy wit it will do me little scathe," said the minstrel fearlessly.

At this Simon stepped forward, but his fellows prevented him, crying, "peace! can'st thou not endure a jest and thou the provoker—ah, father Abraham, whither goest thou with thy dark-eyed wife or niece, or whatever else she may be?" This was addressed to an aged Jew who was following the party, leaning on the arm of a beautiful girl. As the apprentice spoke, she

shrunk back and drew her wimple more closely about her face.

"Come, mistress," said Simon, as he laid his hand upon the hood, "give us another glimpse of that pretty face!"

But he felt a grasp upon his collar, and was swung half way across the street by a strong arm, while the minstrel with flashing eye and gleaming dagger, stood at the side of the Hebrews.

"Clubs!" shouted the flat caps, and pressed forward; but at the moment, the swell of trumpets and the clash of cymbals arose, and the royal procession was seen coming down the street. The young men hurried forward to procure good places; and the minstrel turned to the Jewess, "thou art safe now, dear Salome."

"A second time thanks to thee, Basil!" she answered. "See, I have kept your gift sacredly," and she drew from her bosom a small, but beautifully cut cross of chrysolite.

"You may go forward now unfearing," said Basil, as we will call him for the future, to the old man—and with a glance at Salome he went on his way.

Then onward came the procession; musicians, flower-girls and tymbesteres, wreathing their gay dances and striking their timbrels. Then noble knights, with glittering lances and dancing plumes. Then the churchmen in their robes of purple and gold; and the richly clad officers of the royal household. And the lordliest port and noblest bearing there was that of the lion hearted Richard himself, clad in rich armor of blue steel, damascened with gold, and mounted upon his superb grey destrier or battle charger; he looked well suited to his high position; and as he bent his proud head ever and anon to the thronging people, they shouted with willing hearts and lusty throats, "God save King Richard!" So on they swept to the coronation at Westminster Abbey. He so soon to be cursed by a portion of his people: he, so soon to battle with the mighty Saladeen; to moan beneath the Syrian fever; to bound the throbbings of his lion heart by the walls of an Austrian dungeon; to triumph once more; and

then to fall by a rebel arrow; and lay his clay beside that of his broken-hearted father.

So is it. The palace for the monarch, the castle for the baron, the low hut for the poor man, but the grave for all! Oh! grave how dost thou open thine arms, thou who hast many in thy embraces, but few, very few who love thee—mighty art thou, yet equal unto all, oh! grave.

As the ceremony went forward, it was discovered that some Jews were in the chapel, and it was commanded to drive them forth. They had made rich presents to the king; but notwithstanding, had been forbidden to show themselves at the coronation.

There is in a nation of Christians but a small handful of toleration. The Catholic hates the Protestant; the Protestant curses the Romanist, and both persecute the Jew.

"Drive them forth!" was the shout: "out with the infidels!" and soon it became more fierce—"hunt the vile sorcerers with hounds! Death to the sorcerers!"

At the first shout, a stout shouldered minstrel, broke his way through the crowd, and reached the side of an old man and a girl—"come," he said, "come quickly, while there is yet time to save you," and he pushed a pathway through the crowded church.

"Aha!" shouted a voice, "the Jewess hath bewitched the jongleur!"

"Basil, they will murder you too! leave us! They surely will not injure an old man and a girl."

"You do not know them, the cowardly hounds!" replied the youth—"come, come," and all shrunk back from his determined eye. They reached the door of the Abbey, and turning into one of the dark lanes of its neighborhood, walked rapidly forward till they reached the humble tenement of the Jew.

"Enter, young Christian!" said the old man, "twice to-day have you done us good service."

The minstrel obeyed. Through a low, dark passage they passed, and through two or three chill, empty rooms. At last a door was opened, and a soft, golden light streamed out upon them. And Basil Biron entering, beheld a scene of luxury more refined than he had ever seen before. Yet Basil was born a noble, and had been a page of the young Prince John.

Upon the centre of the floor was spread one of those soft Persian carpets unknown, at that time, in England even to royalty. From a tall, finely wrought candelabrum of bronze, a lamp shed its soft light over purple cushions of rich damask, silver incense burners and trinkets of precious stones. A table of Grecian marble occupied one

corner of the apartment, and upon it lay a drawn Damascus sabre, the beautiful blue of which was like a summer heaven; and the jewels upon its hilt would have ransomed an emperor.

The young Christian looked round in utter amazement at this, to him, unparalleled splendor, and as Salome marked this look, she said,

"My father is the descendant of a long and proud line: and he is still honored among our people as a prince; the last Prince of Judah."

"You then," said Basil, "are of royal birth. Oh, Salome! had you but been a Christian, though the poorest upon earth, you would now have been my wife."

"Basil," she said proudly, "I love you well; but not even for you would I desert the faith of my fathers. If not now, at least we once were the people chosen of God!"

"Yes, I know," Basil hastened to say, "there were once brave and noble knights among you, as Sir David, that slew the infidel giant: Sir Lane, Sir Jephthah and many others.

Salome smiled somewhat sadly at her lover's knowledge. Few except churchmen had more, at that period.

"But dost thou, indeed, love me well?" he asked..

"I would not so long have worn this next my heart otherwise," and as the Jewess spoke she again drew forth the chrysolite cross before mentioned. "But," she continued, "I must see if my father need aught. Rest you for a little time until I return."

Basil Biron was the eldest son of the haughtiest baron in the realm. When a page of Prince John, at a quintain match, he had rescued Salome from the insults of the mob; and so deep an impression had her fine eyes made upon him that he had given her his own crucifix. Since that time he had often seen her, and finally had pledged his love, and obtained confession of hers in return. He dare not be recognized as a visitor to the outcast Israelite, and hence his disguise as a minstrel.

When the host returned, accompanied by his daughter, Basil was astonished at the dignity of his mien. His eastern robe of Syrian purple, edged with sable fur, hung about him in rich folds, and his long, white beard made Biron recall the pictures upon the Abbey windows.

Again the old man thanked the Christian for his aid, and offered him refreshment.

"Nay," said Basil, "I need no food or drink; but if you, fair Salome, would but turn your cithren there and sing, I would hold myself much your debtor."

"The songs of our nation are but sad ones,"

she said, "but such as my poor skill can furnish you shall hear," and playing a light prelude, she was about to begin when her lover said,

"I fear me that your song will indeed be sad, judging from your beginning; can you not make it gayer?"

"The outcast have no gaiety," she said, and broke at once into her song.

SALOME'S SONG.

Oh! ask not Judah's hand to wreath
Her broken harp with flowers,
'Twere worse than mockery now to breathe
One note of happier hours.
Oppressed, insulted, trodden down,
How dark her fate appears!
Her past, a dream of glory flown;
Her present, chains and tears.

Her land beneath the Moslem's rod,
Herself the Christian's slave;
She hath no refuge but her God,
No hope but in the grave.
Then ask not Judah's hand to wreath
Her broken harp with flowers;
'Twere worse than mockery now to breathe
One song of former hours!

And now we must abruptly change our scene and introduce such others as belong to our short history.

Basil is in his own home; a castle, the ruins of which are still a landmark and a Mecca for the antiquary pilgrim. He stood in the centre of a large apartment, whose scanty furniture, and floor strewn with rushes, contrasted with the habitation of the despised Jew.

Fronting him, in an old carved arm chair, sat a tall, stalwart figure, in whose stern lineaments might be traced the features of Basil.

"My son," he said, "tell me that this rumor is untrue. You do not mingle with these infidel outcasts!"

"I may not lie to you, my father," said Basil, "I love this Jewish maiden."

"Love her!" nearly shouted the baron—"the sorceress hath bewitched thee."

"Yes, with woman's witchery. Beauty as that of the angels; and a pure mind richly stored. These are the sources of her glamour."

"It grieves me to hear you speak thus, Basil. This I fear me is as a punishment for heavy sin. But their nation shall smart for this sorcery—and thou, Basil, must never go near them more."

"Father, I have plighted my troth to her. I will never forsake her."

"Plighted troth to a daughter of Mahound! Thou a Christian noble! Hark ye, swear to me this hour to abandon your leman henceforth and forever, or see my face no more. No prayers! no pleadings! swear, or be gone."

Basil bowed low, and left the house of his fathers forever! When he reached London he found the streets filled with a turbulent multitude, running hither and thither and shouting, "death to the Jews!" Here were the smoking ruins of a house, burned, perhaps, with its tenants in it; they were Jews—there lay a mangled corpse; the long beard told that it was a Jew's.

Basil flew to the house of Salome; they had fled for refuge to York. Thither we will follow them; and so in a brief time end this legend of the days of the "Lion Heart."

Soon as the news of the London massacre reached York the bigoted populace followed the example of the capitol. The Jews, gathering together their wives and children, fled to the governor for protection. He received them into the castle and promised protection. But when the savage multitude collected beneath its walls demanded their victims, he spoke of parley.

He left the castle to go and address the mob; and during his absence the prince spoke to his people.

"My brethren, this man will yield us up to the fury of the fierce populace if we take not the power from his hands. We are strong enough as to numbers. Let us close then the gates of the castle, and defend it to the death!"

"It is well!" shouted the Israelites, and almost before the echoes of that shout were silent, the deed had been accomplished.

But of what avail was it? They had neither provision to sustain a siege, nor arms to repel an attack. Soon, therefore, famine shook her gaunt fingers at them *within* the walls; and *without* the people plied their labors. Already the draw-bridge had fallen, and they were now undermining the gate. There was no longer any hope.

"Children of Judah!" said the prince—"in an hour the foe will be among you. Your sons and strong men will fall by the sword; but for your wives and your daughters, what shall be their fate? Will ye leave them to the mercy of the Christian?"

And a stern "we will not leave them," passed through the hearers.

"Will ye call upon Jehovah for pardon and die with me?"

"We will die with thee!" was the deep response.

The lips of the Israelites were closed; and the set brows told how strong was their resolve. In that one moment of determining the bitterness of death passed over.

Each father was to destroy his own family; and

the first lot fell upon the prince. Salome sprang to his arms, and in that long embrace was agony such as human hearts may hear but once, "farewell, Salome, farewell!"

A slight breach had been made in the wall: and the roar of the multitude increased.

"My child, my child," said the old man, "how shall I slay thee? Look from me, Salome: thine eyes and thy smile are those of Leali's when you were young together in Palestine. Children of Judah, I cannot slay my child! Let another ask strength from God and do it." But none would strike the flower of Israel.

"Call thou on the God of Abraham and of Jephthah, Rabbi," called a voice from the crowd.

"I have called upon him and prayed to him," moaned the father, "but—Salome, my child, look up to heaven! I am strong now!" But as she held upward her beautiful face, a deathly pallor stole over it; and the enthusiasm faded from the large Judean eye; and the lip quivered and grew white; and the heart of the father softened as he beheld it.

"Salome, my daughter, dost thou fear?"

She fell back into his arms.

"Father," she murmured, "father, Jehovah hath saved thee this agony," and the smile came to her lips: then she shuddered in his arms and died.

The slaughter went on. Young and old: the wrinkled forehead of many winters, and the fresh loveliness of youth, all fell together. The little girls blanched as the dagger flashed over them; but the boys stood up for the blow and looked proudly into their father's eyes. The set lips of the strong man grew more rigid in the ice of death; and the mother, with the nursing babe, pressed it more closely to her bosom, her only supplication, "let me die first!"

At last the prince stood alone. Suddenly the tapestry nestled, and from behind it stepped Basil Biron.

"Christian," said the old man, "how camest thou here?"

"It recks not how," replied Basil, and he pointed at the form of Salome. "There was my life, my hope, my all!"

"Thou lovest my daughter, then?"

"Better than aught save heaven."

"Then thou wilt not mock. Wilt thou do me the last favor and strike me?" and he proffered the dagger.

"Thou art the father of that clay," said Biron.

"I will not strike thee!"

"Farewell then! Jehovah! lay not this sin to our charge!" Such were the last words of the last Prince of Judah. As he spoke, the poinard

descended and clove his heart in twain. As he fell, the youth seized a fire-brand, dashed it amid the folds of the tapestry and sprang from the room.

The voice of the frantic multitude increased; the doors cracked—they burst—but the shout of triumph was for a moment hushed as Basil Biron sprang from the battlement and was dashed to pieces in their midst.

Then on they poured through hall and gallery. They reached the scene of slaughter and yelled in mad disappointment.

"'Tis a fair face that, for a daughter of Mahound," said a fellow, touching the body of Salome with his foot, "but she hath a chain of gold about her neck; she cannot need that where she has gone."

But as he tore open the dress and exposed the beautiful but marble bosom, he shuddered and drew back. There was the symbol of the faith he disgraced: upon the heart of the Jewess lay a CROSS OF CHRYSOLITE!

JUNE.

BY MRS. CATHERINE ALLAN.

THE golden summer month is come,

Farewell to rosy May!

How sweet in moonlight nights in June

To hear the fountains play.

Beside the cooling stream the kine

At mid-day faintly low,

And far and near the dusty roads,

Hot in the sunbeams glow.

At morning you can hear the birds

From out the fragrant wood,

Breaking, with thousand gleesome notes,

The night's deep solitude;

While every breeze that dallies by,

A flood of perfume brings

From dewy grass and blowing flowers

Upon its cooling wings.

At eve the crescent moon appears

Behind the wooded hill,

And one by one the gentle stars

Peep o'er the ancient mill;

High up against the sybil sky

The topmost leaf moves light,

And with mysterious voice the brook

Sings thro' the quiet night.

The golden summer month is come—

A thousand sweets are found—

The woodbine blossoms on the porch,

And roses bloom around.

The winds, the birds, the leaves, the streams,

All things rejoice in tune,

Oh! there is nothing half so gay,

As the golden month of June!

THE GITANA OF ZEA.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

IN the autumn of 1—, the chateau De — was splendidly illuminated, and a large bridal party had assembled in its halls, to witness the marriage of Julian St. Aman, and Inez Corlear. Some of the most beautiful of Spain's dark-eyed daughters, the selected bridesmaids of Inez, were arrayed in their snow-white dresses, having their long flowing ringlets adorned with wreaths of roses, interspersed with orange blossoms; while the bride could be distinguished from the rest of the fair group, by having her braided tresses simply crowned with a chaplet of the orange flower alone. Her dark eye languished, and seemed to suppress half its beaming intelligence, until the arrival of Julian would bid it shine out in all its resistless splendor.

The hour was growing late. The soft notes of the lute, and melting tones of song, with which the young gallants beguiled the tedium of an hour's suspense, were at length hushed. The fund of anecdotes and tales, which had been husbanded by the older guests, for occasions like the present, was entirely exhausted; and inquiries after the expected bridegroom became more frequent: still hour after hour sped by, and, as yet, he had not come. Nor could the numerous watchers, who had taken their stations on the balconies of the chateau, discover any indications of his approach; though their strained eyes were turned toward the direction from which he should make his appearance. About two hours after the appointed time, a courier was seen urging his courser in full speed toward the chateau, and the quick words, "to horse—horse," uttered in almost breathless voice, threw everything into confusion in the court-yard below.

The consternation and dismay of the party, and the anguish of the bride, may be more easily imagined than described, when it was told that the cavalcade in which the bridegroom was proceeding had been attacked by a band of desperate Gitanos, who had wounded many of their knights, and borne off others to their mountain fastnesses, amongst whom was Julian St. Aman. The news of this disaster caused so fearful a panic amongst the chevaliers that they forgot to take even a hasty farewell of the ladies, and in a few moments, bounding over the drawbridge, accompanied by the courier, they swept over the road in a cloud of dust, toward the place where the cavalcade had been attacked.

We will not attempt a description of that scene of anguish which presented itself after the cavaliers had departed in pursuit of the Gitanas, in the

midst of which the bride was borne, insensible, to her couch, while the lovely Leonora sat watching, through her tears, the pale features of her sister.

Long after midnight the guests retired from their watch-posts, with tears for the disconsolate Inez, and sighs for the safety of the ill-fated Julian, and those who had shared his fate. When Leonora saw that her sister had returned to consciousness, and sunk into a gentle slumber, she took her stand by the casement, and gazing out on the road until long after the moon had gone down, and star after star had departed, waited the return of some one of the cavaliers who might bring back information respecting the success of the pursuit; but disappointed in her expectations, and outworn with watching, she at length threw herself on the couch beside her sister, and lay in a state of stupor until long after sunrise.

The day wore wearily on, and it was not until long after sunset that the travel-worn cavaliers, who had gone forth the evening before, had returned, and with them those of the bridal cavalcade who had made their escape from the hands of the marauding party; the spirits of all broken from a vain and wearisome pursuit, and their horses jaded from the fatigues they had undergone. They reported that three or four of those missing had been wounded, and borne off with the others they knew not whither.

Months had elapsed, and yet no tidings reached the chateau concerning the long lost Julian and his unfortunate companions. The rose that graced the cheek of the beautiful Inez was fast fading, and the wild glow of her dark glancing eye had lost somewhat of the fire that flashed from beneath her long pencilled lashes. At length it was proposed that she, with her sister, should pay a visit to an aunt of theirs, who then resided on the Island of Zea, one of the gems of the Egean, to which they readily assented, as the chain which bound Inez to the chateau De — had lost one of its brightest links.

In the summer of 1— a barque was preparing to leave the port, destined for Constantinople; and in that it was determined that they should proceed up the Mediterranean; for amongst other stopping-places, it was to stay a short time at Zea. The next week saw them on their voyage. As nothing material transpired, we will pass over a few weeks, and leave them with their aunt in a small, yet elegant cottage, half hid with clustering vines, and within a short distance of the town of —.

A few months after the arrival of the sisters, a small cave or grot among the hills, not far from their cottage, became the temporary residence of a wandering Gitana. She appeared to be a young woman of about twenty-two or three years of age,

though the life she led, and perhaps some troubles, the sources of which we cannot easily conjecture, had planted a few premature furrows on her beautiful forehead, yet left the wild light of her dark eyes still unshaded as in her fifteenth summer. Her figure, though above the common height, was still graceful, and her step elastic as the light bound of the antelope. Her coming was hailed with delight by the young Zean maidens, as they anticipated bright promises of handsome and intelligent lovers, and indulged in many a fanciful dream of promised happiness. But to Inez and Leonora the intelligence of her becoming a near neighbor of theirs was by no means agreeable, for reasons which may be gathered from the foregoing part of the tale.

It was on one of those delightfully calm summer evenings so peculiar to the clime of the Egean Islands, that the Gitana first made her appearance to the sisters. They were seated on a ledge of rock that overhung the tranquil mirror of the waters, watching the bright sun descend into the sea in one unclouded blaze, while she entered on the path which led up to their chosen seat. At first they did not know whether to fly from her presence or remain until she had passed. They, however, determined on the latter, and in a few moments she paused awhile before them, and in a low, yet sweet, clear voice repeated the following lines—

List thee, maiden! while I read
From the gem-set sky above,
Tones of joyous omen shed
By those blazing orbs that rove;
Whither, few save ONE can tell—
Half their flight invisible!
Hear the lay their wild lyre gives,
“Maiden still thy lover lives.”

The last words touched a chord that vibrated deeply through the soul of the fair Inez, and looking upward, she exclaimed—“Gitana repeat for me those words again,” but before she had uttered the last word of the sentence the Gitana was gone.

Some evenings had passed, and although the sisters regularly visited the spot where the Gitana had uttered her mysterious language, yet she did not make her appearance. At length Inez proposed a walk to the cave, where she hoped to find the Gitana, and there learn from her the meaning of her mystery; as a thought flashed across her imagination that she perhaps belonged to the band by which Julian and his company had been taken prisoners on that memorable evening. At all events she thought that there must be something known to the gipsy, as she declared he still lived. The curiosity of Leonora being also excited, little persuasion was necessary to

induce her to pay a visit to the mysterious stranger. After a short walk, they arrived at the cave, and found the Gitana busily employed in examining some curious marks on an old sheet of parchment. When she saw them approaching, she motioned them to retire, at the same time saying that she would meet them on the next evening at their wonted retreat where she first appeared to them.

“What a strange creature!” exclaimed Inez—“how could she have even conjectured what information we wanted to gain from her?”

“Sister,” said Leonora, “you seem to be totally unacquainted with the pretended mysticisms of the Gitanas. They but excite our curiosity by ambiguous language, only that the pains created by the disappointment of the very hopes which they awaken may be felt more sensibly; or in order to extort money from the credulous. But one thing, however, I will not undertake to argue; that is as to how or where she gained the information that Julian was still alive—to-morrow evening will explain everything.”

The next day seemed a weary one to Inez, and evening was hailed with no common expressions of delight. Long before the appointed time she and Leonora were seated on the little rocky ledge where they first encountered the Gitana. After waiting a considerable time they discovered the form of the Gitana, not arrayed, however, in the same garments she had worn on the first evening that they saw her. She was enveloped in a large, loose cloak, and a few minutes after saw her seated at their feet, while without any prefatory remarks she thus commenced.

“At this hour, about two years since, a cavalcade was proceeding toward the chateau De —, composed of the friends of a young Spanish count, who was that evening to be married to a beautiful daughter of Spain. Upon its arrival at a narrow mountain pass, seven miles from the chateau, it was attacked by some desperate members of our race, whom the hope of a rich prize had attracted; as the dresses of the young chevaliers were of immense value, and it was reported that the Count Julian was in possession of a ring which he intended, on that evening, to present to his bride, worth a diadem. Enticed by the hope of so rich a booty, the marauders determined to rob the party, if possible without otherwise injuring them; or if they resisted, to bear them off to their cave amongst the Morenas; and there, having stripped them of their jewels and ornaments, to set them at liberty. The chevaliers did resist, and in the affray two or three of their number fell, desperately wounded, and were borne off by the robbers in a state of insensibility. The three who were wounded were carried to a different den from that in which their companions were

confined, and placed under the care of the women who were skilled in all kinds of remedies and restoratives. Here they lingered some weeks in a lethargic state. Consciousness at length returned; but weary months had passed heavily along, and yet they were unable to leave their apartments.

"About this time the frequent depredations committed on travellers by our tribe, awakened the attention of the royal guards; and the Gitanas pursued to their very strongholds, determined to leave this scene of plunder and fly to the Toledas, where a portion of their clan had been engaged in the same lawless pursuits.

"After deliberating a long time on the expediency of conveying their prisoners thither, the leaders of the gang determined on their removal also. Litters were prepared, and after a painful journey they all arrived at their retreat among the Toledas. The invalids, outworn with the fatigues of their long and weary march, were retarded in their slow approaches to convalescence.

"For more than a year they were destined to live on under the regimen of the Gitanas; when one morning, being pronounced quite recovered by some of the attendants, they were set at liberty; an oath being first enjoined on them to reveal to no one the private passages to their mountain holds, all of which they had opportunities of learning. Count Julian's sole desire, when set free from his dreary confinement, seemed to be to go immediately to the chateau De — and claim his long-lost bride; but what was his disappointment when he had arrived within a day's journey, to find that the object of his search was then in the distant island of Zea. Without farther ado he proceeded to the nearest port, and after a few days' delay he embarked in a small brig which was bound for Cypress, hoping that there he might find a vessel which would bear him to the island that still held all which was dear to him. When the brig was within a few hours' sail of her destined port, the only favorable circumstance in his eventful history occurred to him; for here luckily a corvette, bound for Zea, passed them within hail; and the captain having ordered the sailors to lower the boat, while both vessels lay with their sails aback, took the count on board and then proceeded on his voyage."

Here the Gitana paused for a few moments, while Inez, almost breathless with excitement, eagerly exclaimed—

"What then became of him? Where is he now?"

"He proceeded on his voyage, and nothing of interest occurred to him until he landed."

"He is then on the island?" interruptingly inquired Inez.

"He is, lady," said the Gitana, "and you have

heard his tale from his own lips"—at the same time rising and throwing off the cap and cloak which concealed his form, he stood before his long-lost Inez. We will not attempt to describe the scene which followed. It will be sufficient to say that the lovely Inez and the bright Leonora accepted his proffered services to conduct them to the cottage of their aunt; and that in a few weeks after Inez became the bride of THE GITANA OF ZEA.

ASPIRATIONS.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I WASTE no more, in idle dreams, my life, my soul away:

I wake to know my better self—I wake to watch and pray.

Thought, feeling, time on idols vain, I've lavished all too long,

Henceforth to holier purposes I pledge myself, my song!

Oh! still within the inner veil, upon the spirit's shrine, Still unprofaned by evil, burns the pure spark divine,

Which God has kindled in us all, and be it mine to tend,

Henceforth with vestal care and faith, the light that lamp may lend.

I shut mine eyes, in grief and shame, upon the dreary past;

My heart, my soul poured recklessly on dreams that could not last,

My bark has drifted down the stream, at will of wind and wave,

An idle sight and fragile thing, that few had cared to save;

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold, and steer as Conscience tells,

And I will brave the storms of Fate, tho' wild the ocean swells.

I know my soul is strong and high, if once I give it sway!

I feel a glorious power within, tho' light I seem and gay:

Oh! laggard soul!—unclose thine eyes!—no more in luxury soft,

Of joy ideal, waste thyself!—awake and soar aloft!

Unfurl this hour those falcon wings which thou dost fold too long!

Lift to the skies thy lightning gaze, and sing thy loftiest song!

Too many a precious moment, passed in vain—thou should'st have wrought

To golden gifts for heavenly shrines, by the alchemy of thought.

Henceforth so tune thyself to live in harmony with Time,

That music grand and sweet to thee shall be his step sublime!

LOVE BEFORE FIRST SIGHT.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

CHAPTER I.

IN a small French provincial town lived a young man named M. de Clainville. His person was agreeable—not that he was handsome—but his expressive countenance indicated frankness, spirit, good sense and generosity, and his character supported this promise of his face. If an anecdote was related of some act of benevolence, the doer of which chose to maintain concealment, it was at once imputed to Clainville. If an improbable story was told, and the hearer expressed doubt, the narrator had only to say “but I had it of Clainville,” to procure immediate credence. He enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him, and with a very moderate fortune, relieved the necessities of the poor on the one hand, and found his society courted by the rich and powerful on the other.

Near Clainville resided Madame de Mazieres. She dwelt in retirement, having passed her eightieth year, and supported with virtuous resignation the inconveniences of age and of poverty. She lost, by the Revolution, a splendid fortune, and a brilliant position in society; but she met with a bereavement at the same time, which was immeasurably more afflictive than any pecuniary reverse, or any ostracism from fashionable position could be. Her only daughter married to one of the proscribed nobles—the Comte de Verlac—fled into banishment with her husband, leaving their only child, Sophie, at the age of three years, in the charge of her grand-mother. The end of a marriage which took place under the happiest auspices was the death of husband and wife, away from the land of their birth, and the recipients of the scanty charity of strangers.

Madame de Mazieres, charged with the precious trust, delighted to trace in the lineaments of the child the beauty of the only daughter whom she had so fondly loved. Through her infancy she was a most devoted parent to the orphan, but her own advancing age had at length taught her that she was no longer competent to guide the education of the charming child in whom all her hopes, and all her affections were centred. The parting cost child and guardian infinite pain, but convinced that the best good of both demanded a separation, Madame de Mazieres entrusted the orphan to the guardianship of a tried friend, whose position and character made the charge most eligible for Sophie; and the orphan girl was taken to Paris, for the benefit of that metropolitan education without which no French woman is *parfaite*.

Poor Madame de Mazieres! She had thus with commendable self-denial robbed herself of that which might have made her house delightful, and her solitude agreeable. Her souvenirs were gloomy companions—for if she had some memories of pleasure, there were enough of grief to efface them all. Still Clainville was her constant visitor. Why? you will ask. What could a young man seek there? He sought what Clainville sought always and everywhere, the luxury of consoling the unfortunate. He sought to convince madame that the whole world had not forgotten her, and that there were still in it, good and generous souls, who considered old age entitled to respect, and the virtuous unfortunate fit companions.

The natural pursuits and cheerful engagements of vivacious youth had prevented Clainville from paying his accustomed attentions to Madame de Mazieres for more than a week. Ashamed of his negligence, he made haste to repair it. He found his aged friend absorbed in deep and evidently painful thought, but she awoke with a smile from her reverie at his appearance, and playfully reproached him with his long absence. “But,” she added, cheerfully, “we old women cannot pardon young people who forget us, and must receive the moments they give us, without rigidly counting what we get, or exacting more.”

“Madame,” said Clainville, “I assure you that I have never forgotten you—I——”

“I readily believe you,” interrupted the old lady. “The goodness of M. de Clainville’s heart would never permit him to forget the unfortunate.”

As she spake, in spite of her assumed gaiety a tear escaped her eyelids. Clainville regarded her a few moments in silence, and then tenderly enquired, “how is this madame? has any new calamity overtaken you?”

“No, monsieur.”

“And why then, these tears?”

“I weep not for myself my dear young friend.”

“How, madame? Has any misfortune overtaken the grand-child of whom I have heard you speak so often?”

“I *was* thinking,” said Madame de Mazieres, “of her fate. It is true that her misfortunes will all be in the future—but that uncertain future is already at the door.”

“What mean you, madame?”

“Poor child! In a few days, she will have no longer a mother!”

“How say you?” asked Clainville, anxiously.

“At my age,” said the old lady, “it is folly to strive to deceive one’s self. In a year—in a month—a week—a day—I may be no more. My little grand-child—my dear Sophie will be

alone in the world, without support, without a protector, without fortune. It is such thoughts that, in spite of myself plunge me in despair."

Clainville endeavored to re-assure the aged matron. "Heaven," he said, "will protect your daughter. She will find friends——"

"Friends!" interrupted madame. "You judge others by your own heart. She is beautiful—that may procure her the worst of enemies. She is without fortune—that will expose her without a protector, and may leave her to be ruined without redress. If there ever were such friends as disinterested ones in the world, they exist no longer."

"You have forgotten *me*, then!" cried Clainville, with emotion. A romantic impulse that moment knocked at his heart. "You have forgotten me, and doubt the sincerity of my friendship."

"Gently, my dear child," said the old lady—"I know *your* heart. But what kind of a protector will a young man of twenty make for a girl of sixteen?"

"A husband," said Clainville. The romantic impulse was now a cherished determination.

"A husband!" repeated Madame de Mazieres after him in astonishment.

"Yes, madame. Promise me her hand, and I promise to protect, and to make her happy."

"And do you ask the hand of one whom you have never seen?"

"Certainly. Your child she *must* be lovely, if only her misfortunes made her so."

"But she is without fortune," persisted the old lady.

"If she possessed wealth," replied Clainville, "she would have no need of a protector."

"Excellent young man," said the matron, melted to tears, "I accept your offer. I will give her to you, and dying mother never resigned her precious charge into more virtuous hands. I will write to her this instant, and in a few days you shall meet here the beloved child whom you have promised to espouse. You have calmed my last moments—heaven *will* befriend my daughter, for heaven has sent you to make her happy, and permit me to depart in peace."

Clainville much affected, tore himself away to escape the warm expressions of the happy woman's gratitude. As he was upon the point of entering his own door, he encountered a man whom he knew and much esteemed, having met him often at the house of Madame de Mazieres. It was M. de Forval—not what the world calls a brilliant, but an honest man; one in whom every body had confidence, and who fully merited it. He understood and loved Clainville, and had promised himself to do his young friend a benefit upon the earliest opportunity.

"May I ask," said M. de Forval, "without impoliteness, from whence you come? You have the air and appearance of a man much affected."

"Poor Madame de Mazieres," said Clainville, "is in a situation so unfortunate!"

"Do you think so?"

"She has imbued me thoroughly with her own melancholy."

"Yes," said the other, "I perceive you are gloomy enough. Come with me—I will take you where the gay world shall dissipate your sadness."

"But I have no desire that it should be less."

"Nonsense, man! When you have pouted at the whole universe, the good Madame de Mazieres will be neither the happier nor the richer for it. Come with me, I tell you; and if you find that society annoys you, still you hold the game in your own hands. If you want solitude there is no solitude like that of a crowd."

Clainville permitted himself to be led to the house of Madame de Verteuil, who was at home one evening in every week to a numerous but well chosen circle of friends. "Take care of yourself!" said Forval to him as they walked, "take care of yourself! You will meet to-night the most charming young woman in the world, and you will be good enough by and bye to recollect that I have given you warning."

"Who is this paragon?" asked Clainville, beginning to be interested.

"Adele de Jumilly. Her mother has determined to leave Paris, and, fixing her residence among us, to purchase an estate in this vicinity. Madame de Jumilly is an amiable and accomplished woman, of the first *ton*. She will be an acquaintance worth making. But look out for your heart, I warn you. Her daughter is beautiful as the day, innocent as the rose in its freshness."

Clainville paid little attention to his friend's rhapsody. He had already forgotten it in answering the ready salutations of his friends upon entering the house of Madame de Verteuil. His eye wandered a moment over the beautiful women who graced the re-union, and was arrested in pleased surprise by a young woman who eclipsed all the others. She accidentally encountered with her eyes his earnest gaze, dropped the long lashes, and a graceful blush mantled her cheeks. Clainville was delighted at this proof of modesty, and seeking his friend asked, "who is that young person?"

"Ah!" said Forval, smiling, "you have found her out already, then, of whom I warned you. What think you of her?"

"Very well."

"Come, come, that is cold praise. Acknowledge

that she is charming! That is the young Adele de Jumilly, of whom we were talking. Did you not recognize her by my portrait? If not I am a bad painter. Her mind is as highly praised as her person by those who know her, and you see what her person is. She has received a finished education, and possesses every accomplishment, and with all this has preserved all the grace and ingenuousness of childhood. Possessed of brilliant and agreeable talents, she is modest as an angel, and plays with her gifts natural and acquired as artlessly and innocently as she did but yesterday with her doll. But come—recollect you are not to fall in love with her!"

Clainville smiled, and making no reply to Forval, joined the ladies. He mingled in their conversation and exhibited that spirit which all the world loves, and regards as the best eulogy on the character of him who possesses it. He evinced a sincerity and frankness which painted in natural, various and lively colors his genuine emotions—the more one hears of such a talker, the more one desires to hear. Madame de Jumilly of all others seemed to take a most lively interest in what he said, and found opportunity to engage him to herself in conversation. Clainville gave way to the desire to please, so natural at his age. Never had he appeared so agreeable and amiable, although involuntary distractions would often break the thread of his discourse with the mother, and divert his thoughts from her to where the daughter sat.

Released at length from the pleasant, but still, just then, a little tiresome attention of Madame Jumilly, Clainville rejoined the young people, and participated in their amusements with a zest and pleasure which he had never before known. He could not tire of watching every gesture of Adele, of listening to every tone of her voice. As he gazed and listened it was no longer attention—for attention requires reflection and he was past that. It was entrancement—it was love; and to enter his heart love had assumed its most seductive form—that of innocence and candor.

Adele was one of those whom to see for an instant is to love forever. Her face had something in its expression so pure, so natural, so true, that at first sight you read her soul on it. You knew her at one glance of the eye—you could not understand her better in a life time. The heart of Clainville, accustomed to give way to its first emotions, was mastered completely by the sweetness and most absolute of all tyrants. He loved—without reflecting on the consequences of loving. He loved—forgetting the promises he had made.

The moment of separation had arrived. He approached Adele, and would have spoken to

her. In his embarrassment he could not speak, but his looks expressed more and more eloquently than his tongue could have uttered.

CHAPTER II.

CLAINVILLE returned home deliciously absorbed. His every thought was of Adele. He reviewed again and again all that he had done, and all that she had said. Her countenance, her graces, her movements played before his mental vision a most delightful pantomime, and thus in waking visions passed all the night. When he slept it was to dream of her. At ten in the morning, when Forval entered his apartment he had not yet risen. "What!" cried his friend, "still in bed!" "It was daylight," answered Clainville, "before I closed my eyes."

"How!" said Forval, "you—*you* of the placid mind and conscience clear—*you* sleepless? It is a miracle. But I understand it. You are in love. These are indubitable symptoms."

"Me!"

"Yes, my boy, and with Adele Jumilly!"

This home charge recalled poor Clainville to his recollection. He reddened and stammered, "what could have induced you to suspect such a thing?"

"Is it such a crime, then," asked Forval, "to be in love?"

"No, Monsieur Forval—not a crime, but a very great misfortune."

"Yes, truly," answered Forval, "to be in love with a person whom you can marry on any day you choose."

"Me! Do you then," answered Clainville, "imagine me sufficiently vain to aspire to a match so far above my rank, and to a wife so far above my merit?"

"And do you, Clainville," answered Forval, "think me so little your friend that I would taunt you with impossible hopes? I have known Madame de Jumilly well and long. I have often been entrusted by her with important commissions. She has spoken to me repeatedly of her anxiety for the future welfare of her daughter, and of her desire to see her happily married. 'My daughter,' she has said, 'is rich enough for two, and it is not fortune which I shall consult in my choice of a man to make her happy. I look for a young man who to good family joins the intrinsic merit of a good heart, and who, with an agreeable presence, possesses a sound mind.' She has even asked me to aid her in the search for such a person. I had promised, Clainville, to seek your happiness, and I have kept my word. I know you better than you know yourself, and I know that I have not betrayed the confidence of Madame de Jumilly in proposing

you to her as the husband of her daughter. Last evening she spoke of you to me with enthusiasm, and I have promised her that I will make you a party to a project which, to be executed, needs only your assent."

"Only my consent!" cried Clainville—"and I cannot give it!" Forval watched with close attention the countenance of his friend, as it varied with a thousand conflicting emotions. "No, no," he repeated, "I cannot give it. I love Adele de Jumilly—and—I refuse the proffered happiness!" He then proceeded to recount to his friend what had passed between himself and Madame de Mazieres. "I could not," he continued, "see the distress of that excellent and unfortunate woman without being deeply affected. She asked of heaven a support and protector for her orphan grand-child. I considered nothing—but followed the first impulse of my heart. I asked of her the hand of Sophie."

"Then you decline this connexion?" inquired Forval.

"I do—at the cost of my own happiness—to secure that of another."

"Are you firmly decided?"

"Do not doubt me, Monsieur Forval. After opening the door of hope and joy to Madame de Mazieres, would you have me plunge a dagger in her heart? Do you advise me—"

"Me! I advise you nothing. Where is the benefit of counselling a man who follows the first impulse?"

"Ah! you would have done the same, I pledge—"

"No, no—no pledges, my friend," answered Forval. "You are a fool of a particular species, and all fools have not the honor of resembling you. Adieu. I am vexed that it is thus out of my power to do you a service."

"What, then! Do you leave me in anger?"

"No—your folly is magnificent enough to obtain its own pardon. But it is necessary that I carry to Madame de Jumilly your expressions of gratitude and regret."

"My gratitude, certainly," said Clainville, with animation—"but not my regrets. My heart is broken—but—I can have no regrets." Forval kindly and warmly pressed his hand as he took his leave."

Poor Clainville labored hard to persuade himself that he really did feel no regrets. He called himself a fool twenty times over—not as M. Forval did, because he had made a promise on the first impulse, but because he permitted himself to be afflicted by the necessity of refusing Adele, when in fact he had no right to do otherwise, being espoused, and in honor wedded already to another. He resolved to love Sophie on principle,

and struggled mentally to escape the image of Adele which constantly pursued him. But it pursued in vain. It could torment him but not shake his firm determination. In the evening he directed his steps toward the dwelling of Madame de Mazieres, which he resolved no more to leave, until the arrival of Sophie.

He expected to find Madame Mazieres alone—but was startled by the presence of Madame Jumilly and her daughter. Nothing, however, could be more natural than their visit. As Madame Jumilly proposed to reside in the neighborhood, it became her to seek the acquaintance of those who would form her circle of society. Clainville was sadly disconcerted—he dared not speak, and stood still, uncertain whether to advance or to retire. The embarrassment of his situation was not at all relieved, when Madame de Mazieres took him by the hand, and presenting him to Madame de Jumilly, said:

"This, madame, is the generous young man who, touched with my calamities and my griefs—forgetting his own personal interest and happiness, has offered himself as my dear Sophie's protector, when I shall be no more! Behold my good genius, my son, my consoler!"

"I know Monsieur Clainville," said Madame Jumilly, "I know to what a point he has carried his disinterestedness and delicacy. What wife would not be happy with a husband capable of such noble conduct? What say you, Adele?"

Poor Clainville was more confused than ever—what a scene! What an appeal! And what a judge was Adele, in a case where she had been the rejected! But a greater surprise was ready.

Adele's long eye-lashes fell. She blushed and smiled as she said "yes—I believe my happiness with such a husband is secure."

Who can paint the astonishment of Clainville?

"You hear, my friend," said Madame de Mazieres, offering Clainville the not unwilling hand of Adele—"receive your bride!"

"My—bride!"

"What," said madame, "do you wish to retreat from your word?"

"No! I will defend it with my life—but—Mademoiselle Adele—"

"Is my child—my dear Sophie, and Madame de Jumilly is the friend to whom I entrusted her."

After such a surprise, Clainville was not astonished to find that with Sophie he was to receive a handsome fortune. Madame de Maziere had commenced to save from necessity, and when fortune changed with her, she concealed the fact and continued economy from habit, and with the laudable motive of leaving the orphan provided for. Her artifice had proved the generosity and

the chivalrous devotion to his word of Clainville. Happy in her grand-child's happiness, the lady grew at once ten years younger, and she lived ten years longer than before these events she had dared to hope. It is due to her good sense to say that she never would have proposed such a promise as Clainville offered; nor would she have held him to the accomplishment of an engagement which Forval did not far miscall when he told the maker he was a "peculiar fool." But Clainville's acts from good impulses have never done him harm, as under them he has never done wrong. He may have been deceived by those to whom he has done good—but the *good* he has done has never deceived him.

Old Monsieur Forval, and a notary soon made the party complete. The reader will of course perceive that Forval was a plotter with the rest in this happy stratagem; and nobody's happiness, bride's and bridegroom's excepted, was greater than that of M. Forval, as he said to Clainville, when the union was blessed: "this is none of *my* fault. I told you how it would be, when we were on the way to Madame Verteuil's soiree!"

THE POET.

FROM "THE WANDERING SPIRIT."

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

THE spirit then
 Delighted to be near him, to sketch forth
 Forms of celestial beauty, as they dwelt
 Upon his memory, which the touch of earth
 And breath of error had made dim and dark;
 Or whisper to him half forgotten tales
 Of heaven's incommunicable bliss,
 Its all pervading and extatic love
 Of never ending durance. Oft he threw
 His own angelic form upon the mist
 That floated down the valley, or looked forth
 With an enchanting smile from the light wreaths
 That lay amid the radiance of the west,
 When such a changing glory of bright beams,
 Of every shade of beauty, centre there,
 That we imagine heaven, with all its pomp,
 Is hidden only by the emerald wall
 Of our horizon, o'er the billowy heights
 Of which gleam angels' wings, and crimson robes,
 And harps and coronets of burnished gold,—
 'Till, as we gaze, we almost seem to hear
 The distant echoes of æræphic songs,
 Mingling with the low music of the wind.
 And when the holy night had put aside
 The glittering tissue of the veil of day,
 Revealing dark the infinite depth in which
 Our universe performs its mazy dance,
 With myriads of bright creatures, keeping time
 With the clear singing of the morning stars
 Around the throne of God.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE spring is here in all its beauty. Yesterday we were in the country, hunting wild flowers by the streams and in the hollows, and to-day we can scarcely contain ourselves in the dull town, for visions of leafing trees, opening buds and rejoicing birds swim through our memory to intoxication. As we sit by our window we see the apricot blossoms in the garden, and the room is full of perfume from early lilacs. Oh! the winter has past and the summer is coming.

How we love wild flowers! There is to us an exceeding beauty in their frail and delicate proportions, in their softly shaded tints, but most of all in the delightful associations connected with them. The same feeling which causes the Highlander's passion for the heather bell, that reminds him of the wild tarn where he shot eagles in his boyhood, makes us love wild flowers. A garden plant may be more rare and superb, but you see it amid stiff walks, and with hot brick walls overlooking it; while the modest wild flower is found in secluded woods or sheltered nooks by the sides of streams, whence it smiles up at you, with a mild, entreating look, like that of innocent childhood: and you never see one, even in a close chamber, without visions of mossy dells, gurgling waters and breezy trees.

Go out into the country on such a day as this, with a mild south wind playing lute-like among the opening leaves, and the whole air full of fragrance that comes and goes in gushes from the blossoming apple orchards, and you will learn to love wild flowers! The woods are full of them. You cannot take a step without discovering one. The white, starry *Sanguinaria* meets you at the foot of every tree, and the sweet little anemone spangles the ground as the stars spangle the milky way. In the moist grounds, you can find violets of every hue. The red-bud is crimsoning the forest, though as yet there is scarcely a leaf on its branches. The white blossom of the wild cherry, and the yellow bud of the opening sassafras, are visible everywhere; while the green willows wave pleasantly by the brook-side with a sound that reminds one of drowsy afternoons in June. The bees are busy all around. It will soon be time to hunt forget-me-nots. How can you stay in town when earth is putting on her festive garments, and all nature exulting in returning spring? If you do not haste, the loveliest portion of the season will be past; for, to one in love with sweet sights and sounds, there is no period like that from the first blossoming of the fruit trees to the time when the mowers are

out among the grass. The passing of those two months is the dream of the year.

Words cannot tell our passion for wild flowers. There is not one, from the white shrub of the aronia by the water-side, to the wild columbine on the rocks, that we do not love. They have been our companions many a day in the otherwise lonely woods: they and the stars used to haunt our imagination in boyhood. In their silent and evanescent loveliness, filling the soul with visions of peace and beauty, and shadowing forth the harmony of a better world, they have ever seemed to us like silent messengers from heaven. There is something about them which always reminds us of the purity of childhood, before it has become contaminated by the selfishness of earth, and when it still possesses much of that spiritual grace which, perhaps, gave rise to the old belief that in infancy we yet retained many dim memories of the Paradise from which, it was fabled, we had just come. And you find them in shady woods or under the banks of streams, like modest innocence shrinking from the gaze of strangers. Then, too, they are so evanescent! A breath seems almost sufficient to destroy them. Thus, as in the case of one we love, the very delicacy of their frames—their frail yet spiritual beauty—endears them to us. And then they have a free-born look in their own wilds; but, like slaves pining for their far off homes, they wither in strange soils.

In all ages poetry has consecrated wild flowers. The old masters of our tongue sing of the woods and fields with rapture, and have made immortal every flower found there. Tradition, too, has embalmed them in beautiful fiction. In the old times of merry England there was scarcely a Holy day that did not witness the blossoming of some flower dedicated to the saint. The blue-field hyacinth was looked for on St. George's morning; the crown imperial was out in its glory on St. Edward's day; and when the time of the annunciation came, maidens went out after lilies, for either from accident or design, the church had appointed the festivals to the Virgin always at times when white flowers were budding. It used to be thought that the Passion flower never bloomed until Holy Rood day. And we have read somewhere that when the morning of St. Mary Magdalen came the summer roses were found fading. Alas! with the olden time how much beautiful poetry have we lost.

The wild flowers, the wild flowers, they cover the earth with glory! With the earliest mild weather of spring, often while the snow lingers on the banks, the low anemone comes forth, the herald of a thousand others. Not long after you will find the Blue Houstonia, with its

delicate little flower of azure or white, in the grassy meadows; and soon, with the coming in of May, the fields will be carpeted with myriads of blossoms of every hue. There you will discover the beautiful Claytonia, the magnificent Wind-Flower, all kinds of the anemone, the honey-suckle, the strawberry and lily of the valley. Then, as summer comes in, you will meet, in the meadows, the American geranium; while, in the woods, near the roots of old trees, will be seen the Indian pipe, with its white, wax-like flower—or the frail and drooping blossom of the winter green, peeping out from a bed of dry leaves, beautiful to behold. On the mountains you will find the Rhododendron, with its clustering flowers, beneath the shade of the gigantic trees; while roses and lilies vie with each other in beauty on hill side and in forest. In your walks you will see, waving over the brow of some precipitous cliff, the little bell-flower; and, from the boughs of trees overhanging the water-side, the white clematis droops in graceful clusters, like the veil of a virgin. Summer passes, and with the approach of autumn, the fragrant white pond lily begins to bloom, and the solitary mountain lakes are then rich with perfume. The Aster and the Golden Rod follow, until, at length, the frosts of winter approach, and the flowers are no more. Then, how mournful to hear the dry stalks rattle along the wood-side, or the withered grass whistle in the wind! It sounds as if it were a requiem for the dead. We can almost fancy, like him who heard unseen angels singing as they bore the Holy-Grail to heaven, that we recognize tones not of this world; and as the melancholy sigh of the wind dies away, it seems as if voices lamenting passed upward.

It is a custom still, in some places, to strew the bier of a young virgin with flowers. The Italian women daily make offerings of buds and blossoms at the shrine of the Mother. Many a beautiful flower has a traditional name which we would be loth to believe fiction. In England they call a well known species of the Amaranth, "love-lies-a-bleeding," it is said because of its long red drooping stalks; but we have met with a legend that relates it was so named after a maiden, accidentally slain by the arrow of her lover. Her life-blood stained the plant, which ever since has remained crimsoned. The old Greek mythology has more than one such fiction familiar to all. That ideal people made every tree and shrub the seat of a dryad or hamadryad, and, from them, or, rather from a stock common to both, the old Teutons inherited their seductive belief in fairies. We can yet remember how we were affected, in reading Tasso when a boy, by the enchantments woven around Rinaldo, and esp- e-

cially by the piteous complaint of the maid imprisoned in a tree that he was about to cut down. There is a beautiful legend, floating about in the popular mind, of the naming of the forget-me-not. It is said that a lover, reaching over a precipice at the wish of his mistress to obtain this flower, had just plucked it when his foot slipped and he fell. There was below a sheer descent of a thousand feet. But, the tradition says, even in that fearful moment, he thought most of her. He made no effort to save himself, but with a desperate exertion flung the flower upward to her feet: then, with a smile of gratified triumph, and a last look of love, as he vanished below, he said, "forget-me-not!" And maidens since then have called the flower by that name.

A story of wild flowers! Yes! for one has come up to us that we may somewhere have told before; but, if so, reader, it has never met your eye, and, perhaps, you may grow wiser and better if you will turn aside, a moment, from the world, and peruse this homely tale.

A few years ago, while yet in college, during a summer visit in the country, we became acquainted, in our walks, with a little boy who had just begun to talk. At that age children are most interesting to us, and this one had a wonderful beauty. His complexion was very fair, almost too much so for health, and his light blue eyes, golden curls and winning smile we shall never forget. We first saw him with a bunch of wild flowers in his hand, which, when we spoke to him, he gave us with the innocent generosity of childhood. The little fellow soon became our constant morning companion. His parents were in easy circumstances, and lived in a pretty, romantic cottage, at the foot of a hill, in one of the most secluded spots nature could form. He soon came to know every wild flower in our walks, and would meet us, each day, with a cluster freshly gathered and wet with morning dew. How we learned to love that child! And we believe he returned our affection. But, after a month's acquaintance, we were forced to leave that part of the country. Changes soon came over our life, and in the bitter strife of this world we, at length, almost forgot our little friend.

One snowy night, years after, as we were crossing an obscure street in a distant city, we were arrested by the voice of a girl begging. There was a plaintiveness in her tone that told of a breaking heart. After having given her a trifle, an irresistible impulse led us to accompany her home. The picture of destitution that we then saw has ever since made us more tender to the poor. In a crazy garret, without furniture or fire, the snow driving in through the broken panes, we met the mother of that lovely boy, now

was and sunken, and weeping by the bed-side of a sick child, while one or two other babes were piteously crying for bread. Our heart aches even now to think of it. The sufferer was our old companion, and though he was now dangerously ill and much changed, we could still recognize the almost unearthly loveliness of his face, so like that of an angel's. He knew us too; though we, too, were changed; for many thoughts harden the boy into manhood.

We will not dwell on the details of the sad story we heard in that wintry room. From a state of easy competence the father of the family had been reduced to beggary, by one of those mishaps that are occurring every day around us, though we know not of, or are indifferent to them. Too proud to remain in the neighborhood where he had lived when wealthy, he removed to a distant city, hoping to lose himself in its crowds and find subsistence by following some humble vocation. During the summer he was partially successful. But autumn came, and the labors and anxiety so unusual to him combined with a change of climate and diet, threw him into a fever from which he did not recover until winter was approaching; and when, finally, he rose from a sick bed it was to find himself, not only a beggar, but deeply in debt. His wife had made what exertions she could, by taking in plain sewing, to sustain her sick husband and family; but she could not prevent, with all her efforts, the gradual accumulation of a heavy deficit. To add to the horror of their situation the father could obtain no work. If anything was wanting to fill their cup of bitterness it was furnished by their heaviest creditor, a grocer, whom the husband having unconsciously offended, and who now, declaring that the purchase of a few luxuries for the sick man had been a wilful robbery and deserved no mercy, threw the offender into prison for debt. Thus deprived of their parent, poorly clothed, starving, and without money or credit, the ruined family a few days before sought shelter in the tottering garret where we found them. Here the little boy fell sick.

He was the darling of both parents, for he had always been delicate and intelligent above his years. Their affection he repaid with a strange intensity—strange even for childhood. But especially he loved his father. We now doubt whether his illness was not brought about by the imprisonment of his parent, for he was just old enough to know and magnify its horrors. He had always had a passion for the country and for flowers, and during his delirium he talked much and incoherently of them; but the burden of his fevered dream seemed to be his father, whom he would ask for so piteously as to draw tears from the

listener's eye. He was sensible when we came in, and pressed our hand with a faint smile. Oh! how his eyes lighted up, for he said he knew we would bring his father to him. Need we say we promised it, and that we fulfilled our promise? But we anticipate.

We did not leave the place until we had provided somewhat for the comfort of the sufferers; and during the next day we interested one or two friends in the affair, and procured the discharge of the father. Early in the evening, with the physician whom we had called in for our old companion, we again visited the dwelling of the family, in order to prepare them for the appearance of their parent.

When we announced to them that he would soon be free, and once more among them, tears, sobs, and words of gratitude were poured forth upon us, until it grew painful. The worthy physician, seeing our embarrassment, took the sick boy's hand in his, and with those mild, soothing tones, so welcome to a sufferer—for they sound like those of a friend—he asked him how he felt.

"Better, sir, thank you," said the boy. "But how long before father will be here?" he immediately added.

"In a little while—before an hour. But you exert yourself too much," said the physician. "There, my dear child, lie down and see if you can sleep."

The boy smiled faintly, and affected to obey as his mother shook the pillow, though every now and then he stole a covert look at the door. The doctor looked sadly on his countenance, and we feared the worst. It was evident, too, that the mother began to think her child could not recover. At length the sufferer fell insensibly into a doze, from which, however, he would continually start, talking incoherently of walks with me after flowers, but most of all of his absent father.

Never can I forget that scene. We scarcely breathed. The mother sat by the side of the bed, holding a cloth with which she had been bathing his brow, and every now and then turning anxiously to the door, or endeavoring to hide the tears that, one by one, welled from her eyes, and stole heavily down her cheek, as she gazed upon her dying boy. His sister stood at the foot of the bed, looking mournfully at her brother—but she did not as yet know his danger. And the little child, held in a neighbor's arms, gazed wistfully from one to the other, as if to enquire what it all meant. Suddenly the physician looked at us, at the same instant a quick shudder passed over the boy's face, and he started half up in bed, gazing a minute wildly around. His words at

first were incoherent, his cheek crimson, his gestures eager, his eyes glassy and unsettled.

"George, my love, George," almost sobbed the mother, "don't you know me? It is I that speaks. George, my dear boy—oh, God!" she continued, lifting her eyes to heaven, with a look of unutterable agony, "my boy is dying!" The child seemed to know her voice, it won upon him amid all his delirium, he looked a moment enquiringly into her face, and then extending his thin, wan hand to her, while a smile shot, like dying sunlight, across his countenance, he murmured,

"Mother, is it you?—Oh! I thought I saw such strange faces—it must have been a dream—but it was a sweet sight—there were stars—lovely flowers—and bright angels beckoning me. Mother, mother, could it have been heaven?"

"Oh! my child, don't talk so—" was all the heart-broken parent could sob.

"Mother," said the little fellow after a pause, in a clear, full voice, that seemed too strong to be earthly, "I feel I am dying, mother—let me lay my head upon your bosom, as I used to when I was a baby like Charley—there, that is it—now kiss me, mother—but where is father?—didn't some one say he was coming—why, oh! why don't he hurry?" He spoke this, pausing between every few words.

There was not a voice could answer, for we were all in tears. Even the old physician, used as he was to such scenes, had to raise his handkerchief to his eyes. The sobs of the family were heart-rending.

"Oh! sister, mother, don't cry," said the little fellow brokenly, "you've often told me, mother, that heaven is a happy place—where angels sing all day long—and there is no cold or sickness or poverty. You shouldn't cry, for I'm going there—and by-and-bye, you will come, won't you? Father, too, will be there—oh! I wish I could see him, if it's only for one kiss before I die—why, why don't he come?"

"Would—God—my dear—boy," sobbed the mother chokingly, "he could—come before—" she would have added something, but alas! her overcharged heart would not let her speak.

"Oh! mother," said the little fellow, looking up, and speaking, as I have often noticed in the dying, above his years; while his eyes gleamed with a strange and fitful fire, "do you remember how happy we all used to be—when we had that nice house in the country? Then father would take us such pretty walks—we'd pluck such gay flowers. At night you would hear us say our prayers—and sing sweet songs for sister and me. You would laugh so at our play—you don't laugh any more, mother. I wonder if heaven is as happy as that," he said directly—"I shall

see sister Ellen there, shan't I, mother?—and oh! when I die, bury me in the country, in some spot, like that where she was—and,” but here, as his thoughts, in the wanderings of expiring intellect reverted to his absent father, his tone saddened, and instead of finishing his sentence, he murmured sadly, looking anxiously toward the door, “father, dear father, *do* come!” and then sank exhausted upon his mother’s bosom.

For a moment we thought all was over. His eyes were closed, his arms rigid, his cheek unnaturally pale, and he scarcely seemed to breathe. All at once he opened his eyes, and looking up, earnestly said,

“Hark!—he is coming—his step,” and instantly we heard a tread in the entry, the door flew open, and the long-looked for father rushed into the room, followed by my friend.

“My boy—my boy,” was all he could gasp, rushing wildly to the bedside, as his eye took in at a glance the condition of the sufferer, “oh! my God, they have murdered you!” and his heart-broken voice was full of the bitterest agony.

“Hush, father—I am happy now,” said the boy, with difficulty rallying his faculties—“mother—sister—all—kiss me.”

“My child—my dear, dear boy,” sobbed the strong man, his frame shaking as in an ague fit.

“Don’t leave me,” murmured the boy, “don’t—don’t leave me—it’s all dark—your—hand—mo-o-ther,” and with a gentle quiver of the face, he was dead.

For a moment a silence, deep and reverential, fell upon the room, and while all gazed eagerly upon the pallid face, to see if the little fellow was indeed gone “where the weary are at rest,” so profound was the stillness of the apartment, that you could hear even the stifled breathings of the mother. The awful hush was at length broken by the old physician, as he lifted his eye to heaven, and said devoutly,

“The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord!”

“Amen!” was all I could answer: but the poor father, who had stood like stone gazing upon his boy, shivered in every limb, and then casting himself frantically on the bed, while the stout frame shook under his convulsive twitches, sobbed aloud, and in the language of the Scripture, “would not be comforted.” Even the tender words of his wife, who, overawed by his fearful emotion, seemed to lose all consciousness of her own bereavement, and think only of relieving his agony, were of no avail. It is a touching thing to see a woman’s tears, but oh! how terrible is the strong man’s grief. What to him, now, was liberty! His boy, his doted boy, was lifeless beside him, murdered, aye, mur-

dered, as he felt, for want of that aid, which a few dollars would have secured. Can words picture the agony of such a moment? Wife, children, all were forgotten, and in his misery it seemed as if like the old seer, “he had but to look upon the sun and die.” It was an awful night for that bereaved family. Nearly an hour passed before he would listen to aught of comfort. But we refrain.

What more have we to tell? They buried the child in the country, amid the wild flowers he so loved; and more than once I have gone at night to think by his grave and see that the plants placed there still thrive. There are no garden flowers over him: but the ones he loved—the native growth of the woods—bloom and fade there. They are types of his delicate and spiritual beauty, and of his short-lived stay on earth.

FANCY.

BY H. J. BRADFORD.

FANCY, bright beam of Heaven’s own purest rays,
Thou charmest the heart when other powers have fled;
With thee, we roam Eternity’s drear maze,
With thee, muse on the deeds of mighty dead.

With thee, look wond’ring back to days of yore
What erst was, bring back darkling unto view;
On Fancy’s wings earth’s farthest bounds explore,
O’er ocean’s hills, o’er Ireland’s mountain blue.

Around the azure vault—from star to star;
High upon clouds—on wings of tempest driven—
Traverse with comets boundless fields of air,
And gaze and wonder ’mid the signs of Heav’n.

Then view with mutual eye the scenes of bliss,
In rapture bound, behold the soul’s abode!
With feelings simple language fails to express,
There mark the glory of a glorious God.

SONG.

BY J. A. MAYBIE.

YOUNG Sir Knight on his raven steed,
Came from the tented-field;
He gaily doff’d his batter’d helm,
And down he flung his shield;
“No more,” he cried, “my plume shall dance
’Mid shining ranks of war—
And what is Fame?—I’ve won renown—
Upon my breast’s a star!”

He took his lute, then o’er the wave
To his fair ladye flew;
Who weeping by her lattice sat
When nigh his shallop drew;
“I come,” he sang, “my beautiful!
In deeds of Love to dare;
Oh! brighter far his star—thine eye—
Than *Glory’s* star I wear!”

OUR FEMALE POETS No. III.*

ANNE P. DINNIES.

THERE may be said to be two classes of our female poets. The first contains those who have been before the public for many years, and whose writings are in consequence so well known that a mere reference to them by name is sufficient. Among these may be ranked Mrs. Brooks, Miss Gould, Mrs. Sigourney and a few others of less merit. The second class comprises a larger number, and embraces those who having entered the field of authorship within the last ten or fifteen years have had more competition to experience, and, therefore, may not have attained the same popularity which they would have won at an earlier day, or, perhaps, deserve. Formerly it was so rare a thing for an American woman to write poetry that in some cases extravagant praise was awarded to productions comparatively trifling. Criticism was then easily conciliated; and talent passed for genius. Now, it is more difficult to win renown. Within the last ten years a galaxy of female writers has appeared; and where each star is lustrous, it is not easy for any one to become pre-eminent. We have so many good female poets that it requires some discrimination to select the best.

These considerations have induced us, in these papers, to confine ourselves nearly altogether to the new race of writers. And among these Mrs. Anne Peyre Dinnies holds a high place.

There was a romance in the marriage of this lady which deserves notice. She is a South Carolinian by birth, the daughter of Judge Shackelford. At an excellent seminary in Charleston, kept by the daughters of Dr. Ramsay, the historian of the Revolution, she received her education. She grew up amiable, talented and accomplished. About the year 1826, she became engaged in a literary correspondence with Mr. Dinnies, of St. Louis, Mo., a gentleman whom she had never met. A congeniality of taste led to the exchange of frequent letters, and, at length, a mutual affection was the consequence, though neither party had yet seen the other. An engagement followed, and in 1830 they were married, meeting, for the first time, the week before the nuptials. If ever love was based solely on sympathy of mind and

heart it was in this romantic connexion. Mrs. Hale says, in reference to it, "that in their estimate of each other they were not disappointed; as may be inferred from the tone of her songs; for the domestic happiness that these portray can exist only where both are happy."

One of these songs is, indeed, as beautiful a poem of its kind as there is in the language. It breathes the truest womanly affection for a loved and venerated husband, clothed in language at once forcible and elegant. The subject is not one to call for ornament, and Mrs. Dinnies has shown excellent taste in maintaining throughout the simple earnestness of the composition. The poem we speak of is "The Wife." We are sure our readers are familiar with it; yet they will be glad to peruse it again.

"I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every brow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be 'alone.'

"I could—I think I could have looked
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been 'alone.'

"But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be 'alone.'

"To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust, they say
'Earth may not claim thee longer,'
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live 'alone.'"

No single stanzas here, it will be seen, could be quoted as a specimen of the rest without injustice to the author, since the whole poem is devoted to but one sentiment, which is only fully evolved with the last line. There is a unity in all the pieces of Mrs. Dinnies. Her poems please, not by the glitter of imagery, or the beauty of a single verse here and there, but, like a Grecian temple, by the symmetry and completeness of the whole. And it is usually the sentiment which constitutes their highest charm. We might quote largely from her writings to fortify ourselves in this position; but we shall content ourselves with one more extract. It is a poem entitled "Wedded

* When this series began the publisher promised each critical portrait should be accompanied by an autograph. It was suggested to him, however, that it would be more convenient if all the autographs could be published so as to be preserved together. This has induced him to have an article prepared, which will appear in July, and which will contain the autograph of every female writer of eminence in America.

Love," and is supposed to be addressed to a desponding husband.

"Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'tis not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood.
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up of rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills,
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The land-marks Hope would else reveal.

"Come, rouse thee, now—I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind,—
Strange thou should'st thus be shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great:
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly woe.

"Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life,
Each spring which can its powers control,
Familiar to thy wife,—
For deem'st thou she had stoop'd to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed, with its Promethean flame,
The shrine, then sunk her soul to shame.

"Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom; Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud that lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished-for goal, a guiding star
With peaceful ray would light thee on
Until its utmost bounds be won:
That quenchless ray thou'lt ever prove
In fond, undying Wedded Love."

We see in the poems of Mrs. Dinnies little of that love of nature for which others are distinguished. She rarely sings of the beauties of opening spring or the melancholy grandeur of autumn. Rarely, too, in her writings, are images to be found drawn from the country and country life.

The poetry of Mrs. Dinnies might be characterized, perhaps, by saying that it has more strength than ornament, more passion than fancy, more earnestness than brilliancy. If we may coin a word, it has none of the *prettinesses* with which many of our female writers so lavishly trick out their verses. It comes from the heart more than from the imagination. You see that she writes what she feels. There is the same difference between her compositions and those of others we might name, that there is between the eloquence of a Latimer or Whitfield and that of a modern dandy in divinity. In comparison with hers, the poems of this latter class are only elegant pieces of flagree work. They have none of the lofty enthusiasm, the glowing feeling, the deep earnestness of the true school of poetry.

HAVANNA DE CUBA.

(THE FRAGMENT OF A RAMBLING ROMANÇ.)

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

HAVANNA—tropic queen! gay—proud Havanna!
Queen of the South—the golden capital—
"Joya de la Corona del Espana,"
Oh! do I gaze upon thy glowing wall?
No—no—'tis memory's dream—fair fancy all,
Yet in that dream, the golden flag of Spain
Flouts where the serried Moro rears its tall
Dark battlements above the Spanish main,
And "viva voce" still, proclaims Castilian reign.
Three hundred years since Cortez banner waved
In thy fair harbor—just three hundred years
Since first, before *thy* walls, rebellion braved
A viceroy's wrath—strange, that though blood and
tears,
Sword, famine, broken hearts, and burning biers,
Laid desolate the cities of the main,
Amidst an erring nation's hopes and fears
Loyal and loving thou should'st still remain—
And willing kiss the hand that round thee warps the
chain.

Yet the *soul* lives within thee! not as they
The once proud cities of the dying East,
Whose halls seem cold, and lifeless as the clay
Of their own architects; whose pulse hath ceased—
Where now the revelry of fast and feast
Is but a mocking shadow of what was
And may not be again—into the yeast
Of all destroying time their glories pass;
Say, is the living world grown wiser? No—alas!

The spirit that moved Venice in her day,
Making that gay and gorgeous capital
From morn to night one scene of revelry,
'Till every corral, portico, and hall
Resounded with the joyous carnival,
From the proud sea-built city long hath fled—
The weed is trailing on her ruined wall—
No more the Doge the Adrian wave shall wed—
Where is the Doge? the Ten? where is their glory?
Dead!

The gondolieri sing the barcarolle,
But they must chorus it "viva el Rey,"
'Tis but the mocking shadow wanting soul
Of by gone times—soul that hath passed away,
Leaving no trace save fallen, falling clay—
The spirit that moved Rome when in her glory
Stirs only to remind her of decay,
And scarce wakes up her vast requietory
Of tombs from their long sleep—it lives but in her story!

But still that spirit lives, though it hath fled
Its home in Venice trampled by the Hun—
It lives and breathes, though westward it hath sped—
Hath it not always sought the setting sun?
Hindustan—Persia—Egypt—Venice won—
On Europe's shores now lingering out its day,
Then to the West—where haply first begun
Its early growth ere Asia knew decay—
Who built Copan—Palenque? Who raised Uxmal,
Quiche?

Ruins o'er which the hand of tongueless age
Has cast the sable shadow of the tomb :
Cities whose very names on history's page
Live not—much less the nature of their doom—
Ruins that sleep immured in the deep gloom
Of woods that seem coeval with the world—
Cities o'er which primeval forests bloom ;
Whose records in the lap of ages furled
Have left nought to reveal, why thus despoiled and
hurled?

After a lapse of many thousand years
In orbit round the world, another race,
Amidst those broken walls again appears,
The wild wolf, and the wilder man to chase
Through streets choked up with forests—the pale face :
The spirit lives—the Phoenix breathes again !
The crumbling hearths become the dwelling place
Of art and science, and the hands of men
Ope the dense forest aisles, break up the tangled glen.

The spirit lives again ! the busy hum
Of groaning, crowded cities floats and falls
Upon the ear ! the trumpet and the drum
Have waked again the echoes of these walls—
Even at this moment the loud bugle calls
The star-crowned eagle to the west away,
To glade the forest and to rear new halls,
Whose domes shall gleam o'er Sinaloa bay—
Already flouts the flag o'er Guaymas, Monterey !

That spirit lives—aye lives, and holds gay revel
Within thy walls Havana ! thou fearest not
Doom, death, or dust, demon, decay, or devil,
Though thousands in thy portals yearly rot—
Dread'st thou to dare *hereafter* ? not a jot.
Though *here* to thee is as a summer morn
Smiling, and sunny, and thy soul is fraught
With prejudice for life—for death with scorn,
Holding what is thy hope—what, will be, hope forlorn.

Thou art a noble city too, Havana—
And fondly ever could I dwell with thee
Thou home of love—home of the fair Cubana,
But that my will revolts to bend the knee
To your Alcalde—oh ! that thou wert but free,
Then I should never leave thy glad portales,
But my heart loathes the cry, “viva el rey !”
No matter in what language, the phrase palls
Upon a freeman's ear, in England's, Spain's, or Gaul's.

Yet still Havana there is much to see
In thy proud city, and the “Scholar” may
At some not distant time return to thee,
And add another scena to his lay,
Perhaps not then the cry, “viva el rey !”
But “la patria !” and “la muerte guerra !”
Spain urged the last long in her sunny day,
That day is past—'tis now her night of sorrow—
And other flag than Spain's may yet wave o'er El Moro.

I long once more to look upon the Moro,
I long to see again La Punta's tower,
I long to view the well filled Piazza toro,
Or spend on the Passao twilight's hour,
I long to sit in many an orange bower

Where blossoms deal their fragrance to the air,
Yet brighter, fairer than the glowing flower,
Were she, with eagle glance and raven hair,
The lovely Creole maid who haply lingers there.

Havanna, thou hast yet a holier theme—
A purer never tasked a poet's pen
Than to record that spirit, whose deep dream
Saw worlds that lay beyond the vulgar ken :
That soul whose daring genius began
The march of millions to the west away,
Proud pioneer of nations—first of men—
Of all that lived before or since his day,
The Genoese *was* first in mind's immensity.

Bright, bold and brave ; his soul was truly great :
He never risked his fortunes on a chance,
Trusting as some have done to desperate fate
To make or mar, as haply he of France—
He was no gambling slave of circumstance,
His was the head to plan, the heart to dare
That which to others seemed but wild romance :
Whose coward doubts failed to produce despair,
Where is the parallel in history's volume ? where ?

Havanna, thou art honored by his dust,
Still shalt thou be the Mecca of the West—
Ennobled is thy name by the proud trust
Of these dear relics that within thee rest.
No sod in Europe merits the bequest—
Such bones enrich not an ungrateful shore,
And but one spot that might thy claim contest
To hold the urn of ocean's conqueror,
It is the lonely isle *he* called San Salvador.

There let him sleep, his toils and perils over,
Worn warrior of the waves, there let him sleep
In that lone isle, the first he did discover ;
While snow-winged songsters of the stormy deep
In melancholy music wailing keep,
Eternal vigil o'er his lonely grave :—
And when the passing mariner may weep
O'er the unhappy fate of one so brave,
His pitying tear may fall to mingle with the wave.

The nations of the world owe him a tomb
Where rose El Navidad along the strand,
A noble monument, whose pile shall loom
O'er the broad wave that trembled in his hand :
A monument not built upon the sand,
But one high raised above the verdant shore,
Whose tow'ring top, as he did, should command
Afar the rolling deep, the ocean's roar :
When shall such pile be reared upon San Salvador ?

And are we then ungrateful ? Is there one
In all the western world who would not throw
His mite into the heap to see begun,
Reared, capped the noble work ? I answer, no !
If there be one then let the crimson glow
Of shame suffuse his cheek, as tears have mine
At their ingratitude who dared the blow
Against this benefactor of their kind—
Gods ! must they ever bleed who would enfranchise
mind ?

OUR PLAIN DAUGHTER.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"WHAT are you musing about?" said Mrs. Westloe to her husband, as they sat together before a brisk fire one cold, winter evening.

"I am thinking what we shall do with our plain daughter," he replied, "when she comes home, I could never help absolutely disliking a really ugly woman."

"Though Alice is plain," said Mrs. Westloe, "she cannot be called ugly. I think there is something really pleasing in the expression of her countenance."

"I cannot imagine what it is. Her face is, or was the last time I saw her, thin and sallow, her features sharp and angular, and her hair almost white."

"Yes, but it is four years since you saw her. I think she has improved in looks since then, and if she can only regain her health, I have no doubt but that she will be rather pretty."

"Well, it seems mysterious to me, that Charlotte should be so perfectly beautiful, and Alice so perfectly ugly. I wish her aunt would consent to let her remain with her."

"And so she will if it be your wish. But is it right to banish our daughter from home because she is not handsome?"

"Should she come home and mix with fashionable society, she will constantly and painfully feel the contrast between herself and sister, so that I have no doubt she will be much happier where she is. What time does she think of returning?"

"The first of next week."

"There will be ample time, then, for her to receive a letter. I think you had better write to her to-morrow, and give her leave to remain, if it be her choice, as it seemed to be when we last heard from her."

Though Mrs. Westloe was deeply grieved and wounded at the feelings her husband manifested with regard to their absent daughter, she made no attempt to oppose his wishes. In a few minutes after this conversation, Charlotte, the eldest daughter, entered the apartment. She seated herself at her father's feet, and looking up smilingly into his face, said, "father, I have a request to make."

"What is it, my daughter?" he asked, regarding her with looks of pride and fondness.

"I want a new dress hat like Albina Merriam's."

"Why, Charlotte," said Mrs. Westloe, "you had a new one last fall."

"I know it, but I never liked it, and it is not

half so pretty as Albina's. You will let me have a new one, will you not, father?"

"Your mother seems to think that your old one will do."

"Well, mother is always so economical. What do I want a dress hat for, if not to make me look well, and mine makes me look like a fright."

"I have no objections to your having a new one," said her father, "but the truth is I parted with my last dollar before I came home this evening. Have you the money by you I gave you yesterday?" he enquired of his wife.

"I have," she replied, "but you know we are expecting Alice, and as it will be indispensable to make some additions to her wardrobe before she can appear in society, or even attend church, I thought of reserving the money for that purpose."

"But you know you are going to write to her to-morrow to give her leave to remain," said Mr. Westloe.

"Yes, she may, however, choose to return, and we certainly cannot refuse her the privilege, if it be her choice."

"If Alice does come, she must have a winter hat, of course," said Charlotte, "and she will be just as well satisfied with my old one as she would be with a new one. The best plan, however, will be not to tell her anything about it, and as mine is not in the least injured, she will never suspect but that it was bought on purpose for her."

"I can see no objection to Charlotte's plan," said Mr. Westloe. "Alice has only fairly emerged from childhood yet, (she was just eighteen) besides, according to my taste, a plain woman should dress plainly, and above all, never be among the first to follow a new fashion."

Mrs. Westloe *did* see objections to Charlotte's plan, but she did not think it prudent to mention them in her presence. It was, therefore, settled that Charlotte should have a new dress hat, and that Alice should have the old one, should she come home. The next day Mrs. Westloe wrote to Alice, as her husband had requested, and Mr. Westloe, who had no doubt but that she would prefer to remain with her aunt, dismissed the idea of the thin, sallow-faced girl, with her sharp, angular features, and almost white hair, which had, for the few last days, haunted his imagination. The next day, therefore, when just as the family were assembling round the tea-table, the stage-coach stopped opposite the door, he could hardly believe that his plain daughter had arrived. A finely formed girl, plainly, but very neatly dressed, alighted, and the next moment Alice was folded in her mother's arms. Her father scanned her features with a scrutinizing eye, while a scarcely perceptible pressure of the

hand she extended to him marked his welcome. Charlotte next took her sister's hand, at the same time saying, "why, Alice, how queer your old fashioned bonnet looks."

The bonnet being laid aside, a profusion of light, brown hair was displayed, fine and glossy, and smoothly parted over her brow. Renovated health had removed the sallowness from her skin, as well as filled up certain cavities, so that her features were no longer sharp and angular. Still there was nothing beautiful about her face with the exception of her eyes, which to all who had ever read them, must have recalled these lines of Moore.

"Oh! they resemble
Blue water lilies when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble.

With her nose Mr. Westloe was particularly dissatisfied. Why could it not have been Grecian like Charlotte's, or like the pretty and slightly *retroussé* nose of his wife, or even aquiline like his own. It really looked to him like the half finished nose of a bust he had recently seen in a sculptor's studio; and if, by the application of the chisel and mallet, it could be made like that, it would be feared that he would not have hesitated on account of the torture which must necessarily have been endured. Her face, too, had the same defect that Sir Thomas Lawrence when a child complained of as belonging to Lady Kenyon's when requested to sketch her portrait—it was not straight.

"She is, I confess," he said to his wife, the first time they were by themselves, "more decent looking than when a child, but we must still call her our plain daughter, and in spite of my horror of old maids, we shall, without doubt, have one in our own family. I wonder whether she has any taste for music?"

"Yes, she sings and plays finely."

"Not so well as Charlotte."

"A great deal better, and if you will only observe you will find her voice in conversation one of the sweetest you ever heard."

Alice soon became aware of her father's fastidious taste with regard to female beauty, and, on that account, tears often started to her eyes when she contrasted the beautiful face of Charlotte with her own. She was perfectly satisfied with the old hat as Charlotte had predicted, nor harbored one envious thought when she saw her sister's of black lace, ornamented with a bouquet composed of the tips of feathers which was fastened with an emerald brooch.

Charlotte was not naturally more selfish than other girls of her age, but her father, who almost idolized her, had ever indulged her in every whim, and by expressions which had inadvertently fallen

from him in her presence, she had imbibed the idea that she was of much more consequence than her sister, whose wishes, in every respect, she imagined should succumb to her own.

Alice had been at home only a week when Mr. Westloe, his wife and his daughters were invited to attend a *fête*, to which several persons of distinction from a neighboring city were expected to be present. Mr. Westloe shrugged his shoulders as he thought of his plain daughter, and felt half determined to refuse the invitation. On reflection, however, he thought they could not all turn anchorites on her account, and concluded to accept it. Her aunt, as a parting gift, had bestowed on Alice a beautiful pearl bracelet. The sister's dresses were alike, over the short sleeves of which fell oriental sleeves of lace. Alice had a pretty arm, in every respect as much so as Charlotte's, and round an arm of such fairness and transparency the delicate pearl bracelet could not be deemed out of place. It was her only ornament, and it must be confessed that she regarded the *tout ensemble* of the arm with some complacency. Charlotte had been wreathing some pearls with her hair, which fell in a cloud of soft, golden curls each side of her face, when turning round, she beheld the bracelet on her sister's arm.

"Alice, where *did* you get that beautiful bracelet?" said she.

Alice informed her that it was her aunt's parting gift.

"Now, Alice dear, do let me wear it this evening," said she, "it corresponds so exactly with my other ornaments. You will—will you not, Alice? Father too, should I happen to sit down to the piano, will be delighted to see so beautiful an ornament on my arm."

This allusion to her father was all powerful with Alice, and she transferred the bracelet, though not without a sigh, to the arm of Charlotte. Among the distinguished strangers present at the *fête* was a young gentleman by the name of Edward Milman, whose fine person and elegant manners attracted an uncommon share of attention. He was the son of a rich merchant, had just returned from his travels in Europe, and was of unblemished morals. There probably was not a parent present who would not have considered him an unexceptionable match for a favorite daughter.

"Who is that very beautiful girl directly opposite us?" he enquired of a friend near him.

"Charlotte Westloe. Do you think her so very handsome?"

"I have," he replied, "seen the lovely daughters of Italy, the dark-eyed maidens of Spain, and the far-famed beauties of the English aristocracy, but have never seen any one equal to her."

"Take care, Milman," said his companion, "for, if I mistake not, Miss Westloe is something of a coquette, and to a man of your ardent temperament, and lively active imagination, it would be absolute torture to be subjected to her wiles."

"I am not to be caught by outward show," replied Milman. "I think I shall not be so dazzled by her beauty as to be unable to read her character. But who is that girl by her side with those large blue eyes, so soft, and yet so lustrous?"

"That is Alice Westloe, her sister."

"Though her movements are very graceful, it appears to me that she has an air of timidity about her."

"It is natural that she should have, as she is, I understand, kept rather in the background, on account of her being so greatly inferior to her sister in point of beauty."

Some person now proposed music, and Charlotte Westloe was solicited to sit down to the piano. She had a pleasant voice, and performed a fashionable air with considerable taste. All were eager to applaud the performance of one so beautiful, and the gentleman who had the privilege of turning the music leaves was regarded with envy by those who had nothing to do but to look and listen. Alice could not help regretting that her father, a short time previous, had left the apartment, and thus lost the opportunity of seeing her pearl bracelet displayed to its best advantage on her sister's beautiful arm.

"And don't you sing too?" said a lady, addressing Alice, as Charlotte rose from the piano.

"I used to sing sometimes to amuse my aunt," she replied.

"I have never heard you sing since you came home," said Charlotte.

"Yet I have no doubt but that she can sing well enough to amuse not only her aunt, but those who may be harder to satisfy," said the lady, who did not feel pleased to see Alice thrown into the background, because she was less beautiful than her sister.

Several others now joined in the request, and Alice prepared to sit down to the instrument. As she did so, Charlotte said to her in a low and hurried voice, "Alice, I beg that you will not attempt to sing and play unless you think you can acquit yourself tolerably, for father will be seriously displeased if you do."

Alice shrunk back, but at that moment she encountered the eye of her mother, who was at a considerable distance. She gave her daughter an encouraging smile, and at the same time motioned for her to sit down to the piano. At first the keys were touched by a tremulous hand, and a few notes of wild and wavering music were elicited. Still they were sweet and full of pathos, and her

sympathies were soon thoroughly called forth. All fear passed away, and at the close of a symphony played with skill and taste, her whole soul seemed to be poured forth in the simple and touching song she had selected; a song which had been popular, but which was now giving place to something more novel. Her voice, which

"Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfume,"

stole into the adjoining apartment where her father was engaged in conversation with several gentlemen. It arrested the words on his lips, and at the close of the song he remarked, "that was sung with taste and a great deal of feeling. The musician must be one of the ladies from our sister city, for I am acquainted with all present belonging to our own, and know that no one is capable of singing so finely."

The name of Alice Westloe was now distinguishable amid the confused murmur of voices.

"The moment I saw her I remarked that the expression of her countenance was very intellectual," said one.

"And full of feeling," remarked another.

"Did you mind what fine eyes she has?" said a third.

"Do you refer to the lady who has just been singing?" said one of the gentlemen who had been conversing with Mr. Westloe, addressing the last speaker.

"I do."

"And what is her name?"

"Did not Mr. Westloe tell you that it was his daughter Alice?" said a lady in a low voice, before the person addressed had time to reply.

Mr. Westloe overheard what was not intended for his ear, and without speaking he proceeded to the adjoining apartment. As he entered Alice commenced the symphony of a second song. During its performance Mr. Westloe was evidently much moved. At its close those who stood near were lavish of their praise. Edward Milman was alone silent. It appeared to him that the language of common praise and compliment would be worthless to one who was capable of infusing so much sentiment and feeling into a song, which had ever before, fell coldly on his ear. Soon afterward dancing was introduced, and Edward Milman advanced to a group of ladies, of which Charlotte Westloe formed the centre, for the purpose of selecting a partner. All were surprised, and it was with difficulty that Charlotte prevented her disappointment from being apparent when he passed her, and bowing to Alice, requested the honor of her hand for the next dance. As she imagined no one would think of asking her to dance, she had made up her mind to content herself with being a spectator, and a

blush of surprise and pleasure glowed on her cheeks as she gave him her hand. Charlotte, not without some chagrin, accepted an invitation to dance from George Loynd, an estimable young man, who had long been enamored of her. Edward Milman solicited her hand for the next dance, but suffering her feelings of pique to prevail over her real inclination, she threw her head haughtily back and said that she should not dance any more that evening. The words had only escaped her lips when she repented, for far from exhibiting any symptom of disappointment, he turned from her with an easy air and a smiling countenance, and requested the same honor of a young lady whom every one else seemed inclined to overlook. From this time, though many admirers continued to kneel at her shrine, Charlotte was restless and unhappy, for one knee bent not. The first evening they met, Milman had detected the selfishness that, like a dark thread, pervaded her character, which enabled him to guard his heart, while others were dazzled and bewildered. He proudly contemplated the superior energy and high moral tone of his own character which enabled him to resist her fascinations, on account of what many would consider a venial defect in hers; and it was with a feeling of pity not wholly unmingled with contempt, that he remarked how perfectly blind were all others to her imperfections, if she deigned to repay the most abject homage with a look, or even a smile. Moments of self-complacency and self-confidence are those when we are most readily throw off our guard. It was in such a mood that he, as usual, called one morning at Mr. Westloe's. Charlotte had never looked lovelier. The purity and transparency of her complexion was rendered dazzling by the rich color a walk in the clear, morning air had given to her cheeks, and by the bright, golden hair, which released from pin and bandeau, fell in easy curls over her neck and shoulders.

"Mr. Milman," said she, "what will you think of me for being so negligent?" and she put her small, white hand to her head, which sank half buried amid the soft cloud of curls.

As he gave her a complimentary reply, she raised her dark, brilliant eyes to his beaming with sweetness. With that look his habitual caution abandoned him. He lost sight of the speck on the sun, and began to imagine with the rest of her admirers that even unmeaning words were divine when breathed from such beautiful lips. She perceived the impression she had made, and brought all her powers of pleasing into play. Alice, who on former occasions had received a full share of his attention, sat neglected and silent. Though sad and unhappy, she thought not of resenting his neglect; she rather wondered why he

had ever paid her so much attention in the presence of one so beautiful as her sister. After a protracted call he bade the sisters good morning, with the expectation of again meeting them in the evening at a party. As a proof that his mind was uncommonly excited and bewildered, he had, while conversing with Charlotte, put an elegant gold pencil case with which he had been playing into his pocket instead of returning it to the table whence he took it. He had gone only a few steps when wishing to note something down, he put his hand in his pocket for his pencil, in the room of which he drew forth the one referred to, marked with the initials C. W. He turned back, and not having been absent scarcely a minute, re-entered the house without ringing. The parlor door opened without noise, and Charlotte and Alice, who stood at a table with their backs toward him, did not perceive his entrance.

"Alice," said Charlotte, before he had time to announce himself, "how fortunate you always are. I called at every shop in the city this morning where flowers are sold, and could find none half as suitable for my hair as those you bought yesterday. Look"—and she took some flowers from a box—"these, though they don't look well for mine, will suit your brown hair very well—don't you think they will?"

"I don't think them as pretty as mine," said Alice, evading a direct reply to Charlotte's question.

"I was not speaking of their being pretty," said Charlotte, somewhat petulantly. "I said I did not think they corresponded so well with my hair as with yours, but as you think they are not as *pretty*, I suppose you will not exchange with me."

"I should prefer not to, for I have seen nothing I liked so well for a long time."

"To tell you the truth, Alice," said Charlotte, irritated that she did not yield to her wishes as readily as usual, "I don't think that a really plain girl should wear either flowers or jewelry. My taste, in that respect, is like father's."

"Is father unwilling that I should wear flowers?" said Alice, the tears starting to her eyes.

"Yes, or I have heard him say to the same effect. He says ugly women should never wear ornaments of any kind, and I am sure flowers are an ornament."

"You may have my flowers, Charlotte," said Alice, with a strong effort repressing her tears, "and my pearl bracelet—you may wear it whenever you please, but I cannot give it to you, as I promised aunt Mary never to part with it."

"That's a good girl," said Charlotte. "I

thought you would not be so ill-natured as not to oblige me in such a trifle."

This dialogue had been carried on with so much vivacity that Milman could not well break in upon it. Charlotte, who had turned round when she finished the last sentence, blushed deeply when she saw him standing at the door. Presenting her the pencil-case, he gravely apologized for his carelessness, and without saying another word withdrew. She would have given a great deal to know whether he had overheard what she had said to Alice, but could think of no satisfactory method by which she could ascertain. When it was time to dress for the party, she almost came to the conclusion to wear her own flowers, and persuade Alice to wear hers. After trying the effect of each, those belonging to Alice were decidedly so much more beautiful and becoming that her bitter resolution gave way, and with her sister's assistance the coveted flowers were arranged so becomingly as to cause her eyes to beam with pleasure.

"I had," she thought, "better not wear the bracelet, for if Edward Milman did overhear the conversation, should he see it on Alice's arm he may think what I said was more in jest than earnest. It would be no harm, however, to clasp it round her arm," and having done so, it looked so charmingly she could not resist the temptation of suffering it to remain. When her toilet was completed, and she contemplated herself in the glass, she had never felt more perfectly satisfied with her appearance. Alice attired in a simple white dress, with her hair plainly parted over her pure, white brow, looked like a vestal by the side of a princess. It was with considerable solicitude that Edward Milman watched for their entrance into Mrs. Farnworth's drawing-room, where most of the guests were already assembled. If he found that Charlotte's better feelings had triumphed over her selfish vanity, he was beginning to think he could forget what had happened in the morning. A suppressed murmur, occasioned by her unrivalled beauty and elegance, ran through the room as she entered. The eye of Milman sought the flowers, and a glance showed him they were not those she had exhibited to Alice. He saw that they were beautiful, yet had a wreath composed of the leaves of the deadly upas supplied their place it could not have been more hateful to his eyes. The bracelet, too, "I should prefer," thought he, "to see a serpent encircling her arm." The serene countenance of Alice indicated no feeling of envy or ill-humor on account of relinquishing the ornaments to her sister, she herself had intended to wear. There was something of sadness, however, in her deep blue eyes as they drooped

beneath their snowy lids, and he could understand the feeling when he recalled to mind what Charlotte had said relative to her father's opinion, that caused her to seek the most obscure corner of the apartment.

From this time he was perfectly disenchanted with regard to Charlotte. It was in vain that she used every art to again draw him within the limits of the magic circle that surrounded her. She herself had furnished the talisman that dissolved the charm. He continued as before to be an almost daily visitor at Mr. Westloe's, which common report attributed to the attractions of Charlotte.

"Why," said Mr. Westloe, one day to his wife, "does Edward Milman linger so long in the city?"

"I have heard," she replied, "that the business which first brought him here is not yet settled."

"That is mere pretence, as to my certain knowledge it might have been settled in a week as well as a month. I am inclined to think that what report says is true, and that it is on our daughter's account that he remains so long. Do you not think that he will be a fine match for her?"

"Which of our daughters' do you allude to?" enquired his wife.

"Charlotte—of course I don't mean Alice."

"And yet, if Edward Milman should ever marry either of our daughters', it will be Alice."

"I beg leave to differ from you. No man would turn from the sun to the light of a farthing candle."

"Yet there are many who would turn from the sun, if by so doing they could look at the moon, or even the sweet evening star that is now brightening in the west. Pardon me when I say that Alice will make a much better wife than Charlotte. The sweetness of her disposition, and her amiable manners have, I think, won the heart of Edward Milman, though she herself is far from being conscious of it."

"I believe I have done wrong," said Mr. Westloe, "to think so much of Charlotte's beauty, and to so entirely overlook the good qualities of Alice; but always, as far back as I can remember, I took great delight in contemplating whatever was beautiful to the eye."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied Mrs. Westloe. "Charlotte, who begins to imagine that beauty is a substitute for those gentler virtues which adorn our sex, is becoming haughty and selfish, and extremely overbearing in her intercourse with Alice, whose feelings she does not hesitate to wound whenever she wishes to obtain from her a favorite article of jewelry, or some beautiful bower, by telling her that you think

a plain woman should never wear ornaments. Knowing your partiality for beauty, the idea has become impressed upon her mind that her appearance is disagreeable to you, which more than any thing else deeply wounds her feelings."

"They shall be wounded no more on my account," he replied with much emotion, and at the first opportunity he had a long conversation with Charlotte, which had the effect to check the growth of those errors resulting from his injudicious praise and admiration of her beauty.

Alice, as her mother imagined, was wholly unconscious that Edward Milman regarded her with partiality. She imagined that Charlotte was the magnet that so often drew him to their fireside. Nor was she aware of the true state of her own feelings, though her heart had already opened to the warm impulses of a first affection as the pure water lily uncloses to the morning sunbeams. But her mother remarked that the sound of his coming footsteps brought the eloquent blood to her cheeks; and she herself knew that there was no music to which her heart so thrilled as to the deep melody of his voice. Charlotte, who saw that the star of Alice as regarded the favor of Milman, was gaining the ascendant, suffered none of those arts which others had proved themselves so little able to withstand, to remain untried. In this she was prompted by ambition rather than affection. If she really loved any one it was George Lynd; but Edward Milman was his superior in wealth, as well as more courted by the fashionable world, and the idea that her plain sister was likely to make a better match than herself, was by no means grateful to her feelings.

Since the conversation with his wife the interest which Mr. Westloe manifested in Alice by frequently speaking to her, or by listening with apparent pleasure when she played on the piano or sang, was, as regarded herself, productive of the most salutary effects. Her health improved, and she grew so happy and animated that at times even her father thought she was almost handsome.

"For once in my life I have been mistaken," said Miss Newsall, a spinster of uncertain age, as she entered the parlor of Mrs. Leighton, the same lady who on one occasion had encouraged Alice Westloe to sing.

"Have you?" asked Mrs. Leighton.

"Yes, I must confess I have. You remember that a few weeks since I told you, in a confidential way, that Edward Milman would certainly propose to Charlotte Westloe, before three months were at an end."

"And has he?"

"No, indeed. He has proposed, however, and to the last person in the world I should have

thought of. I have no doubt but that I guessed fifty different girls, and after all did not hit upon the right one."

"Judging from Edward Milman's character," said Mrs. Leighton, "I should think that Alice Westloe would be his choice."

"Should you? Well, you have guessed right the first time. Now I should just as soon thought of his choosing me."

"Alice," said Mrs. Leighton, without noticing this last remark, "is one of the purest minded girls I ever saw. I have taken some pains to sound the depths of her character, and have found no turbid waters concealed beneath a sparkling surface."

Miss Newsall might have contested the point with Mrs. Leighton had it not been that there was another lady, who, like herself, had a surplus of leisure to dispose of, and was apt to anticipate her in promulgating any fresh piece of news. She, therefore, rather abruptly bade Mrs. Leighton good morning, and in less than a minute afterward was ringing the bell of the next door.

In three months from this time Alice was the wife of Edward Milman, and at the head of one of the most splendid establishments in his native city. A middle aged, benevolent looking lady, whom Alice called "Aunt Mary," was sitting conversing with her one afternoon, when an elegant private carriage drew up opposite the door.

"This is certainly brother looking out of the carriage-windows," said aunt Mary.

"Yes, father and mother and Charlotte have all come," said Alice, and she was at the door in an instant.

Her father, who greeted her as warmly as he had coldly on a former occasion, was delighted with the house, the tasteful manner in which the grounds were laid out and ornamented, and above all, with Alice herself. Charlotte was in high spirits, and Mrs. Westloe, the first opportunity that occurred, told Alice that she might expect to see George Lynd in the course of a few days, as he had proposed to her sister and was accepted.

MYRRHA.

FROM BYRON'S DRAMA OF SARDANAPALUS.

Myrrha. Oh! he is wounded!

Sardanapalus. Not too much of that;

And yet it feels a little stiff and painful.

Now I am cooler.

Myrrha. You have bound it with—

Sard. The fillet of my diadem: the first time

That ornament was ever aught to me

Save an encumbrance.

Myrrha. (to the attendant.) Summon speedily

A leech of the most skilful; pray, retire;

I will unbind your wound and tend it.

AUNT PATTY;

OR, THE VISIT TO NEW YORK.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, by and bye he gave the knob a pretty severe jerk, and I could hear a bell tinkling away as if a pasture lot of sheep were somewhere in the neighborhood. This put me in mind of home again, and I do believe the tears stood in my eyes, when a tall black man opened the door, and holding it in one hand, stood looking at us as if he had never seen white people till then.

"Is Mr. Smith at home?" says my father.

"The man looked at him from head to foot, and then turning his eyes to me began to curve his heavy upper lip into an impudent laugh, and told us to inquire at the basement door.

"You never saw my father, girls? but though I say it who ought not to say it, he was a proper smart man, and had an eye like a hawk. It was not often that he got out of temper, but when he did rile up it was enough to make you catch your breath to see him. Still he never spoke loud or harsh, but just took his own way, and I have seldom seen any one bold enough to interfere. I could see a little flush of red break through the tan on his cheek, and his eyes grew more piercing than ever; but instead of knocking the negro down as I expected, he put him a one side with his hand and went straight into the entry-way.

"Go tell Mr. Smith that his cousin is here from old Connecticut," says he, looking straight into the man's eyes. The poor fellow looked mean enough. His lip dropped, and he kept cringing and bowing all the way to the parlor door.

"Walk in here," says he, "Mr. Smith will be down in a minute."

"My father walked in, and I followed. The black waiter turned and was going up stairs, but par called him back, and there the creature had to stand bowing and looking half scared to death, while the old gentleman divided the skirts of his homespun coat, and settled himself on the sofa.

"Look here, young man," says par, taking out his box and rolling up a little ball of tobacco between his thumb and finger—he always used cut tobacco when he went to the city, for he was sure to lose his jack knife if he took it out away from home.

"Wal boss," says the poor blacky, bowing again and glancing at the door.

"But par was in no great hurry. He put the tobacco in his mouth, shut the box, and buttoned it up in his pocket, then he turned to the waiter again.

"Look here, boy," says he, "just observe what

I've got to say. If I ever see that grin on your face again, when you look on me or my daughter here, I'll whip you within an inch of your life—do you understand? Now go tell cousin Smith that I'm here and waiting to see him."

"Yes, bossey," says the fellow, showing the whites of his eyes as he made another bow and turned to go up stairs.

"Par gave a little easy laugh, and putting both hands in his pockets, settled back into a corner of the sofa, where he sat surveying the room as contented as at home. But I felt dreadfully. The hot sun had given me a head-ache, and everything around looked so grand and strange that I felt about as much at home as a robin red breast in an eagle's nest. In those times people were not so extravagant in housen furniture as they are now, and the home-made striped carpet in our out room was considered the most splendid concern in these parts. But it was no more to be compared with that on cousin Smith's parlor than a gravel walk is to a bed of spring moss when the wild flowers are starting up all over it. It was the greatest wonder in the world to me that any human hands could have woven such a snarl of flowers out of woollen yarn as that, it seemed to me just bursting into blossom all under my feet. You won't hardly believe me, but the window curtains were all genuine silk, as thick and heavy as your grandmother's brocade dress that she prides herself on so much—the looking-glasses reached from floor to ceiling—and the tall, high-backed chairs were all cushioned with silk like the curtains. There was a great heavy side-board in a recess by the fire-place, loaded down with silver, and glittering with cut-glass decanters, where the red wine flashed out every time a beam of sunshine shot through the window curtains—a silver tray stood in the centre crowded full of glasses that looked as if they had just been used, for a few drops of rich wine stood in two of the tallest, and a red stain was on the chased work of the silver tray, as if some careless person had spilt the wine while lifting it to his lips.

"There I sat, straight up on the sofa close by par, now looking round on all this finery, and then rather doubtful if the poor miserable girl gazing at me from the great looking-glass opposite was myself or not; but every time I turned my eyes that way there she sat as large as life, with both her new calf-skin shoes planted square and hard on a wreath of flowers in the carpet—a travelling basket in her lap, with one side a little open, and a tin knitting case, and a dough-nut peeping out, while that scared face kept a growing paler and paler behind the dusty green veil that fell over one shoulder. And there she sat and sat, looking about as home-sick as ever you

saw a creature in your life. By and bye the door opened, and a tall, handsome man, about par's age, came in, with a pair of shoes all worked off with flowers on his feet, and a half coat, half loose gown of flowing colors floating round him in a way that would have made mar sick of her striped short-gowns if she could have seen it.

"Mr. Smith went right up to par with his hand out, and says he—

"How are you, cousin? I'm glad to see you. We are a little unsettled just now, but no matter. You will enjoy Mrs. Smith's party all the better for a little confusion, which always will attend a thing of this kind. How do you do? how do you do? come up to the side-board and take a glass of something."

"Just then he appeared to observe me for the first time, and par let go of cousin Smith's hand, which he had been shaking all the time, and giving his own a little flourish, says he—

"Let me introduce my darter, Patty, cousin Smith."

"I got up, set my travelling basket on the carpet, and made a curtsy so low that my calimanco dress touched the floor, and puffed out all around me as if there had been a hoop in it. I rose up again, cousin Smith took my hand, a good natured smile broke over his face, and in a few minutes I felt quite at home with him. After he and par had helped themselves at the side-board, he mixed a glass of wine and water, and would make me drink it. I was very thirsty, and just as I took the glass from my lips the door opened again, and a young girl come in. She was a proper pretty creature, with eyes the color of a morning glory; the most beautiful hair I ever saw, lay in short frizzed curls over her forehead and cheeks. Her silk dress rustled as she walked, and three strings of gold beads strung with coral showed off her round neck, which was white as snow. Her father told her who I was, and she came forward with her little hand out, and the sweetest smile on her lips. I felt the tears come up to my eyes, and my heart grew warm as we shook hands. She sat down by me on the sofa, asked all about my journey, and made me feel as easy as could be in less than no time.

"After awhile cousin Lucy took me up stairs. I found my band-box and hair trunk in a great, handsome chamber, all furnished off with a high post bedstead of solid mahogany, and shaded with dimity curtains fringed half a foot deep. There was a half moon table dressed out in white muslin, and everything else to match. A bowl, larger than our blue punch bowl in the cupboard yonder, stood on a table in one corner, with a pitcher big enough for Goliath of Gath to drink out of, standing close by. I was thirsty yet, but it was as

much as I could manage to lift it to my mouth, and as for drinking out of the bowl that was more than I could undertake. I wanted to wash my face and hands before changing my dress, and went down stairs in search of the back stoop. But when I got there, it was filled with pots full of flowers, such as I had never seen before; but there was no sign of a wash-hand basin, wooden soap dish, nor roller for the brown towel: no well in sight, nor anything like home; so I went back to the chamber wondering what on earth I should do. I poured a little water from the pitcher over my hands, and made out as well as could be expected. After I had smoothed my hair and put on a silk skirt and white short-gown, ruffled all round, I began to feel more like folks, and I must say that the rosy cheeked, bright-eyed girl that stood watching me from the looking-glass as I fixed back my curls, didn't seem like the same creature that had been sitting so melancholy and lonesome a little while before down on the parlor sofa.

"Mar had sent me her gold beads, and just as I was fastening them round my neck some one knocked at the door, and I called out, 'walk in.' Who should put his head through the door but the tall negro that had made par rile up so. I almost screamed right out loud, but he only made a bow and told me that dinner was ready, and par wanted me to come down.

"By this time I was fixed up about right, so after giving another look in the glass I snatched up my pocket-handkerchief and went down half scared to death, and yet feeling as if the best of 'em could not find much fault with me, though I was brought up in the country—for my hair curled like a grape-vine, my short-gown was white as a snow-drift, and my morocco shoes were span-new, and so glossy that you might have seen your face in them, besides creaking as new shoes ought to, every time I took a step down stairs.

"Cousin Lucy, she met me in the entry-way, and I saw that red mouth of hers dimple with a smile when she looked at me as I came down stairs. She did not say anything, but put her arm round my waist and led me into a back room where the dinner table was set out, and cousin Smith with par and a tall lady stood ready to sit down.

"The tall lady was cousin Smith's wife, and she must have been glad to see us, for she began to smile the minute I came in sight, and kept it up till we all sat down to the table. It was beautifully set out, I can tell you; the glasses were all cut over with diamonds and vines, and there was no end to the China dishes, nor the silver things that glistened among them.

"There was one more that I had not seen

before, standing back, after we were all seated, as if he had been crowded out of his place. He looked so modest and sober that I felt for him. I moved my chair close up to cousin Lucy, and says I—

“Come set here, sir, there is plenty of room, and we shan't be crowded.”

“The fellow blushed up to his eyes, and every body laughed a little, even cousin Lucy; but after the first minute she bent down and whispered,

“It is the servant, cousin Patty; he always stands behind papa's chair to wait on us!” then she looked at the man in her sweet, curious way, and says she—

“My cousin will take some of the cranberry sauce with the turkey, John.”

“I felt the blood gush into my face, and par turned his hawk eyes to every one at the table, as if he suspected that they would make fun of me; but when he heard Lucy's whisper he brightened up and gave her a look that must have warmed her heart, it was so full of gratitude. She seemed to feel it, for the soft color came into her pretty cheeks, a smile settled on her lips, and lay there like the sunshine you see trembling in the leaves of that red rose by the gate.

“Just as we had got settled at the table the door opened, and one of the handsomest young men I ever saw, came in. He bowed to par, and sat down close by me in the chair I, like an awkward fool, had offered to the servant man. When cousin Smith told him who I was, he bent his head so proudly, and yet with a sort of easy, good manners, that I couldn't help but look up in his face, though mine was blushing like a red rose. He was the very image of cousin Lucy, but tall and proud, and man-like, where she was only sweet and beautiful. His eyes was of the same deep blueish purple, like a double larkspur when it first puts out its flowers in the summer, and the lashes were so long they made it seem almost black when the lids dropped a little downward. His mouth was large, but when he spoke a dimple just showed itself in each corner, and a heap of light brown hair lay in rings and curls around his temples, and over his wide forehead.

“I don't seem to remember much that happened at the table after he came in, except that the man waiter kept taking away my plate every few minutes and putting another down, which he was sure to carry off again before I was quite certain what was in it.

“At last the whole table was cleared off, and silver baskets chock full of oranges, with a kind of nuts that I had never seen before, and great bunch raisins that looked as if the grapes were dried with the bloom on them, and decanters of wine, with lots of little silver knives, were

brought on. Young Mr. Smith filled a plate for me, and cut up my orange as if I had been a little girl just learning to eat with a fork. Then he filled a wine glass brim full, and asked me to take wine with him. I looked out to do exactly as I saw the rest of them all dinner time, and when he lifted his glass and drank it off, I did the same, without leaving a drop—though I was frightened half to death, for a single spoonful of current wine always flew right to my head. I was no more than right to be afraid of the stuff, for in less than a minute I felt it burning and tinkling in my temples, and my cheeks blazed up as if I'd been walking in the sun an hour without a parasol.

“After a while we went into the parlor, and young Mr. Smith, he begun talking about the country, its flowers, its apple-orchards, and the wild birds that sing in them, till I seemed to feel myself at home again listening to our Louisa—I told him so, and then he went on to ask about her, and that gave us something new to talk about, till my head begun to ache so that I was obliged to run up stairs and throw myself on the bed. I was tired almost to death, and dropped to sleep thinking of young Mr. Smith, and then I began to dream, and his voice still seemed murmuring in my ear like the flow of a brook half choaked up with violets.

“It was after dark when I woke up, and the whole chamber was full of gloom. I got up still bewildered and sleepy to look out of the window, but a pile of dusky chimnies was all I could see.

“I remembered that Lucy had told me they expected company that evening, but I had on my best Sunday dress already—so after puffing and frizzing up my curls a little, I turned the ruffles of my short-gown back, far enough to show the beads on my neck, and taking my knitting work from the basket, I went down stairs, thinking that if the York ladies expected to beat me in knitting a yarn sock, they would have to give up before the evening was over.

“The parlors were all one stream of lights. The silver candle-sticks over the mantle-pieces shone and glittered like frost-work, and a branch on the side-board set full of snow white candles, fired every glass and silver thing around it into a perfect blaze. The rooms were crowded full of company, the gentlemen with long swallow-tailed coats that almost touched the carpet, and great, wide ruffles in their bosoms: the women with their dresses gored all up the sides, and their curls dusted over with flower, or something like it, till they all looked as gray as so many mocking-birds.

“Cousin Lucy sat by a sort of mahogany chest with half the lid thrown back, and her hands

were flying up and down, here and there, over a set of black and white pieces of wood that were set in the edge, and every touch of her fingers sent out a thrill of music as if she had started up a nest of singing-birds with each motion of her little hands. Half a dozen ladies and gentlemen were on the floor—moving around, sideling up to each other, and shying off—now joining the tips of their white gloves, and then crossing their arms, just as if they really thought that they were dancing. But law!—it was no more like the genuine quilting frolick steps that we have in the country, than the chirp of a cat-bird is like music.

"Cousin Smith and his wife stood up at one end of the room. Every lady that came in went right up to them, and after bowing and talking a minute glided off and stood round among the rest. All talked louder and faster the more sweetly the music sounded through the room, as if they were bound to get up an opposition noise, and determined to perform the contract at all risks. I was almost scared out of my senses; but seeing par at the other end of the room, I stole along through the crowd, and sitting down by him, took out my knitting work, pinned the red heart shaped sheath against my side, and set my fingers a going just as fast as they could fly.

"I had knit round to the same needle four or five times, when two young men who had been standing just before me came up. One of them put out his white glove and asked me to dance a minute with him, *minuett*—that was the way he drawled out the word. There was something in his face that I did not like, so I told him, 'no, I thought it hardly worth while to lay down my work just to dance a single minute,' and par said he thought so too.

"The dandy looked at his companion, and I could see his right eye lid droop as if he would have winked if I had not been looking right in his face.

"Such verdancy is truly refreshing,' says he in a half whisper.

"Unique almost as her dress,' says the other.

"I felt the blood tingle in my cheeks, for I knew that they were making fun of me, but I only knit on the faster.

"You are very industrious,' says the one that had asked me to dance.

"But I kept knitting on, and never said a word, though my hands trembled among the needles, I was so angry at his insolent tone.

"How long have you been in the city?" says he, taking a new start.

"Quite long enough to render herself beloved by all her relatives,' says a voice behind him.

"I started and dropped my knitting work. It

was young Mr. Smith, who had left the dancers and came up just in time to witness the cool impudence of his guest.

"Mr. Spear,' says he, turning to the young fop, and looking him hard in the face, "Mr. Spear—permit me to introduce this young lady—she is our cousin, and my sister's friend."

"Come,' he added, bending down and taking the knitting work from my hand—'let me send this to your room: we must introduce you to our friends.'

"I got up to take the arm he offered, but my limbs trembled, and it was all I could do to keep from crying right there before them all.

"Let me go up stairs,' says I, in a low voice, to cousin Smith. 'I know I don't look fit to be seen. Every body will be making fun of me.'

"Hush child, don't tremble so. You are looking very fresh and sweet—nothing could be more becoming than this pretty short-gown with its crimped ruffles—only act natural, don't be frightened, that's a good girl—smile and talk as you did at dinner: there, there—you shall see if any one will ridicule you here.'

"He was bending his head toward me, I looked up through the tears that would come in my eyes spite of all I could do, and I trembled worse than ever—but oh! it was a sweet, pleasant, tremulous thrill—such as shakes a violet when the wind sighs over it. I thought it was gratitude for his kindness. I did indeed!

"Well girls, I need not tell you how gentle and good he was to me all that evening—how he walked up and down the rooms with his poor frightened country cousin, hanging on his arm—I need not tell you how he led her down to the supper table and helped her himself that her blunders might pass unnoticed—I cannot tell you all this. Girls, girls! don't laugh! I am sitting here a harmless, good natured old maid, but now while I am thinking of that night, I could cry like a child—I have had offers, indeed I have—but the memory of that night has kept me what I am. He did not know how powerfully a little kindness falls on a warm heart, and my heart was warm and grateful, and—well, well, from that night I loved my cousin. But he never guessed it—I grew more timid before him—more sad. They thought it home-sickness, and cousin Lucy—indeed, all the family tried to amuse me, they took me to the theatre, every where, but unless he went also, I took no interest in anything I saw. At last par insisted on it that I was getting ill, and would go home. I did not sleep a wink the night before we started—it seemed as if my heart would break every time I thought of going home—I never expected to see him again on earth, for though I loved him with my whole heart and

soul, I knew that he did not care a cent for me, nor never would.'

"They took us down to the sloop in a splendid carriage. Young Mr. Smith went with us, and staid on board till we put out of the dock. I sat close to him on the locker, and while he was talking to par, he took my hand and held it in his without seeming to know it—I tried and tried to hold it still that he might not guess what dreadful feelings were going on in my heart; but he was not thinking of me—I hardly believe he ever thought of me twenty times after in the whole course of his life. He smiled that same old smile when he shook hands with us in the little cabin, and when I crept up the narrow stairs and looked after him through my tears, he was bowing from the carriage to some person on the sidewalk, and that same cheerful smile was on his lips. I pulled my green veil over my face and went back to the cabin, for everything grew dark about me, and I thought my heart was breaking."

Here aunt Patty's voice broke, and she lifted a corner of her ample checked apron to interrupt a tear that was rolling slowly down her cheek. By this motion a handful of loose peas was dislodged from her lap, and went dancing over the stoop all unheeded by their owner, who at another time would have been sadly troubled with such prodigal waste.

"And did you never see Mr. Smith again?" inquired the roguish girl, who had been most importunate for the story.

"Yes," said aunt Patty, gathering the pea-pods up in her apron, "yes, I saw him once after that."

"Oh! tell us how, and when?" we all exclaimed at once.

Aunt Patty gathered the folds of her apron up in one hand, and pressing the other on the arm of her chair, used it as a sort of lever by which she was assisted to an upright position. She moved majestically down the yard, went close to the fence, and lifting her apron over it, shook out the tender pea-pods to half a dozen young pigs that lay on the sward basking in the sunshine.

"Come, aunt Patty, dear aunt Patty—tell us all about it, do, now?" was an earnest appeal, as she came heavily up the steps again.

"You asked me to tell about my visit to New York," she said, "well, I did tell you all about it, like an old fool as I am, and now there is something else wanted; there is no contenting you, I can see that. Go home, every one of you, while I go in and see about dinner."

Aunt Patty took up her basin of peas, and smoothing them off with her hand, turned to go into the house.

"Oh! aunt Patty, you are too bad," we exclaimed.

She shook her head and hesitated, with one plump foot resting on the door sill.

"But some other time," we persisted, "you will tell us about it, when we're all together."

"Well," said aunt Patty, evidently relenting, "well, girls, go home now, and I'll see about it."

THE SEA.

BY S. SWAIN, JR.

A SOLEMN awe enchains my wondering soul,
As I glance out upon thy mighty breast
That heaves as if, were strongly beating there,
The pulses of the world. So dimly vast
Are thy illimitable fields of space,
The air that freshens from them seemeth like
Breath from Eternity. The voice of God
In thy unceasing roar seems speaking out
To His created things. Thou art indeed
The grandeur of the earth. And with thy cloud
Heaven sows it thick with beauty. From thy urn
Is wet the thirsty land; and blossoms spring—
Vales smile with verdure, and the woodlands shake
Their mingled arms with green luxuriant life—
Rills leap from out the rocks, and softly wind
Like silver bands in music round the hills.

All nature seems to listen to thy hymn
In reverent pause. Even thy sweet sister there
The quiet sky, bends down so low to hear
That her soft cheek reposes on thy breast.
Oh! how lightly does man trust his strength
To wrestle with thy might. Far, far away
I see the straining sails. Oh! wrathful sea,
Calm for a while thy white-plumed troops of waves,
For on those decks are hearts that beat of home
And haste to gather there. The melody
Of love has fallen not upon their ears
Till it is almost a forgotten sound—
And wilt thou spare them not? Thy fretful caves,—
The coral realms of thy unmeasured deeps,
Where through long centuries, untold by man,
Thou hast been moaning on, have they not had
Their share of human prey? Are not thy floors
White even now with manhood's soldier bones?
Have not the charms of hapless beauty lit
A rosy twilight there? Oh! terrible
Art thou when lashed to wild and foamy wrath,
When thy tall billows leap to meet the storm
And driving fury of the deluged air!
How doth man feel his abject littleness
Tossed on thy mountain waves, with one frail plank,
The barrier from Death!

Thou dost obey
The Ruler of the world. Thy billows all
Since first the morning stars together sang,
Unto the music of Creation's march
Have danced in freedom on. Thy storm that shakes
Earth's strong foundation rocks—thy slumbering calm
That softly crystals round the island shore—
Are but obedient to the will of Him
Who holds thy waters in His "hollow hand!"

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

THE spring and summer have been unusually advanced this year, producing a corresponding advance in the fashions. Summer dresses have now universally superseded winter ones. Neapolitan, straw, silk, and other light styles of bonnets have been, for more than a month, generally worn; while balzorines, which this year are of unprecedented beauty, have supplanted silks and velvets.

FIG. I.—AN EVENING DRESS of white muslin, over which is worn an open skirt, rounded in front, forming an open tunic. The corsage is high, half-pointed, and ornamented with a deep cape extending from the shoulders to the waist. The sleeves are loose, and open at the ends, displaying an under sleeve of the finest cambric, with a deep ruffle extending partially over the hand. The hair is twisted behind, with a heavy ringlet behind the ear, and white roses before. A richly worked white veil hangs down nearly to the feet.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of rich balzorine, having two deep flounces cut in points at the edges, with three rows of silk darker than the dress at the top. The corsage is high, half-pointed, tight, and open in front, where it is crossed by several rows of silk like that on the skirt. A lace collar is worn with this costume, and the Neapolitan bonnet is richly trimmed with ribbon and lace. The sleeves are rather loose, with an opening towards the wrist, crossed with rows of silk as the corsage.

FIG. III.—A RIDING DRESS of green cloth, worn over a richly worked skirt. The corsage is pointed, high on the shoulders, and rolls open in front like a gentleman's coat, the inside being lined with velvet. A collar and cravat, *a la Byron*, complete this part of the dress. The sleeves are tight. The corsage is ornamented with three rows of buttons. A riding hat and veil finish the costume.

FIG. IV.—AN EVENING DRESS of white tulle, *à double jupe*, the edge of the under skirt decorated with a fluted trimming of straw-colored areoplane, and continued up as far as the edge of the upper jupe on the left side: the upper short skirt is trimmed to match, the areoplane extending on the left side half way to the waist, where it is caught up by a bunch of flowers. The corsage is quite low and pointed; and from the shoulders depends a deep, square cape trimmed with lace. The sleeves are short. The hair is worn in ringlets, with pearl beads interwoven at the back and crossing in two rows just above the forehead. This is an appropriate and elegant costume for a summer evening.

GENERAL REMARKS ON DRESSES.—The style for walking dresses is to make the body high and plain, as well as the sleeves. More than two flounces is considered past the mode. The most *distingué* dresses are ornamented with small bands of silk, velvet, or gypse, according to the material, as in Figure Second. Our fashionables are studiously plain in their promenade attire, reserving splendor for their CARRIAGE DRESSES. A pattern for one of these latter of great beauty has been sent us. It is of fawn colored *gros de Tours*; the

jupe made open on each side, showing a breadth of white silk, and laced across with a twisted silk cord; the small cape which decorates the corsage is surrounded with an inlet, and lacing to match the sides of the *jupe*, meeting in the front, and reaching to the waist, which is rounded; tight plain aleeves; drawn *capote* of pale blue silk, the crown and interior trimmed prettily, with shaded pink roses, and fullings of *tulle*. A very elegant EVENING DRESS is of white *organdi de l'Inde*; the body half high, and the fronts full from the shoulder; the waist is long and pointed; the neck is surrounded by a full plaiting of pale blue satin ribbon; the sleeves are straight and large, and reach only to the elbow: they are trimmed to correspond with the body. The skirt, *à la robe*, is rounded at the corners, and has a plaiting of ribbon round it. Under dress of deep primrose silk; the body tight; and the skirt having a deep *volant* of rich lace. *Petit bonnet* of blonde, falling full at the ears, ornamented with yellow roses; the crown being round and small. A pretty DINNER COSTUME is of spotted *organdi*; the corsage low, the fronts being full from the shoulder to the centre of the waist, where the fullness is confined by three rows of gauging; the stomacher is plain, and is finished by two rows of narrow lace, one of which is carried round the neck of the dress. The sleeves are large and very wide at the bottom, and are plaited full at the bend of the arm in front; they are edged with a full reverse plaiting of violet-colored satin ribbon. The skirt is exceedingly long and full, and has three deep tucks *en biais*, set on a little full, each being headed by a plaiting of ribbon to correspond with the aleeves. *Ceinture* and long ends of broad satin ribbon.

BONNETS.—These continue of a medium size, and are of horse-hair, gimp, braids, drawn silk, &c., ornamented with ribbons, flowers, or lace, both outside and inside. The flowers generally are of a small size. For travelling *capotes*, straws, trimmed very plainly, are the mode.

A MORNING DRESS of new pattern is made of pale lavender *gros de Naples*, the skirt made very full, and ornamented down the centre of the front with three *biais* of velvet, a shade darker than the dress, and gradually widening toward the edge of the skirt. High Amazonian body, opening half way down the front, where it is laced across with a torsade or cord; half long sleeves, perfectly plain, the facings being merely edged with a *biais pareil* to those on the skirt; under sleeves and chemisette of full *batiste*, edged with lace. Cap composed of a light white lace divided with puffings of white and pink, which passes in a half wreath right over the front, ending just upon each ear, where it is attached with *nœuds* and ends of ribbon, a bow of the same being placed at the back part of this pretty and becoming cap.

NOVELTIES.—It is almost impossible to enumerate the different articles coming under this head, the most remarkable, however, are the puritan collars; *fichus* of lace descending just to the waist, rounded at the back, and forming a point in the front, trimmed all round with a double lace *plissé à la viellé*; then again, those pretty little square pelerines opening upon the front, the *Geraldine* pelerine, and those little open collars in cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes *guimpes*.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

WHATEVER elegance may be displayed in the engravings in a magazine, it is after all on its literary merits that its most lasting claims to public favor must repose; and a periodical intended for the sex can be conducted in no better way than by a female editor assisted principally by female contributors. There is a certain tone that ought to pervade a magazine of this kind which can only be imparted to it by the refined taste of woman; and we can see the same difference between the periodicals conducted by gentlemen and those under the care of ladies, that we notice between a bachelor's apartments and the home where female grace presides, for though the one may be as costly and even more elaborately adorned than the other, it wants those *little* elegancies which betray the superintending eye of a wife, sister, or mother. We may say, without fear of denial, that our magazine has, on these grounds, higher claims to the patronage of the sex than any one in the United States. During the last six months we have published two numbers *made up wholly by female contributors*. This is unprecedented!

It is a libel to accuse the female mind of lightness and frivolity, and to suppose that only insipid tales and poems can be acceptable to it. Those who make this accusation never read what they denounce. The writings of such a one as Mrs. Sigourney, who is dear to every true woman's heart, cannot surely be useless or improper. The perusal of domestic stories, inculcating lessons of experience and morality, should be commended instead of opposed. The influence for good thus exercised over young minds by these means is almost incredible; while those of more mature age may, from such sources, find relaxation or alleviate pain. The heads of families would do well to consider that the taste for what is called light reading is natural, nay! inevitable in youth—that it will usually gratify itself, in one way if not in another—and that the wisest course is to feed it with proper aliment instead of leaving it to “gorge on garbage.” There is no better way to put down the circulation of improper foreign books than by fostering a correct American literature; and we can repeat here, what all our authors of note have said in other places, that the magazines are, at present, nearly the only supports of our native writers.

We speak now of the magazines which contain only original matter; and of these, *this is the only one published at two dollars*. It would be much cheaper for us to make selections from known writers; but our matter would then want the charm of novelty, and would be, in part, a fraud on authors. Most of the articles we publish are bought at high prices, and sums *have been paid by us for a single story* which would support a family, in any country town, comfortably for a year. Our contributors are the best in the land. Such writers as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Annan, Mrs. Ellet, Miss Orne, Miss Lawson and Miss Davenant have no superiors, either here or abroad; and we speak from a competent knowledge of the English magazines as well as of our own. Those, therefore, who subscribe to this periodical are sure of receiving the best specimens of literature, of the kind, in the language.

WHICH IS TRUE?

MANY of the magazines declare that they publish the latest fashions exclusively. But it is one thing to assert, and quite another thing to prove. We, however, can satisfy any person that this magazine not only publishes the *really latest fashions*, but is the only one in America that does. So late as in the May number appeared costumes in *advance of those in the London World of Fashion!* Our magazine was published in New York on the 13th of April; and the English periodicals, containing the same styles, did not reach Boston until the 21st. And this has been done, not only once, but several times! But we are the sole magazine thus to anticipate the foreign ones, no other periodical having ventured on the expensive arrangements necessary to secure this desirable object. We say not these things in a boasting spirit, but only that the public may know the truth. It is hard if equal credit is to be given to the indolent and active.

There is another point to which we wish to call the attention of our readers. During the last six months, we believe, every one of the ladies' magazines has published, in their fashion plates, figures which we have issued one, two, or three months before. As this is a matter easily susceptible of proof it is not to be supposed that we would hazard the assertion unwarrantably. All we ask is that the examination may be made.

These facts will satisfy those who wish the latest fashions that “THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE,” is the only one in which they can be procured with certainty.

AUTOGRAPHS.—At the beginning of this volume it was announced that each number of “Our Female Poets,” would be accompanied with an autograph. Many reasons have induced us to prefer reserving these autographs for the July number, when, in a paper on the subject, we shall give the signature of every female writer of eminence in America. A cotemporary magazine once published a highly popular article on the same theme; but there were only a few autographs of ladies given. Ours will be complete.

NOVELTIES.—The colored plate in this number is one of Mr. Quarre's most beautiful designs. Several ladies of taste, to whom it has been shown, pronounce it *superb*. Mr. Quarre himself considers it his *chef d'œuvre*. We have several other novelties from the same and other sources in preparation.

OMISSIONS.—The usual Editors' Table, the notices of New Books, and The Home Department are unavoidably crowded out of this number. The table of contents and title-page consume the space usually devoted to these purposes. There are, however, but few new books out.

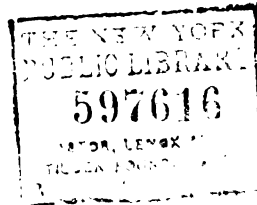
THE LADIES'
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS AND CHARLES J. PETERSON.

VOLUME VI.
FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, INCLUSIVE.

PHILADELPHIA:
CHARLES J. PETERSON.
1844.



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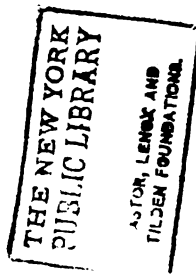
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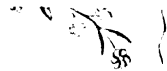
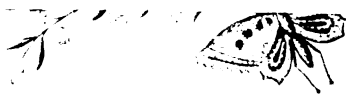
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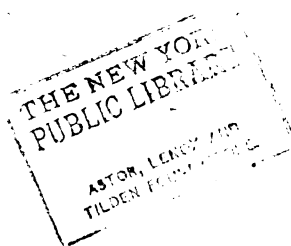


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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

PHILADELPHIA: JULY, 1844.

No. 1.

THE DEAD GUEST.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

ONE of my friends, Waldrich by name, had been some two years out of the university, and was leading rather an idle life in a provincial capital, when the trumpet of war sounded through the land, calling to the deliverance of Germany from the yoke of the French Conqueror. The talk in city and hamlet was of freedom and fatherland; and thousands of young men eagerly enlisted under the sacred banner. Waldrich shared this pious zeal, and giving to the winds his chance of a judgeship, abandoned the pen for the sword.

He had not yet attained his majority, and was much in want of funds for travelling expenses; he wrote therefore to his guardian asking permission to fight for his country, and entreating him to send him a hundred thalers. His guardian, Herr Bantes, was a rich manufacturer in the little town of Herbesheim, who had brought up Waldrich, having kept him in his house till he was old enough to go to the high school. He replied to his letter as follows:—

"MY YOUNG FRIEND—When you are a year older, you can do as you please with yourself and the property remaining to you. Till then I beg you to suppress your zeal for the fatherland, and attend to your business, by which you must expect to earn your bread hereafter. I know what is my duty to my late friend, your father, and shall not send you a copper. I remains yours, &c."

But within the letter was a folded paper, containing fifteen louis d'ors. Waldrich was at a loss to account for this inconsistency, till he espied some writing on the paper in which the money had been folded, and picking it up from the floor, read these words:

*It is proper to mention that this is not a literal, nor even a close translation. Most of the tales of Zschokke require pruning and condensation; and in some instances the omission not only of paragraphs, but of whole pages is necessary in order to present a story interesting, without being tedious.

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"Do not suffer yourself to be discouraged; but venture all in the holy cause of our poor Germany. May God protect you! so prays your former playmate.
FREDERIKA."

This playmate was no other than the young daughter of Herr Bantes. Waldrich could not conjecture how she had got access to her father's letter; but he was inspired, more by her patriotism than even by the sight of the louis d'ors, which she had perhaps saved from her own allowance. He wrote on the spot to his guardian, closing with a few lines of acknowledgment to "his Thusnelde," the little maiden, (he forgot that the little maiden had grown four years older since he last saw her,) and departed, proud and light of spirit, to the Rhine and the army.

It is not my purpose to recount Waldrich's deeds of valor; enough that he served gallantly. Napoleon at length was happily dethroned and sent to Elba. My young hero remained with his regiment of infantry, having been promoted to the rank of lieutenant. After the final campaign against the French was over, and the deliverance of Europe complete, the soldiers returned to their homes with martial music and songs of victory.

Waldrich, who had fought in two battles and several skirmishes, had been so fortunate as to escape without a wound. He was much esteemed for his intelligence and amiable character; and flattered himself with the hope that his bravery would be rewarded with some lucrative situation; but he was destined to be disappointed. There were too many sons and cousins of persons in office to be provided for; who had the advantage, besides, of aristocratic birth. Waldrich's parents had been simple burghers. He remained with the regiment; the more readily, as he had spent what was left of his inheritance, which had been some time before remitted to him by his former guardian. But not unwelcome at least, though unexpected, was the order, that his men should occupy the garrison of Herbesheim.

At the head of his company, for the captain, a rich baron, was on furlough, Waldrich returned to his native town. He was moved at the sight of the old gray towers, and the well known church

pires! The troops entered the place with music and flying colors, and were quartered in suitable lodgings; the commander, of course, in the most distinguished, that is, the richest house, which happened to be the dwelling of Herr Bantes.

Waldrich observed that several gentlemen whom he had known in his boyhood, did not appear to recognize him; and he went alone to the house of the manufacturer. Herr Bantes received him as a stranger, with formal respect, showed him the apartments that had been occupied by his predecessor, and invited him to make himself quite at home. The lieutenant was somewhat embarrassed by finding himself incognito, but without explanation, after he had changed his dress, descended to join the family at dinner.

Here he found, besides Herr Bantes and his wife and some of his upper clerks, well known to him, a young lady whom he did not remember to have seen before. The conversation was upon general subjects, including the new garrison, and Waldrich expressed his hope that the soldiers would become popular among the townspeople. All the while he was wondering what had become of his little playmate Frederika; and at length ventured to ask his host if he had any children.

"A daughter," answered Madame Bantes, and motioned toward the young lady, who modestly cast her eyes down on the table. Waldrich opened his wide in astonishment to see the little girl grown so tall—but said nothing, being not yet ready to discover himself.

Madame Bantes spoke of a son, who had died when a child; and her husband interrupted her with—"be consoled, wife; who knows, if he had lived, that he would not have turned out such another worthless fellow as George!"

It was now Waldrich's turn to fix his eyes on the table.

"But, papa—how do you know that George is such a worthless fellow?" asked Frederika. The question warmed the lieutenant's heart better than the glass of Burgandy he was taking to cover his embarrassment. The mouth that spoke was so sweet, and the voice so clear and soft! Herr Bantes went on to relate to his guest all the chief incidents of this George's boyhood, up to his joining the army. "It is a pity for him"—concluded he. "The lad, if he had not made himself a soldier, might have been anything he desired in the profession of law—and a wealthy man besides."

Frederika ventured to say something in praise of the spirit with which he had devoted himself for his country; but her father interrupted her with a tirade against war and the business of arms; and Waldrich saw that he was the same honest, free-spoken, head-strong old man as ever.

He attempted only to convince him that Frederika might be right in giving poor George credit for some goodness of heart; and wished his incognito at an end.

It was not, however, so impenetrable as he imagined. Madame Bantes, a quiet, observing person, had recognized him at once by the sound of his voice, and her remembrance of his boyish features; and was silently wondering all the while what reason he could have for not making himself known. In the evening, when the tea-bell sounded, Waldrich found no one in the room but Frederika, who had just returned from a visit, and thrown off her shawl.

"Miss Bantes," said the young man, advancing toward her, "let me thank you for your generous defence of my friend Waldrich."

"You know him, then, sir?"

"He often thought of you, but not so often as you deserved."

"He was brought up with us. But I take it a little unkindly of him, that since he left us he has never come back, even on a visit. Is he doing well now?"

"People do not complain of him; no one has so much reason to complain as yourself."

"Then he must be estimable; for I have nothing to say against him."

"He is, as I know, your debtor."

"You mistake—he owes me nothing."

"He spoke of some money for travelling expenses, received as he was setting out for the army, when his guardian would advance him nothing."

"I did not lend, but gave it to him."

"Is he, therefore, less your debtor, Thusnelde?"

Frederika looked earnestly at the officer at this word; a light flashed upon her, and she colored deeply.

"Is it possible?" cried she, in joyful surprise.

"Indeed—dear Frederika, if I may yet call you so—the debtor—the offender stands before you, and begs your forgiveness. Ah! had he known before what he now knows, he would not so long have stayed away from Herbesheim!" And he took her hand and kissed it. Madame Bantes just then came in; Frederika ran to her, exclaiming—"mamma, do you know what our guest's name is?"

The lady smiled and answered, "George Waldrich."

"How did you know, mamma? and yet you said nothing," cried the young lady; and still she felt shy of looking at the tall, handsome officer, whom, in his military dress, she tried to identify with the wilful boy of other days. At last she exclaimed—"oh, yes! I see it! Where have been my eyes? There is even the mark of a

scratch on the left cheek, which he got one day that he climbed the highest tree in the garden to fetch me a citron pear!"

Waldrich joined in her recollections, kissed the hand of her mother, and made many excuses for his apparent indifference and neglect; entreating them to receive him once more to their confidence and affection. Then Herr Bantes joined the party, and being informed by his daughter who was their guest, stretched out his hand cordially.

"You are welcome—Mr. Waldrich; you have grown quite out of my recollection. Yes; we must call you no longer George, but Mr. Waldrich—or Herr von Waldrich. Are you made a noble?"

"Oh, no!"

"But the ribbon there in your button-hole?"

"That is in remembrance of our company having taken an entrenchment from the enemy, and maintained it against three or four assaults."

"How many men did it cost?"

"Twelve killed—seventeen wounded."

"Twenty-nine men—for half an ell of ribbon! Dear wars—to my fancy: But come, sit down; Frederika, make the tea. How stand your funds? Did you get much booty?"

Waldrich shook his head, smiling. "We did not go to battle," he answered, "to obtain booty, but to save our country from becoming the prey of the French."

The news was soon abroad that Herr Bantes' foster son had arrived; and Waldrich saw many of his old acquaintance in the town. He lived after this very happily, domesticated with the manufacturer, whom he looked upon as his father. Frederika was indeed like a sister to him; and in spite of the shrewd prognostications of some observers, nothing was said of such a thing as love. The young lady was twenty years old, it is true, but she had been always at home with her mother; and Herr Bantes did not approve the visits of suitors, although one so lovely and so rich might have had many.

One day, it happened to be Waldrich's birthday, on his return from a short absence, he was met by Herr Bantes with a letter for him—addressed "To Captain George Waldrich." The whole house rejoiced at this promotion; old Bantes ordered some of his choicest wine to be brought out in celebration of the event, and drank to the health of the new captain. Then followed the birthday ceremony of kissing all round the company. When his turn came to Frederika, the young officer felt strangely embarrassed; the young lady blushed crimson, as she submitted to the ceremony, while her mother fixed her eyes on a ring upon her own finger. This little occurrence seemed unaccountably to interrupt the

perfect harmony and frankness that had hitherto prevailed in the family.

The captain was obliged after this to leave Herbesheim for a few days, but Frederika made him promise to return by her birthday, the tenth of November. While at the capital he bought a new and beautiful harp, with some choice music; as a present for her. Returning he found Herr Bantes in unusual spirits; he walked the hall continually, rubbing his hands and smiling; and his wife, who watched him attentively, whispered to Waldrich, "my good man has some pleasant surprise in store for us."

She was not mistaken. They sat down to the table; and when Frederika raised her plate, she found under it a rich necklace of oriental pearls, a costly diamond ring, and a letter addressed to herself. She looked at the necklace and ring with sparkling eyes, then handed them to her mother, and broke the seal of her letter. Her face expressed astonishment as she read, but she said nothing, laying the letter on the table when she had finished it.

"Let the letter go round, too!" cried her father. She reached it in silence to Madame Bantes.

"Now, Rika," said Herr Bantes, "has surprise taken away your breath, that you cannot tell papa anything about it?"

"Who is this Mr. von Hahn?" asked the young lady.

"Who?—but the son of my old and esteemed friend, the famous banker? Did you think I meant you for any other? His father has done better than I—and has already retired; his son carries on the business himself. I promised you to him long ago."

Madame Bantes looked very grave as she read the letter. Its contents were as follows:—

"I am truly grieved, dear Miss Frederika, that I cannot pay you a visit on your birthday, but my physician has forbidden me to venture a journey in the unfavorable weather, so that I am compelled still to deny myself, and send this letter, instead of coming in person to kneel before you as a suitor for your hand. I would have your own bright lips confirm the promise of our parents, who betrothed us in childhood. Believe me, lovely girl, I shall not rest till I can hasten to your feet, and learn my sentence there. I can claim only your hand; your heart, I know, must be a gift of your own: but leave me, at least, the hope of winning it in time. Meanwhile, when I tell you how happy a line from you would make me, giving me more strength than all the physician's art, you will not, I am sure, let me entreat the favor in vain. Accept the accompanying trifles, and permit me, in love and respect, to subscribe myself

Your betrothed,

EDWARD VON HAHN."

"But, papa," said Frederika, after a pause, "I have never in my life seen the banker von Hahn."

"Well—little one—I can satisfy you. He is a tall, handsome young man, with a fair complexion."

"When did you see him, papa?"

"When I was last at the capital; it is—let me see—ten—twelve years since: when I brought you back the wax doll, then almost as large as yourself. Edward was then eighteen, and taller than I am, with a real milk-maid's face."

"Father, I should like to have seen him before receiving such a letter."

"Truly, it was a bad business that he could not come himself on your birthday. When I was betrothed to your mother I came in person—eh—wife? But no matter; the great banker is worth securing; think, what a great personage he is at Vienna and Berlin! He has as much power as a prince. What say you, wife?"

"I find your choice in this as in everything else, excellent," replied the lady, dropping her eyes on the supper-table.

"And you too, mamma!" cried Frederika.

Herr Bantes filled his glass, and called on them all to drink the bride's health; but the cheerfulness of the company seemed to have departed. The captain sat in a reverie, without tasting anything before him; Madame Bantes looked troubled—Frederika sad. "Come, come," cried the father, "I do not mean to force you to marry, my child; but I doubt not, when you have once seen the young man, that you will fling your arms about your father's neck and thank him."

"But till I have seen him, dear papa. Grant my birthday request—to say nothing more about him."

"Nay—Rika," said the old man, rubbing his forehead, "that is an odd request. Your mother made none such——"

"Pardon," interrupted the mother—"but you must not contradict Rika on her birthday."

"You are right, wife; and the new moon is at hand; we shall have a change of weather."

And after supper Frederika sat down to play on her new harp.

Herr Bantes kept his word, and said nothing about the expected visitor von Hahn, but he did not fail every day to consult the barometer, and to express his satisfaction when he saw the weather begin to brighten.

"But," said his wife, in a low and confidential tone, "it appears to me most prudent that you should write to Mr. von Hahn not to come to Herbesheim before Christmas. If I do not altogether believe in popular talk, I cannot help feeling some slight uneasiness."

"Ah, wife—I know what you are thinking of; the Dead Guest."

To explain this it is necessary to mention that

there was a current popular tradition, that once in a hundred years, during Advent, the Dead Guest made his appearance in Herbesheim, paid his court to betrothed maidens, and ended by twisting their necks. They were found in the morning, dead in bed, with their faces turned behind them. What distinguished this from ordinary spectres was, that he appeared not at the hour of midnight, but in the full light of day, dressed like other men; and stranger than all, when he found a maiden who was betrothed, he would present himself as another suitor, and gain her heart by irresistible fascination to reward her ingenuous confidence by twisting her neck.

How this tradition originated, none could tell. In the church records were found the names of three young women who had died suddenly during Advent in 1720. The following note was appended, "with faces turned backward, as an hundred years ago. God be gracious to their souls!" This proved the more remote antiquity of the legend; but unfortunately older records were inaccessible.

Though some affected to laugh at this superstition, the greater number yielded a sort of half belief. Even the old priest, a very reasonable man, went no farther than to pronounce it "strange and incredible."

Madame Bantes was half ashamed of being thought to believe in this wild tradition; but she urged that there was no necessity for having the betrothal during Advent. "What was to be lost," she said, "by the delay of a few weeks?" But her husband was inexorable; for he thought the whole town might be instructed by seeing that they despised the superstition.

"But it appears," insisted the dame, "that some misfortune rests upon this time; it has been the subject of record; if we brave popular opinion in this instance—and, which heaven forbid! anything *should* happen——"

"Ha! if Rika's neck should be lost! Eh!"

"No—but for example—this weather is inclement, and Mr. Von Hahn is an invalid. The journey—the exposure—might increase his malady; we might after all, have a sick, perhaps a dead guest! And in such an event the superstition would be confirmed by your self-will——"

Herr Bantes looked grave, but his pride was piqued, and he refused to yield the point. Nevertheless, the conversation left a thorn in his breast; for he loved his daughter too well to risk aught, and he could not help shuddering inwardly as Advent approached, and the weather became settled and fair. He consulted the barometer as regularly as ever, but now with the hope of seeing the mercury fall.

One day when Waldrich came into the parlor,

he saw Frederika sitting by the window, leaning her head on her new harp.

"I am sent by your mother, Frederika," said he, "to see if you will take a drive with us into the country?"

The young lady shook her head, but did not look up.

The captain stood waiting a reply—then moved toward the door; suddenly he turned back, and said coaxingly—"come with us; the weather is charming." Startled at the tone in which she answered "no"—he went to her and took the hand on which she was resting her forehead. Her face was bathed in tears.

"What is the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Is mamma going to take me to meet him? Is he coming to-day?" demanded the young lady, wiping her red eyes with her handkerchief.

Waldrich's countenance fell. "Oh, Frederika," he exclaimed with emotion—"he must not come—till I am gone!"

"You—gone?"

"Yes; I wrote to the general on your birthday, entreating him to appoint me some other station. I have not yet received an answer."

The young girl looked up sorrowfully and said, "George, you are not displeased with us?"

"I cannot, I must not, remain here."

"Are you in earnest, George? I shall be vexed with you all my life."

"You will kill me if you compel me to be present at your wedding."

"That shall never be! Who said I had given my promise?"

"You will not dare deny it."

"I can *never* give it!" sobbed Frederika, and covered her face with her hands. After a pause, during which both were much agitated, Waldrich came close to her, and said in a melancholy tone, "Frederika, is it possible for us still to be as we have been to each other?"

"George, can we ever be otherwise to one another than we have been?"

"Ah, Frederika, I knew not how great was my happiness. Now I feel what I have lost!"

"Lost, Waldrich? Do not make me wretched. That is a dreadful word; never say it again."

"But we must part—"

"There, George—take my hand: I will be the bride of the Dead Guest—before—. But say nothing to my father or mother: I will speak when it is time."

She gave him her hand, which he covered with kisses. Frederika then desired him to go to her mother, and tell her she would soon be ready; but left alone she sank into a seat, and forgot to prepare for the drive. At last Madame Bantes came herself to fetch her daughter, whom she

found with her head drooping on her breast, over which swept the long, fair ringlets; her hands folded in her lap.

"What are you thinking about, Rika?" asked the mother.

"I have been praying, mother."

"Is it well with you, child?"

"Oh—very well!"

"In earnest? You seem to have been weeping."

"I have wept, but I am happy." And rising she put on her bonnet; then going to the mirror, tied on as a sash the rose-colored ribbon Waldrich had given her with the harp on her birthday. Madame Bantes was silent; but she saw the danger of trusting the young people with any more private interviews.

The next evening a party of her friends was assembled at the house of the manufacturer. The conversation among a hundred other topics, turned on the approach of Advent, and the tradition of the Dead Guest. Many persons had heard of it, but none knew more; and when Waldrich mentioned that he had heard long ago a tale throwing light on its origin, he was assailed on all sides with entreaties to relate what he could remember.

"It was two hundred years ago," he began—"when the thirty years' war was commenced and the Elector Friedrich had placed the crown of Bohemia on his head. The emperor and the elector of Bavaria, at the head of Catholic Germany, re-conquered this kingdom; the decisive battle was fought near Prague; the Elector Friedrich lost the battle and the crown. The news flew swiftly through Germany; all the Catholic states rejoiced over Friedrich's misfortune, whom, on account of the short duration of his few months' reign, they called the Winter King. Our good ancestors in Herbesheim used to talk as much about politics and state affairs as we, their worthy descendants. They showed as much joy over the defeat and flight of the Winter King, as we some years later over those of the Emperor Napoleon."

"Three lovely young maidens sat, talking with each other of late events. They were intimate friends, and were all betrothed; the first was named Veronica, the second Francisca—the third Jacobea. They conversed of the Winter King, and each avowed her belief that he had not left Germany. 'I would,' cried Jacobea, 'oh, I would he came to our town! He should die by the hand of my lover, and my lover should have at least a countship for his reward!'"

"'Nay,' said Veronica, 'thy lover hath not heart enough for such a deed of valor. My bridegroom should slay the Winter King, and win the countship from thee.'"

"'Boast not!' cried Francisca, 'my lover is the

strongest of all. If I commanded him, he would hurl the Grand Turk from his seat. Be not too sure of the countship!"

"While they talked they heard the clatter of horses' feet in the street, and all three ran to the window. There was a frightful storm; the wind blew the rain violently against the houses, and the water ran in streams from the roofs and along the streets.

"Who journeys in such weather," cried Jacobea, "travels not for pleasure!"

"He is driven by necessity," said Veronica.

"Or an evil conscience," observed Francisca.

"Just opposite, before the sign of the Dragon, thirteen horsemen drew up, and alighted in haste. Twelve of them stood by their horses; the thirteenth, who was dressed in white, went into the house, and soon the landlord with his servants came out, the horses were led to the stable, while the travellers entered the inn. In spite of the rain people ran to see the strangers and their horses; the finest horse belonged to the rider in white; the beast was also white from head to foot, with splendid trappings.

"The Winter King!" cried all three of the maidens, looking astonished at each other.

"There was a bustle without, and presently entered the three lovers of the maidens. 'Do you know,' cried one, 'that the Winter King is here?'"

"A capital chance!" said another.

"The white rider seems in great distress," observed the third.

"The three maidens shuddered, then looked at each other, then joined their hands, as in token that they all embraced the same fortune. Loosing their hands, each then turned to her betrothed.

"If my beloved," said Veronica, "lets the Winter King leave this town alive, then will I rather be the bride of the Winter King than his wife." And she pronounced an oath to confirm her sentence.

"If my beloved," said Francisca, "suffers the Winter King to survive this night, then will I rather embrace death than him; and I will refuse to give him my hand." And she also took an oath.

"Then said Jacobea, 'The key of my bridal chamber is lost, and can be found no more unless my beloved brings me to-morrow his sword red with the blood of the Winter King.'

"The three men were startled; but the plighted maidens were inexorable, and the lovers then swore that the Winter King should not see the morrow's sun. They took leave of the maidens, who sat and conversed of the bravery and renown of their affianced husbands, and of the fame and riches this deed was to procure them; nor was the countship forgotten. The three young men

went over to the 'Dragon,' ordered wines, enquired particularly concerning the strange lodgers, and which was the room occupied by the principal person among them. They sat drinking and revelling till late at night.

"Next morning twelve of the horsemen rode away in great haste, in the midst of the storm. The thirteenth was found dead in his bed bathed in blood, and having three deep wounds in his side. Nobody could say who he was; but the host averred that he was no king; and he was right, for the Winter King escaped in safety as is known to Holland, and lived many years after. The dead guest was buried the same day, not in the church-yard among good Christians, but in an unconsecrated spot, where carrion was sometimes thrown.

"Meanwhile the three affianced maidens waited impatiently the return of their lovers; but they came not. Search was made for them, and enquiries throughout the town; but no one had seen them since midnight when they were drinking at the inn. Neither the host nor servants of the 'Dragon' could say what had become of them. The three maidens wept their loss night and day, and repented of the evil deed to which they had devoted good and true men. Most of all mourned Jacobea, for it was she who first suggested the idea of the murder.

"Thus three days went by, and nothing had been heard of the missing. On the evening of the third there was a knocking at the door of Jacobea's house, and a stranger of distinguished appearance presented himself, and asked for her. He was the bearer of a letter, which he had promised a young man to deliver in person. How did Jacobea's heart beat! for the letter came from her lover.

"It was quite dark, and the mother hastened to bring a couple of lamps that her daughter might read the letter. By the light she observed that the stranger was a man about thirty years of age, remarkably tall and thin, dressed altogether in black, and wearing a black cap and plume. His dress was ornamented with gold and pearls, and he had a large diamond ring on his finger. His features were regular and noble, but his face was very pale, notwithstanding the fire of his dark eyes; and his black attire made him appear still paler. He took a seat while they all read the letter, which ran as follows:

"We have done the deed. Farewell, Jacoben, since I have lost the key of thy bridal chamber. I go to war in Bohemia, and to seek a new bride who will not ask as a pledge of love a blooded sword. I send back thy ring.' The ring fell out from the letter.

"Jacobea nearly swooned at this cruel letter;

but recovering herself she wept and reproached her faithless lover. Her father and mother consoled her; and the stranger said—'had I known the contents of this letter, so truly as I am Count von Grabern, I should have finished the false one with my trusty sword. But weep not for him, fairest lady! One pearly drop flowing over that rosy cheek should be enough to extinguish the flame of your love!'

"But Jacobea ceased not to weep. The count at last took leave, entreating permission to call the following day. Next day he came, and finding the maiden alone, said to her, 'I could not sleep last night for thinking continually of your beauty and your tears. At least you owe me a smile to restore the color to my cheeks pale with watching.'

"How can I smile?" asked Jacobea. 'Has not my faithless lover broken our betrothal and sent back my ring?'

"The count took the ring and threw it from him. 'How gladly would I replace it with another!' cried he, and he drew off the splendid ring from his finger, and laid it on the table—'with this—or many others—or all my rich inheritance!'

"Jacobea blushed, and pushed back the jewel. 'Be not so stern,' said the count. 'Having once seen you I can never cease to love. Has your betrothed proved faithless?—forget him, and take a sweet revenge. My heart and my countship I lay at your feet!'

"It was not long before Jacobea began to think the count was right, and that it would be most becoming to forget her faithless lover. They talked much together; the count had fascinating manners, but the maiden thought him less handsome than the other, by reason of his singular paleness. But when he talked she forgot his strange complexion; in short she ceased to weep, and had to smile sometimes at the witty sallies of the count.

"The arrival of so distinguished a person in Herbesheim was soon noised abroad, also that he had a numerous train of attendants sumptuously apparelled, and was profuse in his display. It was known, too, that he had brought Jacobea a letter from her betrothed. When Veronica and Francisca heard this they came to their friend, and entreated her to ask if the distinguished count had heard nothing of *their* lovers. When she asked, the count replied that he would himself visit the maidens, to ascertain by their description who were their affianced husbands, so that he could give them the desired information.

"Meanwhile Jacobea said to herself as she looked at the valuable ring presented by her new suitor—I have but now to reach out my hand

and take the countship without the necessity of dividing it with Veronica and Francisca. So that the murder has at least helped me to good fortune.' She showed the diamond to her parents, and told them of the count's proposal; and when on his return he brought her a casket containing a diamond cross and pearl necklace, they both commanded her not to refuse his suit, for that such a son-in-law pleased them right well. So that the count was received as a favored lover by the parents, to whom every day he gave rich presents; and Jacobea exulted in the prospect of becoming Countess von Grabern.

"When the strange count went to Veronica he found her handsomer than the first maiden, and the fair-haired Francisca pleased him still more. He told them severally that he had met the three plighted young men at a road-side inn, at supper with two young women. They were all going to Bohemia, and when they learned he was to pass through Herbesheim, one of them wrote the letter to Jacobea, while the others said they were better employed in entertaining their fair guests than in writing to the maidens they meant to desert. Instead of letters they gave him their betrothal rings to return, advising that the rings should be given to the men whose fingers they best fitted.

"Veronica assured the count that her ring fitted his hand admirably; and Francisca insisted that hers seemed made expressly for him. In short—he played the same part with the two others that he had with Jacobea, making them presents, and offering them his heart, hand and fortune. The three damsels were jealous each of the other, lest she should lose the prize, and they visited no more; so that the count could the more readily carry on the deception with them all.

"The three-fold courtship went on, and the count on the same day was formally betrothed to each of the maidens, in presence of their parents, expressing a wish that the marriage should take place in his ancestral castle. Each plighted damsel, when she gave him the kiss of betrothal, said—'why are you so pale, my love? lay aside your black dress.' And he answered to each, 'I wear black in fulfillment of a vow. On our wedding day you will see me red and white, like your own cheeks—dear one!'

"After the ceremony was over each maiden retired to her apartment. The next morning as they did not appear so early as usual, their parents went to awake them and found them dead in bed, their necks twisted so that the face looked behind.

"Cries of horror resounded through each of the three houses; and the alarm spread over the town. Suspicion fell, of course, on the count, and a party of men went to the 'Dragon' where he had lodged:

there they found the host in amazement, his late guest having disappeared with all his train, their horses and baggage. None had seen them depart, nor pass the gates of the town.

"At this mysterious disappearance everybody was amazed; and crossed themselves, or uttered a paternoster when they looked at the houses where the three murders had been committed. It was yet more strange that the various presents bestowed on the parents of the deceased had also vanished.

"A great number of people attended the funeral of the three unfortunate maidens. As they were carried into the church-yard, covered with a black pall, a tall, pale man was observed among the crowd, whom nobody had seen before; and what was singular he was dressed altogether in white. Three red spots appeared on his doublet, from which the blood slowly trickled down. This tall figure did not follow the corpses to the consecrated ground, but disappeared in one corner.

"*'Holy Maria!'* cried the host of the *'Dragon,'* *'it is the Dead Guest, who was buried there a month ago.'*

"Terror seized the whole assemblage; they flew in every direction, and for three days and nights the coffins lay exposed to a violent storm of rain and sleet. When at length the alarm had somewhat subsided, and the parents of the deceased, by large offers of payment, had bribed persons to complete the burial, the coffins proved to be so light that the priest insisted on opening them. They were found empty, and were buried thus."

Such was the legend related by Waldrich. There was a dead silence when he had concluded; and afterward, though attempts were made by several, particularly Herr Bantes, to laugh at the folly of such a superstition, yet none of the company could shake off a feeling of uneasiness. When it was announced that the captain would narrate another appearance of the Dead Guest, there was universal silence and attention.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MOONLIGHT.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PEIRSON.

It was night,
One of those still sweet nights that gently breathe
A balm upon the spirit, soothing all
Its pains and passions to a dreamy calm,
When the clear moonlight lures young lovers forth
To launch their fond hopes on its trembling flood;
And breathe soft messages to silvery clouds
That flit like angels 'tween the earth and heaven;
And hear responses in the passing sighs
Of winds, that with their pinions damp with dew
Linger among the flowers, kissing their lips,
And stealing treasures of their whispered sweets.

LIZZY.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

In memory still I see thee oft
As once with joy I used to see thee,
Where tender nonsense whispered soft
Made mirth and music sweeter to me;
I loved to read the changing heart
E'en when to utter folly given,
For sometimes would thy glance impart
A latent gleam that spoke of Heaven.

Thou wert too careless and too gay
To make a deep or lasting feeling,
But those who bowed beneath thy sway
Found pleasant visions o'er them stealing;
I know not where the magic dwelt,
(Too often love is total blindness,)
Perchance it was none ever felt
A moment certain of thy kindness.

But one amid a countless train
That gaily yielded to thy power,
Our vows were broke with little pain,
The wayward fancy of an hour;
And yet tho' many a maid may bear
The name I am so oft repeating,
I look in vain to see them wear
The charms that set my fond heart beating.

The saucy scorn of every word
In turn provoked me to be witty,
But that revenge thy mockery stirred
One melting glance disarmed to pity;
Besides a mild, unconscious air,
When thou wert most perverse and teasing,
(When angry frowns I've seen thee dare,)
Made reckless courage almost pleasing.

Thou hast an art from Cupid seized,
A grace thine other charms supplanting,
It was of blushing when you pleased.
And trust me—it was quite enchanting;
And when the favored one was near,
Thy faltering voice set fancy busy,
What could it be?—it was not love,
A word I've heard thee laugh at, Lizzy.

I wonder if thy heart is caught
By any wise and constant lover,
When in thine eyes for *truth* I've sought,
Flirtation's all I could discover,
And tho' I do not quite believe
That love's a flame too bright to smother,
Yet those who for one lover grieve,
Don't quickly seek to take another.

What next thou'lt do or next thou'lt say
Will ever be beyond resolving,
The schemes that haunt thy brain to day
To-morrow's sunlight sees dissolving,
But hear this moral, sage as true,
(From some old song the lines I borrow,)
It says, "who change *old love* for *new*,
Will ever change it to their *sorrow*."

THE PRESENTIMENT.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

I CANNOT say that I am a believer in presentiments, though, if I were, I might find authority among the philosophers of all ages, not even excepting the present enlightened one. But curious coincidences often occur which are calculated to shake skepticism. One of these has been related to me as happening within the present century.

It was a beautiful evening that two lovers stood hand-in-hand, at the moment of parting for a separation of a week. A sadness, during the last hour, had imperceptibly stolen over them, and the youth now gave utterance to the thoughts which he had in vain striven to keep down.

"In a week I shall return," he said. "Watch for me on the seventh day; and if I come not know that I am no more. I feel a presentiment of harm, as if we were never to meet again."

By a strange coincidence his betrothed had felt the same vague fear, though she too had labored to conceal it. Nor would she now betray the alarm that filled her eyes with unbidden tears.

"Nay! it is but a foolish thought," she said—"let us pray that these fears prove idle. I will meet you here on the seventh day, and we will laugh at our alarm."

"Living or dead!" said the lover solemnly, unchanged by her affected gaiety of tone: then, not trusting himself to further words, he pressed her hand and departed.

What an age does the separation of a few days seem to lovers! Every unoccupied moment is then sacredly given to thoughts of the absent object; and the hours are counted until his return. It was so now with Frederick and the sweet girl to whom he was betrothed. As he rolled along in the diligence, he reclined in one corner and drawing his cap over his eyes, refused conversation that he might think of his Margaret; while she, in her chamber, often paused, and laid down the work from her hands to muse on her absent lover.

But time, however laggard he may appear, moves steadily on; and the week, which to Frederick had seemed a month, was now past. It was the seventh day. He was already within a few miles of his native town, though evening had not closed in, so that he felt sure of meeting his betrothed according to his promise. The remembrance of their solemnity at parting occurred, and now that the week had passed without peril he felt inclined to laugh at his fears. Indulging in sweet, dreamy fancies he lay back in the diligence, until at length his visions changed

insensibly from waking ones to those of sleep. Suddenly two or three quick strokes of a bell smote on his ear, and he started up broad awake.

"What can that mean? Where are we?" were his inquiries, and those of his fellow passengers, most of whom also had been slumbering.

As they spoke they looked forth and saw that they were crossing the sandy plain in the vicinity of the city, the dark buildings of which were discernible, through the gloom of the gathering twilight a short league ahead. But even at that distance the large alarm bell on the town hall could be heard, clanging out fierce and quick, in tones of terror. Simultaneously too a strong red glare shot up into the sky, spreading rapidly on either side, until a fourth of the city appeared to be in flames.

"Drive on quick—for heaven's sake!—put them to a gallop!" exclaimed the passengers, alarmed for the safety of their homes; and none spoke more urgently than Frederick, who beheld with alarm the flames rapidly spreading to that quarter of the city inhabited by his betrothed.

The driver whipped his horses; but their gait, though rapid, failed to satisfy the excited passengers. Each one exaggerated the probable danger to his family, and as the conflagration rapidly extended, the alarm became serious. But no one suffered like Frederick. Over that portion of the city inhabited by his betrothed the flames appeared to be raging with terrible, and increasing violence; and aware that every family must be fully occupied with itself, he trembled for the fate of Margaret, who was an orphan, and had no natural protector now that he was absent.

And now louder and louder tolled the great bell, while a hundred others, from every quarter of the mighty city, joined in the clamor. The whole eastern horizon was a mass of fire, the light of which danced on the steeples and other lofty objects, while the roar of the conflagration was like the rush of the Danube in flood. Faster and faster the diligence was urged along, for its inmates were now almost frantic, and when at last it stopped, each man leaped breathlessly from his seat, and regardless of his baggage hurried to that quarter of the city which was the scene of the disaster, for it was there that most of the trading classes, such as were the usual travellers in the diligence, resided, and the combustible nature of the high wooden buildings promised, now that the conflagration had got headway, to afford but little time for females, who might happen to be alone in them, to escape.

The bell tolled on. Clang upon clang shook the air, each note striking the nerves with more painful acuteness than the last. As they approached the burning quarter Frederick saw that

what he had feared was too true, and that the fire was rapidly surrounding, if it had not already surrounded, the square where Margaret resided. Youth and despair gave wings to his feet, and he flew on, leaving his companions far behind. He was now on the outskirts of the conflagration. Huge piles of furniture were accumulated in the streets, near which stood houseless females and children weeping; crowds of men hurried to and fro shouting hoarsely and passing water-buckets to the firemen; while a body of soldiery was occupied in laying a train to a block of houses, which soon blew up with a tremendous explosion.

Regardless of these things Frederick hurried on. He had but one thought, it was to save his betrothed or perish in the attempt. The winding streets of the old town prevented him from seeing, as yet, whether the square occupied by Margaret was still untouched, and he was a prey to suspense, more terrible than the worst certainty. At last he caught a glimpse of the house in the distance. It was still safe, but the way thither was long, and through a thousand dangers. Already the sparks began to shower around him: the heat, too, was becoming excessive: and fewer and fewer inhabitants crossed his path, for all seemed to shun this devoted quarter.

He was now opposite the great square, which, on every side, was a mass of fire. The parish church, which fronted it, and which had withstood the storms of centuries, had caught, and was now wrapped in flames, which burst from all the windows and roared up through the lofty steeple as through the chimney of a furnace. The square was nearly deserted, and on every hand the inhabitants had long since fled from their habitations. But the old sexton of the church, either unable or unwilling to leave his post, was seen, high up in the tower, amid the surging fire; and as it mounted around him, he began to chime the usual evening service. There was something inexpressibly solemn in that hymn sounded thus from the midst of the conflagration. Higher and fiercer rose the flames, and louder chimed the bells, until, at last, with a crash, tower and ringer came to the earth. But Frederick heeded not even this; for, at that moment, the wind partially shifted and the flames went roaring down toward the house that held all which was dear to him on earth.

The people could now be seen hurrying in every direction from the threatened district. Here were fathers bearing the sick, there mothers carrying their babes, yonder little children who could scarcely walk tottering along crying after their parents: affrighted looks were seen, and wild prayers heard on every hand. The voice of the advancing conflagration was like the sound of

the sea in a storm, or the combined howl of thousands of hungry wolves. And now the streets began to grow more deserted. At intervals were heard the shriek of some deserted and despairing invalid, or the fall of the house that buried him forever. The street in which Margaret resided was now blocked up, at its furthest end, by the flames, which were coming down with frightful rapidity. Yet Frederick had seen nothing of his betrothed, though he had not moved his eyes from the building since he entered the square. She must be in the house, deserted and alone. The thought nerved him to madness: he gained the door and dashed in.

The house was already full of smoke. The upper rooms were on fire. He knew the apartments where Margaret resided, but they were distant, and the way was narrow and crooked. Yet he pressed on. The smoke became thicker so that he could scarcely see, and the atmosphere was almost insupportable from the stifling heat. Still he groped his path along, and at last reached the chamber of Margaret. She was not there. He called to her: no answer replied. He began to fear she had already perished, when he bethought him of her sitting-room, which opened, by a door, from the one he was in. He rushed through, and found her lying insensible and alone before the crucifix, for, as he feared, the servants had all fled.

He raised her to his shoulders, but how was he to escape? He could hear the crackle of the approaching flames, and the staircase was obscured with smoke. But he dashed boldly toward it and groped his way to the street; and never was breath of air more grateful than that which, though hot, and at any other time stifling, relieved him in the open street. Yet, even here, all hope of escape appeared cut off. On every side of him heaved a sea of fire. The clang of the distant bells was scarcely distinguishable in the roar of the surrounding flames. Not a human being was visible. He was alone.

In this emergency he remembered an old tunnel which he had been told, when a boy, had once existed in this quarter of the town, to carry off the waters of several large springs that had once formed a stream hereabouts. If the entrance to this conduit could be discovered, he might yet escape. The happy thought re-animated him, and though nearly fainting, he suddenly gained the strength of a giant. Regardless of the falling houses, he continued his search, and, at last, was crowned with success. The opening to the tunnel was almost choked up with rubbish; but it was large enough to afford an entrance, and in it he sought refuge with his fainting charge.

Some days afterward, when the conflagration

was subdued, a wedding party left the altar, and as the bride leaned fondly on her husband's arm, she whispered,

"Frederick! I was wrong to laugh at your presentiment and my own; for God sees all, and may sometimes kindly will that we should have warning of things to come."

Perhaps she was right, perhaps not. But who can tell?

MELITON OF SEBASTE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

ARMENIA's wintry night was drear
To those, who tortur'd lay,
By persecution's cruel doom,
A mockery and a prey.

And there, in agony expos'd
Upon the bleak hill-side,
Their pale lips murmuring low in prayer—
The faithful martyrs died.

But one—in whom a stronger life
By vigorous youth was fed,
Still feebly rais'd a blood-shot eye
Amid the moveless dead.

Yet faintly in this quivering breast
Still ebb'd the purple tide,
Whose light step o'er the mountain cliff
Had with the roe-buck vied.

Dark midnight falls. Who hasteth near
With quick, and earnest tread—
And kneeling by the sufferer's side
Upholds his drooping head?

"My son!—my only one! How blest
This widow'd heart to know
Thou did'st not from thy Master swerve,
In thine extremest woe.

Oh! lean upon this yearning breast
Which in our cloudless years
So thrill'd with joy to give thee rest,
And sooth thine infant tears.

My own!—My beautiful! Bear on!—
Praise to our God above
Who gave the power to choose the test
Of a true Christian's love.

Bear on—high heart! The moments fleet!
The opening heavens I see—
Thy Saviour's face—thy Saviour's smile—
A martyr's crown for thee."

He wreath'd his cold arms round her neck—
He gasp'd her name once more—
A wondrous radiance fir'd his eye,
He sank, and all was o'er.

Yet still, that lonely woman rose
Her blinding tears above,
And follow'd to his funeral rite
Her all of earthly love:

Twice twenty mangled forms they pil'd,*
Brave men, of life unblam'd,
Who never on the battle-field
Had Roman valor sham'd.

And there, Meliton's noble brow
In sculptur'd beauty lay,
From its fair lines all trace of pain
Forever past away.

They heap'd the wood, the kindling fire
Flash'd red o'er rock and glade,
And watching by the mournful pyre
That Christian mother pray'd.

But when the fitful flame declin'd,
And winds that eddying bore
The martyrs' ashes wide around,
Announc'd that all was o'er.

Just, as the slowly rising sun
Armenia's hill-tops fir'd,
On the bleak earth, her head she laid,
And strong in faith expir'd.

COME TO THE WOODS.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

COME to the woods! to the woods away,
Where the green leaves dance and the wild birds play;
Where the wind is sighing in stately trees,
With a low, sweet sound, as the chime of seas:
Where the drooping lily its fragrance throws,
And the bee is humming around the rose:
Where the sun lights up the sward so gray:
Oh! come to the woods, to the woods away.

Come to the woods in the breezy morn,
When the dew-drops glitter on leaf and thorn;
And the brook far off the trees between
Flashes and fades with a silvery sheen!
Come to the woods at the sultry noon,
When all things murmur a drowsy tune!
Come with the stars, at the close of day!
Come to the woods, to the woods away!

*During the persecutions under the Roman emperors, forty endured martyrdom at once, at the city of Sebaste, in Armenia. They were men, in the vigor of life, belonging to the Roman army, who had received rewards for valor, and been advanced to places of trust. But their heathen general had been led to believe that in order to conquer the enemy, he must sacrifice these Christian soldiers to the honor of his false gods. Firmly adhering to their faith, and refusing to offer sacrifice to idols, they were barbarously tortured and thrown into prison, fastened together by chains. Afterward they were exposed without clothing to the severity of a winter's night. One by one, they all fell victims to the cold. The youngest, whose name was Meliton, being found alive, after the others were dead, his widowed mother was brought to him, thinking that he might be thus induced to deny his Saviour. When she came to him his limbs were frozen, and his speech so gone that he could only by looks and signs endeavor to console her. But she exhorted him to persevere unto the end, in the faith which she had herself taught him; and when he breathed his last followed his body to the funeral pile, where it was consumed with those of his martyred companions.

THE FASHIONABLE FLIRTS.

BY GRACE MANNERS.

"Tis good to be merry and wise,
 'Tis good to be honest and true,
 'Tis good to be off with the old love
 Before you are on with the new."

It was a bright afternoon in the end of November, that three beautiful girls my heroines, sat in a large and handsomely furnished chamber busily engaged in sewing. From the articles on which they were employed as well as from those that were scattered around—one ball dress thrown over a chair, and another suspended to the cheval glass—any one without hearing their conversation, could have gathered that a festival of some kind was in prospect. And so it was; the first ball of the season was to take place that night, and these girls, great belles, were now putting the last tasteful touches to their preparations—Louisa trimming a pair of gloves, Alice, her young sister, an exquisitely beautiful creature, tacking the transparent Mechlin to a lawn "mouchoir" as transparent, and Mary their cousin in fastening bouquets of white flowers on the crape dress that was to form the costume of Alice on this her first appearance.

Their topic of course was of the coming ball, and their equipments; of the bride in whose honor it was given, and of their favorite beaux, whom they expected to meet there. Suddenly a knock at the door interrupted them, and the important face of their old black servant appeared, and announced "the capting to see Miss Louise," adding, while a smile distended his wide mouth, "him in de parlor Miss, and he hab sich a posey in his bunch of fises." A peal of laughter was the reply to this information of old Cato, who withdrew delighted with the amusement he had caused his young ladies.

"Go down, Louisa," exclaimed Mary; "go down, the captain has brought you a bouquet for the ball. I wonder when he returned from his shooting excursion?—oh! what a beauty of a bunch it will be of his selecting," and the laughing girl fairly sent Louisa out of the room.

In an hour she returned, holding over her eyes sun-screen fashion, an immense bunch of dahlias, arranged in the plate style, so common for those ungraceful flowers, and about half a yard in diameter. This she threw on a chair, and sinking into another herself, joined in the merry peal of the other girls at the sight of this most choice and delicate bouquet.

"Oh! girls," she began, "think of his simplicity; think of my carrying that platter to the ball to-night," and she held it to one side of her head

to show its becomingness, and then placed it in her bosom to exhibit its grace, until the girls besought her to be quiet, and tell them if the captain had really requested her to wear it to the ball.

"No, indeed," she replied, "I would not let him; he was going to do so more than once, but each time I prevented him, and he went away without asking me, although he brought it for that purpose I know, and expects me to take it there. He said something about the 'sentiment' and 'sweets to the sweets; now the sentiment is not so bad, but did you ever smell such 'sweets,' there is no perfume at all—and then the colors, the ugliest reds I ever beheld, the dingiest purples, and the most staring scarlet; and I spent an hour with him, over Flora's dictionary not a week since, to give him an idea of what a bouquet ought to be composed of, and this is the result—what a gallant the man is," and the unfortunate flowers were tossed into a corner, where they were picked up some hours after by the maid, and deposited in a cracked-nose pitcher in her own room.

"How, Louisa," said Mary, "how can you laugh at the poor man in this way, and what will you say to him when you appear without his 'posy,' as Cato well called it?"

"As to laughing at him, I never do so to his face, so that does him no harm; and as to the non-appearance of the bouquet, I can easily say it was too large and handsome to carry, and (so it is, I am sure,) and besides I am not so certain of being without one after all."

"Oh!" replied her cousin, "I thought the truth would come out; so you expect one from Mr. Seymour; that makes the matter rather worse, I think. Ah! Louisa, the noble captain's star has been on the decline ever since this gay Southerner made his appearance. What a flirt you are."

"Now, Mary," said Louisa, "it does not do for you to call me a flirt with that sober air. Did not I witness your flirtation with the quiet, unsophisticated Mr. Grey last summer? Did not I see you leave your shoe in his hand when he helped you off your horse, and so expose the gentle pressure the poor man had been bestowing on your little foot, and thus made him the laughing stock of the village for a week, and then refuse him after all? Oh, fie! to call me such a name with such sins upon your own head."

"Well," said Mary, "if I did do it the shoe was very large, and the temptation irresistible; and besides it was only with a *widower*; if he could forget the memory of such a lovely woman as his wife was so very soon, and outrage the feelings of her family, as I know he did—I did

no more than right. He *would* beau me, and I trust I gave him a lesson he will not soon forget. Widowers seem to think they have an immunity from the decencies of mourning, whilst a widow is expected to mourn for the rest of her life, 'be she young or be she old,' and is a target for all sorts of sarcastic remarks if she but speaks to one of the lords of the creation. I did but pay off on Mr. Grey some of the debt that my sex owes him. I did it from principle and was glad I succeeded, and will do it again if I have the chance;" so saying she withdrew to dress, leaving Louisa laughing at her, and the gentle Alice somewhat shocked at these *principles* of flirtation thus developed by her cousin and sister.

Louisa and Alice Grenthorne were the daughters of a gentleman of fortune and family, and their cousin Mary was now on a visit to them from her home in a far-off village, where she was as celebrated for her love of flirting as her friend Louisa was in the large metropolis where she resided. Here Louisa had been for some years one of the leaders of the fashionable world; no party was thought complete without her presence; no young man could flatter himself with being completely the ton unless he had been a protégé of hers, or had had the privilege of being one of her dangles. Beautiful, accomplished, high-bred and wealthy, she had reached the age of twenty-four without being married or engaged, and yet had had more offers than any other girl in the same city with herself. What could be the reason—"say what can Chloe want?—she wants a heart." And so it was—she loved admiration intensely, and her vanity was flattered by the number of her conquests, but she was ambitious—ambitious of the trivial distinctions of wealth and rank, and neither of these as yet had been offered to her to the extent she wished, until the appearance of the high-born, wealthy and exclusive Mr. Seymour seemed to place the prize within her reach. For him, therefore, were Captain Maurice's flowers slighted, and from him was the bouquet expected that was to call forth the "white lie" of an excuse, and to be the return for months of devotion of a single and affectionate heart, although it was attended it must be confessed with an awkward manner, and an utter ignorance of the ways and manœuvres of fashionable life.

Thrown together at Saratoga, where he had gone to recruit his health impaired by the hardships of a Florida campaign, his singularly fine and soldier-like appearance had attracted Louisa's attention, and his devotions were accepted as a mere matter of amusement to her in the unusual dearth of good looking beaux that occurred there that season. Not so with him, however. Debarred

for a long period from cultivated society, her beauty, accomplishments and apparent sympathy for him had made a deep impression, and he had followed her to her home in the hope of winning for his wife "this bright, particular star." Utterly unknowing in the ways of flirtations, his many little gaucheries were a great source of amusement to Louisa and her worldly cousin, and though she had permitted and encouraged his attentions, she now, on the appearance of a higher prize, determined to throw him off, and this evening to commence so decided a flirtation with Mr. Seymour as should at once put an end to his hopes and attentions together.

Alice the younger sister was a different character. Educated from home by a high-minded, intellectual aunt, a sister of her deceased mother, she had escaped the influence of the worldly principles and heartless conduct of her sister; and now failed not to remonstrate with her on behavior she thought so wrong and cruel. But ridicule was all the return she received, accompanied with the expression of the hope that she was not going to throw away the advantages she possessed in her beauty and fashion by being a merely correct and well-behaved young lady, and a prophecy that a little more knowledge of the world would enlarge her ideas on that subject, and make her the spirited woman that was so much more attractive. And now on this her first appearance, so many were the instructions she had been obliged to listen to from her sister and cousin, on the subject of eligibles and non-eligibles, that, disgusted and alarmed, she was half inclined to give up her share of the pleasures of the evening and remain at home. But these resolutions were put to flight by the appearance of Cato, bearing in each hand a magnificent bouquet of the choicest and rarest hot-house flowers, disposed with exquisite taste, one directed to Miss Louisa, and the other to the fair "débutante." Alas! for the captain, his staring dahlias were once more produced and contrasted with these delicate beauties, and even the gentle Alice listened to the sarcasms upon them without rebuke, whilst she stood and admired the fragrant flowers of the gallant Mr. Seymour's selection.

True to her determination, Louisa received the attentions of the donor of these sweets with such graciousness and unchecked pleasure as riveted him to her side, while her previous admirer was put off with one dance, and a most ungraciously delivered apology for the absence of the dahlias, and was then neither looked at nor spoke to for the remainder of the evening.

Alice, radiant with beauty both of form and feature, her sweet ingenuous mind looking out from her lovely eyes, had created a great sensation

Surrounded with admirers, she had but little opportunity of seeing how affairs were proceeding between her sister and Captain Maurice; but from his downcast expression when she at last caught a glimpse of him, she concluded that Louisa had put her threat into execution, and been cool to this devoted lover. She longed to say a word of civility to him, but this she could not do, for he avoided her and seemed to seek for companionship only in his own gloomy thoughts.

From this reverie he was roused by her cousin Mary, who, after making a remark upon his recreant lady-love, now deeply engaged in a flirtation with his rival, gradually drew him into conversation, which was followed by the two seeking a retired corner, and there remaining until the call to supper put an end to their tête-à-tête.

Now cousin Mary, notwithstanding her abhorrence of widowers, (which arose from her brother-in-law having married only a year after the death of a sister she dearly loved,) was by no means averse to beaux, either in general or particular, and having a decided liking to military men, she thought the captain, although no match for her very beautiful and wealthy cousin, would do quite well for herself. With this end in view, and knowing well that many a heart is caught in the rebound, she intended first to constitute herself his confidante, then his comforter, finally his wife. The first she had successfully brought to pass that evening; his whole stock of hopes and fears had been poured into her sympathizing ear, and in return it was insinuated by degrees that Louisa *could* sometimes flirt, then that she had been accused of it before, and finally that she was well known in this character, and had been acting in it with him. With the anger this recital called forth she was satisfied, and retired from the ball well pleased that her first step had been so successful; Louisa returned from it delighted with Mr. Seymour's devotion; and also with the captain's discomposure, and Alice enchanted with all the world.

Captain Maurice, however, was too deeply in love to allow of one rebuff, or one malicious insinuation to take the effect intended by them, and the first meeting with his fair mistress, and the sunny smile with which she greeted him, nullified her coquetries at the ball, and regained all her former power over him, throwing her cousin's schemes into the background, and causing him to think it was all a misapprehension of her lively disposition that had gained for her the title of a flirt. Who or what is so blind as a man in love? A bat is an argus to him, for naturalists tell us they will avoid the finest threads spread to entangle them, while the lover is stone blind to

the greatest defects of character in the object of his passion, and turns bitterly upon any who is anxious to open his eyes to his danger. Therefore, cousin Mary, are your toils spread in vain: you must wait until Louisa is, or thinks herself sure of Mr. Seymour, before the captain is fully disenchanted, and your nets can be successfully thrown.

Manifold were the risings and depressions of the captain's hopes during the following weeks. In Mr. Seymour Louisa had, at least, met a spirit equal to her own in the tactics of a flirtation, and the blinded captain was so useful as a rival that he could not be dismissed lightly, and no persuasions on the part of his friends could make him believe that she was trifling with him. To Mary he seldom spoke on account of her former hints, and Alice, too young and timid to take a decided stand, of course could not warn him against her sister, and was obliged to confine herself to entreaties to Louisa, to leave off so despicable and dangerous a game as she was then playing.

In the meantime Mary, who was underhand in everything she undertook, was urging upon Louisa the propriety of bringing Mr. Seymour to the point, and at the same time insinuating to the captain, whenever he would give her an opportunity of conversing with him, that the world would give him the character of an unsuccessful lover if his engagement (which she affected to believe existed) was not speedily announced. Flattered by this last hint, and annoyed by the first, he determined that the opportunity for offering himself, which he had often sought, but in which he had been constantly foiled, should now be made. Accordingly he boldly asked an interview, proposed, and was rejected. Stung with his defeat, angry with her, himself, and all around him, he sought out his adviser to overwhelm her with reproaches for that step which he had so gladly taken.

His first burst of indignation was listened to with such sympathy and apparent sorrow that confidence speedily ensued, and the old story of the dahlias was recounted, together with many other jokes that he had been the subject of, until the half maddened lover was brought to confess that the first account he had received of his fair one was correct, and to curse his own folly in not knowing who was his true friend, who would thus have prevented his being so shamefully used. And now Mary had regained that place in his confidence which she had lost, and which she determined should be speedily followed by her taking the place of her cousin in the affections of the mortified captain.

And how sped Louisa with her Southern lover after she had dismissed her first? We shall see.

A party of young men were seated round their wine, and from their animated gestures and the mirth that constantly broke out in loud laughter, appeared to have some topic of conversation that was highly amusing to them. They were passing in review the many young ladies of their acquaintance, and many and severe were the criticisms these fair ones underwent from this group of modern *Parises*. The style, form, manners, walking, dancing, hands and feet of the different belles, were severally brought forward and commented upon; some few with praise, but the greater part as food for fun and derision. According to them a woman needed to be endowed with the luster of *Venus* to make her at all worthy of their fastidious tastes. The two, however, who had most admirers as to beauty, were *Louisa* and *Alice Grenthorne*, and *Mr. Seymour*, who was of the party, was congratulated as the happy man who was to carry off the eldest of these belles.

"Thank you," replied he, "for the compliment to my taste, but do you think I would *marry* that girl? Why she is a flirt, a known flirt, and the future *Mrs. Seymour* must be '*sans tache*' in that respect."

"Why do you flirt with her, then?" exclaimed several voices.

"Because she invited me to it. No man ever did flirt with a woman without her first giving the encouragement. Girls of true dignity never flirt. *Alice Grenthorne* would never do as her sister does. *She* is truly dignified. And I for one, when I fall in with a flirt, always think of those lines that *Miss Edgeworth* quotes in her inimitable *Patronage*—and that are there applied to waltzing—

'Sir, she's yours—you have brushed from the grape its soft blue,
From the rose-bud you've shaken the tremulous dew—
What you've touched you may take—
Pretty lady, adieu!—

so any one may have *Miss Louisa* for me—her blue 'has been rubbed off' too often for my taste, and I shall leave my *P. P. C.* at the door before long, and take my way to *Europe* again. I hope she will be married before I return, but I doubt it"—so saying, this gentleman flirt rose from his seat, and the party broke up.

The winter passed away. *Alice* had been the reigning belle, and notwithstanding her sister's prophecy, continued the same unsophisticated, unaffected girl, and spring found our heroines unchanged in name, nature, and apparently in happiness. But was it so?

The month of *May* is now nearly at its close, and with its roses and its thousand sweets, is filling the air with perfume. The three friends

are again together, engaged in apparently the same occupation as when they were first introduced to us, but now they are at their country seat, and through the open window the honey-suckle and the violet are pouring their odors. The sharp grating of carriage wheels on the gravel, and the quick shutting of their doors proclaimed the arrival of a large company.

Orange flowers are being placed in the delicate veil that half covers the face of one of the two, and as she pushes it on one side to listen to a well known step that sends the blood in a richer color to her cheek, the lovely face of the young *Alice* beams upon us. There she stands in her youth and beauty, about to give her hand to one well worthy of her love; and there stand her two bridesmaids, with smiling brows and mortified hearts, for both had been disappointed in their ends, and the baffled flirts were now tasting the bitterness of the cup they had bestowed on so many. *Louisa's* admirer had proved more expert at her own weapons than she was: devoted to her for months he had never committed himself; and had gone to *Europe*, leaving the lady to wear the willow with what grace she could. *Mary* had out-generaled herself with the gallant captain. He had been so disgusted with her treachery to her cousin, that he had taken a speedy leave of her, determining that his next flame should be neither a beauty nor a manager.

Our sweet *Alice*, whom we have left a long time standing in her bridal array, made a conquest her first memorable night of one every way excellent. Of splendid talents, great resolution and untiring industry, *Arthur Hampton* was known as one of the most rising young men at the bar. At the time he addressed the fair *Alice* he had nothing to offer her but what his own energy could carve out for himself, and she loving him for that self alone, was willing to share his moderate fortune, notwithstanding the ridicule and opposition of her family. But time changes everything, even the flinty hearts of old bachelors—for a wealthy uncle of *Arthur's*, who had never married, was so struck with the strong love and resolution of this young couple, that though he had hitherto done nothing for his nephew, he now announced him as his heir—making him by this means a desirable match for any one, as even *Louisa* was obliged to allow. The old gentleman closed his letter with the remark that if it had been the unprincipled flirt of a sister, *Hampton* should never have seen one cent of his money.

The life of *Alice* is as happy as woman could wish. Respected and beloved by all, she has but one source of vexation, and that is in her sister, who still continues her flirting career, and

at the age of twenty-eight is yet eager for admiration, and still single. Cousin Mary married a captain as she desired, but he was a widower after all—and she is obliged to forget many of her own opinions, and to shut her ears when the faithlessness of men is brought upon the tapis. And so ended our two flirts.

GARDEN GOSSIP,

Accounting for the coolness between the lily and violet.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"I WILL tell you a secret," the honey-bee said,
To a violet drooping her dew-laden head,
"The lily's in love! for she listened last night,
While her sisters all slept in the holy moonlight,
To a zephyr that just had been rocking the rose,
Where hidden, I hearkened in seeming repose.

I would not betray her to any but *you*;
But the secret is safe with a spirit so true,
It will rest in your bosom in silence profound,"
The violet bent her blue eye to the ground;
A tear and a smile in her loving look lay,
While the light-winged gossip went whirring away.

"I will tell you a secret!" the honey-bee said,
And the young lily lifted her beautiful head,
"The violet thinks with her timid, blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy,
But for all her sweet manners, so modest and pure,
She gossips with every gay bird that sings to her.

Now let me advise you, sweet flower! as a friend,
Oh! ne'er to such beings your confidence lend,
It grieves me to see one, all guileless like you,
Thus wronging a spirit so trustful and true:
But not for the world, love, my secret betray!"
And the little, light gossip went buzzing away.

A blush in the lily's cheek trembled and fled;
"I'm sorry he told me," she tenderly said,
"If I mayn't trust the violet, pure as she seems,
I must fold in my own heart my beautiful dreams!"
"Was the mischief well managed? Fair lady, is't true?
Did the light garden gossip take lessons of *you*?"

A SUMMER NOON.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

A SUMMER noon! No dew, no air, no shade,
But all around the brazen sunbeams glow;
The very kine beneath the trees are laid,
Or idly in the sluggish river low.

The breathless leaves hang motionless and still,
The parching grass in vain looks up for breath,
Quivers the hot air on the sultry hill,—
All nature gasps as at approaching death.

Oh! for refreshing showers to wet the earth,—
For ev'ning with its fragrance, cool and sweet,
When the glad trees shall clap their hands in mirth,
And stars go singing by with silver feet.

ISABEL PERCIVAL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

It was a beautiful day in July, and a gay party of both sexes was collected on the banks of the Wissahickon, occupied with the various amusements of a pic-nic. Some were dancing to the enlivening music of Johnson's band, some were sailing on the romantic stream, some had wandered off in pairs, and beneath a clump of secluded trees was a little group of laughing girls who appeared to have formed a circle of themselves. While in the midst of their mirth two young men passed by unobserved, the thick foliage shrouding them from the sight of the speakers.

"Marry for love! pshaw!" said a beautiful girl, "who thinks of such folly now? It might do for our grandmothers——"

"Oh! Isabel, how can you say so?" said a mild, loveable creature, usually the most silent of the party.

"I forgot, Mary, you were here," said Isabel laughingly. "You know we can never agree on this sentimental subject. Well—don't let us quarrel—you may take love and poverty, in other words a husband always in the way and cold potatoes for dinner, but give me a magnificent establishment if I must submit to the slavery of matrimony."

Isabel Percival did herself injustice as she thus spoke; but she often, on this subject, like many of our sex, professed sentiments she did not feel. In society she was chiefly known as the belle and the wit; but there were a few better acquainted with the sterling qualities of her character, though they often had to regret this weakness. Her closest friend, the amiable Mary Stewart, had expostulated with her, more than once, on this habit; but Isabel, though perhaps feeling the justice of the reproof, turned it off with a laugh. And Mary had foretold, in return, that Isabel would sometime deeply regret this affected levity. Alas! had Isabel known that, at this very moment, the lover to whom she was betrothed was one of the two gentlemen passing by, and that he overheard her remark, she might have felt, more keenly, the look of silent reproach which Mary gave her in answer to her gay remark.

Yes! Edward Harper heard the light, scornful reply of Isabel, and his heart was deeply wounded. He was one of the most sensitive of men, and though wealthy, felt none the less acutely the remark of his betrothed. It was lucky for him that his companion was ignorant of his engagement, which as yet was a secret. Edward turned deadly pale; but he soon recovered himself, and walking onward with his friend plunged recklessly into a strain of the gayest conversation.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, for Edward that he was so sensitive; but though he knew Isabel's habit of professing opinions she did not entertain, he did not believe she would speak thus lightly on a subject so serious. "If she really believes thus," he reasoned to himself, "her love for me is altogether mercenary. And if she does not believe it, how can there be any strength in her affection, if she thus slanders it."

When Edward met Isabel again there was a constraint in his manner that he could not overcome, and which attracted her observation. Little did she think of the cause! But she made no remark on it, thinking it would pass off, or that, if it did not, he might get pleased again at his convenience, since she had given him no offence. Proud, proud Isabel. The consequence was that she, in turn, became constrained; and this increased the coldness of Edward's manner. How often are the seeds of lasting differences sown in occurrences even more light!

"I will endure this torture no longer," said Edward, a few days subsequently, and after several interviews with Isabel, every one of which had been more constrained than the last; "I cannot be happy until I know that Isabel does not think as she professed to her companions. And yet how can I discover? I have it," he said, after several minutes of thought, "I will pretend to have lost my fortune, and renounce her. If she releases me, I shall know that her love is mercenary; but if—ah! then I may again be happy," he said with a faint smile.

The next morning, as Isabel sat with her head pensively leaning on her hand, wondering if in any way she had thoughtlessly offended her lover, and almost resolving, in spite of her pride, frankly to ask an explanation, the following letter was put into her hands.

"MISS PERCIVAL—

You will see me no more. The universal bankruptcy of the times has spared none; and, instead of being possessed of a competent fortune, I am now without a cent, having, this morning, conveyed away my whole property to meet certain unavoidable claims brought on me by my friendship to others. I am now without a cent. Brought up, as we both have been, in comparative luxury, it would be criminal for me now to insist on the fulfilment of our mutual vows. Your fortune is small, and scarcely sufficient for your own support. Your tastes are gay, I may add, expensive. We must, therefore, part. In this world those who love must accustom themselves to disappointments; and half the marriages are the result, very properly, of other considerations than those of affection. I spare myself the pain of a parting interview.

Farewell,
EDWARD HARPER.

"Cruel, unfeeling man!" exclaimed Isabel. "And is it thus he casts off a heart that has

loved him too well?" She perused the letter again. "And is it thus, too, under the guise of regard for my comfort," she said indignantly, "that he conceals his wish to be released from our engagement in order that he may marry one richer than I? Oh! false—false. In what shall I trust hereafter?" and overcome by her feelings, she burst into a passion of tears.

Again and again Isabel perused that fatal letter. But she did not alter her opinion of the sentiments which had dictated it. There was something so cold and unfeeling in its tone, convincing her, especially when she called to mind the constraint of Edward during the preceding week, that he no longer loved her.

"Had he but continued to do so," she said, "nothing could have induced me to desert him. Oh! what pleasure it would have been to me to soothe his sorrows. Poverty would have been dearer to me than wealth, for then, deserted by the gay world, we should have been all in all to each other. But we should not have been so poor either," she continued. "My own fortune, though small, is, I have heard my guardian say, sufficient for a comfortable maintenance, and sure Edward, who was bred a lawyer, might earn something by following his profession. But why indulge in these idle speculations?" and the proud girl again burst into tears. "He has heartlessly deserted me: but he shall never know," she added quickly, "the suffering it has cost me."

Edward waited in vain for a reply to his letter. That day and the next passed without an answer, and then he came to the conclusion that Isabel did not love him. On the third day they met accidentally in the street. He bowed with constraint: she returned the acknowledgment coldly; and, from that hour, it was long before they saw each other again. Fatal mistake on both sides! Had Isabel never lightly affected mercenary motives in her love, or had Edward not precluded all reply by the haughty tone of his note, they might have been happy.

And each suffered more than they were willing to acknowledge even to themselves. Edward strove in vain to forget Isabel. There were many fair ones, wealthy and accomplished, who still, notwithstanding the rumor of his loss of fortune, would have been glad to accept the hand of one so well-born, and so distinguished, for he had begun to practice law, and was already rapidly rising to eminence, though he lived in but an ordinary way in order to appear to depend wholly on his exertions for support, leaving his fortune to accumulate until he should find a wife he could love, and who would love him for himself, when it was his intention publicly to resume his large possessions. But their smiles could not

eradicate the image of Isabel from his heart. In spite of her conduct, the remembrance of her continually rose up before him clothed with so many sweet and endearing associations that he was as much in love as ever. And Isabel!—how fared she? Immediately after the desertion of her lover she had gone to Boston, but her friends often heard from her, and it was difficult to say whether Edward's emotions were those of pleasure or regret when he learned her declining health. Her society still continued to be courted as much as ever, but she had, according to rumor, declined more than one advantageous offer. At length it was reported that she was engaged to a wealthy and high-born gentleman of that city, by the name of Stanhope.

Two years had now elapsed since the separation of Edward and Isabel, when, one day in the height of the season, the former stopped at Saratoga. Late in the evening he was returning to his hotel, when he saw a couple engaged in deep conversation, who had apparently just emerged from the ball-room. He came upon them so suddenly at the angle of the house, that, after the first word, delicacy forbade him to advance, and he could scarcely retreat without arresting attention; so the only thing left for him to do was to stand in the shadow of a neighboring column, till the party moved away. The gentleman had just finished speaking, and, after a slight hesitation, the lady replied. The first tone of that voice thrilled through every vein of the unwilling listener, for it was that of Isabel Percival.

"I will answer you, Mr. Stanhope," she said, "with the frankness your generous nature deserves. You have told me you love me; and I reply that I cannot return your affection because I *once loved another*. I have seen, with regret, your preference for me, and had hoped you would spare us both the pain of this hour. For that purpose I left Boston. But you have followed me here, and perhaps it is for the best that you should know all."

There was a short silence, and then the gentleman spoke, in a voice quivering with emotion.

"I acquit you, dear Miss Percival, of all trifling. You have never shown me encouragement. It has been my own folly. But is there no hope? You say you once loved another: you have always looked sad: is—is the object of that affection no more, and does it preclude any second passion?"

"You deserve perfect frankness," was the reply, "for I can truly say your really noble character has filled me with sentiments of the highest esteem. But you will know the hopelessness of your suit, and do justice to my conduct, when I tell you that I once loved, and believed it was returned. The gentleman was

then wealthy, but subsequently became poor. He refused, after this, to fulfil his vows; for he, perhaps, wished a richer bride. But I had loved him long and with all a woman's first, uncalculating affection. Unjust, mercenary as he was, I love him still."

A deep sigh was the gentleman's answer. Then he said, in a voice of commiseration, "my dear Miss Percival, let me be your friend. You do not wish to rejoin that gay crowd: I will accompany you to the private door, by which you may gain your room unobserved."

The conversation and the departure of the two, passed by Edward like a dream. He was amazed, bewildered, and then conscience-stricken. Often, of late, an uneasy fear had perplexed him lest his note to Isabel might have been too haughty; and now the truth broke on him. He slept little that night, but, next morning, before Isabel could know of his arrival, sent her a note explaining all, begging forgiveness for the past and soliciting an interview. What passed there our readers may imagine. It is enough for this narrative to record that, in the autumn, Isabel and Edward met at the altar, and that she had recovered her health and possessed more than her early beauty.

But they had learned one lesson they never forget, and thenceforth a full and mutual confidence was theirs.

MY VERSE: TO L——.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

My verse is like a simple harp,
A pleasant music giving forth;
A gentle murmuring from its strings—
But yet its strain is little worth—
It hears all nature's warblings,
Her notes of sympathy and love—
It feels the beauty that doth dwell
Below, around us and above—
It knows of rich, deep harmonies,
And beautiful the tones might be
Had I the power to give them life,
Could I but wake their melody.

My verse is like the quiet breeze
That greeteth thee at early morn;
It passed above the lily's couch,
And by the violets newly born.
It knew the scent of the full rose,
And the rich jessamine's perfumed touch;
But ah! too timid was its breath,
It could not, dared not, rifle such,
But humbly, with its gentle force,
It roameth ever wild and free;
And all it gathers in its course,
It kindly, gladly brings to thee.

AUTOGRAPHS

OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE belief has been more than once expressed, that the handwriting of a person is an index to his or her character. But the remark is an instance of what Lord Bacon quaintly calls "an idol of the den;" in other words it is a deduction from too scanty an array of facts. Examples might be quoted, here and there, where some traces of the general character of a person can be detected in the autograph; but generally the habit of hurried copying with those who frequently use the pen, and the mannerism acquired in schools which

so often clings to those who write but rarely, prevents any marked and distinguishing peculiarity in the signature.

Authors, however, have more character in their handwriting than other persons, probably because their genius is more peculiar and marked. Of the great names of this century Bulwer is most remarkable for the similarity between his autograph and style. In our own country we might quote Bryant, Longfellow, Kennedy, and numerous others as examples of a like resemblance between the handwriting and the author's general style, using that word, as before, in its most comprehensive sense. Our readers will be able to trace the characteristics of their favorite authors in many of the following autographs.

L. H. Sigourney.

No woman has done more for her sex than this estimable and beloved lady. Her high poetical talents, the purity of her every thought and word, her motherly character, and her devotion to all good works, endear her to the community, and give her a standing which, in one sense, is unapproachable. We doubt whether there is any one of her sex who possesses an equal influence. Her writings cheer the afflicted in mansion and cottage, and wherever they go carry "healing on their wings." Long after she shall have been gathered to her rest her memory will be venerated by our children, exemplifying the solemn yet touching words of Scripture, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them!" It would be needless, in this place, for us to quote the titles of the volumes of her collected poems; for they are in every one's memory. Those who would peruse a criticism on her genius are referred to the February number of this magazine for the present year. They will there, too, find a delightful sketch of a visit paid to her at her cottage in Hartford, Connecticut.

H. F. Gould.

Miss Gould deservedly ranks among the best poets of her sex in America. Her native place, we believe to be Newburyport, Mass. A late edition of her poems appeared in three volumes, Boston, 1842. They consist chiefly of fugitive subjects, on every day themes, and are distinguished by fancy and sweetness. There is, at times, a carelessness in her choice of words which might be obviated; but generally her diction and

rythm are excellent. She has been quite successful in several playful pieces: among these we may name "The Frost" as a favorable specimen of her talents. Miss Gould's popularity is of long standing, and as it has continued undiminished, notwithstanding the many sister aspirants who have lately arisen to contend with her for the laurel wreath, we may safely accord her an exalted rank among our female poets.

C. M. Sedgwick.

Miss Sedgwick is without a rival in her peculiar walk in literature. No one can write such home-stories, if we may coin a phrase. Her novel of "Hope Leslie," one of the sweetest things in the language, first assured her fame; and she has since occupied, without a compeer, the exalted niche to which it raised her. Some of her later writings, perhaps, are inferior to those which

have appeared hitherto. She is a close observer, graphio in her descriptions, possessed of a warm and benevolent heart, and, by maintaining the equipoise of her mind under every circumstance, is always just. Some of the most natural as well as lovely female characters in fiction are to be found in her novels. She is daughter of the late Judge Sedgwick, of Stockbridge, Mass.



Mrs. Stephens is well known to the readers of this, and other magazines, for, since her first appearance as a writer many years ago in Portland, Me., she has been continually before the public. Her tales, sketches and poetry would, by this time, fill several volumes. She was, for many years, the editor of "The Ladies' Companion," then one of those of "Graham's Magazine," and she is now occupied as editor of this periodical. Among her best tales are "Alice Copley," "Malina Gray," and "Anna Taylor," the last of which appeared in the fourth volume of this magazine. Her manuscript is impetuous and hurried, betraying the agitation with which

she writes; and the paper often bears other evidences of the intensity of her feelings. The three tales that we have mentioned are tragic; but her "Johnsons," "The Patch-Work Bed Quilt," and "Aunt Patty," in a lighter vein, are preferred, by many, to her more serious compositions. Mrs. Stephens is possessed of unusual sensibility, as her writings show—of great energy, which, we think, her autograph betrays—and of the keenest observation. Of her rank as a writer of romance, it does not become us here to speak, lest our voice should be thought too friendly. We can safely leave the appreciation of her genius to our readers.



Miss Leslie had won a reputation before many of the now popular authors had begun to write. Her "Mrs. Washington Potts," with which all are, or should be acquainted, may be taken for a favorable specimen of her style. She is an acute observer, especially of the foibles of mankind, and wields a satirical pen with singular keenness and force. Of late years she has not written as much as formerly, but many of her stories still show a nice perception of character, great powers of description, and a happy mastery of the art of

ridicule. There is much in her MS. that is characteristic: its neatness and angularity especially will, at once, arrest observation. Miss Leslie has generally contributed to "The Gift," and Mr. Godey's "Lady's Book;" but in January, 1843, she began a magazine, published by Mr. McMichael, under the name of "Miss Leslie's Magazine." At the close of the year, however, she abandoned it; and we believe now confines herself to her usual publishing house. She is a sister of Leslie, the celebrated painter.



Mrs. Kirkland, under the assumed name of "Mary Clavers," has attained deserved celebrity as the author of "A New Home," and "Forest Life." Her authorship of these books has, however, been long generally acknowledged, though she still retains the "*nom de guerre*," as a convenient signature. Few of her sex equal Mrs. K. in intellect and acquirements. Her first essay was written without any view to publication; but when the urgency of those who saw it in MS., induced her to give it to the world, its humor,

truthfulness, and graphic pictures ensured it instantly high popularity. Perhaps her later productions want the freshness of her first book; but, even after this admission, she remains without a rival in her peculiar style. Her autograph is dashing yet elegant; in it we can trace a refined woman, independence of character, energy and boldness. High as Mrs. K.'s reputation as a writer is, she is capable of winning as lofty a standing in the more severe walks of literature. She resided, for a while, in Michigan, but now lives in New York.



Mrs. Ellet is favorably known to our readers. Besides being an effective romance writer, she is a poet of much merit. Her native place is the town of Sodus, on the margin of Lake Ontario, where her father was a physician. She now resides in South Carolina, her husband being a professor in Columbia College. Her knowledge

of foreign languages, especially of German and Italian, is unusually accurate; and she has, perhaps, no equal, as she certainly has no superior as a prose translator from either of these tongues. A volume of her poems was published at Philadelphia in 1835. One of her best pieces is "Lake Ontario." Her MS. is clear and elegant.

Emma C. Embury

Mrs. Embury has written so voluminously, and for so many years that every one acquainted with our periodical literature is fully aware of her merits and defects. In 1828 she published a volume entitled "Guido, and other poems, by Ianthe," and has been almost constantly since contributing, in prose and verse, to the journals. Her poems are neat, and some of them forcible. But it is on her shorter romances that her fame chiefly rests. These are usually written in the narrative style, are based on events of ordinary life, and inculcate some moral. Perhaps no author

is more equal at all times. We know of very few of her stories that do not show merit, but we know few that rise to the highest walks of romance. This, possibly, may arise from the purely narrative style which she adopts, and which is confessedly inferior to a mixture of the dramatic and narrative forms for producing powerful effects. The autograph, as well as the general style of Mrs. E., show a highly cultivated taste. She is a native of the city of New York, and now resides in Brooklyn, Long Island. One of her best poems is on the Duke of Reichstadt.

Frances S. Goodale

An extended notice of this delightful poet appeared in the fourth volume of this magazine. She is certainly one of our most graceful writers, and, in her articles, unites to the refinement of the woman the playfulness and impulsiveness of the girl. Her maiden name was Locke, and she is a native of New England. She began to write when quite young, and has already published several volumes of poems: one of these which appeared in London was highly praised there. Mrs. O. has also written numerous tales for the magazines, but, though a charming story-teller, she does not succeed as well as in poetry. Her

sketches want character and plot, though we could point out exceptions in some of her romances. But, perhaps, she makes amends in the freshness of many of her thoughts, in the delightful playfulness of her style, and in the almost child-like innocence and grace of some of her heroines. It is in song-writing, however, that she excels. Many of her lays, flung off at random, are exquisite bits of sentiment and fancy, wedded to liquid harmony. There is, we think, little of her character as a writer to be detected in her autograph. It bears, however, some resemblance to that of Longfellow.

Amelia B. Welby

Of Mrs. Welby we spoke, at length, in our last volume. Her position as a poet is deservedly high. With a luxuriant imagination, a fine diction, and a nice ear for rhythm, she has, in the

space of but a few years, risen to an exalted rank among her sister poets. She is still young, and much may be hoped from her more matured powers.

Lydia Jane Peirson

Mrs. Peirson has written some of the sweetest poetry of the day; but her stories are not so meritorious, being sometimes crude and overstrained. She is, however, author of many which are highly popular. Mrs. P. is a resident of Liberty, Pa., the centre of a wild and comparatively unsettled district, and labors under many disadvantages from which her sister authors generally are exempt. Her life appears to have been checkered

with sorrow even from childhood; but against all she has borne up with fortitude and resignation. No collected edition of her works has yet appeared; but, at an early day, we shall in a critique on her writings present our readers with some of the best of her poems. Her compositions hitherto have been published chiefly in "The Southern Literary Messenger." She certainly has much genius.

Elizabeth Bogart.

Miss Bogart is a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Bogart, of New York city. She has written both in prose and verse: much of the latter appeared in the N. Y. Mirror over the signature of "Fstelle." One of the sweetest poems of the day, "He came too late, &c.," is from her pen.

Mary L. Lawson

Miss Lawson is comparatively a young writer; but those acquainted with the periodical literature of the last three years have had abundant evidence of her genius. She is a Philadelphian, and still very young. To name the many fine poems of which she is the author would require more space than we can here bestow: we may refer, however, to "I Met Him in the Crowd To-Night," "The Haunted Heart," and several pieces published in this magazine, to show the delicacy, fancy, and earnestness which characterize her genius. In the course of our present volume we shall give a more extended and discriminating notice of her poems, under the popular head of "Our Female Poets."

Sarah J. Hale

Mrs. Hale was one of the first of her sex in this country to appear as an author, and by her example and influence to overthrow the then popular prejudice that a woman of intellect was necessarily a "blue stocking." She has written much and variously. She projected and sustained "The Ladies' American Magazine," until it was united to Mr. Godey's "Lady's Book," of which she then became, and has since continued, the editor. We are indebted to her for the excellent novel of "Norwood," for "Sketches of American Character," and for several valuable works which she has edited. Her maiden name was Buell. One of her best poems is "The Sight of Home."

Caroline Anne

This lady is a resident of Wolfboro', N. H., and is one of our most popular writers. She has published chiefly through the medium of the magazines. Her fugitive tales, sketches and poems would make several good-sized volumes. Her writings are generally of a practical cast, are on subjects of every day life, and are not unlike those of Mrs. Annan.

R. D. Nichols

Mrs. Nichols has been, for several years, a contributor, both in prose and verse, to the magazines; and has lately published, at Cincinnati, a volume of her collected poems. She is a graceful and elegant writer. Her imagination is not lofty, but she has a chastened fancy, delicacy of sentiment, and skill in versification. Her reputation rests principally on her poems. She is a resident of the great West, where she stands next to Mrs. Welby as a poet.

M. A. Leon Loud

Mrs. Loud is of Philadelphia, in which city most of her life has been spent; but she has now removed to a wild and thinly settled region in Florida, of which she has lately written some delightful sketches. But it is as a poet that she is most widely known. Several of her compositions in verse are truly beautiful. We believe she has never collected her poems into a volume.

E. H. Waterman

This lady was, a few years ago, a constant contributor to the magazines and other periodicals, and has written many elegant poems, of which "Brother, Come Home," is, perhaps, the

best. She also edited several annals. No collected edition of her writings has ever been published. Miss Waterman has lately married a gentleman by the name of Esling.

E. L. Stedman

Mrs. Stedman is the author of several poems, which have appeared in "The Knickerbocker," and other magazines. Her verses are graceful.

She is now married for the second time, and writes occasionally under her new name, Mrs. Kinney.

A. M. F. Annan.

Mrs. Annan is a very popular writer. Her tales are usually on subjects of every day life. The characters are generally well drawn, and the conversations skilfully managed, but her plots are often strained, and her incidents sometimes improbable. She has a keen eye for the ridiculous, but is distinguished for humor rather than for wit. We do not recollect any instance

in which she has attempted a tragic story. The apparently inexhaustible stores of her imagination enable her to write frequently without repeating herself; and, perhaps, no writer is more voluminous unless it be Mrs. Stephens or Mrs. Embury. Mrs. Annan is a resident, and we believe, a native of Baltimore, where her husband is now a physician. Her MS. is clear and weighty.

Anna Deyo Dinnies.

Of Mrs. Dinnies as a poet we spoke at length in our last number. She now resides in St. Louis, Mo. Her genius is essentially feminine, and has an earnestness which is always characteristic of an original and self-sustained mind. The readers of this magazine had an opportunity,

in the May number, of judging of Mrs. D.'s powers as a prose writer. We have secured her as a permanent contributor, and hereafter articles from her, both in prose and verse, will appear frequently in our pages. This is the first magazine she writes for.

SUMMER EVENING.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

'Tis a balmy, summer evening,
And all is calm and still,
Yet, stealing through the silence
There comes a low, sweet thrill,
That seems the far-off echo
Of the lay that fairies sing,
When they dance by mellow moonlight
Round the merry greenwood ring.
The clouds of gold and crimson
Are growing faint and dim,
And in the eastern heaven
The moon's broad, yellow rim,
O'er the ancient wood is peering,
Where the maple, beech and pine,
Against the clear horizon
Trace a dark and waving line.
And now the clouds that hover,
Like birds of snowy wing,

Along the moon's blue pathway,
Their fitful shadows fling,
O'er the pellucid streamlet,
Where low the willow bends,
And at its root the violet
Abroad its fragrance sends.

The loveliness and beauty
Of such a balmy eve
Around the heart, in silence,
A web of magic weave;
And sad, yet pleasant mem'ries
Of our spring-time do they bring,
In a voice like the low rattle
Of the ring-dove's brooding wing.

Amid the depths of ether
The stars begin to shine,
Like the golden fires just kindled
Upon some seraph's shrine?
And, as they slowly brighten,
And their mystic glories blend,
May the heart to Him, who made them,
In adoration bend.

AUNT PATTY AT HOME.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

You should have seen how warm and snug aunt Patty's house looked in the winter; the cellar windows were all banked up, the barn-yard levelled down with straw, and the barn itself so completely crammed that tufts of hay and unthreshed rye protruded through the crevices of the great folding doors, and in some places seemed almost forcing the clap-boards from their fastenings. It would have done your heart good to see the great golden and crimson ears of corn gleaming through the lattice work of the grain-house! Then the fat cows and lazy oxen basking in the sun and chewing their cuds so quietly and contented, it was a picture of comfort and thrift that you would have gone ten miles to see, providing you have a love for these things—which you have of course, or you will fling aunt Patty aside after this first sentence. The only uncomfortable things about the house were the six lombardy poplars, rooted firm and upright in the snow, and shivering in the wind like so many old maids forced to stand in the cold, without cloaks, and terrified with the idea that the gentlemen who looked that way would think very strange of it—but a spruce tree close by with a rose-bush laden with bright, red berries, which was haunted by snow-birds all winter long, served to keep the poplars in countenance; while a pet sheep, and the troop of hens that roved at large in the door-yard and garden left their tracks in the snow, and sometimes filled the bright, clear atmosphere with homely music, cheerful if not harmonious.

Then there was the wood-pile at the back-door rolled together like a mountain—"the ash leach" heaped full and ready for soap making the moment spring opened. There was a kennel for the toothless and half blind house dog, with all sorts of preparation for winter comfort which man or animal could desire.

Half a dozen of us village girls, as I have said in some other place, made a kind of extemporaneous home with aunt Patty. We spent almost every winter evening at her fire-side, and it sometimes happened—I beg the reader to believe it was pure accident always—that some three or four of the other sex would drop in and make themselves quite at home also. Of course we were very much astonished at this coincidence of taste and circumstance, and when these strange things began to happen frequently, we became a little superstitious, and went again and again to be certain if there really was a

destiny in it or not, a question that has not been thoroughly settled in my mind to this day.

One evening it was freezing cold, and just after we had assembled in the long kitchen which aunt Patty used in winter as a setting-room, a storm came up that precluded all hopes of masculine society that evening. The wind howled around the house like an animal eager for its prey; hail and snow rattled against the windows, while the fretful and half whispered moaning of the poplars as they complained to the rough elements, came dismally to our ears.

But what cared we for the storm! There was a blazing pile of hickory crackling cheerily in the great kitchen chimney: and a japan tray filled with luscious red apples stood on the hearth, the fruit mellowing in the warm fire-light. An old China pitcher filled to the brim with cider, occupied one corner, close by the footstool which supported the two plump feet that were peeping from beneath the *cane-colored* skirt of highly pressed flannel which always composed the winter dress of aunt Patty. —

Our joyous company sat around the huge chair so completely filled by the good-natured old maid that a little of the oaken back alone could be seen rising, like a half spread fan, above her broad shoulders. We all had our knitting work, but one or two only were busy with it. Two of the girls were counting apple-seeds and naming them for each other. One was standing up in front of the fire with a foot on the lower round of her chair, winding a skein of stocking-yarn which she had placed on the back, after tiring out a sweet-tempered girl who had been holding it till her arms ached. Another, Lizzy Parks, the most mischievous, talkative, insinuating creature that you ever saw, sat on the dye-tub caressing aunt Patty's cat, who erected her ears at every touch of that slender hand, and gave out a sleepy purr which would have made a less excitable party drowsy to hear. Now and then Lizzy would steal a sly glance at us from under her long eye-lashes, and then fall to caressing the cat again demurely as the animal herself. We knew what was coming and waited the event, for when Lizzy Parks took to conciliating the old maid's favorite, it was a sure preliminary to some request, which was very likely to be refused unless great tact and discretion was exercised in making it.

"Do put those tongs in the fire!" exclaimed Lizzy all at once, lifting puss from her lap, and resting her damask cheek lovingly against its soft fur a moment before she deposited the sleepy animal at aunt Patty's feet. "I declare if it were not for me dear aunt Patty would never get the least attention."

Lizzy thrust the heavy iron tongs into a glowing

bed of embers as she spoke, and then crossing the kitchen to a corner cupboard, she opened the sash door and came forward holding an old fashioned mug of gilded China in one hand and a small wooden box in the other.

She opened the box, took the silver spoon from the cider pitcher, and measuring it even full of ginger dropped it into the mug, and lifting the pitcher began slowly stirring the fluid as it flowed in a stream of liquid amber from one vessel to the other.

"There now for the tongs!" she exclaimed eagerly, shading her pretty face with one hand as she took the red hot implements from the fire and thrust them into the brimming mug. The cider hissed and gurgled for half a minute, the rich fluid rose creaming to the brim till a drop or two run over, then she withdrew the tongs, lifted the mug between her little hands, and held it to aunt Patty's lips.

Aunt Patty had been watching these movements with a pleasant gleam of the eye, and a slight, eager curve of her plump lips that bespoke her interest in the object; and when the beverage was lifted to her mouth, her round face grew bright and rosy in the fire-light. She dropped the knitting-work in her lap, lifted both hands to the mug, and by the rise and fall of her double chin you might have counted every slow and deliberate swallow as she luxuriated at least two minutes in her favorite beverage.

"There girls," exclaimed Lizzy, as aunt Patty drew a deep breath and resigned the half empty mug into her hands. "Pass round the apples once more, and then aunt Patty will tell us about Mr. Smith she saw down in York. This is just the night for it. Everything snug and comfortable, and no danger of the young men dropping in to intercept us."

Aunt Patty shook her head. "No, no, not to-night, the storm is enough to make one melancholy without talking of old times," she muttered.

"Dear aunt Patty there could not be a better time," we all exclaimed, "the storm is just the thing. It makes us enjoy the bright, warm fire a thousand times more than usual. Come now, be good-natured this once, you promised to give us this story about Mr. Smith, and we have waited a long time—remember that."

Still the old maid shook her head.

"I'll settle it, wait a minute," cried Lizzy, dexterously peeling an apple in a way that left the rind one entire chain in her hand: "see, I will fling this over my head, if it falls in an S aunt Patty shall tell us the story about her city lover, if it forms any other letter we will promise not to tease her: will you agree to this all of you?"

"Certainly, yes—yes," we exclaimed all at

once, very willing to stand the test, for as both ends of the rind were curled opposite ways it was next to impossible that any letter except an S could be formed by it.

"And you, aunt Patty," said Lizzy, holding up the crimson rind, and swinging it slowly round her head—"do you agree to it?"

"Yes," said aunt Patty innocently, "out of twenty-four letters I stand a good chance. If it comes an S I'll tell the story."

Before she had done speaking Lizzy swung the apple skin over her head for the third time, and it dropped at aunt Patty's feet a perfect S, and very pretty S.

"Now did you ever!" exclaimed the old maid, bending forward and gazing at the phenomena.

"It beats all—who would a thought it!"

"There, I thought how it would be," said Lizzy sentimentously, "come, girls, let us all take our knitting-work while aunt Patty begins."

We sat down, gathered our work together, and in a few minutes there was no sound to interrupt aunt Patty in her story save the click of our needles around the hearth, and the storm raging without.

"Well," commenced aunt Patty, thrusting her needle in the crimson sheath at her side, and winding the yarn round her finger: "If you must hear it, the sooner it is over the better: but I never saw such a set of torments in my life—when you take a thing into your heads there is no getting rid of you.

"Well, as I was a saying, it was—let me see—yes, it was the very next summer after my visit to New York when par received a letter from young Mr. Smith, saying that his health had been delicate for some months, and if par would like it he thought of coming up into Connecticut and making his home with us awhile.

"I could hardly breathe while par was reading the letter: when he got through and laid it among his old papers in the desk, I went and took it slyly away and read it over a thousand times before I went to bed. I slept with it in my bosom all that night, but instead of dreaming I lay awake till broad day thinking of him, and almost crazy with the hope of seeing him once more. I don't believe that I had been an hour without thinking of him since my return home, and yet it was with a sort of sorrowful feeling as if I had buried a friend; but now when he was coming—when the paper his hand had touched lay against my heart—you needn't smile, girls, I wasn't half so fleshy as I am now—well, it seemed as if every line was playing over it like flashes of fire, and as if my heart would never beat regularly again. *Did* he come to see me? I kept asking myself that question every ten minutes for a fortnight.

"By and by another letter came—he would be at our house in a few days—I thought I should have died, it made me feel so dreadfully when the time drew near. I began to get anxious about the way we lived, and tried and tried to persuade par into buying some new things for the house, but par was awful sot when he took a notion into his head, and says he every time I mentioned the subject says he,

"'Patty, child, don't make a fool of yourself. The house is good enough for your mother and me, and I rather guess it will have to answer for our company. Besides that, Patty, if I were to spend all I'm worth on the old house you could no more make it appear like cousin Smith's than you could make cheese out of chalk. Act natural, Patty—act natural! and if you've a good heart and pretty tolerable common sense, there is no danger but the highest of them will respect you, and a great deal more than if you tried to be what you never was brought up to.'

"Well, par would not help me a mite, so I was obliged to get along as well as I could—we put out the dimity curtains to bleach for the bed in our spare room, and I took the skirt to mar's wedding gown, whitened it up and ruffled it round one of our smallest kitchen tables, and set it under the looking-glass, just as I'd seen one at cousin Smith's. Louisa knit new fringe for the window curtains, and without letting par know it I took this great China pitcher—standing here just now with the cider in it—and the punch bowl still in the cupboard yonder, and set them on a little table for Mr. Smith to wash in, for I was afraid he might think we had been brought up in the woods if he had to wash in the stoop and wipe on the roller towel, with the work hands, every morning as we did. I cut off half the piece of hard soap from par's shaving-box, though I knew that he would make an awful noise when he found it out—and set it on the table in one of mar's best saucers, and after I'd covered the table up with our finest home-spun towels, it looked good as new I can tell you. We scrubbed the floor till it was white as snow, and when Louisa had fastened the curtains to her liking, filled the fire-place with white pine and wild honey-suckle branches, and had woven a heap of asparagus all heavy with bright berries among the *ourlicinas* over the looking-glass, the chamber was nice enough for a king, I can tell you—there was not a speck of dirt from one end to the other, everything was span clean, and as white as a half blown lily—but Louisa always put the finishing touch on everything. While I was taking mar up to see how we had fixed things, she went down into the garden and came in with her apron full of roses to put on the toilet, for that is the name

they give the tables in white dresses down in York.

"Did I ever tell you how dreadful handsome our Louisa was. That day she was all in white, her short-gown was rather coarse, but she had worked a vine down the front, and ruffled it all round. The weather was warm, and it was thrown open at the neck, while the sleeves only came to her elbow, not quite low enough to hide the dimples when she moved her arm. She had set down on the stairs to tie up her roses, and you could see the pink shadows floating over her round arms while she was sorting the flowers from her lap. She had a lot of them, I can tell you, and every time she took up the folds of her dimity skirt and shook the pile together, we could see her two little, naked feet as white as her dress, except that they were just then a little rosy with the heat—for we did not wear stockings in the summer time those days, and Louisa had left her shoes down in the entry as she came in.

"Mar and I stood watching her over the banisters when we heard the gate shut, and somebody coming up the door-yard. Louisa did not seem to mind it at first, but all at once she started so quickly that half the roses went dancing down stairs: she lifted her foot to spring away, then seemed to remember for the first time that she had no shoes on, and sat down blushing all over, and almost crying. The front door was open, and there, as true as I live, stood young Mr. Smith looking right straight at Louisa, and smiling as if he did not guess that she was only our help. I declare I trembled like a leaf, and it seemed as if I should drop when I run to my room and called mar to help me slick up a little.

"By and bye I went down, and there was Louisa setting in the out-room with Mr. Smith, as independent as could be. She had contrived to get her shoes on: but she kept changing color as if something was the matter with her yet.

"I felt awfully. What would Mr. Smith think at the idea of setting there in our out-room so sociable when he come to find out that Louisa was only our help. I could have fainted away right there just as well as not. Mr. Smith seemed very glad to see me. He shook hands with mar and kissed me right before her. You can't think how frightened I was. It seemed as if I should blush myself to death: and there sat Louisa blushing too, I don't know what for, it was no concern of hers!

"It was getting near dinner time, and we had nothing cooked but hashed fish and an Indian pudding, for par had gone off to the upper farm with his work hands, and we had nothing but a pecked up dinner. There was but one work hand near the house, a clever creature as ever

lived, that hung about and did chores for us all the year round. While mar was talking with Mr. Smith I went out—Louisa, she followed me, and then I up and told her a piece of my mind, about her setting down to entertain my company. 'Now,' says I, 'Miss Louisa it is high time that you should learn to know your place. Hired help never think of setting down in the room with company, or even at the table in York,' says I, 'and there is no sense in your setting yourself up to be better than the rest of them.'

"Louisa turned pale, and I saw the tears fill her soft eyes, but they didn't seem to touch my feelings just then, and says I, 'now while Mr. Smith is here you can eat with the work folks, and if we want anything you can run in to help us to it, and then go away again.'

"'You have always been kind to me, Patty,' says she, shutting her eyelids quick to break up the tears that were just falling—'I did not expect this, but if you insist on it I will not complain!'

"I began to feel sorry for her, and says I—

"'Well, I don't want to be hard with you, only just stay in the kitchen and see to things—perhaps Mike will wait on the table—it is more genteel to have a man after all.'

"So out I went to find Mike; he was swingeing flax in the barn-yard. When I told him what I wanted he sat down on the flax-break and wiped his forehead with his sleeve, and seemed loth to speak out. By and bye says he—

"'Well, Patty, I wasn't born to be a servant to servants, or a slave to any one; but seeing as it's you I'll come in and give you a helping hand.'

"So rolling down his sleeves he shook the dust from his clothes, and went round to the well to wash up.

"Louisa had set the table in the out-room: the cloth was like a sheet of snow, and everything looked nice as when she put it on the table. But I could see that she felt bad yet. Her eyes were heavy with tears, and now and then I could see her lip tremble—but I kept saying to my heart, 'what business has she to set herself up? She ought to know her place,' and so I left her pass back and forth without saying a word about any thing but the work.

"Before we sat down to dinner, I went out to see if Mike was ready. He had his jacket on, and had washed himself head and all, till his long hair lay smoothly over his forehead down to his eyes, and water was dropping from the ends every minute.

"'Now,' says I, 'Mike, remember and stand behind Mr. Smith's chair: put everything on his plate, and when he stops eating take it away to the corner cupboard and bring a clean one.'

"'Just so,' says Mike.

"'Now do be careful,' says I, turning back, 'try and be genteel this once, and I'll give you a double bladed knife the first time we send eggs and butter to the store.'

"'Never fear me,' says Mike, putting one hand deep in his pocket as if he felt the knife there already.

"I went into the out-room again to see if everything was ready for dinner: Louisa had boiled some fresh eggs and made a sauce for the pudding, and everything looked very genteel considering. There was a plate of hashed fish nicely browned over at one end of the table, with a dish of eggs on one side of it, and a plate of rye bread on the other. In the middle of the table stood the pudding trembling in the dish where it had just been turned from the bag, and breaking open a trifle on one side till you could see its heart as light as a cork and yellow as gold. Around it stood plates of pickles, a little ball of butter stamped on the top with a bird perched on a branch, and notched round the edges, besides preserved plumbs and quinces without end.

"Mike come in and stood looking to see what chair Mr. Smith would take. Mar didn't seem to know what he was there for, and says she—

"'Set by and help yourself, Mr. Smith. Make yourself to home while you are here.'

"We sat down to the table all but Louisa, and she went away up stairs and had a good crying spell, I dare say.

"The minute Mr. Smith sat down Mike took his plate and heaped a great pile of fish on it, then he cut an egg through the middle and left it to run over the fish, while he took the same knife and sliced off the largest end of the pudding. There was not room enough on the plate, so he laid the pudding up over the fish and filled the edges with preserves. Then he sat the plate down before Mr. Smith, took up the knife and fork, and while he was crossing them over the plate looked at me and winked one eye as much as to say—

"'I rather think that double bladed knife is safe enough this time anyhow.'

"Then he put both hands on the back of our visitor's chair, and stood up behind him, just bending forward a little while he watched Mr. Smith as he put the pudding on one side, and tried to push the pile of fish away from the preserves. My face was in a blaze, for I could see that cousin Smith had as much as he could do to keep from laughing right out—mar, she helped herself as if nothing were the matter. I trod on her foot and made a sign to Mike that he must help us, but she spoke right out—

"'Good gracious,' says she, 'Patty how you have hurt my foot,' and Mike, instead of helping

us, thought that I wanted him to do something more for Mr. Smith; so he snatched the knife and fork from his hand, and began to mince up the fish right and left with both elbows squared as if he were raking a flower bed.

"Mike," says mar, 'why on earth don't you get a chair and set to?' for she couldn't tell what to think of his standing that way, so she moved along to make room. Mike shook his head and made faces at her while he minced away at the fish more furiously than ever. At last he pushed the plate back to Mr. Smith and gave me another triumphant look. I really thought I should have died on the spot, and it was as much as I could manage to keep from bursting right out a crying.

"Mike," says I at last, as well as I could speak, 'will you help me to some fish?'

"Well," says Mike, putting his hand into one pocket and deliberating half a minute—"it wasn't exactly in the bargain that I should wait on the women folks too, but if you'll agree to throw in a hand of tobacco with the knife, I won't be particular this once."

"It really was too bad. I burst out a crying in good earnest, left the table and ran up stairs, feeling as if I never could speak to cousin Smith again.

"Toward night par came home with all the work hands. Mike told him who had arrived as he came through the barn-yard, and in he ran without his coat and in his home-spun clothes. I went down stairs to beg him to fix up a little: but Mr. Smith was standing at the back-door, and there were all the workmen round the well, close by, washing together out of the tin wash-hand-basin, and par in the midst—he come up to the stoop, wiped himself on the brown towel, and going up to the door shook hands a full minute with cousin Smith, and, would you believe it, he went right in to supper with the workmen, and set down to a dish of cold pork and beans, just as if the table hadn't been set out for us in the spare room. I declare it hurts my feelings to say it, but Mr. Smith would go in to the kitchen with par and set down to the long table. It was too much: for just then Louisa came down to supper with the hands, and he made room for her between himself and par, and helped her to every thing as genteely as if she had been a York lady. I rather guess I didn't speak to Miss Louisa that night again.

"Well, at last milking time came on, I had always helped Louisa and mar do up the chores, but this time I got my sewing-work and sat down by the window as if I had never seen a cheese-tub in my life. Mr. Smith sat close by me looking out of the window, when he saw Louisa and mar go down the yard with their pails. He smiled

and said as if to himself—"how fresh and pretty." I thought he was thinking aloud about me: the color burned up to my face, and I began to tremble, for we were all alone in the room.

"What fine cows you have," he said at last, leaning over the window sill—"do you go out to milk with your mother?"

"Oh, certainly not," says I, 'we leave such work to our help.'

"I am sorry," says he, taking up his hat, 'the air is so sweet, and everything looks so lovely, I must run away. Your mother has just taken her milking-stool from the fence, I will go and carry it for her.'

"Out he went through the door-yard, and sure enough he did carry mar's stool for her going; but when they all come back he had Louisa's pail foaming over with milk in one hand and her stool in the other. I thought I should have dropped down I felt so dreadfully.

"The next morning mar went up to the kitchen chamber where the loom and wheels were kept. She had a piece of linen in the gears and wanted me to go up and wind quills for her, but I just took her on one side and told her not to think of such a thing, and made her promise that while cousin Smith staid she would never mention house-work to me in his hearing.

"She took Louisa up to help her, and I sewed a pattern to a piece of muslin, and sat down in the out-room with my hair curled and a silver thimble on as if I had never done anything but work cuffs in my life. Mr. Smith came into the room, walked up and down awhile, then took a paper and read a little; but he seemed restless all the time, and at last went up to his room, pretending to wait something there. He staid and staid till I thought he must have gone to sleep.

"I began to feel rather lonesome and went up to the kitchen chamber to see how mar got on with her weaving. When I got to the top of the stairs, as true as I live, there was cousin Smith standing by Louisa's quill wheel, the skein of tow yarn had got tangled on the swifts and he was bending down to help her sit it to rights. I saw his lips move as if he were saying something; but the loom made such a noise I could not hear a word. Louisa did not seem to answer, but she blushed up to her forehead: there was a soft sparkle in her eyes as the long lashes drooped over them, and a smile just dimpled her lips. I would have given all creation only just to have known what he was saying. I went down stairs again and took up my work, but it was a long time before I took a stitch, I can tell you.

"Well it is of no use telling you all that happened during the four weeks that he staid with

us. Every night he was out in the clover lot standing by Louisa while she did her knitting; he would eat in the kitchen, and read to her half the morning when she was spinning on the little flax wheel, though he was obliged to read very loud to drown the noise of the flyers. I had made him believe that I did not know how to do any kind of work, and so there I sat and in the out-room working on them concerned old cuffs and crying my eyes out.

"One day I went up stairs to ask mar for something. She had gone down to see about dinner, and there was cousin Smith with Louisa all alone in the chamber. He was talking to her very earnestly, she had stopped her wheel, and bending her face close to the spool, pretended to be moving her thread from one hook to another further down the flyer—her hand was so unsteady that she only tangled the yarn, and her little foot shivered on the foot-board till it made the wheel tremble all over. At last she gave him one look, covered her face with both hands, and burst out a crying. Just then cousin Smith saw me.

"Come here, Patty: come, my kind cousin," says he, holding out his hand to me, 'come and convince this sweet girl that my parents have no prejudices such as she dreams of. Tell her how kind and good they are!—how happy they will be to receive her if she consents to go to them as my wife.'

"I gasped for breath, and should have sunk to the floor but for mar's loom which I fell against.

"You can tell her that this desire to make her my wife is no sudden fancy. You, who praised her so much while in New York, and made me love her unseen, cousin, you must plead for me," as he said this Mr. Smith put his arm around my waist and drew me toward Louisa. She raised her eyes, and a poor frightened looking thing she was. I did not hate her, for my heart was so heavy that it seemed to have no feeling. I said something, I don't know what, and tried to get away down stairs.

"It is of no use telling you any more, girls," said aunt Patty, wiping her eyes with the corner of her immense cambric cape. "You know how it all ended well enough, for all of you saw Mrs. Smith when she was here three years ago—and you are pretty well acquainted with the fact that I am an old maid, I reckon by this time."

There was a kind of sentimental bitterness in these closing words which gave us to understand that aunt Patty had not quite forgiven her mother's help for depriving her of a husband even then—but while we were seeking for some terms of consolation the good lady found it herself. She stooped down, lifted the China mug to her lips,

drank heartily, and heaving a profound sigh, uttered this fragment of advice.

"Well, girls, all that I've got to say more about it, is, 'Never be ashamed of knowing how to work. Men that are worth having will not think the better of you for helplessness or ignorance in anything.'"

"And did you never get another offer?" enquired Lizzy, looking roguishly up through eyelashes.

"Yes," said aunt Patty, with a bright twinkle of her little eyes: "Mike offered himself sometime that summer, but I gave him the tobacco and the doubled bladed knife, and that pacified him," and with a low, mellow laugh that shook the chair beneath her, aunt Patty peeped down into the China mug which she still held resting on her lap, shook up the ginger and lifted it to her mouth again.

It was difficult to tell whether the sigh that followed that last draught partook most of regret for the past, or of satisfaction with the mature comforts which were left to the old maid.

LOOK ABOVE.

BY JANE S. WEAVER.

OPPRESSED with many woes, we fly
To transient joys to seek relief;
Alas! we learn they're all a cheat,
The sweetest evermore most brief.
And if to friends we turn, in hope
Some solace for our lot to find,
Too oft we mourn their faithlessness,
Inconstant as the shifting wind.
The brightest hour precedes the storm,
The sunset fades to darkest gloom,
And all of life we know proclaims
It soon will perish in the tomb!
Then if no peace this earth affords,
Turn from its cheats and look above,
Where heavenly skies are ever bright,
And all is purity and love!

THE LOVED AND LOST.

BY MRS. L. G. BAEBER.

In the silent, silent night,
When the stars are overhead,
And asleep the city lies,
Then I think upon the dead.
Of the lost whom I have loved,
Sisters, parents dear to me;
And their faces look at mine
With a sad intensity.
Thus to commune with them, fills
All my heart with holy trust—
Thus I know the soul shall live,
When this poor frame falls to dust.

FLORENCE;

OR, THE BOUQUET.

BY ANNE PEYRE DINNIES.

"You must not eat my flowers?" said a young lady to the gentleman with whom she was dancing, one cold night last February.

"Oh, forgive me," he replied, "I was unconscious of my rudeness: In listening to your conversation I involuntarily practised the royal pastime of *swallowing ornaments*! Are these very dear to you?"

"Yes! Cleopatra could far more easily have replaced her pearls than I, at this season, procure another *such* japonica—besides, it was *a present*," she added, smiling meaningly.

"And what is its signification?"

"My destiny is in your hands," was the prompt reply, as a slight blush shaded the cheek of the speaker, and she gazed with seeming indifference upon the floor.

"Florence!" said the gentleman, whom we shall call Ernest Rowly. "Florence—Miss Moreland, who gave you the bouquet, which you seem so highly to prize, and whose language, it appears, you are familiar with?"

There was a grave seriousness in the tone and manner of this question which touched Florence quite sensibly; for, sooth to say, of all her beaux, and she had a score, none pleased her half so well as Ernest Rowly. He had never passed in his attentions beyond the politeness which every gentleman feels bound to offer to the belle of the season—and Florence Moreland was that most envied, enviable, criticized, and caressed thing, the belle of the season, in one of the gayest cities of the west. She was the only child of one of the wealthiest merchants in the place, just seventeen, and very beautiful. Did it require more to render her a belle? No, reader, it did not. But Florence united to a quick perception of character, and great natural ability, a well cultivated mind, much refinement of feeling, and an independence of disposition, which gave to her manners a peculiar fascination. This was felt by all who knew her, although few ever inquired into the cause of her attractions. She knew that she was admired, and that her father's wealth would render her hand no inconsiderable object in the speculations of the needy adventurers who yearly seek to make or mend a fortune in the west; that Eldorado in the imaginations of southern and eastern unfortunates. But Florence had early received the impression, that in addition to her other possessions was that most inconvenient article for a belle, *a heart*. Not the light appendage which is so often talked of, and written of, and jested with, and

trafficked for—but a real, pure, glowing, woman's heart; full of deep emotions and high capacities, which reposed in quiet loneliness like the waves of the lake, awaiting the angelic visitant who was to stir it into exertion. And she had resolved to guard it alike from the invasion of others, and her own kindly sympathies—and hence arose the one fault which cast its shade upon the gay and lovely Florence; she was called, and, perhaps, justly, a coquette! But she never seriously encouraged the attentions of those she meant to reject—she trifled amid the butterflies of the ball-room as the rose flutters in the summer breeze, flinging sweetness around, but retaining no prisoned zephyr among its leaves.

Ernest Rowly was a young lawyer; one of those talented sons of New England who leave their paternal mansions with their only inheritance wrapped within the folds of an overcoat, and their only anticipations for the future based upon the well-stored region covered by a travelling-cap. In a land like this what more is required? He had youth, health, and a pleasing address—a noble profession, and a heart throbbing with high principles, strong impulses, and a determination to succeed in the world. Is it wonderful that, in a few years after locating in the city, in which resided the father of our heroine, Ernest Rowly was looked upon by its inhabitants as one of the most promising men at its bar? Steadily, but noiselessly he had risen into notice; and the success which had crowned his efforts in some more than ordinarily important cases, had fully established him as a sound lawyer in the opinions of his fellow citizens. Still he mixed not much with society, but continued to study as closely as if he had excited no sensation in his profession. Night after night had Florence marked his light still burning, when after an evening of dissipation she was retiring at a late hour to rest; and night after night did she sink to sleep, contrasting in her mind the occupation of her student neighbor, with the frivolities of the throng of fashionables in whose society she had spent so many idle hours.

Whether it was this nightly custom of thinking of him, or some other unexplained cause, I know not; but certainly Florence had learned to regard the young lawyer with far more interest, than, as yet, she had experienced for any other person. He came but seldom to her father's house, and when he did so, the general urbanity of his manner left it more than doubtful whether the fair Florence had anything to do with the visit. Still his language was so chaste—his smile so winning, and his whole deportment so marked by refinement and high-breeding, that the impression he made upon the mind of the fair girl was more lasting than she would have been willing to

admit. Compliments poured in so commonly that Florence, like most belles, heeded them not, or regarded them at best, but as the tribute which beauty and talent exact from all who approach within the circle of their influence: and yet how often did the gentle Florence say—no, reader, *think* (for it was among her most suspicious symptoms that she never *spoke* of Rowly!) that he was the only young man she knew who had never paid her a compliment, and that even by implication he seemed to avoid everything of the sort. Still there were moments in which Florence could not help thinking that he liked to be with her, listening to the music of her voice as she chatted away like a young bird sings, carelessly, but sweetly withal. Was she right? I have a theory of my own which teaches that there should be deep sympathies between those who love: tastes, feelings, thoughts should rise in harmony, and the soul be enabled to hold converse with its kindred soul without the drapery of words to wrap its sentiments. Life is full of *meaning*, yet few read and understand it alike. When two meet, however, who comprehend its mysteries through similar instincts, they readily recognize each other, and there needs no language of the lips to draw them together. The affinities of nature act like mesmerism, and attachments are often felt where acquaintance can scarcely be said to exist; and it was some subtle agency of this sort, perhaps, which had instructed Florence how to interpret the emotions of Ernest Rowly.

Devoted to his profession, pursuing it not only as a means whereby to acquire fortune, but also as a preparative to the more brilliant career of politics, in which it had ever been his intention to embark, Ernest had thought little of love, and far less of matrimony. Society was to him but a relaxation from labor—mental labor, which often unfits man for the lighter occupations of life—so that the refinement he so rarely sought did but the more powerfully operate upon his wearied spirits, when he subjected them to their reviving influence. Florence interested him by the freshness and purity of feeling which he soon perceived her to possess. Her perfect naturalness of manner, and a vein, as he fancied, of noble sentiment, which flowed quietly along under the light frost-work of her conversation, led him in a short time to regard her as something superior to the other young persons of his acquaintance. But as to *love*! the idea had never crossed his mind in connection with his neighbor's pretty daughter. The admiration she received from others never ruffled his composure, for he readily perceived that it made no impression upon herself; and though he often wondered that she was undazzled and unspoiled by its incense, he only thought her the

more superior for her indifference to what would have excited the vanity of most others of her age. But Ernest had never tested his feelings on the subject, he saw her daily from his office window, the same gay, laughing, careless, beautiful creature, and he was perfectly satisfied. One day she asked him, half in jest, to attend the next ball, and, as she did so, her soft, appealing hazel eyes looked so irresistibly attractive that he promised immediately: and hence their meeting on the evening that my story opens.

The slight emotion evinced by Florence when she gave the floral signification of that most beautiful of winter flowers, the *Camilla Japonica*, had quite taken Rowly by surprise, and occasioned the sudden use of her christian name, which so increased her confusion that she unconsciously caught the ribbon that bound her bouquet in such a manner as to loosen its braids, and scatter her exquisitely arranged flowers on the floor of the ball-room. Everybody will remember the feeling with which for the first time she has heard her own name pronounced by the one whom she particularly regarded, and excuse the effect it produced upon my heroine. As the quadrille had just concluded, however, Rowly stooped and gathered the fallen treasures ere he conducted her to a seat. He gazed upon them for a moment somewhat thoughtfully, and then said,

"It is easy to perceive that these are hot-house plants, Miss Moreland, and forced for the occasion. Each has a mystic meaning I observe; and since you have accepted the offering, I would congratulate him who was so fortunate as to select it!"

"Indeed!" replied Florence, in an earnest tone; "indeed, Mr. Rowly I do not know to whose kindness I am indebted for these beautiful flowers. I found several bouquets lying upon the centre-table when I came down this evening, and chose this for its rare loveliness. I never thought of asking where they came from."

"Are such offerings so common then, fair Florence," he inquired, "that you receive them as matters of right?"

"Oh, not of right, but of course," she said, laughing, "are you too, Mr. Rowly, versed in the symbolic language of the East?"

"Let us try the experiment of a conversation," he observed, spreading the rescued flowers on the seat near Florence. "I will begin by offering you this *Mountain Laurel*."

"*Ambition*!" exclaimed she. "Am I to infer that this is your leading trait of character? Well, I have long suspected it!" and she sighed unconsciously.

"Will you not reply?" he asked.

"Yes, here is a sprig of *Hawthorn*, which would whisper '*hope*.'"

"You will perceive that I am, indeed, ambitious," he said, as he now handed her a *Tulip*, whose petals were scarcely unfolded, in spite of the art which had been applied to expand its timid beauties.

She took it in silence, but a deep blush suffused her cheek, and he saw that she understood its sentiment. He waited not for a reply, but presented the much talked of *Japonica*, saying,

"Pray, continue the game, Miss Moreland!"

"Yes, it is quite amusing," faltered out poor Florence, full of confusion, and she handed a piece of *Balm* which had been mixed with the flowers to enrich their odor.

Two portions of the separated bouquet now only remained. The *American Cowslip* and a sprig of '*Arbor Vita*.' Ernest took up the first and presented it, just as one of Florence's pre-engaged partners came to claim her hand for the set now forming for another dance. In the hurry of the moment she returned the *Arbor Vita*, and tripped away to fulfil her engagement.

"As pretty a courtship as I ever witnessed, and as conclusive," drawled out a military exquisite, who was leaning against a column. "But if the fair coquette has any idea of keeping all these Oriental promises, I know little of human nature!"

Rowly turned half angrily toward the speaker, but when he recognized one of Florence's rejected suitors he did not deem the remark worthy of retort. He quietly left the ball-room and sought his lonely office to reflect upon what he thought the folly of his late conduct. He knew that such pastime had become so fashionable among the young of late years, that Florence would have no ground of complaint if he never referred to the subject again: but he knew also that there had been a quiver of the lip, and a tremor in the tones of the usually careless Florence Moreland, which told that the chords of *feeling* and not merely of fancy had vibrated beneath the trial he had made of her skill in the language of flowers. Rowly felt that he had been to blame in thus calling up emotions in another, unless he designed to pursue in a more serious spirit the theme upon which he had jested, and he discovered likewise, reader, while reflecting on the subject, that he was himself deeply attached to the young creature who had so readily sympathized with him. But what was he to do? As unprepared to marry as he was above the paltry vanity which would have found its gratification in the undisguised affection he had excited, he really felt embarrassed by the dilemma in which he stood. At length he decided that Florence should be the arbiter, and went the next day to refer the matter to her judgment. Need I add the result of that visit? Surely your own heart will determine it; but let me mention that on

calling a few days since on Mr. and Mrs. Rowly, I found the bride sitting near the chimney, over which hung, neatly framed, the faded bouquet which had led to all this happiness. I made it the subject of the following stanzas:

How often may a silly game
Betray a purpose deep;
And love which scarcely owned the name,
Be through it roused from sleep!
They met in Fancy's favorite bower,
With hearts as free as air,
Yet Cupid chose that very hour
To fix his arrows there.

A cherished bouquet, torn apart,
The herald he selected,
To fling a spell on either heart,
And thus the plan effected;
The Mountain Laurel was displayed
As his most leading trait,
"Accept the *Hawthorn*," said the maid,
"And *hope* thou'lt yet be great!"

"Nay, nay!" he cried, "*Ambition* springs
To something more than fame;
This *Tulip*, gentle lady, sings
The boon I dare not name;"
She read his meaning in the eyes
Turned fondly to her own;
And took the flower, while sweet surprise
Upon her flushed cheek shone.

The fair *Camilla* next he gave,
"My destiny I place
Within thy hands—oh, lady, save
My hopes from dark disgrace!"
She spoke not to his pleading look,
But turned her blushing cheek
As from the scattered sprigs she took
The Balm, which *thus* might speak.

"If truth be thine—if manly faith
Within thy bosom glows,
This simple herb a meaning hath,
And *sympathy* bestows!"
He seized the herb—the hand so fair
He pressed within his own;
Then placed the tell-tale *Cowslip* there,
And said in Love's low tone,

"One more, but one, before we close
This game to me so dear,
A hyacinth, a pink or rose,
One more, my lady fair!"
She gazed a moment half afraid
Their sentiments to see,
This *Arbor Vita* said the maid,
Means, "You must live for me."

The tale was told—the game was o'er,
Love's secret all was known;
They met as they ne'er met before,
For each a prize had drawn;
They met, and soon a bridal wreath
Adorned the lady's brow,
While love glowed on the cheek beneath,
And laugh's upon it now.

GOSSIP OF NEW YORK.

WITH this volume we begin a new feature, in the shape of a monthly budget of the sayings and doings of the great American metropolis. This article will always be the last written before going to press, and will contain the latest incidents in the literary and fashionable worlds. It will be from the pen of a well known writer, whose sparkling style has been prettily compared by one of the sweetest of our poets, to the brilliant jet of the Park Fountain. To the residents of the metropolis these letters will be sought for with avidity, while those who reside in the country will be delighted with this monthly picture of life in New York, from a limner so graphic, graceful, and witty.

NEW YORK, June 10th, 1844.

DEAR PETERSON—

I most cheerfully comply with your request to make up a chapter of metropolitan gossip for the twenty thousand fair readers of the "National Magazine." You wish me to feel the pulse of the city and tell them how this great heart of the Union beats in the glow and glory of mid-summer. Figuratively speaking, just now New York is "not at home." The ladies have all been taken rural—and "up town" families are packing up and packing off in all directions. A cool, country cottage is as irresistibly attractive as one of Thompson's ice-cream castles. "Old Long Island's sea-girt shore" is already sprinkled with city belles—and the green fields of Rockaway are embroidered with exotic flowers from the deserted boudoirs of Bond street. The season has fairly "opened" at Saratoga, and fair pilgrims from all parts of the country are rushing to this shrine of fashion—to drink at the fountain of health and beauty.

MARVIN, the bland and gentlemanly host of the "United States" is distributing his gracious smiles and attentions among hundreds of beautiful guests who are flocking thither "like doves to their windows." This place has become the very court of Cupid, where flirtation is carried on with a license, sanctioned by custom. Cruel beauties, it is said, after the winter rehearsal of coquetry, go there with *malice prepense*, and commence the work of heart-breaking in good earnest. It is a place equally dangerous to soft heads and brittle hearts, and where "juleps" and "green" ones are "taken in" without mercy and without remorse. More love is made there than matches—and I advise all unsophisticated country girls, the sweet wild-roses that blush unseen among their native hills and vales, to leave their hearts at home when they visit this heartless haunt of fashion. They will find them very troublesome things, and altogether out of place in such company—and should by all means be left behind with the children, in the care of nature and the nurse. Ladies who go to Saratoga, wearing their hearts in their bosoms with their watches, are very likely to have them stolen or broken. But I am presuming at the prerogative of gray hairs and maiden aunts, and will stop in time to spare the "pretty pouting" of strawberry lips. The fashions of the season have arrived at the solstitial point. Hats, fans, and all other feminine fancies being in full bloom, and at the very height of perfection. The millinery art has risen to the dignity of poetry, and I think is as fairly entitled to a special

muse as the art of painting. The graces have surely had a hand in making the ladies' bonnets, the present style being exceedingly flower-like and becoming, particularly to beautiful faces. Mrs. Lawson's rooms in Park Place look like a conservatory of roses. Surely some of these delicate and exquisite milliner fanciers deserve to be pressed and preserved in an artificial perlarium. For the bewitching form of the prevailing fashion I refer the reader to the plate in the present number—and for the fabric, to some more analytical and technical description than I am able to give. Were I a honey-bee or a humming-bird, I should be led into a closer examination. The most fashionable colors, I should judge from a glance at the show windows and the show women, are very light pink, and very pale blue—the former color being chosen for its beautiful peach-blossom effect on white linen complexions—and the latter for its mitigation of any undesirable redness of cheek or nose. The adaptation of bonnets to particular ages, I am told, is in the trimming. But the laws of good taste are often violated by those "mid-summer fairies," who, when "half way home," continue to deck themselves untimely with the buds and blossoms of "sweet sixteen." It is as if summer in its complete and expansive beauty should attempt to robe itself in the tender and delicate green of spring, and wear, in its luxuriant tresses, the "wind-flower and the violet that perished long ago"—or as if autumn should endeavor to hide nature's inevitable decay by drawing over its fading charms the rich, warm mantle of summer. The most fashionable material for dress is a kind of gossamer gauze, too transparent to conceal the slightest blemish worn beneath. The patterns are striped for short ladies, and plaid for tall ones. But for further particulars, I beg leave to refer to the perfumed clerks of Broadway, and to happy husbands and fathers who have a chance to learn the "items" in the bill. Sun-shades for very pretty women should be "lined with a blush," as it throws over all the very flattering *couleur de rose*. I fancy the ladies are laughing in their sleeves (the present looseness gives them room for it) at this bungling account of their special belongings—but they must consider the very limited opportunities of a bachelor in this line of finery, and not expect too much from the uninitiated who have no right to know anything about lace and linen mysteries.

Our musical "organs" have been kept up to "concert pitch" for the last six months. Ole Bull is still flashing among the "heavenly host" of stars, like the brilliant aurora of his native northern sky.

"So wildly, spiritually bright,
With something of an angel light."

Willis calls him "the unquestionable St. Peter of the heaven of stringed instruments." "His face is as luminous as a cathedral window lit for Christmas, and he walks, talks and gesticulates as if the twenty souls compressed within him were all struggling for the speaker's eye." He has awakened an enthusiasm which borders on madness, and poets and editors have exhausted in his praise the superlatives of admiration. The story of that other Orpheus,

"Who lived when song was great
In the days of old Amphion"—

seems no longer a fable—for this wonderful genius moves all nature by the mighty magic of his art—Palmo's music-box has intoxicated half the town with Donizetti's "Elixir of Love." It is a beautiful composition, and by no means "bad to take." It opens with a rustic scene, in which the peasants of both sexes are engaged at work—while the belle of the village, Adina, (Borghese) sits beneath a tree absorbed in a love legend. She is reading the story of Tristan who was in love with the beautiful Isotta—but there was no hope for him until he met with a mysterious sage, who gave him a phial of the "Elixir of Love," by the virtue of which he could make Isotta love him. This discovery so delights Adina that she laughs outright for joy, and the villagers gather around her, asking in an animated chorus to hear the story. They become greatly interested, particularly Nemorino, (Perozzi) who is sadly in love with Adina, and who evidently played his part *con amore*. A drum is heard, when soldiers enter, and a military hero with a bow and a bouquet wins and walks off with the romantic heart of Adina. Nemorino's despair at the loss of his mistress is growing desperate and suicidal, when the whole village is thrown into commotion by the arrival of the great Medicus, the Encyclopedicus Doctor Dulcamara, "whose illustrious and infinite virtues are known all over the world, and to some other places beside!" He comes "from a distance of more than a hundred thousand miles" in a splendid curricule, in wig and ruffles, and with a footman to blow the trumpet. He announces himself in the thundering dialect of modern quackery, exhibits ten feet of diploma, and, among other sympathetic and prolific species, this very "Elixir" whose magical virtues have filled the imaginations of the villagers. The heart of Nemorino is suddenly inspired with hope, and he regards the doctor as a special messenger from heaven. The whole opera may be considered as a burlesque on love and quackery, and is vastly amusing. It ends pleasantly with a reconciliation between the original and true lovers, brought about, however, not by the doctor's specific, but by the more potent elixir of gold, which, in this sordid and perverted world, still is powerful in winning the hand, though it cannot bless the heart.

In literature there is little new. The golden-leaved "MIRROR" is as "sparkling and bright" as ever—and the monthly edition decorated in arabesque and vermillion may be seen in the "best society," lying on table or sofa after it has fed the brain and feasted the eye. The Mirror "extras" also "fly like flower-seeds on the breeze." The Langleys have published in twin volumes the glorious songs of Eliza Cook, whose harp has the tone of a clarion—and the beautiful poems of Præd, whose "Lillian" is like the "soft breathings of a lover's lute." But why has not Griswold given us a *complete* edition of this noble poet? Some of the jewels are missing. And Eliza Cook also complains that she was not permitted to write for this new edition an opening poem dedicated to America. Her heart is wandering among our hills and forests, for her soaring spirit "loves the free." In a recent letter to a friend, she writes, "If I could but get into some of the American dells and dingles and forest shades, how I should become imbued with the beauty of the vast country,

and what huge, overgrown stanzas I should commit. I should so like to come to the land of Washington, but my lungs will not let me look old Neptune in the face. Even the soft sea-breezes of the Isle of Wight, and the still more southern clime of Jersey are poison to me. I cannot live where saline particles are found, so I never hope to reach your land. If I could breathe on the blue wave, this coming summer would find me at New York." Would that she might "take the wings of the morning," or be borne to us "like Loretto's chapel, through the air"—or that some bird of love—

"With the ample pinion
That the Theban eagles bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the upper realms of air,"

would bring her to us in the face of the sun. Then would she come like her own soaring song, with which the world begins to "ring from side to side." They say

"Her eye bears a glance,
Like the beam on a lance,
When she hears the waters drop and dance,
And I long to see an eye so bright,
And a soul so free."

She lives, unwedded, except to immortal verse, in the neighborhood of London, and is at present a regular contributor to Colburn's Magazine. In a letter to one whom she heard had written a little sketch of her in the preface to her poems, she speaks in the following quaint and amusing vein—"Have you told them that I love beef and detest bacon, that I dance like a calf and whistle like the north wind? That I am passionately fond of music, being able to play (in some fashion or other) *pianny*, flageolet, violin, organ, jews-harp and comb with piece of paper? That I consider 'Auld Robin Grey' and poor 'Mary Ann' among the master pieces of music? That I was bred up amongst unruly brothers, (nearly all dead, poor fellows!) who taught me the mysteries of dumps, marbles, hoops, and wicket-bats before I could spell their names? No wonder then that I prefer trap-ball to tambour, and a scramble through the woods to a town walk. Have you told them that my muse began to awake and sing before I was nine years of age, and that her first effort was addressed 'To my Cat?'"

But I fear I am getting "over the border," and my rambling pen must hold up. Promising your August readers the flowers and fruits of my summer rambles, and wishing that the subscribers to your magazine may "multiply as the drops of the morning."

I remain yours, &c.

EDITORS' NOTE.—We have little to say, in the way of our usual gossip, this month; for the admirable letter from New York supplies all that is needed. To the literary contents of the number we refer with pride and pleasure. Several admirable poems and prose articles have been crowded out; among others a fine tale by Miss Pratt. Our Book Table must be deferred to August. In the mean time we call attention to the Reviews.

The presentation plate, on which to inscribe the name, is a new and pretty idea.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

AGAIN we appear with fashions ahead of every cotemporary in the United States. Again we have anticipated even the London World of Fashion, except in one costume, which, on account of its great beauty and our want of space for it sooner, we present now. The figures in our June number were the same as those in the English magazines of fashions received by the last steamer, so that our subscribers obtained their patterns more than a week in advance of those who take the London World of Fashion, which costs ten dollars a year. And the patterns given in this number will be found nowhere else until the next arrival from Europe. This is the only way to publish the fashions. What a farce to issue patterns which arrived from London two or three months previous, and which were out of date in Paris two or three months previous to that! Those, who do thus, should abandon the fashions.

FIG. I.—A PROMENADE DRESS of pale pink silk, the body high and open in the front, nearly to the waist; chemisette of plain *batiste*, having a full *rûche* encircling the throat, and continued down the front. The sleeves of this dress are plain and nearly tight, and finished at the wrist by a deep cuff of black lace. The skirt long and extremely full; there are three folds of silk, *en biais*, down the front, and a broad black lace waved on either side, and fastened in the centre at equal distance, by three small puffings of silk. Mantel of pale blue satin, rounded at the back, and left very deep over the arms, in the front of which it is looped up by a rich twisted cord; the ends are left broad and square in front, but not very long; there is no trimming round it, the edge being merely deeply vandyked; a large collar or *fishû* of black lace, terminating in a point at the waist, is worn over this truly elegant mantle. Bonnet of pale *paille* colored silk, the brim is round and open, having no trimming in the interior, the hair being disposed in large ringlets; the curtain is deep; the trimming is composed of white lace, and shaded yellow roses without foliage; a *nœud* of ribbon, with long ends, is placed in the centre of the curtain.

FIG. II.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of pale green silk. The body is high and open to the waist, and worked with a rich embroidery on each side. The sleeve is plain, loose, and *à l'orientale*, with an under sleeve of cambric, richly laced. The skirt is open to the feet, and is laced with silk cord, as is also the body. A girdle, with a buckle, gathers the dress around the waist. The bonnet is a Napoleatan, trimmed with lace and small roses. The hair is worn plain.

FIG. III.—A WEDDING DRESS of rich embroidered satin. The body is low and pointed; and from the shoulders depend two lace capes, cut in a point to correspond with the bodice. The arms are bare below the cape. The hair is trimmed with roses and orange blossoms. A superb veil of Brussels lace, hanging backward from the head and reaching nearly to the feet, completes this magnificent costume.

FIG. IV.—A PROMENADE DRESS of pale blue silk, or balzoline. The body is cut high and pointed, and is trimmed with six folds diverging from the waist upward. The skirt, which is long and full, is also trimmed with these folds, though it has only one on each

side. The sleeves are comparatively tight to the elbows, which are finished with three deep wings; thence the sleeve is quite tight to the wrist. Bonnet of drawn white silk, trimmed with roses, inside and out.

We have received patterns of evening and morning dresses, but have been unable to give them in our plate. We, however, subjoin a description.

AN EVENING DRESS of light blue satin; opening up the front, and showing an under skirt of four entire rows of rich lace; the satin *jupe* trimmed with two *volants* of a lighter style of lace; the corsage is made very low and square, with a pointed waist, two rows of broad white lace falling over the back and shoulders as far as the front of the arm hole, forming a kind of *berthe* cape, and entirely concealing the short chemisette sleeve, which is decorated with a small *nœud* and two long ends. Norma wreath of gold wheat ears, backed with green oak leaves. This pattern is a splendid one for a full dress ball; and we recommend it to the fair belles of Saratoga.

A MORNING DRESS of pale shot lilac and *mauve taffetas*, made open up the entire front of the dress, and laced across with a narrow fancy trimming the same color as the dress; this trimming is also placed on the edge of the facings up the front, round the open cape, and the *jockeys* which form the short sleeve, the long ones being simply composed of fulled muslin, divided with a band of narrow inlet. Chemisette to match, ornamented in the centre with a small green rosette. The hair arranged in a braided round plait at the back, and bands in the front.

We have but a few general remarks to make this month.

BONNETS.—Straws were never more in vogue in Paris, and they are almost universally adopted here, though drawn capotes are very fashionable. A new and pretty style is a small bonnet called the *capote Alsacienne*; the brim of which is made in sewn straw, and the crown of pink, straw color, or deep blue silk. This *capote* has also a very broad *bavolet*, or curtain, at the back, and a garniture of *coques* of ribbon, which forms a *demi-centre* upon the head. At the edge of the inside of the brim is placed three shaded folds, of the same color as the crown. Several *élégantes* throw a gauze veil of the same color as the crown over these *capotes*, giving them a light appearance. We may also cite as a very becoming description of *capote*, those made in shaded sky blue *poult de soie*, and white *velours épinglé*, with their ribbons, and their *violettes écharpes* (or scarf veils) placed with such grace over them.

CAPS.—These are generally worn small in the crown. The most decided favorite style of cap are those made of *tulle cheffonné*, interspersed with clusters of heath, or any very small flowers. Those caps made entirely plain upon the forehead, are now much in vogue; a broad curtain is placed at the back, headed with a wreath of flowers or leaves, and which only reaches to just the ears on each side, where it is attached with a bunch or cluster of the same; or instead of the wreath and *bavolet*, may be placed *à point*, encircled with a fluted tulle, or what is still prettier, covered with raised lappets *à la paysanne*, attached upon the top of the head with a *triple boude* (or loops) of gauze ribbon of two colors.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By T. B. Macauley. Vol. V. Carey & Hart, 1844.

We have here three papers, "Madame D'Arblay's Diary," "Life and Writings of Addison," and "Barere's Memoirs," besides several shorter articles of less general interest selected from Macauley's earlier writings; but in none does he approach the brilliancy of style which characterizes his essays on "Milton," "Bacon," and "Ranke's History of the Pope." In some cases he is almost coarse. Such a phrase as "the polecat John Williams" is indefensible; while the propriety of the following—"his huge hands, now glittering with diamond rings, had given the last squeeze to the windpipe of her unfortunate husband," even when applied to the notorious Count Orloff, may be doubted. We might quote other instances in which Macauley, in the effort to be forcible, has forgotten good taste. The best paper in the volume is that on Barere, to whom the reviewer shows no mercy. As a specimen of powerful invective, we give his character of that human hyena.

"Our opinion then is this, that Barere approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; but this was a failing common to him with many great and amiable men. There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we never met with them or read of them. But when we put everything together, sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as caricature, and to which, we venture to say, no parallel can be found in history."

Life in the New World. By Seatsfield. New York: Winchester. Philada.: Robinson & Peterson.

A few weeks ago and "who is Seatsfield?" was the general inquiry, but since Winchester has published his works and sent them into every nook and corner of our land, besides making large exportations to Europe, the question is when will the next number of this new and exciting book come out? Such original, racy, natural scenes as he gives of western life, such pathetic scenes as you find in one page—with pictures that convulse you with laughter on the next, no pen but his has ever been able to combine. You live, feel and think on the banks of the Mississippi and Red River as you read. You wonder how this man could have written so long only to have been first appreciated by a high German critic. Since the mysteries of Paris no book has created such an excitement, or had so large a sale.

Narrative and Recollections of Van Dieman's Land. By Caleb Lyons, of Lyonsdale. Winchester, N. Y.

This is a book well worth reading, independent of the interest connected with the unfortunate prisoners whose sufferings are vividly portrayed in its pages.

Professor Durbin's Observations in Europe. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson.

We believed it almost impossible to write anything about Europe which would be found interesting in these days of books and travels—but scenes change, though natural scenery may not, and though every spot on earth may have been described a thousand times, a description of events transpiring in those places, and even of the same scenes under the different aspects which they present to distant minds will always have the charm of novelty. Dr. Durbin's book is not only a well written, chatty, sociable affair, but it is full of sound thought, natural in its description of things, sensible in the opinions expressed of them. The first volume is devoted to the Continent, much of it to Paris. The second sweeps Great Britain, and with a masterly mind too. The work is neatly bound and printed.

The Highlands of Ethiopia. New York: Winchester, 30 Ann St. Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson, 98 Chestnut St.

Here is a truly valuable book, written by a person connected with the British Embassy while in a new and interesting region which has been but little explored by travellers. The author gives a vivid picture of life in an almost unknown region—sketches, scenery and events with a true pencil, and lends a charm to the most trivial incident by his natural and pleasant way of relating it. The publisher has performed his share; he has filled the volume with illustrations, bound it neatly, and in every way done justice to the author and public. It is offered for sale at the low price of one dollar and twenty-five cents—very low for a book full of plates.

The Pictorial Bible. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Robinson & Peterson.

This magnificent work has reached its fifth number. In Europe there has never been a publication of any kind which surpasses this: in America nothing approaching it. For elegance, costliness, and beauty it is unrivalled. A fortune has been expended on the embellishments, and a fortune is certain to follow the publication of the complete work. Those who take the numbers as they come out are certain to get the best copies and the most perfect engravings.

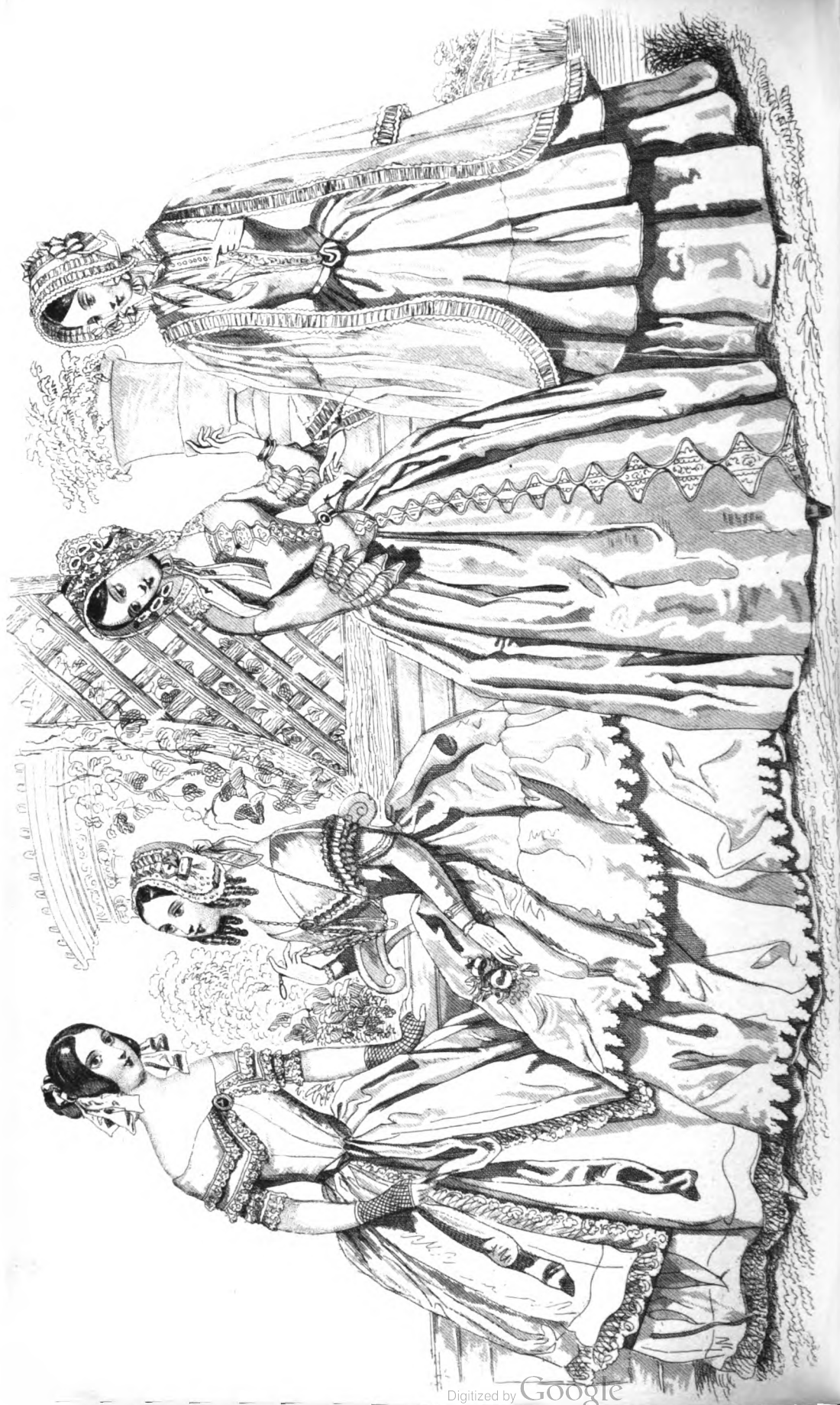
Memoir of Mrs. Judith S. Grant, late Missionary to Persia. Winchester, New York.

This little book combines much of the interest which may be found in a book of travels with the biography of a good and true woman—to the worldly and the religious it is alike valuable.

The Velvet Cushion. By J. A. Cunningham, A. M. Philada.: J. R. Simon, 121 South Fifth St. 1844.

This excellent little book, under the history of an old pulpit cushion, conveys lessons of Christian charity and moderation, which can never be too closely followed.









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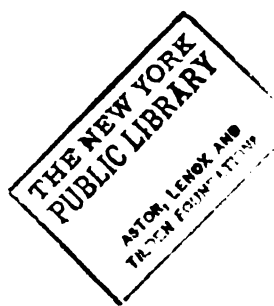
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No. 2.

THE CAPTURE OF THE BASTILLE.

BY ELIZA S. PRATT.

CHAPTER I.

It was a gloomy and tedious way to talk through the ponderous walls of the Bastille, where not a sound or syllable of the human voice could penetrate to the thirsting ear—stroke by stroke given with the hand upon the wall, counting out the letters as they stood numbered in the alphabet, until word after word, and sentence after sentence was rendered intelligible to the captive in the adjoining cell. Yet tiresome as this method of conveying ideas might be, it was followed up hours at a time, with a touching eagerness by the unhappy prisoners of that formidable relic of past barbarity. By long custom, those immured there would become habituated to it, and converse with a rapidity truly astonishing to the novitiate, so that those prison-bound tones would at length awaken more interest than even the *human voice* among those who are not debarred social communion with their fellow creatures.

Toward the close of a warm day in July, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, two prisoners were thus engaged in conversation from adjoining cells in the fortress of the Bastille. Camille de Whitte lay stretched on his pallet of straw, gloomy, wretched and despairing. He had been thrown into the tower of the prison five years before, for a trivial state offence, as slight indeed as that which condemned the unfortunate M. de Tude to his miserable confinement of thirty-four years in that wretched abode, and with the story of his sufferings, and hundreds of others alike unfortunate, forever haunting his mind, he had at length lost all hope of freedom, and given himself up to complete despair. A few rays of light were now struggling through the high and grated window, and fell on the haggard and pale countenance of the prisoner. He might have seen thirty years, but the sufferings and anxiety of long confinement had stamped upon his brow, and about his mouth peculiar lines and curves which in the broad day-light would have made

him appear a man of forty. Yet still he was almost handsome; the melancholy glow of intellect which lit up his large, black eyes, the regular curve of his mouth and chin, which would have rounded into voluptuousness by a more genial mode of life, and the long, black hair falling smoothly though damp and lustreless, from his high forehead, threw about him an air of gloomy beauty in spite of his worn and soiled attire, pale looks and wasted frame.

He was now leaning his head in a mournful attitude against the wall, his arms folded on his breast, and listening in profound silence to the dull strokes of his companion as they came faintly to his ear. As the sound ceased he raised his head with a deep sigh, and began his answer.

"Oh! for a breath of free air! the strength of Sampson to rend the prison-bars asunder, or the dagger's point to die like a man! Louis, I have lost all hope; I shall never again go forth to the world eagle-hearted among the brave—shall never again behold Marguerite, who was the sunshine of my life and the aim of my hopes. I would go gladly forth to the guillotine for a single word from her, or even to know her fate. But I think she is dead, for I had a strange dream last night. I thought I saw her in an iron coffin, wrapped in a motley-colored shroud, covered with plumes, and swords and stars, and stripes, and on her bosom lay a golden-hilted dagger, with an inscription upon the steel. I bent down in my dream to read it, and as I read 'Honor to the brave and freedom to the good,' the right hand of the corpse slowly raised, grasped the dagger, the left was reached forth to a corner by the coffin's side, and as it touched the silver mountings it exploded with a terrible noise, the coffin was rent to atoms, and while the corpse started up, and the shroud fell back, I awoke with a shriek on my lips, and the awful noise still ringing in my ears!"

"Camille," returned his lighter hearted companion, "'tis a good omen; we must draw light from the dark, and hope from terror. I too have had a dream, and it has filled me with hope and happiness, even in this terrible place. I dreamed

I was gazing upon the sun, and as I looked it gradually changed its form, the beams became less dazzling, and circled round a point, in the centre of which I saw a human countenance shadowed forth, growing noble and more distinct, until a figure like that of an angel appeared above me, clad in a robe of white, and surrounded by a vast number of human beings in black, armed with guns and pikes, and battle-axes. Suddenly the angel waved her wings, the whole host darted from the sky, swept downward to the earth, and in an instant our prison was shivered to pieces, and we stood up from the ruins, unharmed and free!"

De Whitte listened with intense anxiety to the dream of his friend, and when it was finished a wild shiver crept through his frame, his heart throbbed and trembled in his bosom like the agitated waves of the storm-kissed sea, and cold drops of sweat stood on his forehead. It was the sudden birth of hope in the midst of despair; the life-current rushing into the stagnant pool. He trembled nervously as he started up from his pallet of straw, exclaiming in a transport,

"I may yet behold thee, Marguerite—may yet see the blue skies of heaven, the flowers, the sunshine, and the mighty sea! I may again go forth to life, to hope, and freedom!"

Camille de Whitte had been of lion heart, and of lion frame. No braver man ever fronted danger, whether on the battle-field, in the midst of blood or carnage, or among the mighty elements of the sea, with the foe breasting them on the swelling tide; death, in any form, he could have met then, but now suffering had rendered him weak, and as another painful revulsion of feeling came upon him, he buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly. He stood beneath the grated window, and as he pressed his forehead against the cold bars, a slight rattling in the wall announced the approach of a visitor—such a one as we in freedom would look upon with contempt, but it was the solitary companion of the prisoner—a *tamed mouse*! It would have been touching could a spectator have seen the little animal as it stood for an instant in the soft light, peering around with its bright eyes, then leaping upon the head of the prisoner, it nestled playfully in his long hair, and gamboled over him like a young kitten! Camille had lured it from its hole with crumbs of bread, taught it by little and little to come to him, cat from his hand, and at last to frisk about him with evident delight and affection. He had even taught it to play with tiny balls of cob-web, gathered from the walls, and thus the little mouse was at once a study and amusement for the prisoner. While now engaged with its innocent gambols, he was started by the

heavy tread of the jailor, and the jingling of keys in the passage way. It was unusual for him to visit them at this hour, and a strange foreboding took possession of the heart of Camille. It might have been hope, or fear, or a mingling of both, for as the sound came nearer, and at length ceased before the door of his cell, he trembled so violently that he was obliged to grasp the iron bars for support.

The keys turned, and as the heavy door grated on its hinges, the coarse featured jailor entered, followed by a female figure closely veiled and wrapped in a black mantle and hood. Poor Camille! for an instant his heart stood still like a pendulum balanced between life and death: but beneath the mantle beat one tumultuously and painfully. A small white hand was protruded, trembling like an aspen leaf, and as the veil was convulsively withdrawn, the beautiful features of Marguerite Durand were revealed in the faint light of the prison cell. She was fearfully agitated, and the color came and went over her face like summer lightning, as she slowly penetrated the twilight hue of that sad abode, but at length as her eye rested on the pale features of her lover, a flood of crimson retinted her whole countenance, like the rich glow of the sunset clouds.

A cry of wild, eager, tumultuous joy burst from the lips of Camille—such a cry as prison walls alone have heard and recorded. Was not the rapture of that single moment enough to repay the long years of solitary confinement he had endured? De Whitte almost felt so, as that single look brought him back to life and reality, to the truth of love and devotion, and as he clasped Marguerite to his heart his paleness and tears all vanished, and again he was the brave and strong man of other days.

And how had she gained entrance to this terrible fortress? Poor child! day after day, and month after month had she importuned the jailor for this, with tears, and prayers, and bribes; and she had at last succeeded at a time when she dared to breathe the language of hope to the heart of the captive, to tell of the deep thunder of the dawning revolution, lightning playing in the noon-day skies—signs in heaven and earth proclaiming death to tyranny and freedom to the slave—and she sat down there on his low pallet of straw, with her hands clasped in his, and with tears in her eyes told him of the past five years. A long night to him! How eagerly he gazed on those crimson lips as they rapidly and nervously revealed the tidings of the past, and unsealed the book of mysteries to him. She told him of his friends in the accents of sorrow, or the tone of delight. Some were dead and some were living.

Some had fallen victims of power by the bloody guillotine, or the axe of the executioner; others were raised to rank and station. A sister slept peacefully beneath the sod—a brother had died in battle, and a father went down to the grave with blessings for his son. But changes had taken place, and when she ended the hearty recital a heavy groan, almost a sigh, burst from the lips of the prisoner.

"To-day, Marguerite, I prayed for death to end my own sufferings, but now I pray for life and freedom to revenge others wrongs. Oh! the tyranny of state! Marguerite, it may yet be accomplished," and he spoke rapidly and energetically as he went on—"the fire once lighted, who can extinguish it, and where will it end? I have had strange thoughts and dreams lately—the country wrapped in flames, the sea an ocean of blood, and the sky a vast, wavering sheet of blackness and flame! I have seen thee in thy shroud, and have dreamed myself beheaded. I have longed for death, even self-destruction, and cared not *how* it came, so that I could die. But now I begin to hope—hope even from the *tomb*; yet when will Louis soften, when bow his stiff neck to the laws of justice and humanity, and these prison bolts and bars be shivered to atoms!"

A smile played on the lips of the devoted girl, and as she rose and stood before him, a spirit of prophecy seemed struggling from her beautiful blue eyes. But she durst not speak above a whisper of *that*, even there, guarded as they were by ponderous walls and heavy bolts, and again seating herself by his side, she breathed into his ear the tale of the ripened plot—ripened in the dead of night, beneath the silent watchers of heaven, but among hearts of flame with the whispering breath, but the burning tongue. How enthusiastically she went on, and yet how softly were the words breathed!

"I, who have had warning from heaven, and I *know* that to-morrow you will be free. Will not they be brave with a woman in their midst who never fears? And there are brothers and fathers, and sons among the rude ranks, with the blood of kindred calling to them from the ground for revenge. Tavamier, Pujudé, Laroché, and many others are imprisoned here, and hundreds are ready to sacrifice themselves for their freedom which King Louis will never grant. We must prevail! There is nothing yet suspected by the Parisians, but the moment the word is given thousands are ready to take fire and rush to the assault!"

"Oh! no, Marguerite," said Camille mournfully, "it cannot be. Do not risk yourself in so desperate an undertaking, and so dangerous if it fail. Remember the great Conde failed after a

siege of three and twenty years, and what can an army of desperadoes do, headed by a woman, almost a child?"

De Whitte had forgotten the lapse of years.

"Do!" she repeated, and her eyes filled with tears, but she leaned over the hand that was clasped in hers to conceal them. "Have I not gained admittance here where strong men have in vain striven to come? I put my trust in heaven, Camille!"

The prisoner drew the devoted girl to his heart, and breathed not another dissenting word to this singular undertaking. How could he—and yet he trembled for her safety. She was about to risk her life in a rash adventure, when he had rather perish a thousand times than to have her touch the brink of danger. Only once more he referred to a failure during the brief communion that followed, and then a flush of mingled indignation and sorrow burned on the cheek of Marguerite. She drew a glittering poinard from her bosom.

"Take it, Camille," said she, "you have prayed for death, and if heaven smiles not on *my* prayers be *yours* granted. I have no fears, but by giving you this prove my confidence in the result. Only wait until to-morrow night, and if not free do as you will."

The poinard was scarcely concealed when the return of the jailor announced that the visit must be finished, and after a brief adieu Marguerite was led forth, and the bolt once more forced back to its old resting place. A flask of wine and the memory of an hour cheered de Whitte through the long watches of that night, nor did he forget to communicate the glad news to his friend in the adjoining cell, although he made a thousand blunders, and wrong strokes in spelling out the words.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning of the fourteenth of July, memorable in French history for the occurrence of a singular event, dawned over Paris with unusual brilliancy and beauty. The disgust of oppression and tyranny that had been so long agitating the under-current of the populace, began now to be manifested in the countenances of almost every soldier and citizen of the place. Every night bore witness to secret assemblies and secret plots, formed of souls already burning for action, and awaiting the least signal for an onset to the terrible revolution that followed. An uneasy and nervous agitation was now visible in the movements of the soldiers stationed at their posts—impatient and hurried glances about the streets, muttered oaths and curses as if restraining their fury, and impatiently awaiting the moment for action.

At length, as the light mist rolled away, but while it was yet early in the morning the attention of every gazer was drawn to the appearance of a noble black horse, gaily caparisoned, and of wonderful beauty, rapidly dashing through the principal streets of the city. But every eye was fixed on the rider; a youth of slender proportions and inimitable grace, clad in the costume of a soldier, but with a cheek that might have shamed the finest girl, and the small jewelled hand that drew so gracefully the bridle-rein, altogether too delicate for a man. In his left hand he bore a white flag mounted on a silver staff, and embroidered with golden eages, in the midst of which was worked in shining letters, "honor to the brave and freedom to the good."

He came forward with a display of horsemanship truly wonderful, occasionally wheeling around, the beautiful animal curvetting and prancing, full of life, with dilated nostrils and flashing eyes, and yet the rider seated as gracefully and firmly as if he were a part of the animal itself, without changing a muscle of the countenance, or showing a gesture of fear amidst the creature's wildest pranks.

"By Saint Dennis it is the same!" exclaimed one among a knot of young men gathered at the head of one of the principal streets through which the horseman had ridden several times. "I could not mistake that form and face in the midst of thousands; and the jewelled hand—how small and white! 'twould shame the fairest in lady's boudoir. I would wager a thousand crowns 'tis a woman in disguise!"

"A woman!" echoed the whole group, and instantly every hat was doffed in homage to the beautiful rider, and every hand instinctively sought the hilt of his sword.

"As I live, comrades," cried the first speaker, pressing forward from the group with uncovered head—"as I live, yon fair rider is Marguerite Durand! The same form I observed among the spectators at the States Assembly." Then speaking in a lower tone to one beside him, he continued, "I stood near her as she leaned against a column, gazing upon the brilliancy of the hall, filled with the gorgeous apparel of the nobility—brilliant with gold and diamonds, stars and crosses and croisiers, embroidered scarfs and mantles, and plumes waving in the air. I saw her clasp these same small, white hands which I wondered at then, and whisper with lips pale as death—it must be done, it must be accomplished, then honor to the brave, and freedom to the good"—and she muttered something about the Bastille. Do you see, these very words are embroidered on the banner she carries!"

"How strange!" said his companion; but a

moment after he added, "de Whitte, her lover, is confined there in the Bastille."

The young man grasped the arm of the other tightly as he spoke, their eyes met, and the blood crimsoned their foreheads, for the truth had instantly flashed upon them, and the whole company gathered there were ready to risk their lives in the service of the beautiful heroine.

She had rode back and forth several times through the street, mannging the wild looking steed with such ease and gracefulness that exclamations of wonder and admiration came from the lips of every by-stander, when suddenly wheeling the animal about, and after curvetting for an instant in the centre of the road, she drew up in the midst of the young men we have mentioned.

There was a moment of intense silence as the heroic girl reined in her high mettled steed, with a brow as calm, and an eye as clear as the blue skies above; every knee was bent, and then a voice clear and musical as a flute rose on the air.

"Let us carry the Bastille!"

A sudden zephyr waved the snow-white banner, the horse gave a quick, shrill neigh and started forward in the direction of the fortress.

"To the Bastille! to the Bastille!" was echoed from the lips of every spectator, from rank to rank, from street to street, and from the Palais-royal to the suburbs of St. Antoine. There was a rush among the crowds, the French guards filed in ranks, and with their shining fire-locks and cannon, marched immediately after the heroine, for the name of the *Bastille* was terrible to the heart of every Parisian. The motley array of the secret plotters, armed with pikes, forged during the night, with muskets, gilded lances and battle-axes, rushed on with desperation to the attack, while hundreds taken by the suddenness and novelty of the proposal started with what arms they could procure and joined eagerly with the swelling army.

Never was a body of men more desperate than they, or more ready to risk life and soul for the accomplishment of their object, otherwise it had been left undone. And yet it was accomplished as all readers of history know; and in less than four hours, inspired by the presence of their beautiful leader, and the motto of the snow-white banner, the besiegers enter the castle, the ponderous doors are thrown back, and the prisoners set free.

When Marguerite saw that the great work was accomplished for which she had so ardently prayed and toiled, and wept through long sorrowful years, with the holy confidence of love and faith in heaven, and Camille—when she saw that the gates were flung open, all the courage and

self-control she had assumed during the action gave way, and she was borne trembling and weeping from her horse. Camille de White came forth from his dark and gloomy cell, but ere he passed forever the door-sill, he snapped in remorse the suicidal dagger in twain. The prophecy of Marguerite was fulfilled, and as he came out and felt the warm sun-beams on his fevered brow for the first time in five years, and cast a look at the blue skies, he threw himself in rapturous homage at the feet of his deliverer.

As the kiss of freedom and the seal of love was pressed to the lips of Marguerite, some one in the crowd exclaimed, "let us have a wedding!" and "a wedding to crown the destruction of the Bastille!" was responded to by every one.

It was in the hearts of neither to refuse so reasonable a request after so great a conquest, and shortly after each being mounted, Marguerite and her lover rode forward, surrounded by a guard, and a large part of the motley army. They proceeded to a temple, and in the midst of an exulting army, yet silent and almost heartless in their joy, the solemn vows were uttered.

It was a singular and yet a beautiful sight; the victim snatched from the jaws of the tomb to become within the hour the bridegroom of his deliverer. And yet their characters seemed now changed, Marguerite was no longer the heroine, nor Camille the feeble and despairing captive. As they rose from the altar her cheek was bedewed with tears, but the light of joy and freedom burning in the heart of de White illuminated his whole countenance, and he stood strong and joyful in accomplished hope.

As the ceremony concluded, some one among the multitude arose, and while the silence was yet unbroken, exclaimed in sonorous accents,

"Honor to the brave and freedom to the good!" Oh! what a peal of exultation followed! Blessings on the bride and bridegroom were repeated from every lip, and in the strains of martial music that followed, the congratulations of thousands, and the wild murmur of applause echoing from the vaulted ceiling, Marguerite and de White went forth united heart and hand from the bridal church.

LIFE.

THIS life is but a gleam,
A fountain's spray,
An echo, or a dream,—
Passing away,

A shadow quickly past,
One hour of day,
A flake on ocean cast,—
Passing away!

E. M. S.

TO ———.

A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT WHO WOULD'NT COME HOME.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

WHEN are you coming? the flowers have come!
Bees in the balmy air happily hum;
Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell,
Sighs the sweet violet—droops the harebell;
Soft on the wavy grass glistens the dew;
Spring keeps her promises; why do not *you*?

Up in the air, love, the clouds are at play;
You are more graceful and lovely than they!
Birds in the woods carol all the day long,
When are you coming to join in the song?
Fairer than flowers, and purer than dew!
Other sweet things are here; why are not *you*.

When are you coming? we've welcomed the rose!
Every light zephyr as gaily it goes
Whispers of *other* flowers met on its way,
Why has it nothing of *you*, love, to say?
Why does it tell us of music and dew?
Rose of the South! we are waiting for *you*!

Do, darling, come to us—'mid the dark trees,
"Like a lute" murmurs the musical breeze,
Sometimes the brook, as it trips by the flowers,
Hushes its warble to listen for yours!
Pure as the violet, lovely and true!
Spring should have waited till she could bring *you*!

FLOWERS.

Written in an Album in illustration of a plate of children gathering flowers.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

GATHER ye flowers, beautiful flowers,
Merrily bring them hither;
Haste, ere the breath of the changing hours
Their beauty and bloom shall wither
Come, we will weave us a coronal rare,
And blossoms its gems shall be,
And still as we twine to each floweret fair
We'll carol a roundelay.

A song of love for the proud, red rose,
The blush of the morn on her bosom glows,
And a low sweet strain for the violet pale,
Where she modestly sleeps in the shadowy vale.
And a merry refrain as we blithly twine
The blossoms and buds of the old woodbine,
And a song of the past for the laurel bough
That blossoms unheeding of summer or snow,
For, oh! the heart warms to the fadeless sheen
That glosseth the leaves of the evergreen!
Thus while the gem of our garland we string,
A song for each blossom we gaily sing.

Gather ye flowers, beautiful flowers,
Merrily bring them hither;
Haste, ere the breath of the changing hours
Their beauty and bloom shall wither.

THE DEAD GUEST.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

(Continued from page 8.)

"The country estate near this town," began the narrator, "that belonged to the late Counsellor Becker, was once owned, as you know, by the baronial family von Rozen, though for the last century it has been farmed out, till about twenty years ago during the war it came into the hands of its late possessor. The last baron who held the property and also some woodland adjoining, was a great spendthrift, and spent much of his youth in Venice and Paris: but finally made his home on this estate, where he lived with his family. There may still be seen traces of his magnificent tastes about the castle and grounds, though the former has been for seventy years a mass of ruins, the owner occupying a modern built dwelling close by; and though the plough now passes over the grounds laid out with such care and expense.

"The last time the baron came to this villa it was toward the close of the year; and he was accompanied by twenty or more of his friends, with their attendants. His daughter was then betrothed to the Vicompte Vivienne, a rich and amiable foreigner, who had come to Germany on court business of Cardinal Dubois. Dubois was the powerful minister of the Duc of Orleans, Regent of France, and had bestowed on Vivienne many marks of his confidence and friendship.

"As may be supposed, Baron von Rozen spared no pains to render the visit of his guests to his country palace near a small town as agreeable as possible. The pleasures of the table, the pleasures of the chase in the neighboring forest, alternated with games of hazard, and theatrical exhibitions. A Count Altenkreuz, the son of a distinguished family in the country of the Lower Rhine, was the leader in all devices for the general entertainment, and his various accomplishments rendered him a most valuable accession to the company. The baron had made his acquaintance shortly before he returned to Herbesheim, and invited him chiefly because he played high, and not always successfully.

"This young and lively guest at length proposed that a masked ball should be given; and that the gentlemen should seek in the town for their partners without regard to birth or station, as there were no ladies at the castle, except the young baroness, the daughter of the host, and a few of her friends. 'For a night of festivity, what avails rank?' asked he: 'let the fairest be queens and princesses, for beauty is the true

aristocracy, and a grisette may be worthy to be partner to a duke.'

"This proposition was generally approved; the night was fixed, and the labors of all the tailors and milliners in the town were in requisition to prepare for the masquerade. The Vicompte de Vivienne, as usual, was determined to surpass the rest, and Altenkreuz to outshine him. The latter sought out the most skilful tailor in Herbesheim, and the fairest lady for his partner. Both were found under the same roof; Master Vogel excelled in his business, and comprehended at once the wishes of the count; his daughter Henriette was in the first bloom of her beauty, and soon saw that she had achieved a new conquest.

"The count was often at the tailor's house, and gave orders for some splendid female apparel, at which Henriette was obliged to work, measuring them by herself, because the count told her father that the lady he was to take to the ball was just her height and figure. He accompanied his directions with several little presents, which the young girl received willingly, of course; neither was she displeased at the flattering compliments to her beauty, which the count lavished on her whenever he found her alone; though as soon as he began to talk of love, she reminded him that she was engaged to an excellent young man, apprenticed to her father's business.

"A few days before the ball, the dresses being already finished, Altenkreuz came somewhat disturbed to the house of Master Vogel, and begged to speak alone with him. 'I am in great embarrassment,' said he, 'and if you will help me out of my present difficulty you shall find it more for your advantage than a year's making of ball dresses.'

"'I am your lordship's most obedient servant!' replied the tailor with a smile and a low bow.

"'Well then, master,' continued Altenkreuz, 'the lady I was to escort to the ball is sick, and will not be able to go. All the other gentlemen have their partners, and most of them, as I know, the daughters of burghers in this town. I could, perhaps, find some one to accompany me; but the dresses—they would not fit! So—master, I must beg you to let your daughter by whom the dresses were measured, go with me. You must entreat her.'

"The tailor had not expected so great an honor. He bowed low, but could find no words to express his pleasure.

"'Henriette,' said the count, 'shall not repent her kindness: the dress in which she dances shall remain her property, and I will add whatever is necessary for her appearance with suitable splendor.'

"Your lordship is too gracious!" cried Master Vogel. "I may say to your lordship without vanity that the girl dances admirably. You should have seen her at the wedding of my neighbor, the pewterer's daughter. Will your lordship remain here a few moments till I speak with my daughter? All shall be arranged according to your pleasure."

"But, Master Vogel," said Altenkreuz, "the lover of Henriette may be jealous; I must propitiate him by a good word."

"Oh," cried the tailor, "the fellow dare not withstand me!"

"In a few moments Henriette came into the room, blushing; the count covered her hand with kisses. He told her of his wish, and entreated that she would supply herself at his expense with everything desirable for making a magnificent display. The girl blushed again when he whispered that she would eclipse all the other ladies in beauty, and requested her acceptance of a pair of splendid ear-rings. As they were alone, Altenkreuz took advantage of the opportunity to declare his passion for Henriette, and to confess to her that he had never had in view any other partner than herself. 'You are too beautiful,' he concluded, 'to be destined for the wife of a tailor: yours must be a higher lot. Must it not, lovely Henriette?'

"The girl did not answer this question, but she promised, if her father consented, to accompany him to the ball. All was thus arranged, and the count at parting slipped a purse of gold into Master Vogel's hand, bidding him spare no expense in her attire.

"The consequence was a scene of dispute in the tailor's house; for Christian, the affianced husband of Henriette, was violently opposed to the proceeding, and neither the tears of the young girl, nor the anger of her father, could bring him to consent. Henriette passed a sleepless night; she was sincerely attached to Christian, but resolved not to lose the opportunity of going to a masked ball, where the most distinguished persons were to be present, and of indulging for once her taste for display. And she could not help believing Christian's affection for her to be less strong than his own pride, since he was willing to deny her so innocent a gratification.

"The next morning Christian was more quiet, but persisted in his opposition. When the day for the ball was close at hand, he prepared himself for a journey, and came with knap-sack in hand, to learn Henriette's final decision. 'If you go to the ball,' said he, 'we part forever,' Henriette grew pale; but her father already displeased with the young man, cried, 'begone, as soon as you will! I will see who is master here! My

daughter can get a husband ten times better than you!' Henriette wept: just then came in a servant of Count Altenkreuz with a casket, which he presented in the name of his master, containing, as he said, a few trifles for the use of Mademoiselle Vogel. Henriette unfolded a magnificent veil, and took out besides a coral necklace, a pair of bracelets, and two costly rings. They almost dazzled her eyes; she wavered between vanity and love.

"You will not go?" cried Christian anxiously.

"I *will* go!" exclaimed Henriette. "You are not worth weeping for—for you grudge me a harmless pleasure, which shows that you have never loved me."

"Go, then," said her lover, "and break a faithful heart!" He threw down before her her ring of betrothal and left her. The tailor entreated his daughter to shed no more tears for him; and the preparations for the ball, indeed, occupied all her thoughts. On the appointed evening a carriage stopped before the house, and the count came to conduct his partner. 'Ah, Henriette!' he whispered, as he placed her in the carriage, 'you are lovelier than ever; you are a divinity! For such magnificence were you born, and not for a low condition.'

"The ball was splendid beyond description. Altenkreuz and his fair partner appeared in old German costume; and by their magnificence drew all eyes upon them. Their dresses surpassed even those of the Vicomte de Vivienne and the young baroness, who figured in Persian costume.

"The man is no other than the count," said the vicomte to his betrothed; 'it is useless for him to wear a mask! for he cannot hide his pale figure, towering as it does a head higher than any the rest. Then I know well the black dress in which this knight of the rueful countenance always appears, looking like a gloomy monk. But I am all curiosity to know who is his partner. Certainly, she has a fine bosom, and dances to perfection.'

"I will venture," said the baroness, 'that it is some low person from the city. Look at her awkward movements, and air of constraint.'

"The dancing continued till very late; and then the company went to supper, at which it was customary to lay aside the masks. The gentlemen were surprised and delighted at the sight of so many new and beautiful faces. The vicomte could not take his eyes from the bewitching countenance of the lady in old German costume, who sat at the table beside him; and Altenkreuz appeared as much devoted to the young baroness. The two, in fact, seemed to have changed places; and this continued even after supper.

"I shall certainly steal away your partner," said Vivienne to the count.

"And I shall have my revenge, dear vicomte, in stealing away your lovely baroness!" returned Altenkreuz. The vicomte, carried away by his new fancy, and the old wine of which he had drank so freely, was imprudent enough to say, without noticing that the baroness stood near—"I would give a dozen of my baronesses for one Venus such as this of yours!"

"Nay, vicomte," said the count, "be careful of what you say. However graceful and winning my partner, you know that the prize of beauty is due always to the queen of this festival—your affianced bride!"

"A titular queen!" exclaimed Vivienne: "I go for real power!" And unmindful of the count's looks and signs to him to be cautious of his words, he went on in the same mad strain till the baroness, offended, walked away. Altenkreuz insisted that the vicomte should follow, and apologize to her; Vivienne refused, and thus words were exchanged, in which the vicomte lost his temper, while the count preserved admirable coolness. But when Vivienne cried, "that he could not expect to provoke such a dried pole to jealousy, for that he had not enough life in him to feed so strong a passion"—the count no longer controlled himself.

"What mean you," he asked, "by this insult?"

"Your own chalkface bears witness to the truth of what I say!" retorted the vicomte.

"If you are not a coward," said the count, "you will render me satisfaction for this to-morrow morning. One of us must quit this house. You are a hair-brained sot."

"Baron von Rozen who had met his daughter in tears, and learned from her the discourteous language of the vicomte, sought him out, and came up in time to hear the count's last words. He said apart to Vivienne—"you have, sir, offered an open affront to my daughter; you must give me satisfaction, not to-morrow morning—but *this instant!*" So saying, he led the way to an adjoining apartment, followed only by the count, for the others had not heard his challenge. Altenkreuz had two swords, one of which he handed to the vicomte, and turning to the baron, begged permission to avenge his own insult and that of the baroness at one and the same time.

"Draw, then! chalkface!" cried the vicomte in a fury: and drawing his sword he flung away the sheath and rushed upon his foe. The encounter lasted not three minutes, when Vivienne's weapon was struck out of his hand with such violence that it flew against the wall, and was shivered into fragments.

"Your life is in my power!" cried the count; "but I will not stain my hands with your blood. Away, and return to this place no more!" So saying, he thrust him with violence out of the door. The vicomte immediately left the castle with his attendants.

"The young baroness, though vexed at the slighting language used by Vivienne, was fully consoled by the éclat of having swords drawn for her. She had, in truth, never loved the vicomte; and now she thought the count much handsomer and more agreeable. It was from her father she learned the particulars of the duel, which happily proved bloodless; and thinking it graceful to affect terror, she asked breathlessly if Altenkreuz were wounded.

"I have no wounds, dearest lady," whispered the count, "save those your beauty has made in my heart."

"Flatterer! we all know you are heart-whole."

"Nay—I have suffered in silence; I would die for you, lady!"

"Better dance with me!" said the baroness, smiling. But she repelled not the avowal whispered in her ear during the intervals of the dance.

"Meanwhile Henriette was enraptured with all she saw; never in her life had she beheld so much splendor, or seen so many noble-looking gentlemen. When the count next morning took her back to her father's house, she expressed the pleasure she had received; and Altenkreuz pressing her hand, replied—"ah, Henriette, it depends on yourself to have your life pass as happily as the last night. It will be all a festival to you, as Countess of Altenkreuz."

"The count was soon the favored admirer of both the young girls; to both he gave splendid presents, and flattered both so successfully that each felt for him a real attachment. And he found means to make the baron as well pleased with him as the tailor; having already secured his good will by losing to him large sums of money. Ere long he proposed to each maiden, was accepted by, and betrothed to both.

"The baron celebrated the betrothal of his daughter with a grand entertainment and ball. The count obtained an invitation for Henriette, and asked permission of the baroness to fetch her himself to the castle. It was a day of storm, rain and sleet; the wind blew in fearful gusts; but the grand hall, splendidly illuminated, looked the more brilliant from the contrast with cold and darkness without; and the feast was sumptuous, and mirth and festivity reigned.

"The unconscious rivals, the baroness and Henriette, were happy beyond imagination. Both were adorned with jewels presented by the count, and he danced frequently with both. The baroness

particularly, was absolutely radiant, and could not help fancying herself the object of universal sway, as the destined bride of the richest count in Germany. Being fatigued, she retired early from the ball; Altenkreuz attended her to the corridor, where they found one of her women, and, notwithstanding that she begged he would not take the trouble, led her, leaning on his arm, into her sleeping apartment. When he returned the assembly was breaking up. He handed Henriette to the carriage and accompanied her home. The house was all still; they opened the door quietly; the count had ordered the coachman to drive back, and followed Henriette.

"The next day there was a rumor about the town that the daughter of a person in office had been found dead in bed with her neck twisted. Great alarm was occasioned by this report; doctors and policemen flocked to the house; and amid the universal horror it was remembered what a terrible event had taken place in Herbesheim, precisely in Advent—an hundred years before. All thought upon the Dead Guest.

"Master Vogel heard what had taken place, and was uneasy with respect to his daughter, though he had felt no surprise at her sleeping so late after the fatigue of the ball. But when he heard the mysterious guest described as a tall, thin man, with pale face and black dress, and thought how precisely Count Altenkreuz answered the description, his hair seemed to stand on end. Still he disbelieved the story, and was far from being superstitious; so he resolved to fortify his spirits by a cup of the fine wine the count had sent him a short time before. What was his surprise to find it had vanished altogether!

"Alone and with trembling steps he ascended to Henriette's chamber, and softly opened the door. He went up to her bedside—she lay there dead, her fair face turned backward! The bereaved father stood, struck, as by a thunderbolt. At last he raised her head and turned it to its natural position; then, without knowing what he did, ran for a physician. The doctor came, looked at the corpse, and shook his head; while the father, unwilling that the terrible truth should be known, talked of her being overheated at the ball, and exposure in the storm on her return, as the cause of her sudden death. All the neighbors, hearing his lamentations, came to the house; and the whole town was in excitement about the fate of the two unfortunate maidens, when news came of the sudden death of the only daughter of the Baron von Rozen. The physicians who returned from the castle asserted, indeed, that she had come to her death in consequence of over-fatigue and exposure, afterward to the cold night

air; but who could believe them? All were convinced that the young baroness had shared the fate of the others, and that the attendants had been bribed by the baron to conceal the truth.

"Thus was this noble mansion changed from the abode of mirth and joy to a house of mourning; and the unhappy father left inconsolable. His horror was increased by the discovery that all the jewels and other rich gifts presented by the count to his daughter, as well as all the money he had won from him at play, had disappeared. The count himself was nowhere to be found; his chamber was as if it had never been occupied.

"On the same day the corpses of the three betrothed maidens were borne to the place of burial; and entered the church-yard at the same time. While the priests were reading prayers over them, it was noticed that one of the mourners, wrapped in a dark mantle, walked away from the procession; and presently the same figure was seen, a few paces off, in a strange, old fashioned dress, white from head to foot, with a white plume in his hat. On his doublet were three crimson spots, from which the blood slowly trickled down. He walked to the corner of the church-yard and disappeared. While horror crept over those who witnessed this scene, the pall-bearers were seized with a panic on finding the coffins, which they lifted to deposit them in the graves, suddenly become as light as if they contained nothing. In great fear they dropped them in, and filled up the graves with all possible haste; then all the people hastened back to the city, in the midst of a violent storm.

"A few days after, Baron von Rozen quitted his estate, to which none of his family ever returned. The gardens and grounds became a wilderness; the castle remained uninhabited and deserted, till it was at last consumed by fire."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE POET.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PEIRSON.

WHAT value had the world's applause to him,
Who lacked the daily bread for which, each morn,
He made his humble prayer! And the world knew
That he was pouring his high spirit out,
From deep and fatal wounds within his breast;
Yet she rejoiced, and will'd him to sing on,
That she might drink his fragrance till she reeled;
For he to her was like the precious tree,
That drops delicious incense, from the wounds
Of which 'tis sure to die. So he sung on!
And she adored his song: and let him starve!

A MADRIGAL.

BY G. W. FOSS.

Oh! halcyon the scene as Aurora's first beam
 Purpleth o'er landscape and mountain,
 As green trellis'd bowers and fairy-lipp'd flow'rs
 Are mirror'd in lakelet and fountain:
 With the free gushing note of the oriole's throat,
 The scream of the cat-bird and jay,
 And the peasant boy's song from the hay-making throng
 To welcome the morning-god's ray.

Heigho! for the aisles of the dim forest wilds
 Where embryo anthems are ringing,
 And the wood-lily, thorn and columbine's horn
 An odorous fragrance are flinging.
 Rich bouquets of posies—a wreath of wild roses,
 With argosy garlands of green
 For dear sister Ellen—whose heart is love's dwelling—
 I'll gather as keep-sakes, I ween.

And with heart wild and free as surf on the sea,
 I'll revisit the haunts of past gladness;
 Where a truant from school, in brooklet and pool,
 I fished with a *penchant-like* madness,
 I'll roam through the brake by the clear blue lake,
 Where oft doth the water-fowl come,
 And sit 'neath the shade of the sassafras glade,
 And list to the partridge's drum.

Then heigho! for the scene when Aurora's first beam
 Purpleth o'er brooklet and fountain;
 And the free gushing note of the wild bird's throat
 Is echoed o'er cliff-crag and mountain.
 Oh, my heart is then lightest, my dreamings the brightest,
 With nothing to darken or sorrow;
 No boon to be cast for the future or past,
 Save a welcome of gladness to-morrow.

TO A FRIEND.

FLOWERS there are which early springing,
 Perfumed from the tender spray,
 Still around sweet odors flinging,
 Breathe delight from their decay.
 Petals faded—yet surviving
 Precious dust will fragrance yield;
 Dust departed—still reviving
 Odors are to sense revealed.

Thus, oh friend, when life is ending,
 Virtue round thy dying bed
 With a life's remembrance blending,
 Flower-like shall its fragrance shed.
 Though thy dust the grave compressing,
 Mixed with other dust shall be,
 Deeds of goodness ever blessing
 Flower-like still shall breathe of thee. w.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

A TALE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY "THE POOR SCHOLAR."

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 18—I was employed in an official capacity by the First Municipality Council of the city of New Orleans. I am a Lyonese by birth, and upon the escutcheon of my family, I believe, no blot can be traced. The letters which I brought from my native country, recommended me warmly to some of the first families of Louisiana, and the consequence was an appointment shortly after my arrival to an office of honor and responsibility.

One morning, at an early hour, I received intelligence that my presence was required near the "*Mercado de los vegetables*" or Spanish market. The most direct route from my lodgings to this place lay along the Levee, and as I had sallied out at an hour somewhat earlier than my appointment called for, I walked leisurely along, enjoying the cool breeze that came from the river. The sun had just arisen, and his rays, not yet disagreeably hot, were converting the yellow waves into gold! A thousand vessels of every size and fashion, from the huge *batteau de vapeur*—the floating palace of the rivers—to the small *goleta* of the Spanish Main, and the still smaller pirogue of the coast planter, slept upon the bosom of the broad stream! Away below in the direction of *Le Tour Anglais*, lay a large frigate, her tall spars outlined upon the surface of the water—the *fleur de lis* of France drooping from her mizen-peak, while the shrill music of the boatswain's whistle died along the wave, recalling the happy memory of other scenes and climes! Farther up could be heard the strange, wild song and chorus as the crew of the *stevedore* freighted the merchant ship for the ports of distant lands!

The heavy bell of the old Spanish cathedral pealed forth the signal of devotion!—many a lovely devotee was kneeling in the antiquated aisles, while her sweet lips breathed forth the accustomed matins!

There were few persons on the streets, save those whom, like myself, duty had called forth to taste the early breath of the morning. Here and there citizens issued from their houses, taking the direction of the market; and a party of sailors released from the weary watch might be seen crossing over to a café to partake of the intoxicating draught. I entered the market—within its precincts all was life and activity. Here stood the fruiterers from the *Ysla de Cuba*, calling out, "*naranyas! manzanas de pinos!*" there the slave

mulatto of the planter not less loud in praise of his yams and melons; while ever and anon might be seen, gliding around the portales, the beauteous quadroon, of rounded classic form, her glossy black hair peeping from beneath the folds of the costly Madras, while the wild light of her fiery eye gleamed in triumph as she detected the admiring glance of the passing cavalier.

Having finished the business which had called me forth, I returned toward my lodgings. As I sauntered along in front of the Plaza de Armas, enjoying the tranquil beauty that reigned around, my ear was suddenly arrested by a female voice pronouncing the words, "voulez vous acheter un bouquet, monsieur?"

There was something so ravishingly sweet and feminine in the voice, that a far less sensitive ear than that of him thus addressed would have been constrained to listen. Turning round in the direction whence it proceeded, I beheld standing by a small table, covered with flowers, not only the most beautiful creature I had ever seen—but one fairer than my brightest fancy had ever conceived. She was a brunette of the Castilian order—with light hair, high forehead and sunny eye. The pale lily of her beauteous cheek was but slightly tinged with the rose; but the pulpy red lip, the liquid glance, the goddess form, and the soft sweet *patios* of the "voulez vous acheter un bouquet, monsieur?" at once bespoke the Creole of Louisiana, or the French West Indies.

She seemed about fifteen years of age, but her form owing, perhaps, to the influence of clime, had more than half way budded into womanhood, and its exquisitely rounded development, unconcealed by the harlequin cut and tawdry finery which characterize the dress of a European maiden, appeared to advantage in a suit of simple black, fashioned according to the dictates of a superior mind. Her dress was long, reaching to the earth, while the small, fascinating foot cased in a white satin slipper, peeped stealthily from beneath it. Her hair was worn *a la Creole*, and a snow white cambric scarf drawn over her marble brow, formed the simple, yet classical *coiffure* of the brunette fleuriste.

All the philosophy of the "nil admirari" on which I had been in the habit of pluming myself, vanished in a twinkling; and I stood for some moments gazing in silence wrapt in the contemplation of her peculiar beauty.

"Voulez vous acheter un bouquet, monsieur?" repeated she, seeing that I had as yet made no reply to her simple interrogatory. I still remained silent. I could not speak—I could only gaze, worship, adore. Mistaking my impertinent admiration for an ignorance of the language she had spoken, she addressed me in Spanish.

"Quiere usted comprar las flores, Senor?"

I had by this time recovered from my trance.

"Si, si, Senorita, ángel mio, con gusto," said I, answering her in Spanish, so that she might remain ignorant of the true cause of my hesitation.

Without further ceremony I proceeded to examine the bunches of flowers, or rather pretended to examine them, for I constantly found my eyes wandering toward the face of the brunette—there was a kind of magnetic fascination in her unfathomable eye irresistible as it was beautiful, which controlled my every movement, yet there was also a counteracting influence, for though love gushed from the liquid orb, there gushed too a glance that repelled and chastised illicit curiosity. My eye quailed before that glance—though I could have gazed for hours (myself unseen) at its wild, yet lovely light. I even looked around to see if fortune had not favored me with a position from which (unobserved) I might contemplate so much beauty—but nothing was there but the broad, bare Levee, glistening beneath the rays of the sun.

As she observed my hands passing mechanically among the flowers, (my thoughts were certainly not among them) I could detect a slight smile on her prettily curved lip.

"Choose what bouquet you please, Senor!" Her voice woke me from my reverie, and I replied with some earnestness.

"With your leave, Senorita, I shall place this lily in my *conservatoire*, that when I look upon it, its beauty and purity may remind me of you!"

Instead of the smile with which I expected to be repaid for this compliment, an expression of displeasure passed over her beautiful features—she remained silent—I had evidently offended. I will essay again, thought I.

"Your flowers are arranged with exquisite taste, Senorita!"

"Perhaps, so, Senor!" was the only answer. Finding that I had destroyed all chance of further conversation, I purchased the unfortunate lily, and reluctantly continued my walk. When I had reached that corner of the Plaza that opens out into Rue Chatrés, I cast a farewell look toward the flower stand. The exquisite figure, and beautiful features of the brunette could even be appreciated at such a distance! Other purchasers had come up, and were selecting from her bouquets—she was smiling upon them! How I envied them those smiles!

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE always been noted for my aversion to flowers—especially plucked ones. The only flower I ever loved to look upon was the blinding

of the rose and lily upon the cheek of beauty. I own my position seems peculiar, anomalous if you will—yet 'tis a just one, and will find an echo in the breast of many a reader (not feminine.) No! far be it from me to disparage a love of the soft, the bright and the beautiful in those who are themselves the type and essence of softness, brilliancy and beauty. I have been thus particular in stating my natural aversion to flowers, that the reader may fully appreciate the change which took place about this time, in my tastes and feelings. All at once I became passionately fond of flowers. A large bouquet always fresh bloomed on my dressing-table: roses were twined in the frame of my mirror—the upper button-hole of my coat never wanted an orange blossom—and a small hyacinth bound by a golden pin and chain figured on the bosom of one of Callot's best embroidered. I loved flowers from a sense of gratitude—gratitude for the many pleasant interviews they were the means of procuring for me with the brunette fleuriste, with whom I had unconsciously fallen deeply in love.

Morning after morning found me sauntering along the Levee, and loitering in the Piazza de Armas—morning after morning saw me purchasing her costliest bouquets, yet weeks had passed over, and I could not flatter myself that my *person* had attracted even a passing attention from the pretty fleuriste. I advanced but slowly in her acquaintance—she studiously avoided conversation—I was, therefore, under the necessity of sustaining both sides of the dialogue, which generally ended in my making of myself what in Spanish is politely termed “*un borrico grande*.” Once I was so impudent as to press her fair fingers as she presented me with a bouquet, but their quick withdrawal, and the look which accompanied the act, warned me sufficiently against a repetition of the impertinence.

I was piqued to perceive that she treated me with even more coldness (I thought so) than other purchasers of her flowers, many of whom seemed equally anxious to ingratiate themselves in her favor.

I was deeply in love, and as deeply did I endeavor to conceal it. We are jealous lest those we love should know of our passion. I tried to impress the little fleuriste that my fondness for flowers was alone the cause of my making so many purchases.

“What does Monsieur Le Capitaine,” (she had learned my name and occupation) “do with so many bouquets?”

Dear little creature! had she only followed me into the Rue D'Orleans, she might have seen many of her handsomest sets flung carelessly into the channel, or handed as carelessly to the

first girl whom I met, and who would repay me with smiles, but her smiles were lost on me—my heart only beat for the pretty brunette fleuriste. In endeavoring to make one friend I unconsciously made fifty, for there was hardly a maiden in the Rue D'Orleans who did not believe that I was irretrievably in love with her.

There were others who sold flowers in front of the Piazza, and fruits and birds from the West Indies. I inquired the name of the brunette. Natalie—(what a beautiful name!) further than her name they were ignorant—she was a stranger to them—she came from the direction of the Faubourg Clouet, generally accompanied by a gray-haired old man, and sometimes (but rarely) by a youth whom she called Luis. Ha! thought I, I have now discovered the cause of her coldness toward me; this youth, this Luis is her lover—and favored too! From that moment I became miserable!

The old man I had frequently seen—he was her father—he seemed to be upward of sixty—of gentle, manly, though reduced appearance—his countenance bore the impress of grief. He rarely staid by the fleuriste, but might be seen seated on an old wooden pier that projected into the river, and commanded the view to the seaward. Here he would sit for hours without changing his position, his eyes bent in the direction of the Tour de Anglaise, while the loiterers of the Levee would pass and repass without being favored by a single glance.

One morning I was occupied in the Piazza with a party of gen d'arms until a late hour. As I dismissed the party the sun was just climbing to his meridian, and I could perceive through the paling that surrounds the Piazza, that the little fleuriste was about preparing to return home. Giving my accoutrements to a servant, I strolled toward the front of the square. As I drew near unperceived, I could hear her soliloquy, “oh! the sun has grown so hot! why does not Luis come!” I was about to offer my services to conduct her home, when a fine looking youth, dark haired, and apparently about eighteen years of age, appeared around the corner of the paling and presented himself before her. “Ah, dearest Natalie,” said he, “forgive me for keeping you in this boiling sun—I could not leave the office one moment sooner!” So saying, he took up the flower baskets and prepared to depart. This then, thought I, is the favored lover, this the Luis! Happy mortal! what would I not give for permission to walk by her side and carry those flower baskets even under the hottest sun—I shall at least see where she resides—and I turned to follow the fleuriste and her lover. They walked for some distance along the Levee until they

reached the Spanish market, then turning down through Daunois they entered the Faubourg Clouet. Through Clouet they kept on until they had reached the very outskirts of the suburb, at least two miles from the Piazza de Armas. Here they entered a cottage almost buried in vines and orange trees. Twice only during their long walk did Natalie look back, once while passing through the Faubourg Daunois, and once as she entered the cottage; her look, however, betrayed no interest in the movements of him who followed. I retraced my steps to the city, wearied, dispirited, hopeless!

CHAPTER III.

A few mornings after the occurrences related in a previous chapter, I seized my hat, cane and gloves, and sallied forth upon the Levee. It was a beautiful morning in June, and the whole crescent harbor seemed alive with the bustle of commercial enterprise; clerks were running to and fro, bearing samples of rich produce—bells were ringing—travellers with portmanteaus were hastening across the shell pavement of the Levee to take passage for the cool climes of the north—boats were hissing forth the accustomed signals of departure—others again had got under way and stood out into the stream, the starry flag waving from their signal mast, while the strains of national music came trembling along the water, blent with the trumpet notes of the escaping element, and the wild, clear "yo-hall-ho!" of the boatman's chorus!

I sauntered along endeavoring to abstract my mind from the painful yet pleasant theme upon which it constantly dwelt. The effort was vain—I could think only of Natalie! Her image was ever before me, bright, beautiful, and virtuous; but alas, my mind too conjured up the handsome figure and fine countenance of her accepted lover. I felt jealous and despairing—vain would be my attempt to rival him! What were rank and wealth in the eyes of one so truly possessed of the *mons divina*; for every action of the brunette fleuriste avowed its presence. I felt that all my accomplishments, my sword, my bright epaulettes and plumes created but a passing interest in the breast of the fleuriste, while he the handsome Creole youth occupied the sole affections of her heart. He seemed too, to be a favorite with the old man, her father. I had seen the three walk side by side toward the far superb Clouet.

Can she believe my intentions dishonorable? True, my situation in life is far removed from hers, but have I not always behaved with the most scrupulous respect? And is there any situation too exalted for so much loveliness? Shall I again attempt to see her? I have not been to the

Piazza for several mornings, though the denial cost me many an effort! I can no longer resist the temptation to gaze upon her beauty, though to me as the waters to Tantalus. I shall once more visit her—perhaps my unusual absence may have awakened an interest in my favor! One inquiry as to its cause would mellow the anguish that gnaws at my heart!

With these reflections passing through my mind I neared the great Piazza. The old man as usual was sitting out on the projecting wharf, his eyes bent in the direction of Le Tour Anglais. The river was rushing by red and swollen, and I could frequently see the time-worn pier on which he sat quiver to the force of the current.

I was about to warn him of his danger, but turning toward the Piazza I beheld the brunette arranging her flowers, and the thought vanished from my mind. As I drew near I thought I could perceive a mingled expression of surprise and pleasure lighten up the features of the fleuriste—it was momentary—she is glad, thought I, that I return to purchase her flowers. No! that could not be, for she had once or twice chided me for spending so much money on bouquets—I approached and saluted her. Her reception as usual was civil—I commenced making a selection from the baskets, when to my delight she inquired, "why Monsieur Le Capitaine had been so long absent?" and added that "she feared he had been unwell." She seemed agitated—was it possible that she could be interested for me? I purchased some flowers and left the spot with a lighter heart than I had known for many weeks. Hope had once more dawned upon it.

I had walked only a few paces from the flower stand when my attention was attracted to the firing of heavy guns, and looking in the direction of Le Tour Anglais, I perceived a large frigate under French colors standing up the river, seemingly with the intention of making anchorage opposite the Piazza de Armas.

The old man who had been watching her for some time turned around, and made a signal for the fleuriste to join him, who immediately leaving her flowers walked out on the pier.

Prompted by curiosity I crossed to the nearest range, being the one below that occupied by the fleuriste and her father. As the frigate began to appear opposite the city, the loungers from the cafes and the idlers from the Levee came running out on the wharves to witness the novel sight. Presently a large crowd passed hurriedly out on the pier occupied by the fleuriste and her father, the old timbers groaned and bent beneath the heavy tread—there were heard shouts of "hold! hold! the pier is giving way!" then followed a loud crash—a scream—shouts and oaths,

and in an instant the whole party were precipitated into the deep, red current!

I could see the eyes of the brunette turned upon me as she sunk beneath the surface—I lost not a moment, but plunging into the river struck out for the spot where she had disappeared—she soon came up again, and throwing out her arm as though by an effort pointed to her father who had risen at some distance. A sailor was about to rescue him—I heeded not—I perilled life only for her! I swam toward her, but before I could reach the spot she had disappeared a second time beneath the wave! Wild with despair I struck out where I supposed the current might carry her, and dropped myself into a perpendicular position so as to intercept her floating form. I waited the result—something pressed against my knees! I dived—but unsuccessfully! the object was borne on by the rapid current—I swam wildly to intercept it—I again stood upright in the water—again the object touched me—I dived once more, and returned to the surface with the insensible form of Natalie in my arms! Words cannot express my feelings at that moment—even in the cold wave my heart thrilled with rapture at the embrace! It seemed the crowning of an age of bliss! I am an excellent swimmer—the fishermen of the Gulf of Lyons can testify to this—I struck for the shore with my lovely prize, but before I could reach it we were picked up by a ship's boat that had rowed in for the purpose. I used every means to restore the fainting Natalie, and in a short time sensibility returned.

"Dost thou not know me, Natalie?" said the old man bending over her, and raising her in his arms. She seemed to recognize him, her soul was fast returning into its channels, and in a short time perception was completely restored.

Having procured a carriage, I seated myself beside the brunette and her father, and accompanied by the sailor who had rescued the old man, we drove for the Faubourg Clouet. Time may mellow but can never efface the looks of gratitude (and might I say love?) that beamed from those liquid eyes. He alone who has saved the life or honor of a lovely maiden can know what transport, what rapture it is to be the sole object of the wild devotion of a female heart! From that moment I lived—I became intoxicated with visions of happiness, nor did a thought of the absent lover Luis arise to mar my dreams of bliss!

We reached the Faubourg Clouet and entered the cottage of Adolphe de Launçais—for such was the name of Natalie's father—the fleuriste retired to her chamber and medical assistance was called. I staid for sometime conversing with de Launçais, and was much surprised to find him not only a man of education but of travel and

experience. He was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, but they were delivered in such a manner as proved how deeply he felt them. As I arose to depart the door suddenly opened from without, and Luis, the lover and rival, entered—I attempted to avoid him, when to my surprise the young man rushed up, and grasping me by the hand, ardently thanked me for having saved the life of his sister!

"And," said I, unable to restrain myself, "is Natalie your sister?"

"Certainly," said he, somewhat puzzled by the manner of the interrogatory. "I have been up on the Piazza and heard the whole of it—ah! Monsieur Le Capitaine, but for you my little Natalie would now have been no more—and my father too—thanks, my brave fellow, thanks!" said he, turning to the sailor, and warmly shaking him by the hand—"we are too poor at present to offer what I am convinced you would not accept, a reward, but you must come and stay with us while your ship is in port—you shall here find a home and a welcome!"

The old tar was affected almost to tears. We prepared to depart—as I entered the carriage, young de Launçais took my hand in an affectionate manner.

"Monsieur Le Capitaine, you will not think our home too poor to be honored by your presence? I have heard of your kind heart—the little Natalie has told me of your fondness for flowers—she may not sell any more in the Piazza. It is her own choice as our garden supplies plenty; we can live without it—but should she, Monsieur Le Capitaine, do not insult her by offering hereafter to pay for them—choose the fairest—the best—but do not offer money!"

"Would that I might choose the fairest of those flowers!" The carriage at that moment drove off, but as it turned the angle of the street I could see young de Launçais standing where I had left him looking after me in surprise. My parting words had mystified him.

CHAPTER IV.

At an early hour next morning I was in the Piazza. Natalie was not there. The place seemed lonely without her. It was pleasant, however, to linger near a spot that had become to me so interesting.

There was the dark-eyed Italian Frutero with his heaps of oranges and pine-apples, plantains and guavas; there was the moustached Spaniard, with cigappos, macheros and Guayaquil hats, and there too were the parrots swinging in their cages, and looking as wise as though they understood all that was going on around them; the bouquetiers were standing by their baskets, but the fairest

flower of them all was not there. I stopped a moment opposite the deserted stand, some withered roses, the scattered remains of yesterday's collection, were lying on the little table. There were several inscriptions on the smooth surface that seemed the work of leisure moments, executed with striking taste; representations of flower baskets filled with flowers—bouquets, and some couplets in French which not only displayed good penmanship on the part of the writer, but a taste for the finest poetry.

As I glanced over the inscriptions, a figure near the corner of the table arrested my attention. It was a drawing representing the flower of the hyacinth, and underneath were the letters H. A. D. Good heavens! is it possible that these were meant for the initials of my name, Henry Auguste Durand? Can Natalie ever have thus thought of me previous to the occurrence of yesterday?

"How is Natalie, Monsieur Le Capitaine?" inquired a little quadroon with dark, fiery eyes, who kept a flower stand in the Plaza, and who had been a witness to my saving the life of the fleuriste. Before I could reply a large, green parrot who hung overhead repeated the inquiry—another followed, and another, until along the whole line ran the query, "how is Natalie, Monsieur Le Capitaine?" It seemed as though the very birds felt an interest in the welfare of the little brunette fleuriste. Amused with the incident, I retraced my steps toward the Hotel de Norte Americane.

The following morning and I was again in the Plaza—I approached the stand of the fleuristes. Natalie was not there. A beautiful bouquet lay upon the table—"how came it there?" inquired I from the quadroon.

"They had been brought by Luis, the Creole," was her answer, at the same time handing me a note addressed "Le Capitaine Durand." I opened the note and read—

"Will Capitaine Durand accept the accompanying bouquet of flowers?"

LUIS DE LAUNCAIS.

I took up the flowers, they were of the rarest kind, arranged with exquisite taste; in the centre of the bouquet was a hyacinth—a flower for which I had often, in the hearing of Natalie, expressed my partiality. I felt that for me the fingers of the brunette had arranged those flowers, and the thought filled me with pride and pleasure.

As I turned the bouquet in my hand I detected a small strip of paper rolled upon the stem of the hyacinth: taking it out I read—

"Will Capitaine Durand wear the hyacinth?" There was no signature, but the writing was that of a female hand, and I doubt not that it was

Natalie. Child of innocence, she loves me then, and has not the art to conceal it! She loves me—thrilling thought! Yes, dearest Natalie, it shall be worn over a bosom filled only with affection for the donor. But am I deceiving myself? and with the doubt—I re-read the paper. Is there aught here but the warm expressions of a maiden's gratitude? With these doubts and reflections passing in my mind I returned to my hotel. I had made up my resolution to visit her. Having ordered my horse I started, accompanied by my servant, for the far suburb. At a brisk gallop we passed down the Levee, crossed through Clouet, and stopped before the cottage of de Launcais. Leaving my horse in charge of the servant, I entered the cottage—no one was visible, but the door which led into the flower garden in the rear stood open—the inmates evidently were in the garden. I passed through the open door which commanded a view of the enclosure. On one side the old man was engaged in watering some lilies, but my eye roamed elsewhere, and I recognized the form of the brunette in an arbor of oranges. In a moment I was beside her—she seemed embarrassed by my presence, and would have retreated.

"Stay but for one moment, dearest Natalie!" I could no longer restrain myself—"stay and listen to me—since our first interview you alone have been the sole object of my thoughts—I love, nay, adore you—forgive me for thus abruptly avowing what I am no longer able to conceal—I offer you my hand—if you cannot return my love, oh, do not condemn my life to misery by an absolute refusal—leave me still some hope!"

This, as near as I can recollect, was my declaration. She listened to me with attention, and without withdrawing the fair hand which in my fervor I had seized, she replied, though her clear voice trembled.

"Can Monsieur Le Capitaine forget that his situation in life is far above that of her whom he has honored with the offer of his hand?"

"Say not so, I am but a soldier of fortune, whom to-morrow may leave penniless—yet would not infinite wealth overmatch so much beauty—so much virtue—speak, dearest Natalie—hold me not in this torturing suspense—is there a hope?" She stood a moment with her beauteous face averted, while the hand that still remained in mine trembled to the touch—that moment seemed an age—an age of anticipation—my breath became suspended—my heart beat at long intervals, and I felt as one waiting for the sentence of life or death—she turned her eyes upon me with the smile of a seraph—I shall never forget that look—and in a soft, sweet voice pronounced "there is!" I know not what

I may have said—I clasped her wildly to my heart, and kissed the lips that had breathed forth the glad words. It was the happiest moment of my life!

CHAPTER V.

NEXT day I sat in the cottage alone with de Launçais. "Captain Durand," said he in answer to a very formal request I had made, "your attentions to my daughter have not passed unobserved—and the little Natalie has made me acquainted with the nature of your interview of yesterday—she loves you—you have declared yourself willing to become her husband—I will not stand between you and your wishes, yet ere I part with a gem peerless and priceless, I would request the fulfilment on your part of certain conditions. Mark me—I only request it. Accede to my terms, and my daughter is yours, refuse my request and I must still acknowledge that you have fairly won her—I shall not endeavor to keep her from you."

"Name the conditions!" said I eagerly, "and if possible and compatible with my honor, they shall be fulfilled."

Drawing his chair closer to me, and requesting my promise of secrecy, the old man continued—

"The family of de Launçais have not always been the inmates of a cottage. I am one of the unfortunates of St. Domingo, in which island, previous to the breaking out of the insurrection, I was the proprietor of a large estate in the neighborhood of Leogane. I was one of the wealthiest of St. Domingo's wealthy planters, and at the commencement of the revolution held in my possession a large amount in gold coin, besides a valuable property in plate and jewelry. Fearing an attack from the insurrectionists, I took the precaution to deposit most of this treasure in a small vault in the garden of my chateau, the entrance of which was concealed from observation, and known only to myself and my son Luis. It was so placed that it could be taken up at a moment's warning as soon as an opportunity offered of our leaving the island. Our house was attacked in the night by a tumultuary rabble, and by the assistance of a faithful slave, (since dead) myself and children narrowly escaped with our lives in an open boat. I was compelled to leave the treasure—since that time I dared not return to the island, as my presence there would ensure my death, and for years have I been in search of some one in whom I could repose sufficient confidence to assist my son Luis in recovering my wealth. The treasure is large, and I could not, therefore, make known its existence to a stranger, besides the difficulty of reaching it will require the utmost caution—and failure will ensure the loss not only of the property, but also of the lives

of those who may adventure. To you I would entrust that commission. I do not make its execution the price of my daughter's hand, yet would I wish to bestow along with that hand a dowry suitable to her birth and family."

It is unnecessary to say that I embraced the proposal, and after having received the necessary directions from de Launçais, prepared to depart. I obtained leave of absence from my duties, and with the assistance of Luis we were soon ready to embark. I had chartered a small Spanish goleta, and engaged a crew consisting of the sailor who had saved de Launçais, two others, and two gens d'armes—men whom I had proved worthy of trust. These, with Luis and myself, who alone knew the nature of the enterprize, comprised our company. After bidding farewell to her, the lovely prize that was to crown my exertions, we stood down the river, and soon cleared the Passes. On the fifth night after we had taken our departure from the Balize, our little goleta (called the Donna Inez) lay in the bight of Leogane opposite, and about half a mile from that shore called by Columbus the "Vale of Paradise."

Favorable to our scheme the night was dark, yet even through the gloom we could see a fine looking chateau fronting the bay, which had once been the mansion of the de Launçais, and which was now the object of our visit. About midnight leaving the schooner in charge of a seaman, we dropped our boat and rowed silently for the shore. All seemed asleep. We disembarked in a small cove, and leaving the boat fastened, we clambered up the rocks. Passing among groves of palm and plantain trees we reached an enclosure which had evidently been the parterre of the chateau, though now the fine paling was thrown down and some horses and mules were running wild over the sward—on one side of this enclosure was a lane fenced by jessamine hedges, and overshadowed by luxuriant orange trees. Keeping up this lane we reached the paling which formed the garden fence—this too was broken down, and the whole enclosure, even in the darkness, exhibited marks of the desolating rule under which the land was laboring. Here we stopped to reconnoitre the house which from this point was visible. Lights were glaring from the windows, and rude voices occasionally heard in oath echoed along the piazzas. A party of soldiers were evidently carousing in the chateau, and as the point of our destination was in the centre of an orange coppice directly under the windows, we saw that the utmost caution would be required to reach it. As force was now out of the question we prepared to obtain the treasure by stratagem. Luis was familiarly acquainted

with the locality of the vault, having known it from a child. Leaving the four men concealed among the shrubbery, we crept stealthily toward the spot. At intervals the light from the windows of the chateau flashed upon us, and we were under the necessity of lying flat on our faces so as to escape observation. We could see the figures of men, mostly negroes, in uniform, and mulatto women passing and repassing along the corridors, and hear their rude jests, accompanied with oaths, and the clinking of glasses. We reached the coppice, here we were secure from being observed, and by the directions which I had received from the elder de Launçais, I should at once have found the vault. Luis, however, knew it well. The entrance was concealed by some loose rocks that had evidently lain undisturbed for years. We soon removed these and came to a broad flag in which were two iron rings. This with some difficulty we succeeded in raising, and underneath discovered the object of our search, consisting of plate and coin to a large amount. After placing it in bags which we had brought with us for the purpose, we commenced our retreat to join the party in the shrubbery. As the immense weight of the treasure prevented our crawling along the ground, the danger of returning from the coppice was much increased. We were obliged to walk erect, and, therefore, more liable to be seen from the piazza. There was no alternative, and we emerged from the friendly shade of the orange trees. We had reached but a few paces in the direction of the lane, when a watch dog that had been prowling through the garden detected us, and immediately set up a loud baying. Some one hailed him from the house, but as he continued to bark furiously several persons came out on the piazza carrying lamps. The light flashing upon our faces discovered us to the party in the corridor, who immediately set up the cry, "*Les blancs! les blancs!*" and started in pursuit. Further attempt at concealment was now useless, and running toward the lane we gave the signal to our companions whom we found ready to receive us. No time was to be lost—entrusting the bags to two of the men, the remaining four of us formed to cover their retreat. About thirty blacks were in pursuit, and more were issuing from the chateau—I could see their naked swords gleaming in the light that came from the windows. Taking good aim our party fired. I saw several of the negroes fall, and heard their groans and curses. Staggered by the unexpected reception the pursuing party stopped. This was for us the critical moment, and taking advantage of it we ran down the dark lane and reached the boat where the two men

with the treasure had already arrived. We had not, however, one moment to spare, the pursuers were already on the beach. I was the last to enter the boat. As I stepped over the gunwale a huge mulatto dressed in the uniform of an officer of the Haytian republic, rushed into the water and made a thrust at me. As I turned to parry it my foot slipped and the sword of the negro passed through my right arm making a deep flesh wound, and completely disabling me. He was about to repeat the thrust—I was at his mercy when a pistol flashed, followed by the quick report—the mulatto threw up his arms, staggered a step toward the beach, and fell with a heavy splash upon the water. Luis de Launçais had repaid me for the life of his sister.

Before any other of the pursuing party could reach us the little shallop was gliding out toward the schooner which we reached in safety. No time was to be lost as the negroes were getting out their boats, and we could hear their threats and execrations across the water. The breeze luckily was blowing from the land, and in a few minutes the goleta, under full sail, was standing toward the distant island of Gonaïves. We were detained in the gulf by contrary winds, and it was ten days before we made the Passes of the Balize. The fever caused by my wound had been gradually increasing, and before we reached the city reason had forsaken me—I was delirious.

I can recall nothing that passed during my delirium. All seemed like a troubled dream, in which demons strove to torture me, but were prevented by the interference of a lovely being my guardian angel. When I awoke to reason I found myself lying on a couch in a spacious chamber elegantly furnished. An ottoman stood in the centre, while mirrors and rich tapestry adorned the walls. Flowers were strewed over the ottoman, and around my couch were placed bouquets of hyacinth and orange blossoms. A large glass folding door was in front. It stood open, but curtains of blue silk were suspended over the door-way to mellow the light. The cool breeze playing into the chamber at intervals flung up the silken fold, and I could gain a glimpse of the scene without. It was the loveliest prospect I had ever beheld. An elegant marble fountain was playing in front of the window—the orange tree hung its boughs over the basin, and dipped its golden fruit in the crystal water—while groves of lemon and laurel stretched away on the green bosom of the parterre, beyond the broad river was rolling silently on, its wave burnished by the beam of the setting sun, whose lower limb had disappeared behind the dark foliage of the distant cypress wood. The varied lay of the mock-bird, blent with the

deep, clear notes of the oriole, and the rippling murmur of the fountain filled the air with music and melody.

While I was gazing on the fair prospect a side door gently opened, and turning my head I beheld—the guardian angel of my dreams—the brilliant, the beautiful Natalie de Launcais!

It is fifteen years since that time. I am now writing in that same chamber, and at intervals gazing on the same lovely landscape. The fountain still flings its crystal jet into the marble basin—the orange spreads as ever its golden foliage—and the broad river still rolls silently on. Yet is there some change—a fine mansion (the chateau of Luis de Launcais) stands on the opposite bank of the river, which fifteen years ago was not there—and two young Creoles with flashing eyes and raven locks are playing on the green sward of the parterre. A female form bends over the balustrade and watches their gambols—she appears to be the young mother—a smile is playing upon her red lips, and her sunny eyes flash with fondness. How lovely she seems! she never looked more beautiful! not even when first seen as the *brunette fleuriste of the Piazza de Armas!*

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT

FOR HER HUSBAND LOST AT SEA.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

I HEAR thy spirit calling unto me
From out the deep,
Like lost ARCHYTAS' from Venetia's sea,
While I here weep!
Saying, come, strew my body with the sand,
And bury me upon the land, the land!
Oh! never, never more! no, never more!
Lost in the deep!
Wilt thy sweet beauty visit this dull shore
Where I now weep!
For thou art gone forever more from me,
Sweet mariner! lost—murdered by the Sea!
Ever—forever more, bright, glorious one!
Drowned in the deep!
In springtime—Summer—Winter—all alone—
Must I here weep!
Thou spirit of my soul! thou light of life!
While thou art absent, SHELLEY! from thy wife!
I stand on the lone shore upon the sand,
Oh! mighty deep!
And look afar off from this silent land,
And weep, weep, weep!
And wonder not that some have called thee God,
But how they thought thou wert the blest abode!
If thou art God, thou art no God of mine—
No, mighty deep!
But if thou wilt return that form divine,
For whom I weep!

Like poor Moldivians, I will call thee dear.
And offer perfumes to thee every year!

Ambrosial pleasure once to contemplate
Thy power, great deep!

Possess my soul! but ever more shall hate,
While I here weep!

Crowd out thy memory from my soul, oh, Sea!
For killing him who was so dear to me!

He was the incarnation of pure truth,
Oh! mighty deep!

And thou did'st murder him in prime of youth,
For whom I weep!

And, murdering him, did'st more than murder me.
Who was my heaven on earth, oh! treacherous Sea!

My spirit wearied not to succor his,
Oh! mighty deep!

The oftener done the greater was the bliss!
But now I weep!

And where his beauty lay, unceasing pain
Now dwells—my heart can know no joy again!

God of my fathers! God of that bright one
Lost in the deep!

Shall we not meet again beyond the sun,
No more to weep?

Yes, I shall meet him there—the lost—the bright—
The glorious SHELLEY! spring of my delight!

Like Orion on some dark, Autumnal night,
Above the deep!

I see his soul look down from heaven—how bright!
While I here weep!

And there, like Hesperus, the stars of even
Beacon my soul away to him in heaven!

TO MISS ———,

ON DRINKING FROM MY GLASS.

BY HENRY ELLIOTT BROWNE.

DRINK from the cup once more—
Make sweeter by those lips the wine;
And if the draught with me thou share,
The spell thy lips left floating there
May rest awhile on mine.

Then leave upon the brim
For me a sweet and holy kiss,
And then the gloom my spirit wears,
That midnight gloom of love's deep cares
Shall change to passion's bliss.

As oil thrown on the waves
When storms are battling with the ocean,
Lulls them to sleep—so on the cup
From thee shall float the spell of hope
To calm my soul's emotion.

Then let me press the brim,
And as I touch the sparkling wine
I'll think the past is all a dream,
Thy coldness feigned, and once more deem
That hope may yet be mine.

GOING TO BOARD.

BY MRS. JANE D. BALWIN.

SHADOWS, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
 CHACON A SON GOUT. ADDISON.
 OLD PROVERB.

I HAVE often thought with surprise on the very slight reasons (if they deserve the name,) which cause so many of our citizens to weary of house-keeping, sell off elegant and expensive furniture, and resort to a practice at which our grandmothers would have held up their hands in astonishment, but one now warranted by custom, viz: "going to board." For where can a man returning from the business of the day, whatever that business may be, often tired, sometimes dispirited, hope to find that same peace and quiet from the world's cares, as in the privacy of his own home? And how little regard for her husband's happiness must that wife have, who, rather than "*immure herself*" within the seclusion of a peaceful, retired home, drags him, against his own judgment and inclination, to some fashionable boarding-house, giving to her submissive spouse these arguments to overbalance all his objections—"as long as we keep house we are subject to annoyance from the negligence of servants: besides, really, my dear, for the same money that is required to keep house, we could board in a very fashionable house in the best part of the city. And only think on its advantages—no domestic occupation, no cares. I should then have more time to practice my almost forgotten music, while I feel assured that the disappointments and annoyances arising from difficulties with servants will be the ruin of my already shattered nerves." This last appeal added to the allusion to her music—an accomplishment in which she had from long years of close application attained a rare excellence, but which had ever since their marriage been neglected—prevails. The indulgent husband gives an unwilling consent to sell off their furniture and go to board, bartering away peace and quiet for splendor. Alas, for him!

Poor man, ere two months, he has to bear with more petty grievances, more inattention and neglect from waiters and chamber-maids than fell to his lot in a year in his own house. His wife, however, has gained her point, the odious house-keeping has been given up; she now adjusts her curls and dresses for dinner, a practice that had become obsolete when there was no one but *just her husband* to see it. Pity that the great object, *marriage*, once attained, for which young ladies torture their hair, dress, and endure the agony of practicing a thousand little amiabilities, they

should so soon learn to consider their husbands as no longer gentlemen!

Nor is this custom by any means confined to people of *pretensions*. People of no pretensions are to be found, who, for some particular motive, some darling object in view, will sell off the furniture which cost so much bargaining and long waiting and *pinching* to obtain. The old chairs and toilet covers worked by their grandmothers, are, without a second thought, consigned with "*the rest of the lumber*," to the hammer. "But what of it," says the wife, "is it not a more easy life when one has six little children to attend to, to board than to keep house?" And the poor submissive husband, like the one above cited, for "suffering seems to be the badge of all their tribe," consents, reluctant to quit the happy home of his boyish days, the house where his old father died, to rent it to a stranger that his wife may luxuriate in indolence.

He must send his two eldest boys to a boarding-school, and the two eldest girls to his old maiden aunt in the country, the two youngest being all that the lady of the boarding-house can be prevailed on to take. He is a kind, indulgent father who would gladly have superintended the education of his children, were his wife a capable, a judicious mother, but now he has to send them to a distant boarding-school: he is domestic in his habits, but now he has no home to come to when the toils of the day are past. A boarding-house parlor agrees not with his old fashioned notions of quiet and privacy, and when he would take refuge from its jargon of stocks and politics in his own room, long before he reaches the door he is arrested by the screaming of both children, aided by the little slipshod Irish girl, singing as she rocks the baby, "there came to the beach a poor exile of Erin." On enquiring for his wife he is informed "the mistress til git out o' havin o' the childher had gone acrost the enthy til the lady's room forminst." In vain he endeavors to quiet the children: tired and dispirited, there remains no alternative but to return to the noisy parlor, or go from room to room in quest of his wife.

How little must such a wife value her husband's comfort: and how many such men, of steady business habits, temperate, economical and with bright prospects of "*rising in the world*," kind husbands and indulgent fathers, have been driven to seek for happiness, or rather forgetfulness abroad, when they had no longer a home of their own to go to.

The next mania of which I would take notice is the practice of quitting large and airy houses in the city for two months every summer to board out in low, farm-houses, for the sake of pure air, i. e. because it is fashionable to do so. This

custom compels them to leave a commodious house, attentive servants and clean streets, for dusty roads and irregular and badly cooked meals; large beds and mattresses, for cots and feather beds; lofty ceilings, and window-sashes that if required at night will slide down from above, for low roofs on which the sun had blazed mercilessly all day, and windows of four panes nailed in the frames, so that having no ventilation these small sleeping rooms may not inaptly be compared to as many ovens; yet such is the force of custom that the same people who tried country lodgings last year and the year before, will again this summer, with only the difference of changing the place.

I once, at one of these fashionable rustivating places, (four miles out of town) met with an intelligent southern lady, a widow, who had been detained by indisposition while passing through the village to New Haven, where her children were at school. This lady by way of comforting me for the many privations which I suffered from want of books, or any work of sufficient interest to occupy me, causing my time to drag most wearily along, told me of *her experience*, as she called it, in boarding during the summer months in farm-houses, adding, "be of good cheer, you have been here two weeks—the balance of the time will be soon past. I do not tell you of my experience to frighten you, but merely because 'misery loves company.'"

"It is about four years since I left New Orleans, bringing my little family to the north as much for their health as for the advantages it possesses over the south in point of education. I took a neat little cottage in the town of B——, having in my eyes two great recommendations, viz: its proximity to the church and school-house, where I lived in the utmost retirement. It is true, at first, all the village gossips called on errands of discovery to ask *who* I was, *where* I came from, and who *maintained* me while here, *when* I was to return home, how old I was, and the age of my father and mother? But when they saw their calls received with cold civility—and none of them returned—these evils ceased to exist, the acquaintance formed on all sides soon died a natural death, and I was again left to undisturbed enjoyment of my books, my music, and the society of my children. Matters thus went on smoothly till spring, when in the month of May, being really unwell, I followed the advice of my physician who recommended me to quit house-keeping for a few weeks, and try boarding in some pleasantly situated farm-house.

"One was particularly recommended as being near a much frequented summer bathing place. The terms were soon arranged, and leaving my

little family in charge of a respectable elderly female, whom I had engaged to keep house during my absence, I *started*, as we Americans say, for the little watering place of Algiers.

"Being early in the season, I was the first boarder to arrive. A neat airy room overlooking the bay was allotted me, the ceiling moderately high, and the four windows of a size a marvel in the country. Two of these opened into a rather pretty garden. This being my first trial of country boarding, I was as long as the little stock of books which I had brought lasted, quite content. The board, it is true, after the first day was nothing to boast of, but that I forgave, having a good supply of crackers and guava jelly with me, which served in the double capacity of lunch and dinner. I got through the first three days comfortably enough considering the excessive heat; for the dining-room was merely the kitchen, the huge fire-place being divided from the part where the table was set by a screen; when I add to this that the sun shone in at both breakfast and dinner through open and uncurtained windows, you may know that the heat was oppressive.

"On the afternoon of the third day, on my return from a walk on the beach, I saw a carriage at the door and the usual accompaniments of a country party, crying children, a nurse—trunks and band-boxes lumbering the hall as the narrow entry was called. Hurrying up stairs to be out of the way, judge my surprise on finding Mrs. Process (the lady of the house) and her two nieces at work in my room, carrying out my books, work-basket, trunk, &c.: Mrs. Process was herself busily employed changing the sheets and pillow-cases on my bed. On enquiring the cause of this expulsion, Mrs. Process, with the utmost sang froid, told me that 'the new-comers wished for this room, and as it could not make much difference to me, and as it would have been a great disadvantage to *her* to have lost them, she had given it up to them.'

"Where there was no redress complaint was useless, and I was thus *sans ceremonie* removed to a small room containing two beds—one of which was pointed out as mine, (her two nieces slept in the other.) In vain I remonstrated against a feather bed. I was told with the utmost complacency that the only mattress in the house was that belonging to the room just vacated. What could be said to anything as conclusive as this?

"The family just arrived consisted of Mrs. Prie, the wife of an eminent New York divine, her mother, two children and servant. Mrs. Prie was an amiable and accomplished woman, who laughed while she commiserated me, when a week after I related to her how unceremoniously I had been deposed to make room for

her. She then jestingly observed, 'it would be her turn next;' and so it turned out; for, the next day's steamboat brought a letter from a family in New York, who wished to engage board for one month. The offer was too tempting to be refused, and a polite answer, stating Mrs. Process' readiness to receive them, was sent by the next day's mail, vaunting at the same time the advantage of sea breeze and accommodations, although the only two bed-rooms in the house were at the time crowded. So *where* this other family were to be lodged passed my comprehension.

"While the impossibility of the thing was running in my head with my very limited ideas of what country lodging keepers *can* do on a pinch, Mrs. Prie came to me with a face of wonderment to *where* the new-comers *could* be stowed away, I replied by saying that I had intended to ask her the very same question. While the matter was in agitation between us, Mrs. Process made her appearance to say that she had written to New York and expected the other family to-morrow, that she had arranged it that they were to have the large room. 'Where was Mrs. Prie and mother to sleep?' 'In *that* bed,' pointing to the one where her two nieces slept. 'And your nieces?' 'Oh! Lucy can sleep at a neighbors, and Lydia can sleep with this here lady,' turning to me. 'And the children?' 'Why I can make a *shake down* on the floor for them.'

"Thus had this accommodating lady arranged everything quite to her own satisfaction. *Ours* was a matter of small consequence. The new owners not being expected till the next day, Mrs. Prie was to remain in undisturbed possession of her room for that night; but much to Mrs. Process' surprise, she was summoned early the next morning by Mrs. Prie's servant to her mistress' room, and a request made to bring up her bill. At first she doubted if she heard aright, but on seeing her neighbor Jones' wagon at the door, she could no longer doubt the evidence of *both* senses. In vain she clamored of her disappointment—of Mrs. Prie breaking her engagement, and of the expense incurred in fitting up her house. Mrs. Prie was inflexible, and insisted on immediately having her bill made out. In a half hour I waved my handkerchief to this amiable family, as they passed the piazza puffing and plashing their way back to the city—happy in their return from country lodgings.

"The family who that morning arrived to take possession of the room so suddenly vacated by Mrs. Prie, consisted of Mrs. Wain, a beautiful and most amiable woman, and six lovely children. Her husband, the Rev. Dr. Wain, accompanied them, and remained two days. One of her little girls slept with me, while the babe slept

or rather lay awake, and cried (as well it might) with its nurse on a '*shake down*' in the entry, the remaining children being accommodated in a similar manner in their mother's room.

"About a week after their arrival, I saw what appeared to my sharpened vision as a note of preparation in the shape of two old fire-screens which Mr. Process was patching one above the other at the upper end of the entry. This done, the next question was, where was a door to be got that would fit the intervening space between the screen and entry partition? After much essaying and consultation, the milk-room door was unbinged and fitted into the space, thereby forming a small room. On returning to my apartment after dinner, I saw that my wash-stand and feather bed had been removed. Turning to go down stairs to enquire after it, I met with the indefatigable Mrs. Process in the entry. 'What have you done with my bed?' I asked. 'I have taken *them* for a rheumatic sea-captain, who I expect to-morrow. Awhile ago you said you did not like feather beds in summer, and preferred sleeping on a mattress. I have had the under bed filled with nice, fresh straw: and as to the wash-stand, gentlemen always look for one when they lodge out, while I thought it would be no great *incommodement* to you, as you could just as well come down of a morning to the kitchen to wash.' Annoyed beyond all bearing, I left the house the next morning, with a lighter heart than I had possessed since leaving my own comfortable home."

Thus Mrs. Blanc concluded her description of the miseries which had attended her essay at boarding in country houses, and I could not but agree with her, from what I had seen in "mine own experience," that it is but a poor substitute for the Springs or the Sea-Shore; and I feel quite certain that I will not again be easily induced to relinquish all the comforts to be met with in a city for the meagre hope held out of "fresh air" in the country.

THE HAND OF LOVE.

BY JANE T. BRADFORD.

THERE is a silent hand of love
That calms the storm to rest—
That makes the angry clouds remove,
And smoothes the ocean's breast.

'TIS seen amid the splendid hues
That in the rainbow meet—
It paints the spray with pearly dew,
Perfumes the flowers so sweet.

We see its impress on the sky,
In fields with verdure crowned—
'TIS heard in nature's burst of joy,
It circles earth around.

OUR FEMALE POETS No. IV.

LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

THIS delightful poet is a native of Middletown, Connecticut. At an early age she evinced decided natural abilities. Her father, who was a mechanic in comfortable circumstances, was himself a man of some talent, and, taking pride in his daughter's intellect, he strove to cultivate it to the utmost by education. She acquired a knowledge of all the useful studies then taught to girls; besides learning needlework, drawing and painting, of which last she was particularly fond. She also devoted a portion of her leisure to the cultivation of music, and soon became a performer on the piano and viol. She even began the study of Latin, in which she made some little progress.

When she had attained her seventeenth year, her father removed to the vicinity of Canandaigua, New York, then comparatively a wild district. Here she remained until her marriage; a circumstance that took place in her eighteenth year. She now removed to Tioga county, Pennsylvania, in the very heart of the wilderness, there being, at first, no neighbor within five miles. In this place she has since continued to reside. Her life has been checkered with sorrows above those usually allotted to her sex; but she has borne up against all with fortitude and resignation. The claims of a large family, and the unavoidable privations of a border life, have left her comparatively few of the opportunities enjoyed by her sister poets, to achieve distinction in song: though the high rank she takes in, in consequence the more deserved.

While still a child she began to write verses, which she sang to wild airs of her own composing. But for many years the gift was exercised only for her own solace, or the gratification of her friends. At length, about 1827, a travelling preacher obtained copies of several of her poems which he caused to be published. They attracted attention, and her contributions were solicited by various newspapers. Her fame spread, and finally she began to write for "The Southern Literary Messenger." This introduced her, at once, to the notice of our eastern cities, whose *fat* is decisive, but where hitherto she had been almost unknown. The consequence was an appreciation of her many high qualities as a poet by those best calculated to judge; and a reputation that has suffered no diminution by the test of years.

Her poems do not seem to be the result of excessive labor, like those of Mr. Longfellow, which are shaped and polished by a thousand

nice touches: on the contrary she appears to write on the spur of the moment, and many of her pieces evince a haste that is to be regretted. From a letter now lying before us we learn that she has often stolen out into the woods to compose verses, using the trunk of a fallen tree for a writing desk. Burns, it will be remembered, made his best poems walking by the river-side; and the circumstances in which "To Mary in Heaven" originated, must be familiar to our readers.

We have said that the poems of Mrs. Peirson seem as if written on the spur of the moment. To this fact, that they come glowing from the heart, much of their power and originality is to be traced. They are not destitute of imagination, and that often of the highest kind; but the fancy is only called in to aid the thought, and not to supply its place. Her poems are not fantastic creations, in which brilliancy is substituted for depth; but earnest and often melancholy out-breakings of a heart, gifted alike with the warmest emotions and the genius to express them eloquently. Our hand has just lighted on one of her earlier productions which forcibly illustrates this characteristic. It is entitled "The White Rose." We give the concluding six stanzas.

"Oh! this is not my native land,
Nor thou my own white blossom'd tree;
Nor was it that dear gentle hand,
A mother's hand, that planted thee.

When I forsook my native halls,
Where weeping memory lingers yet;
Thy blossoms clustered round the walls,
With morning's purest dew-drops wet.

And that sweet friend, so young and fair,
That clung to me with grief oppress;
Had thy white blossoms in her hair,
And on her purer, whiter breast.

Since then I've been condemned to roam,
And weep along the world's black lea;
I never found a second home,
A friend like her, a rose like thee.

When the strong spirit writhes and burns,
And the weak heart o'erflows with tears,
How promptly keen-eyed memory turns
Toward the home of early years.

There clinging round its first fond loves,
And weeping o'er its careless hours,
Thro' halls and groves, and fields it roves,
And lingers with its favorite flowers."

This might, in some of the verses, be improved in expression, but the earnest sadness which pervades it could not be more eloquent. In the same strain are the following stanzas, taken from a poem, (also an early one) on the Wild Jessamine.

"Those sisters, young and fair,
Who climbed with me the height,
And twined amid their hair
Thy blossoms, sweet and bright;
Warm, innocent and true
Were all our young hearts then!
The world has touched them now—
They cannot bloom again.

But when I chance to meet
By mountain, stream, or grove,
Some blossom, wild and sweet,
That we were wont to love—
It wakens all the dreams
Of unsuspecting years;
*And life's young rainbow gleams
A moment through her tears.*

These poems betray the writer's mind, better than anything we could say. There is one more, of similar character, before us, with which we shall close this part of the subject. A friend writing to Mrs. Peirson used these words, "Sing on, you will win the wreath of fame; if not in life, it will bloom gloriously over your tomb." She soon after composed the following poem:

"Tis not for fame. I know I may not win
A wreath from high Parnassus, for my name
Is written on the page of humble life,
From which the awarders of the laurel crown
Avert their eyes with scorn. I have felt
The mildew of affliction—the east wind
Of withering contempt—the pelting storms
Of care, and toil, and poverty, and woe,
In almost every form. I too have known
The darkness of bereavement; and keen pangs
Which woman may not utter, though her heart
Consume amid their fierceness, and her brain
Burn to a living cinder. Though the wound
Which is so hard to bear, lie festering deep
Within her outrag'd spirit. Though her sighs
Disturb the quiet of the blessed night,
Whose sweet dews cool and soothe the fever'd breast
Of every other mourner. Though she pour
The flood of life's sweet fountain out in tears
Along her desert pathway—while the blooms
Of health, and hope, and joy, that should have fed
Upon its gushing waters and rich dew,
Lie wither'd in her bosom, breathing forth
The odors of a crush'd and wasted heart,
That cannot hope for soothing or redress,
Save in the quiet bosom of the grave.

* * * * *

"Tis not for fame
That I awaken with my simple lay,
The echoes of the forest. I but sing
As the lone bird that pours her native strain,
Because her soul is made of melody;
Perchance one pensive spirit loves the song,
And lingers in the twilight near the wood,
To list to the plaintive sonnet, which unlocks
The sealed fountain of a hidden grief,
And frees the tears that fall upon his breast
Like gentle rain upon the fainting flow'rs.
That pensive list'ner, or some playful child
May miss the lone bird's song, when her dark wing
Is folded in the calm and silent sleep
Above her broken heart. Then, tho' they weep
In her deserted bower, and hang rich wreaths
Of bright unfading flow'rs above her grave,
What will it profit her, who would have slept
As deep and sweet without them?"

We have also said that the imagination of Mrs. Peirson is often of the highest order. From her poems numerous selections might be made to establish the truth of our assertion; but we shall content ourselves with two or three. In passing, however, we may say that her poems entitled "Saul's Daughter," "Ocean Melodies," and "The Voice of the Lord," all of which appeared in the "Southern Literary Messenger," are particularly characterized by imagination. From

another poem, to the "Northern Light," published in the same periodical, we make the following beautiful extract.

"Whence the thrill,
The indescribable electric thrill,
That rushes through the spirit, as some tone
Of nature's melody awakes the ear;
Or when some balmy zephyr bathes the brow;
Or as the wandering eye marks some rich tint
In summer's rosy garland, when the wind
Bends the elastic grain and slender flow'r;
Or when the rich old forest gently waves
His dark green plumes, answering in majesty
To its impassion'd whisper? When the clouds
Heave up in glorious forms and dazzling hues;
Or lie like sleeping beauty, softly bright;
Or sometimes when the trembling star of eve
Looks lovingly upon us? Is it not
That these things touch some half-unconscious cord
That vibrates with the memories of the past
Ere earth enshrined the spirit? It must be
That in the secret treasury of the mind,
There lies a blazon'd volume, of the scenes,
The trancing beauty and rich hymn of heaven,
With which the spirit was familiar once,
And which it longs for ever; wandering on
Amid the maze of earth, of sense and sin,
Catching at every shadow which appears
In Fancy's magic mirror, like the form
Of some bright bliss which Memory's piercing eye,
Sees in that hidden volume; wailing still
In bitter disappointment, as it grasps
The vain and empty shade, or sees it flit
In smiling scorn away. Just as your wreaths
Of bright Aureorean tints, ye Northern Lights,
Are fading from the Borealean gates
Of heaven's immense cathedral."

One of her best poems is called "The Wanderer," and is founded on the appearance of Jehovah to Moses on Mount Sinai. Of this poem we have heard that Mr. Willis remarked, he had written nothing to compare to it, except "Jephthah's Daughter," which he considered the best of his scriptural poems. We give the conclusion of it that our readers may judge for themselves.

"He rose, went forth, and stood on the sheer rock
Waiting for God's appearing.

Hark! From far
A fearful rushing sound. The heavens grew dark—
Is God approaching? Lo! a strong fierce wind
Rushes upon the mountain, tearing up
The shrubs and herbage from its arid breast;
Lifting huge rocks from their eternal beds,
And dashing them adown the fearful steeps,
With such appalling sounds as if the world
Were falling into atoms; while the wind
Shriek'd terribly amongst the caves, and clefts,
And splinter'd rocks. 'Tis past; and all is still.

God was not in the wind.

Now wakes a sound—
A deep low moaning in the mountain's breast,
Which trembles fearfully, as if she felt
The dreadful presence. Now her bosom heaves
With strange convulsions, and she bellows forth
Her agony, while the eternal rock
On which the servant of Jehovah stood
Shook like a leaf upon the aspen bough,
And mighty rocks fell down, and caverns yawn'd,
And the whole mountain totter'd.

It is past—
God was not in the earthquake.

Lo! there comes
A more appalling wonder. Surely now
The Terrible is near. Surging along
Above the wilderness a flood of fire
Is sweeping tow'rd the mountain. In its way
The atmosphere bursts into whirls of fire
With frightful detonations. 'Tis too much
For mortal man to meet. With pallid fear
He shrunk within his cave. The fire rush'd past
And vanished—But God was not in the fire.

A pure breeze follow'd the fierce element,
Heaven was serene, and on mount Horeb lay
The downy wing of silence. On that calm
There came a *still small voice*. —————
'Tis God! The servant feels his Sovereign nigh.
He wraps his face within his mantle's folds,
And at the entrance of that hallow'd cave,
With head bow'd down, and meek attentive soul,
Converses with Jehovah."

From a poem on "Imagination" we make the following extract, which alone—if she had written nothing else—would entitle her to a high rank among our female poets.

"The atmosphere is magic, as it bathes
The brow and bosom with Lethæan balm;
And beauteous angels wait there, radiant
With the pure blissful light that gushes forth
From Heaven's half-open portals; and their wings
Glance ever at our bidding, swift as thought.
How sweetly do they bear us in their arms,
From this dull workshop of the heart and brain,
To their own blest dominion; where each breeze
Is laden with delight. How tenderly
They lay us in the arms of those we love,
While the full heart is throbbing, and the eye
Pouring from its rich depth an ardent flood
Of ecstasy, unmingled, unalloy'd.
Then hands are clasp'd, and lips are fondly press'd,
That never meet save in that magic land;
And words are breath'd, and ecstasies are felt,
That earth knows nothing of. There comes no doubt.
No withering suspicion, no mistrust,
Into that joyous world. All there is pure,
Faultless and beautiful,—and full of bliss."

With another beautiful poem we close our extracts from her writings. We have scarcely room for the whole of it, but there is nothing we can omit without injury.

MY MUSE.

"Born of the sunlight and the dew,
That met amongst the flow'rs,
That on the river margin grew
Beneath the willow bow'rs;
Her earliest pillow was a wreath
Of violets newly blown,
And the meek incense of their breath
Became at once her own.

Her cradle hymn the river sung
In that same liquid tone,
With which it gave, when earth was young,
Praise to the Living One;
The breeze that lay upon its breast
Responded with a sigh,
And the sweet ring-dove from her nest
Warbled her lullaby.

The only nurse she ever knew
Was Nature, free and wild:
Such was her birth; and so she grew
A moody, wayward child,
Who loved to climb the rocky steep,
To wade the mountain stream;

To lie beside the sounding deep
And weave the enchanted dream.

She lov'd the paths with shadows dim
Beneath the dark-leav'd trees,
Where Nature's feather'd seraphim
Mingled their melodies;
To dance amongst the pensile stems
Whose blossoms bright and sweet,
Threw diamonds from their diadems
Upon her fairy feet.

She lov'd to watch the day-star float
Upon the ærial sea,
Till morning sunk his pearly boat
In floods of brilliancy;
To see the angel of the storm
Upon his wind-wing'd car,
With dark clouds wrapt around his form
Come shouting from afar;

And pouring treasures rich and free,
The pure refreshing rain,
Till every weed and forest tree
Could boast its diamond chain;
Then rising with the hymn of praise
That swell'd from hill and dale,
Leave a rainbow—sign of peace—
Upon his misty veil.

She lov'd the wave's deep utterings,
And gaz'd with frenzied eye
When night shook lightning from his wings,
And winds went sobbing by.
Full oft I chid the wayward child
Her wanderings to restrain,
And sought her airy limbs to bind
With prudence's worldly chain.

I bade her stay within my cot
And ply the housewife's art;
She heard me, but she heeded not;
Oh who can bind the heart!
I told her she had none to guide
Her inexperienced feet,
To where through Tempe's valley glide
Castalia's waters sweet.

No son of fame to take her hand
And lead her blushing forth,
Proclaiming to a laurel'd band
A youthful sister's worth;
That there was none to help her climb
The steep and toilsome way,
To where, above the mists of time
Shines genius' living ray.

Where wreath'd with never-fading flow'rs
The Harp immortal lies,
Filling the souls that reach those bow'rs
With heavenly melodies.

I warn'd her of the cruel foes
That throng that rugged path,
Where many a thorn of misery grows,
And tempests wreak their wrath.

I told her of the serpent's dread
With malice-pointed fangs;
The yellow-blossom'd weeds that shed
Derision's madd'ning pangs;
And of the broken mouldering lyres
Thrown carelessly aside,
Telling the winds with shivering wires
How noble spirits died.

I said her sandals were not metes
Such journey to essay,
There should be gold beneath the feet
That tempt Fame's toilsome way.
But while I spoke, her burning eye
Was flashing in the light
That shone upon that mountain high,
Insufferably bright."

ELLEN ELMER.

OR, THE SPRING OF THE VALLEY.

BY MARY A. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER I.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, when a horseman might be seen advancing slowly along a sylvan road, not far from the pretty village of Olney. He was apparently about nineteen, and had quite a prepossessing appearance. His face was manly rather than beautiful, but he had the most lovely chesnut curls, and an eye of great brilliancy and expression. His figure was well knit, and rather above the medium height, and he rode his high-spirited animal with ease and grace.

Suddenly the road emerged from the woodlands, and the traveller found himself in one of those sweet and placid vallies with which our lovely land abounds. On one side in the distance swelled up a gentle elevation, covered with green fields and clumps of forest oaks. On the other side the hill rose more abruptly, though the nearly precipitous sides were, in part, concealed by the primeval trees which everywhere overspread it. For the space of three or four hundred yards, however, immediately before the traveller, both sides of the valley were covered with woods; and just where the cleared land, on the left began, an opening might be seen in the hill-side, as if a lateral valley there ran off to the north. From the precipitous hill-side opposite this gap gushed a spring of the clearest water, which, after falling into a rude stone basin, overflowed the sides, and brawled away in a gentle rivulet.

When the traveller entered this lovely and quiet valley it was already late in the afternoon, so late that the sun was beginning to decline behind the western hills, and his beams, struggling between a clump of maples in the distance, were silvering the water in the fountain and gilding the greensward around, with farewell radiance. The solemn shade of the valley everywhere, except in this spot; and the deep quiet of approaching evening caused the horseman to draw his rein insensibly and gaze on the landscape. He had thus stood a moment when, from the gap of the opposite hill, emerged a young girl scarcely above the childish age, but of wonderful beauty. Her dress bespoke her a cottager; but nature had bestowed on her a face and form that would have been envied by the proudest princess. Her hair was raven, soft and silky, and fell in natural ringlets over shoulders exquisitely rounded and white as statuary marble. Her eyes were large, full and dark, and her mouth the prettiest in the world.

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"By Jove!" said the youthful traveller, "a perfect beauty. I have not seen so elegant a face and figure among all the beauties of New Haven. What a glorious woman she will be. Faith! how prettily she trips. As old Sir John Suckling has it, her feet, 'like little mice peep in and out.' I'll ask Arabella who she can be."

The girl had by this time advanced to the spring, where she filled her pitcher, and then turned to look around, while she rested it on the stone basin. Never was a more beautiful picture as she stood there, for but one moment, with the mellow sunlight falling around her form. Suddenly her eye caught that of the stranger. She blushed at his ardent look, and catching up her pitcher, bounded off like a startled fawn. The gaze of the horseman followed her until she disappeared. When he looked at the fountain again the sunshine had disappeared. He heaved a deep sigh and said,

"Heigho! the place seems dark as a dungeon without her. She came and went like a fairy. How charmingly she blushed! I wonder how old she can be?—thirteen I should say. If she were older I might lose my heart. Beautiful child!"

He put spurs to his horse, and at a gallop dashed down the road, turned sharply into the little lateral valley, where she had disappeared, and keeping on with unabated speed through the village, which lay there hidden in the lap of the hills like a violet nestling in a quiet nook, never drew rein until he stopped before an imposing mansion embowered in trees, about a quarter of a mile beyond the hamlet. Here a servant quickly appeared, to whom he flung his bridle. A minute after he was welcomed by his guardian, and then, in rapid succession, by the lady of the house, and her daughter Annabel, the latter of whom coming forward with an affected air, languidly bid the handsome youth welcome.

Henry Osmond had been left an orphan at an early age. His father's will had appointed for the guardian of the boy a gentleman every way worthy of the office; and under whose care the property of the young heir had accumulated during a long minority to a fortune unusually large. This guardian had an only daughter, who, though yet young, was of unbounded ambition, a trait which she inherited from her mother. These two had long resolved in their own minds that the young heir should be the husband of Annabel; and so adroitly had they manœuvred that Osmond, ever since he began to think of the subject at all, had considered it as a matter of course that Miss Webster was some day to be his wife. The father stood aloof from these machinations, of which indeed he was

scarcely conscious. But regarding Osmond as a lad of high promise, he treated him as an especial favorite. Thus the young heir found himself universally courted at the hall; where accordingly, he always spent his vacations. On a visit of this kind he had now come.

"By the bye, Annabel," said Osmond, the next day, "who is the pretty girl I met at the valley spring yesterday? She has dark hair and eyes, and may be about thirteen. I saw her enter the second cottage on the right as I turned into the street. She is the most beautiful creature I ever saw, or dreamed of."

"Indeed!" said Annabel, surprised out of her usual languid tone.

"Yes! a perfect Helen—only too young for that," added Osmond, coloring at his earnestness when he saw his companion's eye fixed on him.

Annabel, though scarcely sixteen, had already learned to be artful. She saw that Osmond was interested in this girl, and she determined to destroy the power of her rival, even at the expense of a falsehood.

"She is pretty, but that is all. Such a temper: her mother can do nothing with her. She wished to bind her to us, but ma would not have her about the house on any account. There was some talk about her having committed a theft that would have sent her to the Penitentiary, but it was hushed up: for her parents are excellent people in their way, only poor, and you know, as all such people are, very vulgar."

Osmond sighed involuntarily that one so beautiful should be so base; he implicitly believed all that his companion had said. He thought no more of the pretty cottager that day; but if her image afterward would sometimes rise before him, he dismissed it, with a passing regret.

CHAPTER II.

YEARS had passed away since the events narrated in our last chapter, and Osmond, having completed his collegiate course and made a tour of two years in Europe, was once more on a visit at his guardian's. He had been received by Mrs. Webster, now a widow, and by her daughter with smiles and courtesies; and Annabel was already arranging in her mind what her wedding dress should be, and in what style her household should be arranged. Not that Osmond had said anything to warrant the supposition that he contemplated a speedy marriage, but Annabel and her mother had no doubt he would now settle, and whom would he choose but her whom he had tacitly regarded from boyhood as his future wife? Besides, Mrs. Webster had more than once known third parties to tease Osmond about her daughter, and in no case had he uttered a denial, but

seemed to consider the marriage as a matter of course.

And such indeed had been Osmond's determination when he arrived from Europe. He remembered Annabel as quite a pretty girl, a little affected it is true, but to atone for this, very accomplished, and having an exquisite taste in dress. She had, moreover, left on his mind the impression of an amiable heart, for he noticed that she was always dutiful to her parents, and kind and condescending to the servants. But now, on his return, though he found her improved in personal appearance, her affectation, instead of disappearing as he hoped, had grown into a habit: and, on one or two occasions, he had overheard slight altercations between her and her mother, when it was supposed that he was out of hearing. These things made him hesitate in executing his first resolution to propose for Annabel at once. He determined to wait, and observe, before he made the final step.

The Sunday after his return he rode over to church in the neighboring parish, intending to dine with the minister, an old friend of his father. After service the good old man came out and shook him heartily by the hand.

"Welcome back, my dear young friend," said the rector, "you grow more and more like your father. You will come and dine with me. That is right. You know our Sunday fare, so I need make no apology. Leave your horse here; the sexton will bring him over to the parsonage; and then we can walk home through the orchard."

At dinner a young lady sat at the head of the table, whose appearance struck Osmond so forcibly that only politeness restrained him from staring at her. She was eminently beautiful: and, moreover, it seemed as if he had seen the face somewhere before, though where he could not tell. He knew the rector had never married, and he had never heard of any relatives. Besides the name was a strange one, Elmer. Miss Elmer! He had never heard of a family in the county of that name. When they adjourned to the library, Osmond could not help alluding to the subject.

"Ah! yes she is a lovely creature," said the kind old minister in reply to the young man's remark, "and she is as good as she is lovely. You are right in saying the name is a strange one in the county. The poor girl is an orphan. Both her parents died about four years ago, shortly after they moved into this neighborhood. They were but poor cottagers, though they had seen better days. As there was no one to care for their daughter, I received her into my house, and when poor old Hannah, my housekeeper, died, the dear child took her place, and I think

we shall never part, for I love her as my own flesh and blood, and I believe she would make any sacrifice for me."

The conversation now changed, and after awhile Osmond left, promising to return soon again. Nor was he long in fulfilling his promise, for the image of the beautiful housekeeper was constantly before him, and the week seemed dull in which he did ride over to the parsonage at least twice. Annabel began to wonder at the frequency of these visits, but as she knew nothing of the attractions of the good rector's household, she remained in happy ignorance of the threatened destruction to her plans.

If the rector saw the growing interest of Osmond in his protégée, he at least said nothing, but suffered matters to take their course. The young man, let him come as often as he pleased, was always welcome, and, after awhile, the minister did not hesitate to leave the housekeeper to entertain his guest, if duty required his own presence elsewhere. These *tête-à-têtes* became, finally, the most precious portion of Osmond's visit; and he even began to feel disappointed when his venerable friend was able to remain at home, preferring much rather the sweet society of Ellen Elmer. Yet he was not in love: at least he was not aware of being so. He was only conscious of having more than once contrasted Annabel with the good rector's protégée, and the result was always in favor of the latter.

CHAPTER III.

A DELICIOUS October morning! The sky was without a cloud, the air fresh and balmy, and the song of the corn-huskers rang from hill to hill. As Osmond rode through his favorite lanes, in his way across the country to the parsonage, he thought he had never seen nature so beautiful. And when, alighting at the garden gate, he beheld Ellen in the porch as if awaiting him, with a heightened color in her cheek, and a look of welcome in her eyes, his heart beat tumultuously.

They walked together into the neighboring parlor. The rector had gone out; and they seated themselves in silence. Somehow Osmond had never felt so happy. The remembrance of her look as he rode up lingered in his memory; and for awhile he remained without speaking, indulging in this delicious recollection. At length he spoke,

"Do you know, Ellen," he said, "that I often think I have met you somewhere before; though when, or in what place I vainly try to call to mind. I am sure I have either seen or dreamed of a face like yours."

Ellen blushed to her brow, and then gave him an arch look.

"And *have* you *never* met me before?" she said. "I cannot recollect where."

"Perhaps I can enlighten you," she replied. "Do you remember, four years ago, the first day you arrived at Webster's?"

"Yes!"

"And do you remember stopping at the spring in the valley?"

"Why—you are not the beautiful cottager I saw there!" exclaimed Osmond, a sudden light breaking in on him. "Yes! I see it now. There are the same eyes—the same hair. What a fool I have been!"

Ellen now blushed more than ever. Suddenly the look of radiant joy died from Osmond's face: he remembered what Annabel had told him. And could this lovely creature, whose society had grown almost necessary to his existence, have been the disobedient child, the victim of her violent passions, of whom Annabel had spoken. His brow grew clouded. But noticing Ellen's eye fixed inquiringly on him, and dreading lest she should attribute it to a wrong cause, he rallied himself, and soon pretending that he had come on especial business with the rector, took his leave.

Poor Osmond!—how he suffered during that ride homeward. The pain with which he learned Ellen's identity convinced him that he loved her. He could not, for a moment, think of marrying a person with such violent passions; and he almost hated the orphan for having deceived him with her apparent sweetness of temper, which he now saw was only put on for the occasion. These were his first feelings. But after he had ridden a mile, he began to ask himself if Annabel might not possibly be mistaken. He recalled to mind all that the good rector had said in her favor; and the result was that he reached home with a comparatively light heart, determined to bring up the subject before Annabel.

But this designing girl, though utterly ignorant of the cause that prompted Osmond's enquiries, remembered the incident to which he alluded and adhered to her former story, adding,

"I believe I told you her parents were respectable people; but I was deceived. They left the village directly afterward, and no one knows where they went. Why do you ask?"

Osmond hesitated whether to confess the truth; but some unaccountable impulse suddenly decided him to do so. Annabel's color changed at his relation: she felt she had gone too far; and her very embarrassment strengthened the doubts of her truth which had begun to arise in Osmond's mind. He ventured to say,

"But are you quite sure that you are not misinformed?"

Annabel for an instant forgot herself, for she now saw, for the first time, she had a rival, and in the surprise, her usual dissimulation in Osmond's presence gave way before the natural violence of her temper.

"You may believe me or not," she said, with eyes sparkling with rage. "You seem to think more of that beggar's word than of mine," and, overcome by passion, she burst into tears and rushed from the room.

Osmond rose in astonishment. His worst suspicions of Annabel's temper were confirmed, and his doubts as to the accuracy of her relation increased. He resolved to satisfy himself at once by returning to the parsonage, waiting there for the rector, and unburdening to him his whole mind. Few men could be as energetic as Osmond, and before noon he was closeted with the minister.

"My dear young friend," said the rector, when Osmond had finished his narration, "every word of that haughty woman's story is untrue. I have long known her passionate character, her disregard of truth, and her own and her mother's designs on you. But I knew your good sense would penetrate their plot: or if it did not, I saw there was time enough as yet to warn you. This accounts for my silence. As for Ellen I have known her for years, and she is as amiable as she is lovely. What you see her, such she is always. Her family, though reduced, is good, much better indeed than that of the Websters. Both her parents bore an irreproachable character. I am shocked at the baseness that could invent such charges against her. Why—at that time—Miss Webster could not have been more than sixteen. Alas! the inborn wickedness of the human heart."

"You relieve my mind from a load," said Osmond, "need I tell you I love Ellen, and that I will, this instant, lay my fortune at her feet."

"God bless you both!" said the old rector rising. "You will never repent of your choice. You will find the dear girl in the garden arbor, for she reads there at this hour every day."

Osmond did find her there, and before an hour he and Ellen returned to the house, and solicited together the rector's benediction. In just one month from that day they were united, their kind old friend performing the ceremony.

Annabel is still unmarried, and she will probably continue so. But though she regrets her conduct, we fear it is not with true repentance.

The last we heard of our hero and heroine, they were established, at a handsome residence, in the same village with the rector, while a family of lovely children was growing up around them.

THE GIFTS.

BY MRS. MATILDA P. HUNT.

MEMENTOS of a perished faith,
Sad tokens of a broken vow,
The truth ye pledged has falsehood proved—
Ye are but idle mockeries now;
Go—with the love ye imaged forth,
Go—with the wildering hopes ye gave;
Go—with the thoughts ye once could wake,
And sink beneath Oblivion's wave.

I would not keep you—ye have ceased
To bid my bounding pulses thrill;
Your spell is gone—the heart that erst
Beat strangely at your sight, is still;
I may not keep you—he who traced
Each well-known word—who wore the chain
Of your bright forms, to bind my heart,
Has gone—and why should you remain?

I must not keep you—I have breathed
Another and a holier vow;
A better hope is at my heart—
A calmer thought has smoothed my brow;
The first wild dream of early youth,
The first young hope has passed away;
Frail pledges of a frailer love,
Why should ye be more true than they?

Mementos of a perished faith,
Sad tokens of a broken vow,
The truth ye pledged has falsehood proved—
Ye are but idle mockeries now;
Go—with the love ye imaged forth,
Go—with the wildering hopes ye gave;
Go—with the thoughts ye once could wake,
And sink beneath Oblivion's wave.

TO IRENE.

AFTER THE ELIZABETHAN POETS.

I LOVE thee not for beauteousness,
Though few are half so faire,
But for an earnest hearte, and minde
With giftes so rich and rare.
As rugged clifles do placide growe
When starres upon them shyne,
So is my soul forever soothed,
Deare love! by lookes of thine.

And thus alonge undying Time,
Oh! may it ever be;
For love has not its fullest bloom
Tyll in Eternity!
Not onlye for this fadyng life
Have we our troth-plight given,
But that the love of earth may growe
To perfect love in heaven. * * *

CLARA.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

"HID'ST thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owned the crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers;
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?"

RICHARD THE THIRD.

THE sunlight of old England never broke over a richer scene than the old baronial castle, with its broad lands and hunting forests, in which Elizabeth, the widow of Edward the Fourth, had taken up her residence after leaving the sanctuary of Westminster.

The castle stood upon a hill-side. Its turrets and battlements of dark, gray stone might be seen for miles around, frowning in feudal magnificence amid picturesque mountain scenery, and with broad forests undulating an ocean of verdure, from its foundations to a quiet and beautiful valley that stretched itself to a line of blue hills which skirted the distant horizon.

A mountain stream of some magnitude washed the foundations of the castle on the north side, forming with its rocky barriers a rugged and beautiful object of scenery in times of peace. In war it answered as a moat to defend the castle, and was spanned by a swing bridge, which at the time of our story had been raised so long that the chains were rusted from disuse. For though the land was at peace, the widow of King Richard could not feel entirely safe, while the murderer of her sons usurped the throne of England.

It was a lovely morning late in the summer time. The sun, as he rose up behind the castle, shed a flood of golden light over its old, gray turrets, and rolled slowly downward across the forest below. The giant oaks seemed trembling in an atmosphere of powdered gems as the glorious sunshine broke over the dewy foliage with which they were laden. A breeze swept down from the hills and shook the gnarled old oaks, hung laughing amid the leaves, or fled away to coquette with the sedges near a lake, which lay like a gem in the forest, or to sing itself to sleep in some dingle where the wild blossoms hid themselves. The waterfall, too, rushing down the rocks and dashing against the foundations of the castle, sent forth most cheerful music. The rush and roar of its current as it sprang from rock to rock, dashing up wreaths of foam over the moss-grown battlements, might have been heard afar off—for it was a turbulent stream, deep and dangerous; but very beautiful was its

windings as it crept in and out, now in the shade, now in the sunshine, through the hunting-forest, and away down the valley.

But there was other and more stirring music in the forest than arose from breeze or waterfall: the clear, silvery notes of a hunter's bugle came winding through the leafy glades, and occasionally a deer was startled up by the sound of hoofs afar off, which snuffed the air, tossed its antlered head, and sprang away toward the hill, for amid the rocks he was sure of safety, at least from mounted huntsmen.

On the verge of the forest, and not very far from the castle, was a spot of ground from which the timber had been cut away, leaving an open space of some ten acres, where the sunshine fell refreshingly over an expanse of rich forest sward enamelled with wild blossoms.

The mountain stream, which we have spoken of, swept half around this clearing, narrowed by a deep trench cut years before, near its original bed, in order to lead off the waters which threatened to inundate the entire space if left to themselves. Grass and wild flowers had crept over the edges of this channel, fringing it to the water's brink, and giving it the appearance of a rustic ditch rather than a stream of body and depth as it really was.

The hunter's bugle sounded nearer and nearer to this open space, till at length the hunting, or as it proved to be hawking party, from whence the sounds came, emerged from the branching trees which in that direction hung completely over the stream.

The first who appeared was a lady, rather beyond the prime of life, but still of magnificent and lofty presence. In person she was large, firmly built, and limbed with perfect proportion. Though she must have been still more lovely in her youth, there was something superb in her beauty even now—a voluptuous maturity which reminded one rather of the fruit which springs from the blossom than of the blossom itself.

The rich blood warmed her cheek like a fountain of molten rubies, and her lips were like a cluster of cherries, red and fully ripe. Her riding cap of dark blue velvet was looped up from her white forehead with a string of jewels, a white plume swept from the jewelled band down to her shoulder, where it mingled with the tresses of glossy and golden hair, which, according to the fashion of the times, was allowed to fall down her back and over one shoulder—a perfect veil of wavy ringlets. A chain of heavy gold fell across her fine bust, to which was suspended a small, golden bugle with an emerald mouth-piece, and fretted with precious stones.

The lady drew up her horse, not sharply, but

with a firm curb that brought his mouth down upon his broad and snow-white chest. She looked around a moment, and lifting the bugle to her lips sounded a sweet and silvery blast, bending her head on one side with a playful motion the while, and turning her large blue eyes with sparkling impatience down a glade in the forest, as if she expected some one to obey her summons. She had scarcely turned her eyes in that direction a moment, when another lady appeared winding through the wood, who was followed by a band of retainers.

She was a young girl, not more than sixteen years of age, slender and delicate, with the same golden hair and eyes of dark azure which formed a striking beauty in the person already introduced to the reader. But the hair, though less profuse, was a shade lighter, and still more exquisitely fine in its silken texture, while it swept back from the snowy temple with a light, wavy curl, which made the sunbeams sparkle as they fell upon it—and the eyes, so large and downcast, might have owed something of their exquisite softness to the dark curling lashes that shaded them. A tinge, like the color in the heart of an almond flower, lay in her delicately rounded cheek, but even this little rosy glow was sent there by the morning breeze, for usually that cheek was of the clear, pearly white, which is so beautiful when it exists without the association of ill health—and her lips were like wet rose-buds—red and dewy—with a dimple at each corner whenever she spoke or smiled.

The Princess Elizabeth was mounted on a slender black hunter, her dress was of dark green velvet, fitted tightly to the round waist, and buttoned over the full, but delicate bust, up to the white throat by a succession of small golden clasps, each with a large diamond flashing in the centre. The skirt fell in heavy folds down the shining sides of her hunter, and from under it peeped a tiny shoe embroidered with gold, and resting lightly in the broad silver stirrup of her saddle. Her riding cap was without plumes, and twice surrounded by a finely wrought chain, which terminating in tassels of spun gold fell down and mingled with the veil of silken hair which swept over her shoulder. One little hand with its neatly embroidered glove, directed the motion of her graceful steed; on the other a falcon was perched, and confined to her delicate wrist with thongs of colored leather. As the lady rode up to the side of her mother, the bird ruffled his feathers, arched his neck and turned his flashing eyes to the soft orbs of his mistress, as if proud of such delicate thralldom, and restive to prove himself worthy by a trial of his skill.

"Now, fair girl, let us witness this boasted

leap!" said the queen dowager with a smile as the princess drew near. "See, girl, if thy slender courser can clear a ditch after this fashion."

As the royal lady ceased speaking she drew up her reins, gave them a slight shake, and patted her horse upon the neck. The well-trained animal gathered up his limbs and shot across the stream, tearing up the turf and wild flowers in gaining a foothold on the other side. It was a powerful leap, and the lady caressed him with her hand as she cast a triumphant glance across the stream.

"Come, follow—follow!" she cried, waving her hand with a proud smile.

That instant the black hunter approached the edge of the stream. A close observer might have seen that the lips of his fair rider were a shade paler than usual. But the proud and sometimes imperious queen was looking at her. She prepared herself for the leap, and, though her eyes closed tremulously for one instant, as her brave horse cleared the stream with a leap that landed him far on the opposite shore, the bird was not shaken from her wrist, and she kept her seat firmly.

"Bravely done," exclaimed the queen, riding forward, "the horse does credit to his teacher. In a year or two when he has a little more strength he may equal White Suffolk here, and he," added the lady in a tone of sadness, and smoothing down his milk white mane with her hand, "was first mounted by a king."

"My royal father?" inquired Elizabeth in a low voice.

"King Edward broke him to the bit with his own hand," replied the queen, dashing a tear from her eyes—"but this is no time for sad thoughts. Let us on to the lake! Your falcon there chafes under his jesses! Ride on—our fellows yonder are not mounted so nobly as the ladies, they must go round where the stream is narrower. Meanwhile let us on to the lake, we may strike a heron while they are finding a passage. If not they shall beat one from the rushes."

The lady waved her hand to the group of retainers on the opposite bank, and proceeded toward the lake. The princess rode by her side with a shade of sadness on her sweet face, brought there by the mention of her departed royal father. She had not learned, like her mother, how to overwhelm sorrow with excitement.

"There, those hair-brained pages have gone too far down," exclaimed the queen, with an impatient wave of her hand, intended to summon the wanderers back, but they were busy seeking for a passage across the stream and did not heed her till she lifted her hunting bugle and blew a

sharp summons, indicating with her finger the place where they might clear the stream in safety.

Scarcely had the bugle dropped from her hand, when it was answered by another blast, which came up from the forest a little to the left: a loud, clear sound, as it might be a louder echo of her own, which rang through every glade of the forest, as if perpetuated by a stout man whose breath was not easily exhausted.

The queen started in her saddle and looked at her daughter, surprised and a little angry, perhaps, for the blood grew warm in her cheek, and her eyes sparkled.

"How is this?" she said, casting a sharp glance at the body of retainers who had by this time cleared the stream and were galloping toward her with merry faces and plumes tossing to the wind.

"They are all here. The bugle notes came from none of them! Are strangers making free in our lands? Well, who is this sounding his horn so bravely under our very castle walls?" she demanded, addressing the first retainer that rode up, then adding quickly,

"We are conquered in sad sooth if noisy intruders can thus break in upon our morning sport."

"I know nothing of the matter, noble lady," said the man, evidently as much surprised as his mistress. "It may be some of the neighboring lords coming up to pay the *devoir* at the castle."

"Not with this clamor: there is no gentleman in these parts who would find courage to answer Elizabeth Woodville's bugle so saucily," replied the lady with a kindling eye. "They dare not so soon forget the homage due King Edward's widow—sound thy horn now, do not spare breath but out brave this bold marauder with a summons that shall bring him before us."

The man lifted his horn and blew a loud blast, which he prolonged almost a minute. Instantly it was answered from the forest, so loud and near that the whole group of retainers, now surrounding the queen, drew their reins tighter and turned their faces toward that part of the wood where these unusually bold sounds had issued.

The last bugle notes were yet ringing in the distance when there came a sound of hoofs, broken and mellowed by the forest sward, and directly after a party of horsemen appeared issuing from the outskirts of the wood. The whole group rode slowly forward. But though the glitter of jewels gave evidence that some of them held high rank, the queen removed near the centre of the open space, and surrounded by her retainers, sat on her horse with a lofty air waiting to receive them without advancing a step.

But the leader of the party had scarcely issued from the dim light of the forest when the blood fled from Elizabeth Woodville's face, and with a look of uncontrollable affright fearfully mingled with horror and disgust, she curbed her horse so sharply that he ran back scattering confusion among her retainers.

The princess was not so quick to recognize the personage who had so startled her mother. She only saw a man of middle size, apparently of high rank, for the trappings of his horse were heavy with gold, and his own vestments betrayed their magnificence even from the distance where she sat. She was wondering who it could be that had the power to agitate her mother thus, when the horseman rode out into the open space, and a flash of sunshine struck the jewelled star upon his breast. At that instant the breeze swept back the heavy plume of feathers that had partly shaded his face, and Elizabeth recognized King Richard the Third, her father's brother. Her face turned white, she uttered a low cry of terror, and wheeling her hunter would have fled.

But the queen had recovered from the first rush of feeling that had overwhelmed her, and though her face was still deadly pale, and her voice trembled, she besought her daughter to remain.

"Stay, Elizabeth, stay, we are powerless in his hands—do not enrage the tiger, or he may spring upon us as he has on those as dear and helpless," her voice choked her here; she bent her head a moment, and then looked around as if she too were meditating flight.

"No, no, it must be borne!" she muttered with a strong effort to recover some degree of her natural self-possession; but she could not summon the color back to her cheek, and her hand shook so violently that it was with difficulty she held the bridle, though she ordered her retainers to follow, and rode slowly forward to meet the murderer of her children.

Richard quickened his pace, as he saw this friendly movement, and the next moment was by her side. The queen lifted her hand with an unconquerable impulse to repel him, but either mistaking it for a courteous movement, or choosing so to consider it, Richard took the hand in his arm, and though it quivered like an aspen, bent forward and pressed his lips upon it.

"How fares it with our lovely sister?" he murmured, in a low, gentle voice, still holding the trembling hand in his.

He saw she could not reply; for though her lips moved, no sound came from them—and with wily self-possession, went on as if she had spoken.

"Cares of state have kept us asunder too long," he continued, "or we should have paid

homage here before. Ha, yonder sits our fair niece, the Lady Elizabeth! Shall we ride forward and pay our humble greeting?"

The Princess Elizabeth was sitting on her horse, pale, motionless, and like a chiselled statue—on the very spot where she had first seen the usurper. The reins were grasped tightly in her hand—the foot was pressed down, hard, upon the stirrup, and the wrist, upon which the hawk was perched, seemed frozen into marble. There was not a vestige of color in her face, but her eyes glittered like splintered sapphires, as she watched the meeting of her mother with that fearful man.

She saw these retainers mingle in together, smiling and exchanging civil words with each other. She saw the touch of those murderous lips to her mother's hands—she saw them wheel their horses and ride forward abreast—and knew her trial would come next.

It was too fearful! She cast a terrified look toward them, whirled her horse and fled. But she had no strength to control her steed, though he was nearing the stream every instant, and it required nerve and coolness to urge the leap over it in safety. She was upon the brink, her horse was gathering his limbs up for a leap, when the hawk lost his hold upon her wrist, and flapped his wings, vehemently, in an effort to regain it. The hunter shied, his leap was broken; but he made a spring, his front hoofs struck the opposite bank, and he fell backward into the stream.

That instant King Richard was upon the bank. He sprang from his horse, cast off his velvet cloak, and leaped into the water.

The black hunter had flung off his rider, and was swimming with loose bridle toward the shore. A mass of dark velvet, sweeping down with the current, was all that could be seen of the Lady Elizabeth. With a few vigorous strokes of his sound arm, Richard reached the spot where even this was disappearing—made a sudden plunge and came up again with the princess in his grasp. His withered arm was too feeble, either to hold the senseless maiden or buffet a passage through the water, though the bank was very near. He felt himself sinking, and shouted for help. One of his retainers stripped the bridle from his horse, flung the heavy reins to his master, and in a few moments Richard bent dripping, and almost exhausted, over the senseless young creature he had saved.

"Is she dead? is she, too, gone?" exclaimed the queen, wringing her hands in agony, over the senseless body of her child.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, almost in frenzy, putting Richard wildly back with her hand, "could you not have spared this one—she was the last—the very last!"

There was a gleam in Richard's eye as he lifted his head and looked into the face of the unhappy woman; but it passed away, and he replied, calmly,

"The Lady Elizabeth is not dead; but for the help of this poor arm she might have been. Is it for this the queen upbraids her husband's brother?"

"Not dead! Is not this death?—you should know its signs," exclaimed the queen, kneeling down, and pressing her hand over the heart of her child. "It beats—it beats—yes, she is not dead!" and with this glad exclamation, she lifted her head and met the calm, but somewhat reproachful look, with which Richard was regarding her. She saw his dripping garments, the expression of fatigue on his face, and held forth her hand.

"You saved her—the last, the only child of King Edward. That should atone for much. His widow is not ungrateful."

"Would that she were always thus forgiving," murmured the king, pressing his lips to the hand she held forth. "But, see—our sweet niece is sensible once more, a moment and those trembling lashes will unclose. Let us lift her from the wet sward."

As he spoke, Richard raised the maiden in his arms, and rested her pale head upon his bosom. But the thick lashes which lay quivering on her cheek, suddenly unknit their silken fringe. The eyes beneath were fixed upon his face—a flash of reason shot to them. The marble features took an expression of fear and abhorrence, and, with a wild, but faint cry, the poor girl broke from his arms and staggered to her feet.

"Do not touch me—do not—do not!" she said, holding out both hands to keep Richard from approaching her; for he had started up and would have supported her as she stood. "I will not be touched by those hands!"

The princess looked wildly around, as she uttered these phrenzied words. Her horse was standing near, dripping with water, and trembling like a disobedient hound. He had been scourged by one of the servitors who was holding him by the bit. She darted forward, placed her hand on the shoulder of this man, and sprang to the saddle. The horse seemed to understand her wild desire to be alone, for as she snatched the reins, he darted away—cleared the stream with a bound, and both horse and rider were lost in the forest, before any one could stretch forth a hand to detain them.

Richard stood for a moment on the spot where he had been so unexpectedly repulsed, a frown contracted his forehead, and a bitter smile curved his lip.

"Am I a serpent, that she springs from me thus?" he said, turning fiercely to the queen. "Is this the courtesy you have taught her to extend to her king and uncle, madam?"

The queen trembled beneath that dark glance.

"The princess is scarce herself," she said, in a faint voice. "The fall from her horse has driven her wild—she is timid and easily frightened. Your highness should not be too severe on her just now!"

"Richard is no basilisk, that a lady—even young and gentle as the fair Elizabeth—should shrink from his arms. Have you taught her to hate me, madam?"

"I have taught her nothing—your name has never been mentioned between us—it—it—"

The queen paused, and broke off in painful embarrassment.

"It is too hateful, you would say," rejoined Richard, with chilling calmness, "madam, this must be amended."

"She was not herself, I can but repeat this," replied the queen, deprecatingly. "At another time Elizabeth will not be found wanting in due respect—nor in gratitude for this day's help."

"She will be wise in checking these mad fancies," replied Richard, "as you will understand, fair sister, when you have conferred more fully together: and now let there be peace between us."

The queen made an effort to smile, and took the hand extended with seeming good will.

"Shall we mount and ride to the castle?" she said, making strong efforts to conquer all exhibition of the repugnance that filled her heart. "Edward's widow will not be found lacking in hospitality to the brother of her lord."

Richard made a sign to the attendant, who stood at some distance holding his cloak. The man came forward and placed it over his wet garments. Richard then led the queen to her horse and assisted her to mount.

"We accept your offered courtesy, fair sister," he said, blandly—"and shall be your debtor for hospitality, and we trust for deeper favors before our parting hour."

Before the queen had recovered from the surprise his sudden change of speech and manner had plunged her in, Richard had mounted his horse and was riding by her side toward the castle. A frown swept over his forehead as he came out from the forest, and saw the Princess Elizabeth dash madly up the eminence leading to the castle, and urging her horse through the heavy portals, disappear in the ancient pile. But he soon banished this token of discontent from his face, and rode toward the castle with a smile upon his lip.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RELIGION.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

WHEN tir'd of life, we wish for that repose,
That calm repose, invariable sleep,
Which death affords the pilgrim to his woes—
(For sweet is death to those condemn'd to weep.)

We think if naught can yield a moment's joy,
Life and enjoyment sicken in our view;
When care with pleasure mixes sad alloy,
In vain the paths of peace we would pursue.

Then soaring far beyond this trifling ball,
We love to view the blaze of heavenly day;
The soul enraptur'd bids adieu to all,
And fain would mingle with the blisssful ray.

Nor stoop again to life's delusive schemes,
Where revelling folly quaffs the cup of woe;
These are to her but visionary dreams,
To those where streams of lasting pleasure flow.

Religion thus conducts the wayward soul
To joys substantial, where intrudes no care,
Oh! let thy light shine brightly o'er the whole,
And blaze upon our eyes in brightest glare.

So shall we see the truth of gospel light,
Its lamp shall shed a lustre on our way;
And we, though weak, will tread with quick delight
The narrow walk that leads to endless day.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

Y. C. DONALD MACLEOD.

HIS face was beautiful; but wore
So sad a seeming, so aghast,
As if upon his brow he bore
The gathered griefs of all the past.
He came beside the festive board,
When laughter rung and wine was filled;
And hearts with golden joys were stored—
They saw HIS features and were stilled.

He sate him by the student's side,
Whose cup of fame foamed o'er the brim;
Whose thin cheek glowed with smiles of pride—
They faded when he looked on HIM!
'Mid happy children-groups HE came,
And bowers which Beauty queen'd it o'er.
But yet HIS features wore the same
Still, speechless, sadness as before.

On one good man he gazed awhile,
And o'er his face a light there fell,
Which gave each lineament a smile
Of beauty most ineffable.
And steadfast as I watched, I knew,
And prayed it for my parting breath,
The holy LIGHT of FAITH which threw
A smile upon the face of DEATH.

THE EDITORS' GOSSIP.*

NEW YORK, June 10th, 1844.

THE town is on the wing—in other words Bleeker street is empty, and Waverly Place a desert. All the fashionable world is at Saratoga, Niagara, the lakes, or the shore. The gentlemen have, for a moment, forgotten stocks and blood horses; and the ladies are gathering fresh roses for the complexion, and whirling in mazy waltzes at the United States. Many of the fair belles who but lately thronged the opera are now listening to the pine-woods at the Virginia Springs. Innumerable country seats are filled with select parties: the Catskill has its daily pilgrims; and others besides the solitary cadet hear the morning gun echo among the hills at West Point.

Since our last number Ole Bull has been here once more. We confess ourselves one of his worshippers. Never before did we know what music is. And it seems to us that the charm of this wonderful magician consists in his adaptation of the sounds of nature to his instrument. If you have ever gone out, at early morning, in the woods, and put your ear to the ground, you know what we mean; for there is then heard a wild and fitful harmony, in which you now distinguish the murmur of a brook, now the bursting of buds, now the rustling of leaves, now another of the many sweet voices of nature, and now a bewildering symphony made up of all these tones united; while continually the notes shift from gay to sad, from the highest treble to the deepest bass, leaping capriciously from key to key all the while. Such music does Ole Bull imitate on his many-tongued, fantastic violin, as he caresses it with the playful fondness of a mother for her laughing babe. And then, at times, how earnest he is! There is a melancholy strain with which he preludes his compositions that often brings tears into our eyes, it is so eloquent of sorrow otherwise inexpressible. His *bird melody*, a new variation, given as if poured from the throat of a bird, is the most wonderful of all his pieces. During its execution there was deep silence in the house, and shutting our eyes we soon forgot where we were, imagining ourselves in a spring forest, with waters tinkling nigh, leaves whispering overhead, and cool breezes blowing about us. And then his "Carnival of Venice!" Music is certainly the language of gods, and the medium by which the spiritual world converses!

With a fall, like the shooting of a star, we are down, from the regions of enthusiasm, to earth. We are all mad—that is such of the town as is left at home—with the Polka Dance. Old men and young, maids and matrons, the fashionable exclusive and the shop-keeper's dandy clerk, are crazy about the Polka. Like the cholera this new dance has come from the east. After traversing Germany, Paris, and London, which it has set in a rage, it has plumped into our midst, here right in the dog-days, and, like the page with the enchanted pipe, set everybody dancing whether they will

or no. "*La Polka*" is in all mouths. "Poo! As can't dance the Polka," says the Miss; and the beau is put down at once. "You *can't* dance the Polka!" says the lover, leaping from his knees, and immediately retreating from his proposal. "La! my dear, Angelina and Mariana *must* learn the Polka," and the father has to consent at five dollars a lesson. One of our embellishments this month admirably hits off the prevailing rage. The fat gentleman stamping it down with such vigor is well contrasted with his light and graceful companion, who seems to move *a la Arid!*

In Europe the dance is performed in two ways. Carlotta Grisi and Perot dance a charming figure, which they call the Polka; but the real one is executed by Cerito and St. Leon, who dance the Redowa, or original Polka of Hungary. This one has more national character about it than that performed by Grisi, though the step is nearly similar in both dances. The style is for the gentleman to take the hand of his partner; then both lift first the right foot, and twice strike the left heel with the right heel; and then twin as in the waltz step. Cerito gives to the dance, as executed by her, a deal of archness and coquetry: she has a peculiar twist of the right foot in turning and raises her right arm above her head. The dance is nightly performed at her Majesty's theatre. Nothing can be more the rage.

The marriage of one of our fair townswomen to the President has been the topic of conversation for the last month. Everybody knows how beautiful is the bride! The newspapers have teemed with descriptions of her loveliness and grace. It was, at first, reported that she was very wealthy: her fortune being fixed, in one instance, as high as eight hundred thousand dollars. This is quite an exaggeration, though the family of the Gardiners is rich. Hers is the first case, in our history, where a President has been married during the period of his official term; and a New York lady is the first to be the bride on such an occasion.

In literature the greatest sensation has been produced by a novel from a new Swedish authoress. Miss Emily Carlen is the name of the writer, and her work is called the "*Rose of Thistle Island*." She wants the spirituality of Miss Bremer; but in everything else is her superior; for out of the most unpromising materials she has constructed a thrilling tale, full of stirring incidents and admirably drawn characters. Winchester is the publisher. In poetry we have "*The Records of the Heart*," by Miss S. A. Lewis, a volume beautifully got up by the Appletons, and evincing no little merit. The rage for re-prints is still on the decline; and altogether a better style of publication is coming into vogue. As a specimen of a beautiful edition we refer to "*The Literary Remains of Willis Gaylord Clark*," issued by Burgess & Stringer. Poor Clark! we know him well, and a nobler hearted man never breathed. His "*Ollapodiana*" was a magazine of odd conceits, humors and poetry. We hear that the whole of "*Martin Chuzzlewit*" has been received in this country. We cannot avoid alluding to the fidelity, nervousness and elegance of the translations of "*Seaside*," as published by Mr. Winchester. It is difficult to detect that "*North and South*" especially was not originally written in English. * * *

*The letter from New York will hereafter be written by the editors; as it may sometimes become necessary to give opinions of persons and things for which they only wish to be responsible.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

HORSEMANSHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."

AS many of our fair readers, especially those who live in the country, have not enjoyed the benefits of a riding-school, it is our purpose in the present, and, if necessary, in one or two future articles, to give some general directions on horsemanship. We will suppose that the lady has provided herself with a riding-dress, and has seen that her cap is firmly adjusted and her hair dressed so that it cannot fall over her face. The next thing then is to mount. This is comparatively easy from a stile. In this case the lady has but to place herself on the stile, when the gentleman, leading the horse up, the near side of the animal approaching as close as possible, she can throw herself into the saddle without difficulty. The gentleman should hold the horse by the bit to prevent his starting; after which he will place her foot in the stirrup. But when, as is sometimes the case, it becomes necessary to mount from the ground, the following directions should be observed.

MOUNTING.—The skirt is first to be gracefully gathered up; then, approaching the groom, the lady takes the reins with her right hand, which, however, still retains the whip. The reins should be now suffered to glide back through the fingers, until the hand reaches the near crotch of the pommel, by which she takes hold. She is by this time standing close to the saddle with her back turned partly toward it. The groom now joins his hands by interlocking the fingers, and stoops, while the lady places her left foot in them. Keeping a light but steady bearing on the rein, so as to prevent the horse from moving, she places her left hand on the groom's right shoulder, and straightening her left knee, she bears her weight on her assistant's hands, steadying herself meantime with her hands; while the groom raising his hands until he stands erect, she is thus easily and gracefully elevated until she reaches the level of the saddle, in which, without difficulty, she seats herself. Now, while her face is still turned to the near side of the horse, the groom places her left foot in the stirrup: then she removes her hand from the near to the off crotch of the pommel and places her knee over the pommel. Her riding habit is now adjusted and she is ready to start, holding the reins in the left hand. But lest she should ride awkwardly, it is necessary that her position should be easy, and that she should move with the motions of the horse, and not before or after them.

POSITION IN THE SADDLE.—The first thing to be avoided is the too common practice of hanging by the near crotch, instead of sitting firmly in the centre of the saddle. Avoid the former by all means. To do this, carry the body erect, or slightly inclined backward, and bear no weight on the stirrup. Keep the head in a natural and easy position; and bring forward the bust by throwing back the shoulders, advancing the chest, and bending the back part of the waist inward. The elbows should be kept in an easy position at the side: the lower part of the left arm being at right angles to

the upper part. The right arm may drop easily from the shoulder; and the whip, which should be suspended from near the elbow, may be held in the right hand to keep it from irritating the horse's flank. It must be recollected that the pommel is a lady's chief dependence on horseback. By the passing of the right knee over the near crotch, slightly elevating the toes, and pressing the leg against the fore flap of the saddle, the pommel is grasped, and the rider is well secured in the possession of her seat; without assuming the inelegant attitude occasioned by hanging by the left crotch by the pommel on the near side. It should also be remembered that the stirrup is of very little use, except to support the left leg and foot, and to assist the rider to rise in the trot. Do not, however, cramp up the left leg. It should also neither be forced out ungracefully, nor pressed close to the horse, except rarely and in a case of absolute necessity. Let it, on the contrary; descend easily by the side: this will be most graceful and least fatiguing. If these directions are followed a lady cannot fail to obtain an agreeable and elegant seat. The best test of success is for the lady to be able, while her horse is in a smart trot, to lean over on the right side far enough to see the horse's shoe.

STARTING.—At starting it is only necessary to bring the thumb of the bridle hand toward you until the knuckles are uppermost, and the nails over the horse's neck: this will slacken the reins enough to permit the horse to move forward. Afterward the bridle-hand may be brought gradually back to its former position. In turning it is only necessary to bring the back or the palm of the hand uppermost, according as you wish to go to the right or left.

DISMOUNTING.—As our limits will not permit us, in the present number, to give directions for managing the horse, in case of shying, rearing, running away, &c., we will suppose the lady has no difficulty with her steed during the ride, is returned home, and is now prepared to dismount. To do this, she must first be sure that her clothes are not entangled with the saddle; then she must pass the reins into her right hand and carry them to the off crotch of the pommel, keeping a firm but even check on the horse, yet not too firm lest he rear. Now she must disengage the right leg from the pommel, clearing the dress as she raises the knee; after which the right hand is to be removed to the near crotch, and the foot to be taken from the stirrup. If there is no gentleman to assist her in dismounting, she is next to turn round, so as to be able to take a lock of the horse's mane in her hand, by the assistance of which, and by bearing her right hand on the crotch, she may alight without difficulty, taking care, however, to turn completely around on quitting the saddle, so as to alight with the face toward the horse's side. It is proper also to let the body be perfectly pliant, to bend the knees freely, and to alight on the toes, so as to prevent any unpleasant shock. If a gentleman is by to assist her, she may throw herself forward, when he will lift her from the saddle by catching her under both arms. Or he may take her left hand in his left hand and place his right hand on her waist as she descends. Or again, the gentleman may stand at the horse's shoulder, when by placing her right hand in his, she may descend without any other support.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

As we predicted, our fashions for July were again, with the single exception we named, in advance of the London World of Fashion. In future it will always be so; for since our new system abroad, we have never been disappointed.

FIG. I.—AN EVENING DRESS of tarlatane muslin. The boddice is low on the shoulders, from which depend two capes trimmed with lace. The waist is rounded, and girdled with a light blue ribbon, the ends of which hang nearly to the ground. The sleeves are very short and trimmed with lace. The skirt is long and full; and a second jupe is worn over it, open in front; both being trimmed with lace similar to that on the capes and sleeves. The hair is curtained over the face, gathered in a knot behind which is ornamented with ribbon like that worn for the girdle.

FIG. II.—AN EVENING DRESS of pale pink silk. The boddice is low on the shoulders, and has a deep cape: the waist is rounded. There are two jupes, cut in scolops around the bottom; and the sleeves are long and tight. The skirt is very full. The hair is dressed in curls, with a beautiful cap, trimmed with orange colored ribbons. This dress is peculiarly elegant for a young matron.

FIG. III.—A WALKING DRESS of balzorine. The boddice is high, and the waist rounded. The skirt as well as boddice are open in front, the edges being scoloped, and shew an embroidered cambric dress beneath. A lace collar is worn on the neck. The sleeves are *a la Orientale*, but reach only to the elbow, where they are finished with puffs and scollops. The bonnet is of blue, trimmed with lace and flowers.

FIG. IV.—A WALKING DRESS of light stone colored silk. The boddice is half high, and open to the waist, displaying the worked cambric vest beneath: the waist is rounded. Two deep volants finish the skirt, which is long and full. A fancy mantelet completes the costume: the bonnet being of drawn white silk, trimmed with ribbons.

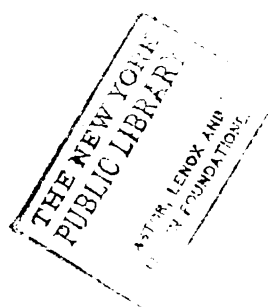
DRESSES.—Corsages vary according to the weather, and are either high or half high: they still, however, remain flat, and the sleeves mostly plain or half long: except when they are made so short as to resemble an epaulet rather than a sleeve. Dresses made of light textures have generally several flounces; which are mostly on the cross and are put on nearly as high as the hips: they are laid nearly flat on the skirts, and sometimes edged with a broad fringe: others are trimmed with a single broad flounce, edged and headed with a plaiting of ribbon *en ruche* or broad *biais* folds, put on slanting as high as the middle of the *jupe*, or ribbons fullied in the centre, put on *en ruche* round the facings, and descending on each side of the front.

MANTELETS.—Light materials are now preferred; such as *barège*, lace, muslin, or very light silks. We have seen some made of the *barège soufre* color, which are very pretty, being rounded at the back, cut slanting upon the top of the arms, and descending in long ends down the front, which are straight and rounded, and encircled with an open work embroidery. Those of black lace are generally trimmed with *volants* of lace,

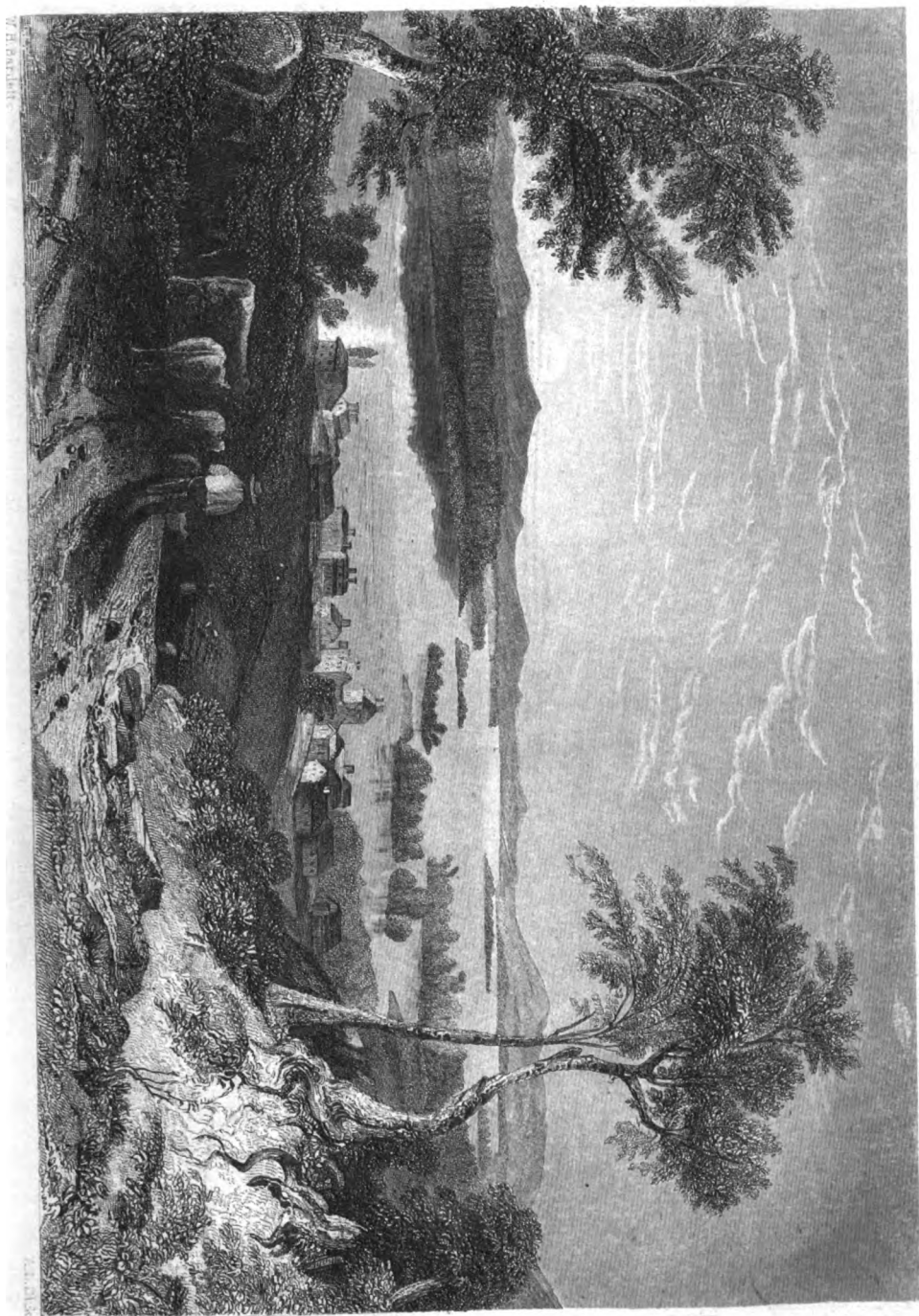
having a very light and rich effect. Those of the *camellion* color are also much admired, trimmed with a double garniture round the back, and forming a long scarf in the front, the whole encircled with a broad silk trimming of fringe, or cut *à l'emporte pièce*, that is, deep cut, or what is still prettier, trimmed with an *application* in *point de Venise*, the same shades and color as the mantelet.

CAPOTES.—This is the season above all others when this style of bonnet is most in request. We see them in white *crêpe*, lined with pink or blue, with folds of the same forming two rows; shaded ribbons of the same light texture, are used for the decorating of them, and are very pretty for an elegant *négligée*. Those which are drawn, and composed of *poult de soie*, the crowns of which are *fronces*, or entirely formed of shaded ribbons, having branches of flowers of the same colors as the ribbons. A very light and rich style of capote, are those which are made of *point d'Angleterre* and lined with pink *crêpe*. Then, again, a simpler and cooler looking capote, are those made of verdant green *gros de Naples*, covered with a veil of black lace, caught upon the sides with a pretty green flower; and above all, those which are covered with rather a soft gauze, which is slightly puffed between each drawing, the *garniture* being composed of ribbons and flowers ingeniously intermixed. Then, again, those having the crown composed of a heavier material, and ornamented with colored ribbons, and a deep tinted bouquet of flowers *posé* on the left side. Those of *poult de soie gris* are very fashionable, the brim made rather open and long at the ears; the centre and sides of the crown trimmed with roses, and encircled with lace, which turns over the bottom part of the *passo*, and decorates the interior. Then, again, those in the same material, only of a beautiful *paille* color, or shaded sky blue, the former ones being mostly enlivened with blue ribbons for a *garniture*. The flowers most in vogue for the decorating of those distinguished looking bonnets are the white camilla, the trembling dewy rose, the simple and common caster daisy, put side by side with the *l'ocrélinea*, the flower of which is white, with a yellow tint in the centre of its petal. The acacia, laurel rose, and honeysuckle, are also much in request, and what is also considered in exquisite taste, are wreaths of the mignonette, intermixed with rose buds nearly closed. For a morning capote no other ornament is worn, with the exception of a veil of *crêpe lisse*, the same color as the bonnet.

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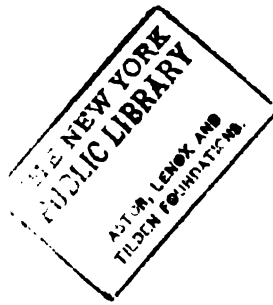


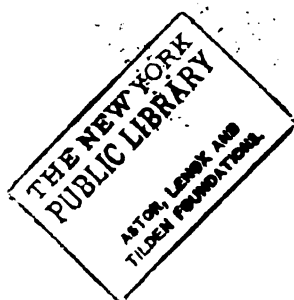




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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

PHILADELPHIA: SEPTEMBER, 1844.

No. 3.

THE DEAD GUEST.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

(CONCLUDED.)

THAT the narrative of the second appearance of the Dead Guest produced no little impression might be known from the fact that next day all the town were talking of him, and the centennial return of the period for his appearance. Many stories were told of this apparition, and though some stout-hearted persons laughed at the superstitious fears of the people, yet the number of the incredulous was so small as to have little effect on those who believed.

Waldrich was obliged to leave Herbesheim for some days on business connected with his regiment. He lamented to Frederika the necessity for his departure, and said he had never felt so unhappy before in parting from her, or so uncertain of seeing her again; telling her, moreover, how much his happiness depended on their meeting. The young girl endeavored to comfort him, by a promise of eternal constancy, beseeching him only to take care of his own health, which might suffer from the approaching winter weather. When he was gone, as it was in the evening, she returned to her chamber, sending word to her parents that she had a headache. The next morning her mother came to enquire after her, and found her with red eyes and pale cheeks.

"You are ill, my child!" she exclaimed—"why have you kept it from me? Am I no longer your mother?—I know that you love Waldrich; I do not count that a fault; but am grieved that you have any concealments from your mother."

Frederika threw her arms round her mother's neck and burst into tears. "I have done wrong," she cried, "in concealing it—yes—I love him—I have promised to be his wife. Forgive me—but I feared my father would be displeased."

"Child—I will not reproach you—nor blame you; it could not—I see—have been otherwise. Be calm, God will bless you if you trust in Him."

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George is worthy of you, though he has not the advantages of the one chosen by your father. I must inform him how matters stand."

"Not now—oh my mother, not now!"

"Yes—Frederika, now; the sooner the better."

"And what shall I do?"

"Do—my child? Pray silently to God. He will comfort you and give you strength; so that you will never go wrong. Do and say always what is right, and no evil can happen to you."

Madame Bantes went to seek her husband, and told him all that had passed between her daughter and Waldrich. At first he was inclined to be angry; but his wife convinced him that to offer opposition would be only to increase Frederika's inclination for the young captain, which might otherwise gradually die away in his absence, or be replaced in time by regard for the suitor her father had chosen. She reminded him that Waldrich could not remain much longer in Herbesheim. Herr Bantes was reasonable, and he not only agreed to the moderate course suggested by his wife, but assured his daughter that she had no compulsion to apprehend from him in the disposal of her hand. He only counselled her to be prudent in her choice, and to determine nothing till she had seen more of the world.

"Poor Waldrich!" said Frederika to her mother, as they sat one day at the window, just returned from church, and heard the rain beating against the panes: "he has very bad weather for his journey."

"A soldier should not heed the weather," said Madame Bantes; "should you ever be a soldier's wife you must make up your mind to have him love the field better than the hearth, and the king better than you."

"But look, mamma, how violently the rain beats—and there are hailstones too! See, how black the clouds are!"

Madame Bantes smiled, and said—"do you know, Frederika, this is the first Sunday in Advent?"

Just then Herr Bantes came in, laughing—but with a strange laugh, for one could hardly tell whether he meant it or not. "You are wanted

in the kitchen, wife," he cried, "to bring the servants to order, or our dinner will be spoiled."

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.

"The whole city is alive about the Dead Guest; two persons have just declared they have seen him; and their wild story is repeated from mouth to mouth, till the people in my kitchen have gone distracted. This is the first trick of the apparition, that we should go without our Sunday's dinner."

"Oh! that shall never be!" cried Frederika, and ran out.

"Such," continued Herr Bantes, "are the fruits of superstition! Advent and winter weather come at the due time, and everybody shrinks into a corner and crosses himself, and tells old woman's stories."

"Nay—my husband."

"Nay—wife—I believe you are a little credulous yourself!—but defend not such folly! When I die, I shall leave a legacy of ten thousand guilders, to form a school for teaching common sense; and all the dealers in ghosts and hobgoblins may come and learn. But the great have an object in nourishing superstition; the more credulous a people—the more easily kept in subjection. They will not learn better, till a Bonaparte comes again with iron rod, to play the pedagogue among the fools."

While Herr Bantes was speaking, walking the while impatiently up and down the room, and stopping when he had words to pour out, the book-keeper entered.

"Herr Bantes, it is all true," said he.

"What is true?"

"He is really arrived. He lodges at the Black Cross."

"Who lodges at the Black Cross?"

"The Dead Guest."

"Nonsense! Do you too, a reasonable man, believe all the old wives say?"

"I believe my own eyes; I went to the place myself; the clerk of the court accompanied me. We asked, for a pretence, for a glass of brandy. There he sat."

"Who?"

"I knew him on the spot; the landlord seemed also to know him; for as he came out with us he looked at the clerk with large eyes, and raised his eyebrows as if he would say—he who sits there brings no good."

"Absurd!"

"Well, it may be; but if it was not the Dead Guest it was his own twin brother! A pale face; a very tall figure; and dresses in black from head to foot; a double gold chain over his neck, and costly rings on his fingers; a fine equipage. What would you have more?"

Herr Bantes looked hard at the book-keeper for some minutes, and then burst in a loud laugh. "Has the devil his joke to drive with us, that he must come in just with the first Sunday in Advent?"

"And just as church was out," added the book-keeper, "while the wind and rain were most violent, and the people were running along the streets to escape a drenching."

"What is the stranger's name?" asked Herr Bantes.

"I do not know," answered the book-keeper; "he gives himself such names as pleases him; now it is Herr von Grabern; now Count von Altenkreuz. But there is something significant in his stopping at the Black Cross: the name appears to suit him."

Herr Bantes was silent and thoughtful for a little while, at last he said—"It is accident—mere chance; believe not a syllable about the Dead Guest, and such fables. A singular accident, it is true; the time—the weather—the figure—dress—and so on. But it all follows naturally; you heard the story—you saw a stranger; no more now of spectres—as you are a reasonable man!"

Early in the evening, just as Herr Bantes had finished giving directions to some of his workmen, he was startled by hearing a scream from a female voice.

"Go, Paul," he said to one of the men, "and see what is the matter." Paul went, and returned in a few minutes, looking frightened, and answered in a trembling voice—"there is some one wanting to see you, sir."

"Let him come in," said Herr Bantes. Paul opened the door, and a stranger entered. He was a very tall, thin man, in a black dress; his face was not unpleasing, but of a singular paleness, increased by the contrast of a black silk cravat. The fineness and whiteness of the linen he wore was set off by his black silk vest. The dress altogether, with several rings on his fingers, showed him to be a person of respectable condition.

Herr Bantes stared at him in speechless astonishment; but he recovered his composure by an effort, and advanced to meet his visitor, saying at the same time to his workman—"remain, Paul, I have something further to say to you."

"I am delighted, Herr Bantes, to make your acquaintance," said the stranger deliberately. "I should have come to you this morning, but that I felt the need of some rest after my journey, and disliked to trouble you so immediately upon my arrival."

"Much honor—much obliged," faltered Herr Bantes in evident embarrassment. "But —"

A cold chill began to creep over him; he could hardly trust his eyes. He pointed the stranger to a seat, and wished him an hundred miles off.

The visitor bowed with some constraint, took the seat and said—"you do not know me, but can guess, no doubt, who I am?"

Her Bantes felt the hair rising under his wig. He shook his head, and replied with forced calmness, "I have not the honor to know you."

"I am Hahn, the son of your old friend," said the guest in a hollow voice, and smiling; the smile went through the bones of his host.

"Have you a letter from my old friend?" asked he. The stranger opened an elegant pocket-book and handed him the letter. It recommended the bearer as the banker's son, and entreated Herr Bantes to help him in his first assault on the heart of the young lady his daughter. The writing indeed resembled that of the old banker, but there seemed something strange about it.

Herr Bantes read—and read—endeavoring to gain time for reflection; at length he jumped up, and said he must find his spectacles, for he could not read without them. Paul took advantage of his temporary absence from the room to abscond. When Bantes returned, bewildered as he was, he had adopted a desperate resolution. He approached his pale visitor, and said to him, with some hesitation, for his heart beat violently—"most worthy Herr von Hahn, I entertain for you the sincerest respect; but a circumstance, a fatal circumstance, has occurred, which I did not foresee. If you had only done us the honor to come earlier! Between my daughter and a captain in the army, at the head of the garrison in this town, there has been a love affair—in short, they are betrothed: I learned it only a day or two since. The captain is my foster son; he was my ward; willingly or unwillingly—I must give my consent. I was just going to write to your father, to beg him not to suffer you to trouble yourself. I am very sorry; what will my old friend think of me?"

Herr Bantes could say no more, for his voice failed him from terror. He had observed not only that his mysterious guest received his news with perfect calmness, but that he betrayed a visible pleasure at the words "love affair"—"betrothed;" and he remembered that the apparition had been always wont to seek out maidens affianced to others. He noticed also that the countenance quickly resumed its gloomy expression, as if he feared having betrayed himself.

"Do not distress yourself," replied he, "either on my account or my father's."

"I understand you!" thought Herr Bantes, and after a pause, said: "I ought not, indeed, to permit you to remain at the inn, but to beg you to

make my house your home. But this affair of the captain and my daughter—you understand how it is—another suitor in the absence of her betrothed—and so on—you comprehend—in so small a town—people would talk—more than they know. And my daughter."

"No excuses—I beg of you!" answered the banker's son, "I am very comfortable at the inn. I understand you; but permit me to pay my respects to Miss Mademoiselle Bantes."

"But—sir—"

"To have been in Herbesheim, and not to have seen the bride destined for me—I could not be satisfied."

"But you—"

"I should envy the captain. All that I have heard of the uncommon beauty and loveliness of your daughter."

"You are too kind."

"Caused me to look with pleasure on the prospect of being received into a near relation by the man of whom my father always spoke with such esteem."

"Your obedient—"

"May I hope, at least, for the honor of being presented to Miss Mademoiselle Bantes?"

"I am sorry—very sorry—but—she and my wife have company this evening; and the rule is that no stranger may be introduced."

"Indeed? I feel still exhausted by my journey, and unfit to present myself in company. I would rather see your daughter when only with her own family."

Herr Bantes made a stiff bow.

"Or rather, if you would permit me the favor. I would beg for a private interview with the young lady—to communicate to her something—"

Herr Bantes felt the blood curdle at his heart; he breathed quickly. The stranger was silent, expecting a reply; but as none was given he continued—"I hope what I have to say will show Mademoiselle Bantes my views; and enable me, perhaps, while I set her mind at ease with regard to the past, to gain her esteem, which under existing circumstances is far from being indifferent to me."

Herr Bantes, more and more bewildered—strove to say something in deprecation of the proposed interview; but his guest seemed not to understand him. Meantime it grew dark; he stood up, and with many expressions of regret, said that company was waiting for him. The stranger, who looked more gloomy than ever, then took his leave, asking permission to repeat his visit.

Herr Bantes hastened to the burgomasters, where he found his apprehensions confirmed by hearing that everybody talked of the arrival of

the Dead Guest. Thence he went home, and told all that had happened to his wife and daughter, who smiled when he mentioned his story of Frederika's betrothal to the captain.

"Oh, father—dear father!" cried the young lady—"you must keep your word!"

"I must!" replied her father in a tone of dismay.

"And if the guest should really be Mr. von Hahn!"

"Do you think I have no eyes? I tell you it is not he! How should young von Hahn disguise himself as the Dead Guest, when he probably has never in all his life heard the story?"

The two ladies seemed rather incredulous as to the apparition assuming the form of the young banker; at this Herr Bantes cried, "just so—he has you both already in his clutch; he has begun the work already! I am an enemy to superstition; but what has happened I have seen; I cannot understand it; but there is much that reason cannot understand. I will have no dealings with the evil one—on your part!"

"Dearest father!" cried Frederika, "have no fear. Be he Mr. von Hahn or the Dead Guest, I shall never be unfaithful to Waldrich, or listen to his suit. Only promise that you will not separate George and me."

Frederika slept sweetly, and had pleasant dreams that night.

The next morning Herr Bantes was returning from his business, and on going up the steps of his house, happened to glance into a window opening on the first floor. Could he believe his eyes? There sat the pale stranger he had seen the preceding evening in earnest conversation with Frederika. The young girl was smiling on him in what seemed an affectionate manner; and did not even resist when he raised her hand and pressed it to his lips.

All swam before the eyes of the old man, and with some difficulty he made his way into the house, and his wife's apartment. When Madame Bantes understood the cause of his alarm, she begged him to be composed; for that the guest was in reality the banker's son, a most excellent and amiable young man, with whom she and Frederika had been some time in conversation.

"But go in and see, wife, on what terms he is already with our daughter. He is kissing her!"

"Impossible!"

"Yes—yes—my eyes have not deceived me; she is lost! Why are they alone? has your reason deserted you?"

"He begged permission to make a private communication to Frederika."

"Break off his private communication; and send him away; I insist upon it."

"But what will his father say?"

"I care not what. Go—send him away."

Madame Bantes was embarrassed: she came up and laid her hand on her husband's shoulder. "Do not let your imagination mislead you!" said she. "If you command I must obey; but—Frederika and I have just invited him to dinner."

"To dinner! he must have bewitched you! Get away—I will not see him!" At this moment Frederika entered the room. "Where is Mr. von Hahn?" asked her mother.

"He is gone to the inn for a moment, but will be back directly. He is truly a good and noble man!"

"There we have it again!" cried her father: "he has made some way in half an hour's interview! And you were in love with Waldrich? I tell you—send away this stranger. Tell him I am ill; that we are very sorry; that we cannot have him to dinner."

Frederika was startled. "I will tell you, papa," she answered—"all that he said to me. He is certainly a most excellent man; and you will——"

"I will hear nothing! I have heard too much!" exclaimed her father. "Be he Mr. von Hahn or the Dead Guest, I will have no more of him! If you can, persuade this 'noble, excellent man' to quit Herbesheim directly—and forever. I give you my word that you shall have Waldrich, even should the real son of my friend come to claim you. I promise you to write to the banker the instant the dark man is gone."

Frederika colored with delight. "Very well," she answered, "he shall go. Let me only speak a few moments alone with him!"

"There it is again! No—no! you must write to him! Away with him!"

There was no withstanding this order; Frederika wrote a note to the banker's son, excusing herself from receiving him to dinner on account of her father's indisposition; and entreating him, if he had any friendship for her, to leave the town without delay; since on his speedy departure depended the peace of her family. She promised to write to him by the next post, and explain the cause of this singular, but most urgent request.

One of the servants carried the young lady's letter to the inn, and asked for the banker von Hahn. When the door of the room where the banker sat was opened, and he saw a tall, pale man, dressed in black, as he had heard the Dead Guest described, who looked up and asked in a hollow voice—"what do you want?" he was ready to swoon with fright.

"Your honor," stammered the man with a face

full of terror; "I did not ask for your honor—but for Mr. von Hahn."

"I am he."

"You?" repeated the petrified servant; and his feet seemed rooted to the ground. "For mercy's sake—let me go away!"

"I do not hinder you. Who sent you here?"

"Mademoiselle Bantes."

"For what?"

"This letter for you—" and as the stranger rose and came toward him to receive the letter he threw it down and ran away. The banker laughed. "Are the people here all crazy!" said he to himself. He read the letter, contracted his brow, and began to walk the room, humming a low tone.

There was a light knock at the door, and the landlord entered, his cap in his hand, with many awkward bows.

"Just in time, landlord; is dinner ready?" asked the guest.

"The dinner in this house would be doubtless too mean for your honor."

"Not at all; your cooking is well done. You should not find fault with my eating but little; it is my habit."

"They cook better at the Golden Angel."

"The Black Cross is good enough for me. You are more modest than I ever saw a landlord. Let them have dinner directly."

The landlord of the Black Cross rubbed his cap in his hands and seemed embarrassed; the stranger appeared not to notice it, but continued to walk the room in deep thought. But every time he came near the host the latter stepped a pace or two back.

"Do you want anything, landlord?" at length asked the banker.

"Ye—e—s! But your honor will not take it ill?"

"Not in the least; out with it!" cried the guest, and reached out his hand, as if he would slap his host cordially on the shoulder. But the landlord escaped by a timely dodge and sprang to the door.

Vexed as the banker was, for he had noticed the strange behaviour of the whole household since his arrival, he could not help bursting into a laugh. "Do the folk take me," thought he, "for a second Doctor Faust?"

Again there was a knock, and at the half opened door appeared a martial face, with a Roman nose and prodigious moustaches. The mouth asked, "Is this Mr. von Hahn?"

"The same."

A large and stout man in a soldier's dress entered the apartment. "The burgomaster requests your honor," said he, "to come to him for a few moments."

"The burgomaster? a master of police. Where does he live?"

"At the end of the street—in the large corner house with the balcony. I will have the honor to conduct you thither."

"Nay—that is not necessary, my good friend. I like not military escorts."

"His honor the burgomaster has so ordered."

"Very good—and you obeyed his directions. Have you not been a soldier?"

"In the third regiment of hussars."

"In what action got you that scar over the eye-brow?"

"Hem—your honor—in a fray with some of my comrades about a pretty girl."

"Your wife will not be pleased—unless she herself were the girl you fought for."

"I have no wife."

"Well—your sweet-heart. Come—confess—if she knew all—you would find her a little stubborn—eh?"

The soldier frowned. The guest continued—"but do not lose heart; for your scar would prove to her what you would venture for a look into her dark eyes, or a lock of her brown hair."

The policeman grew pale and opened his eyes. "Does your honor," he stammered, "know the girl?"

"Why not? she is not the ugliest in the town!" returned the banker smiling, amused at having discovered the soldier's love secret so readily. The smile and the pale face had something horrible to the poor lover.

"Your honor knows her? And you only arrived yesterday; and I have watched the milliner's door ever since! Impossible! you could not have got in!"

"My good friend it is not difficult to make acquaintance with a pretty girl; and houses have back-doors."

The soldier looked horrified; von Hahn thought he had awakened his jealousy. "Fy," said he, "you must not be jealous; let us make an agreement. Understand me well—"

"But too well!" interrupted the terrified official.

"You shall take me to your young milliner, and I will reconcile her to your scar."

The soldier started and appeared to shudder; then recollecting himself, requested Mr. von Hahn to follow him to the burgomaster.

"I come; but I will have none of your company."

"I am ordered to conduct you."

"I order the contrary. Go, then, and announce me to his honor. If you withstand me count no longer upon your sweet-heart."

"For heaven's sake," cried the official, "have

mercy! I obey: gracious sir, spare, I beseech you, spare the innocent blood!"

"I hope you do not think I am going to eat the girl?"

"Your word," cried the other, "that you will spare her life; then I will do whatever you command, were I sure it was my own death!"

"I give you my word not to kill her. But tell me, what frightens you? How come you to suppose I want the life of a handsome girl?"

"Your word is pledged; I am satisfied. What indeed would it profit you to twist poor Katherle's neck! You may go alone, now. Even the devil must keep his word."

So saying, the policeman retired, but not too soon to hear the Dead Guest burst into a loud laugh. The laughter rang through his ears like the howl of Satan as he ran at his utmost speed to the burgomaster, to tell him the whole story.

Mr. von Hahn took his hat and stick and went out. As he walked along the street he observed that everybody was bent on paying him the utmost respect. All the people bowed and took off their hats; and in several houses on both sides of the way he saw a throng of faces pressed against the closed windows. Not far from the house of the magistrate where he was going, was a spring, the water of which fell through several pipes into a large stone basin. Around this were many women with pails and tubs, differently occupied. Some were scraping fish; some washing vegetables; some placing their pails under the pipes; others carrying them away on their heads. The banker wishing to enquire if that were the house he was looking for, turned to address one of them; but at the first sound of his voice, which drew their attention, there was a cry of horror and alarm! The women threw down their pails, let the vegetables and fish fall into the basin, and ran off in different directions. Only an old woman, whose feet refused to carry her away, got behind the pipe, and began crossing herself most violently, and muttering her prayers. Mr. von Hahn went on and was admitted into the corner house with the balcony. The burgomaster, a small man, acute, adroit, and of quick perception, received him courteously at the door, and led him into his office.

"You sent for me," said Mr. von Hahn, "and I have come the more willingly, in the hope that you may be able to solve this mystery. I arrived in your town yesterday for the first time; and have met with more adventures here than in all the rest of my travels."

"I believe it," returned the burgomaster with a smile, "I have heard of them; really incredible! You are Mr. von Hahn, son of a banker in the capital; you have transactions with Bantes,

a manufacturer of this place; you come on account of his daughter——"

"Exactly; will you identify me, sir?" The banker took some papers out of his pocket-book; the burgomaster examined them slightly, and handed them back with an expression of his satisfaction.

"I have given you, sir, all the information you can require respecting myself; permit me to ask in my turn some explanation of the odd ways of your town. Herbesheim is not so entirely separated from the rest of the world but that strangers must sometimes make their appearance here. How comes it then, that I——"

"I know what you would say, Mr. von Hahn, I will explain all if you will have the goodness to answer me a few questions."

"At your service."

"Count my questions, if you please, among the singularities of Herbesheim, which have already struck you. Do you commonly wear black?"

"I am in mourning for an aunt."

"Were you ever in this place before?"

"Never."

"Have you had any acquaintances among our townspeople, or have you ever heard by accident any of the legends connected with the town history?"

"I have no acquaintances in Herbesheim, and knew nothing of the place, further than that Herr Bantes lived here, and that his daughter was a very admirable young lady, which I can now confirm from my own observation."

"Have you never heard the story of the Dead Guest?"

"I repeat it—I must confess to my shame, Mr. Burgomaster, that the history of Herbesheim is as unknown to me as that of the kingdoms of Siam and Peru."

The burgomaster smiled and said—"you are now passing with our citizens for the spectre of a fabulous legend; I myself, ridiculous as I own the popular superstition to be—you will forgive my frankness—cannot help being surprised to see how exactly you correspond with the general notion of the spectre's exterior. Supposing it true that you are not playing off a joke upon me, I will relate to you the story of the Dead Guest as I have heard it from others."

The worthy burgomaster did so, and young von Hahn listened with the greatest interest.

"All is clear to me now," cried he, laughing, when the story was ended. "The fair ones of Herbesheim were in terror for their pretty necks."

"Jesting aside, Mr. von Hahn, I am not quite satisfied. Accident plays us strange tricks sometimes; but it is too strange in this case not to give me some ground of suspicion against you."

"How, Mr. Burgomaster, do you take me for the hero of your legend?"

"No, certainly; but you may have heard it before, and thought proper to divert yourself with the credulity of our people. How, for instance, happens it that you chose the first Sunday in Advent for your arrival, and a violent storm, if you knew nothing of the tradition in question?"

"The coincidence is somewhat striking, I acknowledge; but I assure you I am so ill read in the calendar that it is only just now that I remember yesterday was the first Sunday in Advent. And I can give you my oath that I did not bring the rain from heaven; on the contrary, I would gladly have prevented it, unfavorable as the bad weather is to my health."

"But how, Mr. von Hahn, do you account for the clutch you made this morning at the neck of your worthy landlord?"

The banker laughed immoderately. "Ah! this is why the poor fellow dodged me so fearfully when I wanted to lay my hand on his shoulder."

"Still further, Mr. von Hahn: you are acquainted with Mademoiselle Wiesel?"

"I know several Wiesels, but no young lady of that name."

"And yet it is said that you obtained access to her house by the back-door."

"By the back-door? Oh, now I understand; she is the sweet-heart of your late messenger. Now I comprehend all his fright and agitation."

"I have not yet done, Mr. von Hahn. You will observe that I am acquainted with all your movements; indeed the secret police of Herbesheim yields not even to that of Paris in the times of Fouché and Savary. If you wish me to acquit you entirely of the charge of having played off a joke upon our good people of Herbesheim, you must permit me a question or two further. If you did not design to assume the character of the Dead Guest, how was it possible—this question I ask less for my own satisfaction than another's—how was it possible that having no previous acquaintance with Mademoiselle Bantes, you could this morning in a few minutes' interview—a short interview at least—become so intimate with that young lady, that you—I know not how I ought to express it—"

"How the mischief did you learn that?" cried the banker, and his pale face became suddenly suffused with crimson.

"I beg pardon for my curiosity," returned the burgomaster, "you know civil authorities and doctors have the privilege of asking indiscreet questions. But you are aware that the Dead Guest is said to have the faculty of captivating women; a faculty which I am obliged to concede

to you without, however, believing you to have been dead."

The banker was silent awhile, and then said—"I begin to be more afraid of you, Mr. Burgomaster, than even your townspeople are of my black coat. The walls must have given you your information. It is true I was this morning a short time alone with Mademoiselle Bantes, if you mean to allude to that circumstance: but you must allow me on this point to preserve silence. Either your walls have informed you upon the subject of our conversation or not; in the former case you have nothing more to learn; in the latter it would not become me to disclose what the young lady might wish to have concealed."

The burgomaster inclined his head gently in token that he would pursue his enquiries no further; and after a slight pause, asked—"do you stay long with us, Mr. von Hahn?"

"I leave here in the morning. My business is concluded; and really I have no inclination to play the part of a hobgoblin among the people. I conceive myself ill-used by chance to have been brought thus unconsciously into such a scrape."

After a little more conversation with the burgomaster the banker took his leave. The magistrate, after his departure, stationed himself at the window, curious to see the reception he might meet with from persons in the street. He could not help thinking the affair a very odd one altogether. He had stood thinking of it a quarter of an hour or more, and was surprised that he had not yet seen the banker leave his house. He rang the bell; the servant came and was questioned; but insisted that though he had stood for the last hour before the front door, he had seen no man go out.

The burgomaster dismissed his servant and went again to the window. In a few minutes the attendant returned, uncalled, and said the housemaid was crying in the kitchen, because the Dead Guest was talking with her young mistress, the burgomaster's daughter. The young lady seemed well acquainted with him; he had given her a pair of splendid bracelets, and said something to her which the maid could not hear. Her mistress had ordered her to leave the room.

"Bracelets!" echoed the magistrate, "and talking with my Minna! Donner und—how should the girl get acquainted so readily with a stranger?" And he walked hastily to the door, then checked himself as if he had detected a superstitious fear at the bottom of his astonishment. At length he went to the room where his daughter was; she sat alone at the window looking at the bracelets.

"What have you there, Minna?" asked her father.

The young girl answered readily—"a present for Rika Bantes, from Master von Hahn. He is going away to-morrow, and has his reasons for not returning to the house of Herr Bantes. It is all very strange—but I will give her his present."

"And where did you become acquainted with Mr. von Hahn?"

"This morning when I was with Rika and her mother. He has an odd look, but he is an excellent man. When he came from you, father, I was just coming down stairs; and he stopped to make his request."

The burgomaster was satisfied with his daughter's explanation, but secretly resolved to send next morning and see if the stranger kept his word.

The next morning when the burgomaster's servant went to the Black Cross, he learned from the people in the street that the Dead Guest and all his train were vanished, no one knew how or where. He had taken neither carriage nor horses; had not been seen to pass the town gates, and yet he was no where to be found. The landlord took the police messenger into the chamber occupied by his late guest; all was in complete order as if no one had been there; the bed was unruffled; the chairs in their places; not an article of clothing, nor even a bit of paper testified that the room had been recently inhabited. Only on the table lay the full amount of the reckoning in good silver.

"May I be hanged if I touch it!" cried the horrified landlord; "I will send it to the town hospital for the poor."

The rumor of the sudden disappearance of the Dead Guest was soon spread abroad throughout Herbesheim. Herr Bantes and his wife, even before they had risen, heard it from the maid—"Amazing!" cried the old man: "what say you to that, wife? For my part I am glad he is gone. He—the son of my old friend! Yet who could credit such things if they had not been seen with one's living eyes?"

Madame Bantes smiled, but knew not what to reply. She thought, however, that time might unravel even this mystery.

Suddenly her husband sprang up, and became so pale that she was alarmed—"wife!" he said in a faint voice, "is it not strange that Frederick sleeps so long? Have you heard any noise in the room since you awaked?"

"Nay—dear husband; you cannot suspect—"

"If the one thing is true—the other may be also!" cried the alarmed father; and therewith both went to the door of Frederika's chamber. Herr Bantes laid his trembling hand on the lock and opened softly; he could hear no movement,

though he listened breathlessly. They went up to the bed. There lay the lovely girl still asleep, a delicate bloom in her cheeks, on which the long eye-lashes reposed. She breathed so lightly that her father at first almost thought he only fancied there was a regular movement of her night dress. But when he touched her soft, warm hand, he was fully re-assured; and still more when she opened her eyes and smiled with an expression of surprise. Madame Bantes explained the cause of their early visit, telling her of the mysterious disappearance of Herr von Hahn, at which she seemed much pleased.

Still more pleased was she that evening, when just as they were sitting down to supper, the roll of a carriage was heard which stopped before their door. "It is Waldrich!" cried Frederika, springing up; and it was he. They all ran to meet him; Herr Bantes embraced him cordially. All had a thousand things to tell, and a thousand questions to ask. At last Herr Bantes put an end to the discourse by calling them to supper, and gave the captain his accustomed seat.

"Do you know," said he, after they had chatted awhile; "do you know, captain, we have had the Dead Guest here in Herbesheim, bodily, in this very house! Yes—I tell you truly—he picked out his three brides before he had been in the place twenty-four hours; one was Frederika there—another the Burgomaster's daughter, the third Miss Wiesel, the milliner's apprentice. We were all terrified nearly out of our wits."

The captain smiled and answered: "I met him to-day, and dined in his company at the post-house at Odernberg. You mean Mr. von Hahn, and no other?"

"Von Hahn!" repeated Herr Bantes; "the Dead Guest—if he ever walked the earth! But he shall not have my Frederika—even were he in truth the banker's son! How could I live with a son-in-law that gave me a cold shudder every time I looked upon him. If he be really von Hahn the worse for him, for he looks exactly as you described the spectre."

"And no fault of his!" cried the captain, laughing; "for believe me he was the veritable original of the sketch I drew the other evening. I met him some time ago in the capital, and his uncommonly tall figure, pale face and black dress made such an impression upon me that I could not forget him. You may imagine that I was not more likely to forget when I learned that he was—pardon me for referring to it!—the suitor of Mademoiselle Frederika."

"Donner!" exclaimed Herr Bantes, rubbing his forehead, "and so it was all the trick of a rival! And we all, even the worthy Burgomaster and his police, have been taken in. Such a

welcome as he met with!—He must have taken us for a pretty set of fools!"

"Not at all, my dear sir," answered Waldrich, "he was well pleased with the turn of affairs, and desired me to present his parting respects to you, Madame Bantes and Mademoiselle Frederika. He and I are sworn friends; we have opened our hearts to each other. At first, when we sat down tête-à-tête to the table, both were reserved; after an exchange of common-place civilities I learned that he had just left Herbesheim on his return home. I burned with curiosity to know more; and having accidentally mentioned that I was in command of the garrison, 'ah,' cried he, laughing, 'my fortunate rival!' and reached me his hand across the table. Thus our conversation commenced. He told me that your daughter had informed him she was engaged to me, and had entreated him not to make her unhappy. In a transport he had seized her hand and kissed it, disclosing the fact that although he had implicitly obeyed the command of his father to come to Herbesheim to sue for her hand, yet it had been in the hope of being refused. He was secretly enamored of a young lady in the capital, the daughter of a late professor, whom the old banker had forbidden him, under pain of being disinherited, to visit—because the poor girl had no other dower but her virtues and talents. Young von Hahn, however, had resolved to marry her in case of his father's death, or if he could induce him to change his determination."

"What!" exclaimed Herr Bantes, "and you knew all this, Frederika? And why did you not tell it to me?"

The young lady kissed her father's hand and replied, "Dear papa, do not blame your Frederika! I was on the point of telling you all that had passed—every word the banker had said—but do you not remember how you forbade me to speak, and promised if I would obey you without a word, to give me Waldrich instead of Mr. von Hahn? You remember?"

"So—so! nothing is so sure as obedience when a little advantage may be gained by it."

"But did you not threaten to shut mamma and me in the cellar—if——"

"Hold your tongue, child! But since you took it upon yourself to have an interview with the young man without my knowledge, you might, at least, have explained matters."

"So I did. As soon as he found there was no hope of winning my heart, in the joy of his release he told me his own secret. Yet there was just then no excuse for his not remaining with us; and you know mamma and I had invited him to dinner——"

"Silence! Go on, captain. So he is not angry

with us. But what must he think of us good people of Herbesheim? That we took leave of our senses with the beginning of Advent?"

"Something of the sort may have occurred to him," answered the captain; "but the behaviour of the townspeople must have afforded him much amusement, for he told me of several droll scenes. Not till he heard the burgomaster's story did he comprehend that he had the honor to pass for a cavalier, who was taken for the Winter King two centuries ago. But he could not help acknowledging that his appearance favored the mistake."

"It was all the fault of your wild stories!" cried Frederika.

"Well, I was honest enough to confess my sin to Mr. von Hahn, and to take all the blame I deserved, though I certainly never dreamed of such a consequence to my narration. On his part he owned to me that he had yielded to the temptation of mystifying the good townspeople after he discovered what they thought of him. After retiring to his chamber, he sent his servants with his baggage under cover of the dark evening out of the town, and walked himself to the next post-house, where he lodged and took carriage this morning. In short, we had a hearty laugh at the whole story, and over a flask of champagne pledged a lasting friendship for each other."

All this while Herr Bantes seemed a little dissatisfied with himself; but Frederika tried, by caressing him, to remove the disagreeable impression. "Children," at last he said, "you see now what folly grows out of superstition, since even an old philosopher like myself has put on the cap and bells! I could laugh at it, were it not wrong to make light of the infirmities of poor human nature. Every one who thinks he stands firm should take heed lest he fall. (Wife, have a bowl of punch made that we may wash down the recollection of this silly stuff!) Thus the most courageous soldier, used to hearing balls by the dozen whistling about his ears, sometimes takes to his heels; the seaman who is at home in all countries may sometimes lose his way in a walk for pleasure; and the most sensible man in the world, at one time or other, may be little better than a fool!"

"Dear father!" cried Frederika, caressingly, "let us begin to talk of something else."

"Apropos, captain," continued her father, "do you know I gave you away? On condition that the Dead Guest should take himself off I made a present of you to Frederika. There, my girl, take him, and may you be happy together."

The lovers sprang up and threw themselves on his neck.

"Stay—Waldrich!" he cried, "you must throw off the uniform."

"I will," said the captain, with tears of joy in his eyes.

"And take leave of the army. Frederika must live with her parents; I have given you to her, not her to you."

"I will resign to-morrow."

"Children," cried Herr Bantes, while he freed himself from the embraces of the young people—"your joy will quite suffocate me. Wife, let us have the punch!"

MARY.

BY H. J. BRADFORD.

THREE years have fled, sweet Mary,
(And, ah! how slow they roll!)

Since on this spot I sat with thee,

Dear soother of my soul:

Since here we breathed the love that dwelt,

Deep-hidden in each breast,

As peacefully and gently

As yon blue sky at rest.

How oft upon the summer's day,

When earth and sky were fair,

And gentle sounds were wandering

Upon the sunny air;

When green the corn in yonder field—

When bright the meadow-flowers,

We've lived whole years of calm content

In those few, fleeting hours!

And now the earth is fair as then,

As brightly bloom the flowers,

As gaily sing the tuneful birds

Amid their leafy bowers;

But oh! a gentle voice is hush'd,

An eye hath lost its light;

And memory bids me weep for thee,

My beautiful and bright!

Yes! yonder stands the village church

We loved to gaze upon,

When on its white and tapering spire,

Linger'd the setting sun:

And there the church-yard where we stray'd,

And check'd our joyous mirth,

To read upon the low brown stone

The tale of buried worth.

And now 'tis dearer far to me,

For from its hallow'd ground,

Fast by a spreading willow tree

There swells a grassy mound;

And there a low brown stone was raised

Above thy sleeping head,

And when I tread that sacred spot

I feel that thou art dead.

Yet though that gentle form is chill'd,

And quench'd those happy eyes,

Which beam'd as if their orbs were lit

By skies of Paradise!

And though thine absence makes me feel

That I am all alone—

I'm glad that thou hast found a place

Where sorrow is not known!

A LEAP YEAR TALE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

Two gentlemen were enjoying the freshness of a summer twilight in the pleasant library of a house in one of the principal streets of Philadelphia. One was a well whiskered, well to do in the world looking man, and by the *je ne sais quoi* by which one can tell a married man at a single glance, evidently a Benedick of some years standing. A look round the apartment, and at Mr. Charles Harvey, who is its owner, tells us that he is still on the bachelor's list. The gentlemen were seated by an open window in luxurious arm chairs, and so far it looked comfortable enough; but there was a certain want of elegance of arrangement throughout the really handsome establishment which showed that its presiding genius was one of the stronger sex.

A servant soon entered to prepare the tea-table, and presently Mr. Harvey seated himself to pour out tea for his guest. Mr. Waters watched his operations for a while in silence, at length he exclaimed—"I tell you what, Harry, I am actually attacked with such a violent fit of homesickness every time I see you sitting there, 'pouring out,' as the ladies call it, that I feel tempted to set off at once for my own home, where I can see bright, happy faces round my board, and a delicate hand mixing my tea exactly to my taste. I have scarcely tasted a cup fit to drink since I have been here, and I verily believe it is because there is no lady to pour it out for me. Why don't you marry like a sensible man, and know what domestic comfort is?"

Mr. Harvey looked confused and made sundry mistakes in the preparation of the beverage, which called forth the severe animadversions of his friend, who finished by pouring the mixture into the slop bowl, and then compounded one himself that seemed to suit him better. After this was happily settled Mr. Waters resumed the subject.

"Jesting apart, Harvey, I am really curious to know why you have not married. Your tastes are domestic, your affections strong, and your circumstances good. You are now past thirty, and if you remain a bachelor much longer you will run a risk of being taken in by some artful girl, who will marry you for the sake of your money, and care not a button for yourself."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Harvey.

"Amen, with all my heart," said his friend—"but you have not answered my question."

"It is one I have been hoping you would ask ever since you have been with me—for I could not bear to enter on the subject myself much as I need advice and sympathy."

"Aha! a love story—the old song, I suppose, 'the course of true love never did run smooth?' Harvey, from my soul, I pity you—I had something of the kind to endure myself, and it almost broke my heart, stout as it now seems."

"My love, alas! has had no course at all, but is all pent up here, still and deep, wearing away my very heart. If you have patience to listen to my story I will tell it to you."

The curiosity of Mr. Waters soon conquered his appetite, and when the table was removed Mr. Harvey began.

"You remember the Vernons whom we met in Paris four years ago?"

"To be sure I do—a conceited old father, proud as a German baron with sixteen quarterings; a gentle, high-bred mother, and two glorious daughters—which was it?—that lovely, golden haired blonde whose glance seemed to melt your very soul, or the brilliant, dark eyed younger sister?"

"The elder—I had loved her from her childhood, though until we met abroad we had never spoken—I shall never forget the impression she made upon me when I first saw her. It was on a summer evening, soon after I had come a friendless lad to this place. I was seated at a window of my humble lodgings which overlooked the garden of a large and handsome house, thinking of the beloved parents and sister that I had lost—of the home of my youth, embosomed as it was among the blue hills of our beautiful state, and of the hopes I once had cherished of rising to eminence by a life of intellectual effort. The graves of my household were now green in the distant valley—I was left alone with my destiny in life wholly changed. My college studies were forsaken for the day-book and ledger in the counting-house of my present partners, where I was surrounded by a set of dissipated youths, whose society was hateful to me. My only solace was in my books, and all the evenings I could spare from business were devoted to them. Sometimes, however, I was too weary for any occupation, and then sad recollections would more than ever crowd upon me. On the evening I allude to I had been more than usually depressed, when my attention was attracted by some delightful music, and looking across the garden toward the house whence it proceeded, I saw a lovely child in the brilliantly lighted room, whose likeness to my sister made her seem like a personation of the thoughts that had occupied me. She had been reading at a table near the window, but had now thrown back the rich curls that had fallen over her face, and was listening to a duett sung in a masterly style by two elder sisters.

"She was evidently one of a numerous and

accomplished family, but I scarcely observed the other members of it. My whole soul was riveted on Constance—for it was she—and strange as it may seem to you, from that hour she became the centre of all the fond imaginings of my boyhood. She could not at this time have been more than ten years old, I was eighteen—her family were proud and wealthy, occupying the first place in a circle into which I never hoped to gain admittance. Still I often saw her; sometimes playing with her younger sister among the garden flowers; sometimes with her satchel on her arm wending her way to school, and I felt that it was happiness even to look on one so lovely and so associated with domestic joys that were lost to me forever.

"Her two elder sisters soon married, one an English gentleman of fortune, the other a distinguished man in one of our southern states. Five years ago Mr. Vernon took his family abroad to visit Mrs. Colville, the eldest daughter, and soon after I was despatched by my employers on some mercantile business to Germany. To my great joy we chanced to meet in Paris, where we occupied the same hotel, and I frequently encountered them both at public places, and at the house of our Ambassador."

"I remember well," said Mr. Waters, "our meeting them at the Louvre, and how I wondered at your prating so knowingly about the fine arts as you did to them—one would have thought you had lived among the old masters from your boyhood."

"Well—I cannot tell you what my feelings toward Constance then were. For years she had been the idol of my imagination, but I found the charms of the real being far surpassed those with which my fancy endowed her. I had seen that she was beautiful, had heard that she was amiable and accomplished, but I had never dreamed of such a revelation of purity, grace, refinement and perfect nobility of nature, as day by day gradually opened to me. My business in Germany having been settled more speedily than I expected, I was enabled to linger several weeks in Paris, and afterward to join the Vernons in a short tour through Switzerland. I had thought I appreciated Constance when she had been my companion in the world of art, but there was a deeper, fuller happiness in wandering with her through the lovelier realm of nature. Several other gentlemen were of the party, two of them Englishmen of rank—vapid, silly creatures, to be seen ever feigning raptures that they could not feel, and my heart would often thrill with joy when Constance, inspired with the grandeur and beauty of the varied scenes that were spread before us, would turn from them to me as if she saw that I best could sympathize with the feelings that penetrated

her. The gentleness, too, with which she would submit to the inconveniences which so often try the temper of the traveller, and under which her parents and her sister Louisa were anything but patient; her kindness to the poor peasants we would meet, and the deep religious feeling which seemed to pervade her whole being showed me that if pre-eminent in personal and intellectual gifts, in moral beauty she was richer still. But I will not tire you with my raptures—enough that when at last I was obliged to tear myself away while they proceeded to Italy, I was deeply, hopelessly in love."

"Why hopelessly—was she already engaged?" asked Mr. Waters. "If not, had not a handsome, intelligent fellow like you as good a chance as any one?"

"I—with my miserable stipends—of humble birth and inferior position think to win her, the loveliest and proudest in the land? No—the thought was folly—madness. Yet there was a strange happiness in loving her, even despairingly as I did. One might cherish such a passion for an angel, so utterly hopeless was it, yet it made me a better man—elevating my mind and purifying every feeling—leading me to strive after all that was really great, and to trample all that was mean and grovelling beneath my feet.

"On my return home I led the same solitary life that I had before, avoiding all society, devoting my days to business and my evenings to study and to Constance. True, she was far distant, but her image was always present to soothe and cheer my lonely hours. I remember at that time reading a German legend of a knight who devoted himself to the service of a spirit mistress, who in times of danger and distress would revive his courage by permitting him to behold the waving of her golden hair; a more perfect revelation being impossible, until by deeds of virtue he had won an entrance to the world of spirits. The story impressed me strangely, and like Aslanga's knight I would often fancy I saw the bright locks of her I loved gleam on me in the darkness, as if accepting an allegiance as hopeless as his own.

"It was more than a year before Mr. Vernon and his family returned, and the blush and smile with which Constance received me when we met assured me that I was not quite forgotten. Ah! how many a baseless fabric did I build on that one look. My manner may possibly have betrayed my long cherished feelings, for on succeeding visits the friendliness of my reception by the rest of the family was diminished, (though, thank heaven! that of Constance was the same) and her two brothers, whom till now I had never seen, treated me with a haughty superciliousness

that wounded me deeply. I therefore refrained from going to the house, and saw Constance only at church or by accident. So went on the affair sadly enough for me, until the legacy of that odd humorist who took such an unaccountable fancy to me, enabled me to obtain a partnership in our concern, and with the assured prospect of competence, if not of wealth, came a distant hope of winning her on whom my affections were so unalterably fixed. By this time several changes had occurred in Mr. Vernon's family that were rather favorable to me. His eldest son had married, and the younger had received an appointment as secretary to a foreign embassy. Louisa had also accompanied him abroad to pay another visit to her sister in England, where she still remains. Constance was, therefore, the only child at home, and when I again presented myself at the house, I was received by her and her mother with all their former cordiality. The old gentleman, too, gradually relaxed his usual stiffness, and I was soon established with them quite as an intimate friend.

"Still I had little on which I could build a hope. Constance was a most dutiful and devoted daughter, and I well knew that her father, as bigoted an aristocrat as my country could produce, would object to her union with one of my obscure birth. Her mother was in all things perfectly subservient to him, and when Mr. Vernon would enlarge, as he was very fond of doing, upon the past greatness of his family, her eye would brighten at the tale, told for the hundredth time, while my heart would sink at the mountain of prejudice to be overcome before I could reach the haven of my wishes. For months I remained thus fluctuating between hope and fear, until at length, encouraged by the unvarying kindness of Constance's manner, and the interest she appeared to take in my society, I determined to throw off the guise of friendship and thus end the uncertainty that tormented me.

"I had occasionally met at Mr. Vernon's an Englishman of the name of Millwood, who had brought letters to them from Mrs. Colville, the eldest daughter. Being quite a handsome young man, and moreover the heir of a baronet of large fortune, he had received a good deal of attention in society; but as he was rather shy and reserved in his manner, he seemed to care but little for company, and to prefer a quiet evening at Mr. Vernon's to any of the gayety that was going forward. With a stupidity that now seems to me like infatuation, I had never thought of Millwood as a rival, though I had fancied one in a dozen different men far less dangerous. He was so quiet in his manner, said so little—to Constance, scarcely anything when I was present—

commonly sitting beside Mr. Vernon listening to his prosing conversation, occasionally picking up Mrs. Vernon's knitting needles and balls of worsted, and altogether seeming the most harmless person in existence. Judge of my surprise when one morning, about two months ago, I was shown into the dressing-room, fully determined to take the first opportunity of knowing my fate, at finding Constance tête-a-tête with Mr. Millwood, her beautiful eyes filled with tears of tenderness, while he, holding her hand, was speaking most earnestly—both being so absorbed that neither were aware of my entrance.

"You may imagine my feelings at this utter annihilation of my hopes. Confounded beyond measure, I was about retreating hastily, when in my confusion I stumbled over an ottoman, which aroused the attention of the lovers, and I was compelled to go through the ordeal of a visit. Constance was at first a little embarrassed, but she soon recovered herself, and while I was suffering the tortures of a fallen spirit, decked her face with smiles, and talked with all her usual animation—Mr. Millwood sitting by, relapsed into his usual indifference. As soon as I decently could, I left the house as if pursued by a thousand furies, and have never since entered it. Mrs. Vernon has sent me two invitations to small parties, but I have refused them both. Constance is lost to me forever, and I cannot yet bear her presence. Fool that I was ever to cherish hope! While I loved her as a 'bright, peculiar star' beyond my reach, but shedding a holy influence on my spirit I was happy—filled with high endeavors to become all that I knew she revered. Now I am wretched."

Harvey here ceased, and it was long before he became sufficiently composed to listen to the long harangue his friend now made, first on his own faint heartedness, secondly upon the propriety of forgetting Constance immediately and conquering of his old love by substituting a new one in its place, together with many common place arguments usual on such occasions, to which, however, it must be confessed his patient seemed to give but little heed. After retiring that night Mr. Waters reflected deeply on his friend's case, and at length came to the conclusion that the kindest thing he could do would be to take him to his own home where he might witness the pleasures of domestic life, and last, though not least, see a pretty black eyed cousin of his wife, who would, he hoped, obliterate the memory of his former love.

So said, so done. Harvey journeyed homeward with his friend, but the domestic happiness only seemed to increase his despondency, and the black eyed cousin smiled in vain. News soon

followed him of the succession of Mr. Millwood to his baronetcy, and of his intended marriage to Miss Vernon, to whom he had been for some time secretly engaged. Such was the effect of this announcement upon Harvey's health and spirits that Mr. and Mrs. Waters prescribed a visit to Saratoga, which was not very far distant from their home, and proposed to accompany him thither.

Harvey would fain have shunned the brilliant scene which accorded so ill with his present feelings, but his friends were imperative, and he was at last obliged to yield to their wishes. But how bitterly did he repent of having done so, when almost the first person he saw on entering the crowded saloon the evening after his arrival was Constance Vernon. She looked, he thought, paler than usual, though a slight flush rose upon her cheek as she returned his distant bow. It had, however, faded entirely away when his eye, after seeking Mr. Millwood in vain among those who surrounded her, rested again upon her face.

Constance was indeed fair to look upon as she stood amidst the over-dressed daughters of fashion in her simple costume of white, unadorned save by a single rose in the rich curls of her hair. Tall, graceful and dignified, her features very beautiful, it was, however, the character that shone in her countenance which gave it its rarest charm. The brow and eye were highly intellectual, while the expression of the finely formed mouth told of the kind and generous affections to which it would give utterance. The music now poured forth its inspiring strains, and after seeing Constance led to her place in the dance by a dashing exquisite, Harvey left the room and sought the most distant angle of the portico, there to meditate in solitude on all that he had lost.

The night was soft and beautiful, a brilliant moon added her glory to that of the starry host, and shone as if in mockery of the dark, troubled spirit that was now gazing on her. "Why should I be so wretched?" he soliloquized, "she is happy—and did I love her truly, with a pure, unselfish love, I should rejoice that she is so, even while my heart bleeds with its own wounds. She has chosen freely, and can I blame her choice? Why can I not love her as I did in my early youth—as I did before hope came with her illusions to lead me to despair?"

He had long been indulging undisturbed in such reflections when aroused, by a light footstep approaching him, he raised his head from the column against which it rested, and saw Constance at his side. She looked pale and agitated, her long curls were pushed from her brow and fell in their rich volume upon her shoulders. She stood in silence for a moment, while Harvey was too much surprised to utter a syllable.

At last she said—"Mr. Harvey, you will think it strange that I should seek this interview, but we leave this place to-morrow, and I must know before we part the reason of this sudden change. You are an old and valued friend, and your coldness has pained us all. There is some sad misunderstanding—cannot it be rectified? Must a friendship such as ours be severed without at least a word of explanation?"

"Miss Vernon must pardon me—I have been ill, and for some weeks absent from home—otherwise I should have taken an earlier opportunity of congratulating her upon her approaching marriage."

"My approaching marriage!" repeated Constance—"with whom, pray?"

"It cannot surely have already taken place," said Harvey turning pale—"I did not see Sir George Millwood among the guests this evening."

"Sir George Millwood is now on his way to England," replied Constance, "where in a short time he will be married to my sister Louisa. His visit here was partly to obtain my father's consent to the marriage, and partly to get out of the way of the solicitations of his family, who insisted he should marry an heiress by no means agreeable to him."

"Is this possible?—and did my jealous fancy deceive me when I saw your hand in his, and tears of tenderness streaming from your eyes?"

"You saw tears of sympathy for the trials of my sister and my friend—nothing further I assure you. I had been listening to a love tale, but I was not the heroine, as I think you must now acknowledge. Come, are we friends again?" she added, extending her hand with a look that penetrated his heart.

"Constance!—dear Constance!" said Harvey as he pressed it to his lips—and Constance did not chide him for the freedom, though she shed tears—sweet tears of happiness as she stood there in the charmed moonlight and listened, and felt that she could listen thus forever.

Harvey's surprise could only be equalled by his joy when, a few days after, he received the ready approbation of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon to his suit; an approbation which he now learned would have been as readily given years before, when first he won their daughter's love and their regard, as it was granted now: the family pride of the old gentleman being in fact a quite harmless foible, cherished for his own private gratification, little dreaming it could interfere with the happiness of others. Thus Harvey's own pride and sensitiveness were constantly creating imaginary difficulties, and had not Constance at last sought an explanation, (it was leap year as it now is, gentle reader—you will forgive her, therefore,)

it is possible he might still have remained a despairing lover instead of a living contradiction to the truth of the assertion that, "faint heart never won fair lady." He persists, however, in asserting, and Constance believes him, that his love for her, even when hopeless, was ever the greatest blessing of his life; that like a magic wand it encircled him with purifying influences, through which he became worthy of the devoted affection with which she returns it—an affection that time has only strengthened during the years that have passed since she became his wife.

LOVE'S VOYAGE.

BY MRS. ANNE P. DINNIES.

THE Vignette on the presentation page of "The Token for 1839" embodies a beautiful thought. Love sailing round the world—his vessel, &c., composed of the usual appurtenances of the "Boy God."

LAUNCHED is the bark, the sail unfurled,
The helmsman at his post;
His ocean is the wide, wide world,
His compass has been lost:
And vain is now his utmost skill
To lower the swelling sail,
But on at random, wanders still
This play-thing of the gale!

His lighted torchmast, once a guide,
Now throws its beams around,
To show how useless was the pride
Which wreath-cords round it bound,
His arrow holds its station still,
Unmoved by each fond art;
That pointed arrow never will
From Love's gay trappings part!

Away, away the vessel speeds,
Unchecked its devious course—
No threatened danger ever heeds
While passion's breeze lends force;
In vain may Prudence, from afar,
With lifted hands exclaim!
Hope ever lights her beacon star,
And Love pursues the flame!

Onward, still onward—where's the clime
Through which he has not been?
And who will dare predict the time,
When he may next be seen?
That bow-wrought bark! ah, who may tell
When last it floated by?
Or guess what echoed its farewell
The light laugh or a sigh?

Love's Ocean is the wide, wide world,
Young hearts its waves composing;
His bark is launched; his sail unfurled,
And none shall see its closing.
When fair the breeze that wafts him on,
Each trace how sweet to mark!
But tempest tost—his rudder gone!
God speed the little bark!

ONLY A TRIFLE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"It's only a trifle, uncle," said Harry Stuyvesant, to his guardian. "Miss Boyd may be, as you say, careless; but it's only a trifle, and outweighed by her beauty and brilliant talents."

"You may live to think differently, Henry," said the old gentleman. "I have seen thrice your years, and, depend upon it, the happiness of a married life rests on the *little* things rather than on the *great* ones. You can't all the time be thinking of your wife's beauty, but will sometimes recur to the comforts you once enjoyed in a tidy house: and, before a year has gone over your head, you will be willing to sacrifice her brilliant talents for an amiable disposition. Give me a woman who has the tact to perceive and gratify one's little peculiarities of taste or habit—who knows when to have the slippers warmed, how much to cook the joint of meat, in what way to do up one's linen, and to attend to all these other little, every day comforts. You may despise these trifles now, but they have more to do with the happiness of a married life than anything else."

Henry remained silent a moment, looking at his watch-key which he kept twirling; for he felt that his uncle was eyeing him keenly. At length he spoke.

"But, granting what you say—how do you know that Ellen Boyd will not attend to these trifles? Cannot a woman of genius make a kind and considerate wife?"

"Certainly—a few may—"

"Then," interrupted Harry, exultingly, "that is giving up your case. I'll run the risk: she'll be one of the few—and who wouldn't rather have a beauty and a *bel esprit* than a mere humdrum," and with these words he bowed himself out of his uncle's office.

The old gentleman shook his head sadly, as he gazed after the young man.

"It is no use arguing with him, I see," he said to himself—"the boy's crazy with love, and is determined to throw himself away. I can only give him advice, and advice won't move him. Well, let him try the experiment. As he makes his bed, so he must lie." And with this homely proverb, the old gentleman turned to his desk and resumed the examination of his papers.

Ellen Boyd was a beauty and a wit; but her temper was high, and she was both by nature and education selfish. The gratification of her pleasure was all she cared for, and to this she managed to make everything and everybody subservient. Her splendid face and figure, united to

her really brilliant powers of conversation, made her a favorite in every circle in which she moved, and procured her constant admirers, who fed her self-love with flattery. At home she was considered the prodigy of the family, and in consequence had been spoiled from childhood. Her plainer sisters had learned to sacrifice a portion of their own wardrobes to render that of their sister more splendid; and often they, as well as their mother, labored all day to adjust the dress that Ellen was to wear at a ball in the evening, for the family was not wealthy, and even had some difficulty, rumor said, to make ends meet at the close of the year. While her sisters were thus occupied, the proud beauty was usually lying on a sofa reading the last novel, or, perhaps, ill-humoredly finding fault with them for not performing their task more to her taste. But all these things were borne meekly; for Ellen was expected to make a grand alliance, and besides, despite her many faults, her mother and sisters doted on her.

Her most successful lover was Harry Stuyvesant, and as he was wealthy, and moreover of one of the best families of the state, people said it would be a match. His uncle, more than once, expostulated with him, but these arguments generally ended as the one we have recorded, and finally it became publicly known that Harry was to be married early in the Autumn.

Harry took his young wife to a handsome house in the city, where he intended hereafter to reside during the winter; and, for awhile, no man was more happy. The beauty of his bride was the theme of praise in every assembly where she appeared; he saw himself envied the possession of such a treasure; he was almost bewildered with gratified pride. At his own table, too, the most celebrated men of the country were proud to gather, for the grace and dignity with which Mrs. Stuyvesant presided, and the brilliancy of her conversation, were extolled by all. For two months Harry was at the pinnacle of bliss.

But he soon began to find that the cup was mixed with other ingredients than those of happiness. If to see his wife shine in company afforded him such pleasure, it was alas! the only gratification her society afforded him, for at home she was always tired and silent, and even grew pettish when he sought conversation.

About three months after their marriage Harry returned home, one wet evening, tired and exhausted by a day of unusually laborious business. With a sense of relief he deposited his wet umbrella in the rack and opened the drawing-room door. But instead of the cheerful fire he hoped to find there, all was cold and comfortless. He then went up stairs to his wife's

sitting-room; but she was not there. A little annoyed at finding her out, he rang the bell for a servant; but he had to repeat the summons before any one appeared. At last the cook entered.

"Where is Mrs. Stuyvesant?"

"Gone out," was the reply. "She has been out all day."

"Humph! Are you the only servant about?"

"Yes, sir. The rest have all gone out too—they didn't expect you back so soon."

"Isn't there any fire in the house?" said he, sharply, checking himself in a severe animadversion on the servants.

"There comes John," said the cook, as the gate was heard shutting, "he will soon make up the fire, sir, and missus will be home by'm bye."

In no very good humor Harry had to walk up and down the hall until a fire was made, and even after that, quite half an hour elapsed before the carriage drove up with his wife. She came in, complaining of excessive fatigue, and with a fit of peevishness, for the milliner had disappointed her; and her husband accordingly spent one of the most unpleasant evenings of his life.

Another month passed on, and Harry's pleasure in witnessing the triumph of his wife's beauty continued to wear away beneath the thousand petty annoyances of home. He still, at times, loved her as passionately as ever, and often, at an evening assembly, he would stand apart, leaning against a pillar, contemplating, like a young lover, the effect produced by her transcendent loveliness. At other times he would hang, a charmed listener, on the words with which she was enchaining a circle of dignified and renowned statesmen. But when he entered his home, all his happiness vanished. His wife belonged to that class who seem to think that it is too much trouble to dress for a husband, and accordingly she met him at breakfast and dinner, unless when there was company, in an old, slovenly dress, with her hair negligently arranged, and a manner that was sure to be indifferent, even if it was not ill-humored; for as Ellen had married him for his wealth alone, and that was now assured to her, she no longer considered it worth her while to consult his comfort. In the same way she met every advance for an evening's quiet enjoyment when there was no ball or soiree to attend, though this occurred but rarely. Instead of striving to entertain her husband, she usually took up a novel or slept on the sofa. Sometimes Harry ventured to expostulate, but this only produced altercations, and he was wise enough to give it up. Scenes like that we have recorded, when he would return home to find everything comfortless,

servants negligent because the mistress of the house was careless, became but too frequent. Harry, at length, did what hundreds of other husbands have done before, in like circumstances—he sought abroad for that comfort he could not find at home.

There is not now a more unhappy couple than Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant. She still shines in public, the admired of all observers, but her beauty is already falling a victim to her ill-temper, and it is rumored that her husband's fortune begins to feel the results of his gambling life, and that daily scenes occur between the two in consequence of his refusal to supply her extravagance as before.

"I feared it would be so," said Harry's uncle, the other night to his wife, "and I said, from the beginning, that Ellen's selfishness would make her disregard his comfort. Ah! my dear, it is because you have paid so much attention to the every day trifles of married life that we have been so happy."

GENIUS AND POETRY.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

A YOUTH in spring-time of his age,
Bent to increase his store
Of knowledge, o'er an olden page,
Most eloquent of yore.

And on his face a light was cast,
Of brilliant thought and prayer—
Bright as if angels had gone past
And left their glory there.

And one with haggard, livid skin,
Shrunk lip and gasping throat,
Emaciate and stern—came in,
And taunted him and smote.

Fiercely the student's eye flashed light,
They clutched and battled then,
With savage and appalling might,
Like tigers in a den.

Heaven! 'twas a fearful thing to see
The passions struggling there.
The Pride that strove for mastery,
Thy greater strength Despair!

A third had watched this strife and laughed,
With strange and chilling mirth,
But sudden, launched a quivering shaft,
And struck them both to earth.

Then bent him o'er the youth's pale clay,
And blood that poured like wine—
And shouted, "Battle as ye may,
Ye all—all must be mine!"

That scene which I but saw in thought,
Hath oft in life been done.
When POVERTY and GENIUS fought,
But DEATH, the mighty, won!

LUCY MAY;

OR, A MIDNIGHT REVERY.

I AM sitting alone in my solitary yet comfortable chamber. My fire burns brightly, and the noiseless lamp, whose smoke-wreaths gambol round my head, shall as yet know no extinguisher. Why should I sleep? Has activity—corporeal, locomotive, blood-compelling activity earned me a night of unbroken rest? Have I toiled at the anvil, or driven the nail, or shivered with trenchant hand the red and intractable brick? Have I with busy arm and knitted brow plied any one of the thousand useful avocations of labor that earn unpurchaseable sleep? No—not I. Nor is the brown blood of Java that so cheerfully simmers on my bachelor hearth an opiate for one who boasts not the *dura ilia messorum*.

Blest be coffee at night! How fresh, vigilant and vigorous the fancy soars! How brightly and sharply start forth the half obliterated memories that crowd the soul: some clear, distinct and palpable—perfect in association and connection, and fancy-woven with all that is glorious and beautiful in the past; some shadowy and faint in the far distance of time, linked by strange bands one with another; and some without glory to dazzle, or cloud to darken, or fanciful association to distract, in stern and unalterable reality stand before the mind's eye, the beacons and landmarks of the soul.

From the store-house of the memory, where a record ineffaceable and eternal is made of all that the senses ever felt or the mind ever thought, many a forgotten feeling, wayward fancy or pleasant incident of early days comes forth in quaintly chequered array with the grave recollections of manhood. The sad and the gay—the light and the solemn—the painful and the pleasant—the good and the evil, and all that is wild, or strange, or whimsical, starts up, and like the shadowy kings pass in fantastic review before us.

Why should I sleep? my waking dreams are brightest. Shall I not now, when the last hieroglyphic is scrawled on yon blotted sheet of interlined and folded foolscap—when the absorbing business of the day is over, and all is done that can be done to insure that success for which I hope on the morrow—spread the wings of my fancy, cramped and stiffened and torn, though they be like the shattered pinions of Balazen, and turn in retro-volant flight to the times of my youth. This hour of the night—the sacred hour of midnight is to me amid my labors what the feebly living plants of his parlor window are to the heart of the drudging denizen of a great town. It freshens my soul to my task by affording glimpses

of what the citizen as well as myself may almost forget—the free verdure of nature and the softer feeling of the human heart.

To-night until ten o'clock I pored over and noted from musty tomes of professional lore. You would laugh at the technical question without right and without wrong which employed me. To-morrow I must be at the like again—and the next day the same, and the next, and the next. The interest of such pursuits is deep, strong and abiding, and I shrink not from the toil—but at times I grow weary and long for the free scope of natural feeling. With no home but that in which kindness is bought with money—with no friends but those who will always gather round a prosperous man, with no ties of family or kindred, is it strange that at this musing hour I should feel lonely? Money buys me luxury, civility, attention. Acquaintance I have enough who will lend me money, of the return of which they are sure—who will cheerfully do me a favor if it gives them no trouble—who will speak of me fairly and kindly—but (and let every one's own heart answer the question) are these things enough? I have books, rooms, furniture, employment, wealth, but who loves me?

"Why do you not marry, Mr. A——?" says my landlady, a respectable maiden of forty-three, gentle, good and bitterly ugly.

"Who shall I take?" is my stereotyped and socratic answer.

"Why, there's Miss B——."

"Entirely too tall."

"Miss C——."

"Too short."

"Miss D——, then."

"Pshaw! old enough to be your mother."

"Fie, now—there's Miss E——."

"She would call me father by mistake when my back was toward her."

"Then take Miss F——, with her bright eyes and mature age."

"She is too—too smart."

"Well, perhaps it is best to avoid contrasts—I give you Miss G—— as a last chance."

"They say she can't read, don't they?"

And thus or in a similar manner ends the exhortation.

"You are too fastidious, Mr. A——," she continues in affected pique.

"How can I be otherwise with such an angel?"

"Now hold your tongue, Mr. A——," and so we are friends again.

I feel that I *am* growing fastidious—fastidious in my estimation of books—of men—of art, and most of all—of women. In each a faint and unassignable deficiency pains, even when there are no grosser traits to disgust. Is it that our dim

and wavering though beautiful conceptions of the good, and perfect, and fair, have no embodiment in actual existence? Forms of moral and physical perfection are ever present in our minds, like shadowy remembrances of a former and better life. They hover round about us in our lonely walks, in our silent chambers, and in the dark hours of night. Who has not deemed at some time that the vision was realized, the airy child of fancy fixed in earthly form and proportions? Who has not once beheld the incarnation of his dreams of the lovely and the good? Many years since I beheld such a being, loved her warmly, and was cruelly disappointed—and now when time has dispelled the illusion of fancy, I smile at the ephemeral nature of what I then thought eternal.

But there is one remembrance too fair and beautiful, perhaps, for this page, commenced in mockery and like to end in sadness—it is no record of passion and sorrow, (miserable but eternal conjunction!)—pensive in nothing but the doubting thought that what was so soft, innocent and lovely then, may now be hard, worldly and heartless as many another as fair. Why should memory, leaping back in the track of life over much of absorbing interest, hover round her alone? Why pass over many as bright, as beautiful, and one more passionately loved?

I knew her when I was very young—she, younger still. With her idea comes no painful thought of folly committed, feeling mocked, motive misunderstood, or devotion scorned. No word of hers ever turned on me the accursed laugh of society, planting a barb that cannot be shown or extracted. She mocked not the uncouth form, the humble garments, or the hesitant voice. I, who had then never analysed a feeling, loved the sight of her as I loved the warm sun. It was in my day of studentship. I read law with one now no more. My preceptor, a man of retiring habits, had but few personal friends, so we were without the loungers who are the curse of a lawyer's life. I had possession of one corner of an office of moderate size—where side by side on my little brown table were ranged my books—trusty friends for life!—a few volumes of the classics, the elementary tomes of law; and, more prized than either, a quarto black-letter translation of solemn old Eusebius, with the lamentations of Origen included.

I used to sit at my baize protected window in the warm, summer evenings, and peep at the happy faces and bright forms in the street. They seemed so joyous, so light that I, son of toil and thought, almost deemed them of another nature. Sometimes a bright eye would blaze upon me—then for days I watched for its owner tripping along the pavement. Sometimes at dusk I crept

forth for a walk on the public pavement thronged with the young, the gay, the beautiful and the happy. Book in hand I threaded the glittering maze of pleasure seekers, glancing furtively at each fair form, and treasuring up the casual look of some temporary idol who swept in her glory by, doubtless in the pride of youth and beauty, seeing and thinking naught of her humble admirer. Yet would I home to my quiet lodgings, (I have dwelt from childhood among strangers,) and there in wild verse never to meet human eye attempt the embodiment of my feelings.

Too full of mortification and shame for inditement here, are the passionate follies of maturer years. Diminutive in person, homely in aspect, speering in speech, and humble in fortune and connection, what had I to hope from the lovely, the wealthy and the proudly born.

I had flown my falcon at noble game. With the caprice of beauty and conscious attraction she smiled on my rude devotion—nay, more, permitted me to hope that when I had gained name and station, I might aspire to her regard; and I, how strange it seems now, would—aye! *have* kissed the dust she trod upon. Many a night when storm or darkness or cold precluded observation, have I paced for hours before the doors of her father's house.

For her I toiled—for her I strove to master the subtleties of my profession—for her I gave up the gaiety of youth and the society of friends. What to me was the voice of pleasure in whose ear was ever ringing the memory of tones sweeter than the harp of seraphim? What to me was the companionship of others whose soul was filled with glorious images of more than mortal joy? With the desperate earnestness of one who had never known affection or kindness, and who beheld now a prospect of happiness brighter than his wildest dreams ever portrayed opening upon him, I cast the measureless devotion of a lonely and sensitive soul at her feet. I feared no failure. My own energy of purpose assured me I could not fail. The thought was death, and I drove it away. But in the sweetest moments of assured bliss the cloudy terror of Polycrates rested in my heart. The Samian's question, what I have done to deserve this, I could not answer? Surely some dark and dreadful calamity must lie in wait for one whose joy was too great for man. Watching for the storm, it came from the fairest quarter of heaven and burst on my head.

The amusement of an hour was all she sought, but it won the idolatry of an honest and warm heart. When she wearied of my devotion, I was cast aside as the merest toy. Her step was as light—her laugh was as gay, and her eye was bright as ever—but for me—no matter now.

In the gilded halls of fashion that I may now enter as an equal, I sometimes see her yet. Her eye would still assert its power, but alas! I am callous and cold as rock. I love her no more. I conquered my passion by no effort. It wore away by degrees as fancy faded, and the business of life opened upon me. But its consequences I still feel—it made me what I am, a lonesome man, delighting in the society of my fellows—a friendless man, constitutionally craving for love and sympathy—a man of business, naturally dreamy and indolent—a man without domestic ties, yearning for the indulgence of household affections—a young man in years, but alas! I fear with the chillness of age in my heart.

And so no more of love disappointments. I turn gladly to the memory of one whom I never loved. What name shall I invent for the gentle image that I see before me now? Her own sweet appellation can never be profaned by the lips of strangers. I may whisper it in my solitary walks as that of a watching angel, but not to mortal ear. What shall express early girlhood, playful gentleness, susceptibility most acute, and beauty most pure and star-like—Lucy May? the same in the number of syllables—the same in softness and poetic association—then be it Lucy May. It is a sweet and unpretending name, bearing with it pleasant thoughts of the brightness and glory of the spring, and redolent of the joyous, yet gentle and loving creature to whom I have attached it. Yet is her own unwritten name sweeter to me—it may be folly, it may be fancy, but it calls up thoughts pleasanter than the fair face of nature or the harmonies of her music.

But a few doors from the office of my preceptor stood a new and handsome house, built at some distance from the street, so as to leave a wide expanse of pavement before it, over which swung the little branches of a huge old elm. This was occupied when I commenced my studies by one whom wealth had not availed to shield from sorrow. She was, as I afterward learned, the widow of an officer in the civil service of the English government in one of the West India Islands, who had originally sought that station in order to prolong, for a few years a life, the fountains of which were well nigh exhausted. For a long time the mild climate fostered hopes of recovery, but the seeds of death were sown in his vitals, and he perished. Reasons unknown to me induced his widow to reside temporarily in ——. I saw her frequently as she passed with her two daughters by my window in the pleasant afternoons of summer. The expression of her face was mild and thoughtful, but it told of long and patient suffering. The elder of her girls was of surpassing though undeveloped beauty.

The pensive countenance of the mother had, perhaps, shadowed a little the gaiety of her early innocence—but there was in its room a tenderness and lovingness of nature that called blessings on her head from strangers in the streets. I, who loved with my whole soul the fair and graceful, whether of animate or inanimate nature, gazed on her dark, lustrous eyes and her sun-kissed cheek as upon the embodied phantasm of my dreams. She seemed to me like the glorious creation of some one of those passionate old painters, who, blending their earthly loves with their heavenly aspirations, have clothed seraphic perfection in the fairest attributes of mortal beauty. When the loneliness of my lot, shut out as I was by circumstances and my own wayward will from society, pressed heavy on my soul, the sound of her flute-like laugh or the echo of her elastic step was enough to dispel the darkest illusions.

She, while her sprightlier sister gambolled on the unfrequented pathway, would, half as a monitor, half as a playmate, alternately chide and join in the harmless mirth of the child. After a time the children, for the elder was not more than fifteen, spied me as I sat the livelong day behind my serge curtain. Somehow we became acquainted. First the younger with a child's privilege nodded her demure little head and kissed her fingers as in awful respect. Then she would bound away to her sister with a mischievous laugh, and whispers followed, of which I was evidently the subject. Lucy would reprove her then, as I knew by the uplifted finger and mock gravity of aspect. We were soon good friends, however, and they came every evening about sundown, when they knew I was alone, and talked to me of their studies, their friends, and southern home. Lucy had not the precocious intelligence that bewilders itself in the technicalities of science. The kindly confidence of childhood was as yet unshaken by book acquired knowledge of evil. Childish toil and thought, the curse of after years, had traced no line on her white and innocent brow—nor had evil passion clouded its purity with one taint of forbidden feeling. No forgotten wrongs, dim and shadowy in the awful past, appalled her soul with the fear of vengeance that might come and ought to come. She knew nought of remorse for half remembered crime—and so, guiltless of wrong and fearless of harm, she hesitated not to give her confidence to me—and at length the sisters came to know me well, and would stand by my low window in the evening, and pour into my ear their little plans of pleasure, or the fancies of their guileless minds about the stars that peeped from the sky. When I told them of the immensity

of the heavens, and that the stars shone and shone forever, they peopled those bright worlds with angelic hosts, and longed to be with them.

How earnestly would Lucy listen while her sister romped at large, to my talk of myself and my lonely life in a great city, poor, friendless and in feeble health; and with what anxious tones of inquiry would she ask me of my suffering when my countenance told of illness.

How clearly I see her now, beautiful and child-like as when I saw her last long years ago, with a few natural flowers twisted in her dark hair, and her eyes alternately swimming and sparkling, as she uttered her sorrow at leaving us and her hopes of seeing her southern friends again. I see still the same gentle and relying smile—the same dark eye, and hear the same words of kindness and affection then lavished upon me.

It is a pleasant remembrance and not unworthy of manhood, that I was an object of kindness to that guileless and beautiful child. No spot in the whole past shimmers more brightly.

And where is she now? Have years stiffened that elastic motion? dimmed that bright eye, or shrunken and paled that full lip and ruddy cheek? Has sorrow, or care, or sickness bowed that delicate and graceful form? or saddened the temperament already too thoughtful? Has that feeling given for the best blessing of our race, but often its darkest curse, cast a shadow on the heaven of her purity? Has she formed those ties that bind us to life for others, when for ourselves we would gladly lay it down? Has the warm heart not calcoured in its intercourse with the world? Does the same smile that startled the beholder with an involuntary thought of the angels, still lighten the dreamy repose of her countenance?

Her fate may be sad—her heart changed—her beauty decayed—stormy passion with its bitter fruit may have clouded her brow and strung the soft voice to harsher tones. The ever-urgent realities of life may have quelled the gay imaginations of girlhood, and the exclusiveness of passion have supplanted the spontaneous love and kindness that lavished itself on all that had life.

Ten years that have made the dreamy boy a hard and toiling man—the poor and friendless student, a rising and prosperous lawyer—that have changed *me* in all save the loneliness of an exacting heart, may well have veiled the loveliness of her nature with new, perhaps, dark shades. But not so, I delight to remember her. The springing step, the antelope eye, the ringing laugh fade not in the creature that haunts my memory. Her image comes back to me often when the contrivances of my calling, (one generative of hard and scornful feeling) have left in my breast the bitterness of their gall—soothing

and quieting the stormy excitement that lingers in my veins long after the lying witnesses or the stupid jury have ceased to hear my voice.

I complain not of the world—I owe it much—my labor it has rewarded, and it has done justice to my character. It is made of people as good and as feeling as I am. Each one has his own circle of loved and protected beings, wherein he pours whatever wealth of affection he has to bestow. His right to love and be beloved is from nature—but whence is mine?

I am alone and without the ties of blood connecting me with any living being, unpleasing in aspect, uncouth in gesture and speech—and I am not—nay, I never have been loved. Painful was the process that taught me this conclusion—bitter and deadly the feeling which it engendered, and which I conquered—and sad and calm is the hopeless certainty that the love of woman can never be mine.

Miser-like I turn to my hidden treasure. Here in my silent chamber with my books and fire and comfortable arm-chair, at this hour of midnight memory refuses to dwell on the shame and wrong and deception, which have been my lot as they are the lot of every one, and gladly summons up shapes of joy and beauty and love. Bright and well beloved is thine, sweet Lucy May—more so, perhaps, than thy living self would be wert thou now before me—more so from the lapse of years which has cast golden tints around thy idea—more so from thy association with pleasant remembrances of youth—more so from the mystery that has since covered thy path—and more so from internal consciousness that never, *never* again while my soul preserves its identity can it feel again that which it can so well remember, or love again as it loved those to whom it has grown callous.

MY OWN DARK-EYED ADELE.

BY "THE POOR SCHOLAR."

ONCE I loved the blue eye beaming—
Lips, like roses, dew-drops teeming—
Golden ringlets straying, streaming—

Wildly, wildly well;
Cheeks across whose lily hue,
Tint the sunbeam never threw—
'Twas before I looked on you,
My own dark-eyed Adèle.

Now I love the black eye burning—
Lip of purple, pouting, scorning—
Tresses dark as midnight mourning—
God only knows how well!

These are thine, and far more too—
A heart, whose every wave is true
To him who lives alone for you,
My own dark-eyed Adèle.

THE LAST WILL.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a dark and dismal night, and the rain poured down in torrents. The wind whistled around the corners, or shrieked among the chimneys; the street lamps flared dim; and even the watchman deserted his post and shrank into a sheltered corner.

In an old, ricketty tenement, in one of the narrowest lanes of London sat a young couple with their only child. The mother was still young, scarcely eighteen indeed, but of unusual beauty; though sorrow had already begun to make inroads on that fine countenance. Her husband was some years older, with a face of much character though not of decided beauty; but the lines around the mouth and the care-worn expression of the brow showed that he had already warred with misfortune. In fine contrast to his face was the placid expression of the child's countenance, as it lay in its mother's lap with the light of the lamp falling shaded across it. A smile was on its face as it slept. It seemed as if an angel looked out from it.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door. The man gazed around on the bare and desolate apartment, and did not stir. The wife seemed to read his thoughts.

"Go, dear James," she said. "What matters our poor accommodations!" and she tried to smile. "Perhaps it is a bearer of good news; surely no one else would come out on such a night as this. How the wind drives against the panes!"

The husband advanced to the door, and opening it, a man in livery delivered him a note. At sight of the green and gold of the man's dress he started back, but the servant leaving the missive in his hand was gone instantly.

"It is from my father's steward," said the husband, with an excited voice, as he broke the seal.

"God be praised!" said the wife, "he has relented. I knew he would. Oh! we shall yet see happy days," and she burst into tears. Her husband's agitation was scarcely less than her own, for his hand trembled violently as he held the note to the lamp.

His wife eagerly perused his countenance, and she seemed to gather hope as he read. At length he looked up.

"I must go, dearest," were his words. "My father is not expected to live over the night. He relents, for he has sent for me. God bless you, Mary, and our child," and a large tear rolled heavily down his cheek.

"I thank thee, heavenly father," said the wife, clasping her hands and lifting her swimming eyes

on high, "my prayers have been heard. Oh! my sweet babe, thou shalt no longer want," and she clasped the sleeping cherub in convulsive joy to her bosom.

The husband dashed the tears hastily from his eyes, kissed the mother and her child fervently, and snatching up his hat and cloak was rushing from the room.

"I will sit up for you, love," said the wife.

The husband gave her a look of unutterable fondness and stepped out into the storm. It was raining fiercely, and, at intervals, the thunder shook the sky, an unusual occurrence at that season of the year. While he is making his way on foot, against the driving tempest, to his father's princely mansion, let us hurry over the events which had reduced him and a lovely wife to penury.

Sir James Hengist was descended from one of those ancient families of England, which had been great while the Normans were still landless, and many of which still remain among the gentry of Cheshire and Lincolnshire, looking down with contempt on the new nobility. In the course of generations, however, the family had become poor, and Sir James, to rebuild its fortunes had married a lady of great wealth in the city. Lady Hengist was as good as she was rich, and won all hearts in her exalted station. She lived to see her only son attain the age of twenty, and then died regretted by all, and by none seemingly more than by her husband.

Lady Hengist had a niece, the daughter of a favorite step-brother, whom she had educated from a child, and whose union with her son had been a favorite project. She had long secretly entertained this idea, and what then was her gratification when she beheld a passion growing up for each other in the young people's bosoms. Her niece was, at this time, but fifteen, yet already ripening into womanhood, and one of the most beautiful and accomplished of her sex. Sir James appeared to enter into his wife's plans, and no obstacle was placed in the way of the lovers, so that for nearly a year their lives passed away in that brightest of all dreams, a first love sanctioned by friends.

But Lady Hengist had been scarcely three months in her grave before a marked change came over Sir James, in his demeanor to his son. He was continually reproving the young man, who no longer could do anything to please him, and being a high-spirited youth, the heir was at length driven from the paternal roof by this constant annoyance. Toward the lovely Mary Crawford, however, the conduct of Sir James had been unchanged, even when she ventured to expostulate with him, as she sometimes

did, in behalf of his son. There were those, indeed, who said he had interested motives in this, and the truth of their suspicions became apparent after the son had sought a home elsewhere. Mary was now sixteen, in the full maturity of early English beauty; and Sir James, overlooking his tacit consent that his son should marry her, and forgetting the noble-hearted woman whom he had lately followed to the grave, determined to make her his wife. He was still in the prime of life, and might have succeeded with others scarcely less beautiful than Mary. But her heart was already another's, and she turned away with disgust from his addresses. It was sometime before she was aware of his intentions, for she would not believe he could be guilty of such baseness, but when his attentions grew so marked as to become the kitchen gossip, she could no longer shut her eyes to them. She made no effort now to conceal her repugnance. But Sir James was not to be foiled. In his youth he had been a man of gallantry, and still piqued himself on his power over the sex. But he tried every art in vain. At length, however, it became impossible for her to remain any longer under his roof; and she would have left it before only that she knew not where to go, and besides she had indulged a hope that by remaining she might bring about a reconciliation between her lover and his father.

The young heir had been, for some time, aware of his father's designs, and had urged Mary to elope with him, but as long as a hope of reconciliation remained she had refused. Now, however, there was no alternative. Hengist House was no more a place for her; and without a relative in the world to whom she could appeal, the orphan had no other resort but to throw herself into her lover's arms. Accordingly the young couple were married. And now began their sorrows.

The rage of Sir James, on hearing of this union, almost killed him. His passions were always violent, but they now seemed fiendish. He swore that he would disinherit his son, and immediately cut off the allowance he had hitherto allowed his heir. The appeals of the offenders were in vain. The father was inexorable. He wished to see them starve to death, he said, and then he could surrender life willingly. The letters which Mary, unknown to her husband, wrote almost daily, were returned unopened. Every one who might have otherwise assisted them, was turned against them by the powerful influence of the angry father, and in less than three months, the young heir found himself literally starving in the heart of London. His education, however, had not been neglected, and he

sought among the booksellers for employment, determined not to give up in despair. For a long time he was unsuccessful, but finally found a paltry job on which he managed barely to live until his wife presented him with a lovely babe. After this, all means of regular subsistence deserted him. Yet he struggled on, endeavoring, when in the presence of his wife, to keep up a cheerful countenance, and almost consoled for his unavailing struggles during the day by her sweet welcome and the smile of his babe at evening. But as winter approached, and his last guinea vanished, the iron began to enter into his soul. Several times he made abortive attempts to soften his father; and his wife also secretly tried for aid in the same quarter, but in vain. For more than a week they had now subsisted on their credit at a green grocer's shop, but this could not last long, and the almost distracted husband knew not where to turn, when unexpectedly this note arrived from his father.

His heart was full of high hopes, mingled with sorrowful feelings, as he hurried through the tempest. The knowledge that his only parent was on his death-bed awoke all the associations of childhood, bringing back the days when his father doated on him. The subsequent harshness of his parent was forgotten; and, with the glad hope that he was going to receive and bestow forgiveness, the son proceeded almost breathless to his early home.

The massive doors swung open at his knock, the well-known servant ushered him deferentially through the hall, a whispered consultation was held at the sick-man's door, and then he was desired to enter.

With a palpitating heart he had waited during the delay, and now he rushed in, all eagerness to be reconciled to his dying parent. He saw nothing but the form supported on pillows, and the pale face of the invalid, and in an instant he was on his knees beside the bed and had clasped the sick man's hand in his, while tears gushed from him like rain; for in that moment, with the recollections of childhood had come back all its softness. But the hand was rudely jerked back, and a scornful laugh met his ear.

"Ha! ha!—you have come, thinking I am about to make you my heir," began the sick man, "have you? And so you begin playing your part this way! I have sent for you for another reason, as you shall learn, you villain."

The young heir started to his feet. He could scarcely believe his ears. Could those brutal words, that scornful laugh proceed from a dying man, and that man his parent? He stared incredulously at those around, and then at the face of the invalid, but though he read pity on the

former, hate distorted the latter. Again his parent laughed sneeringly.

"So you came here thinking I was about to make you my heir, eh! Did your wife and child, sir, come along, to exult in my halls before I am cold?"

"Father—father—" said the young man imploringly, as yet bewildered by this strange scene.

"Don't call me father, you unnatural child," said the invalid, half rising in bed, and shaking his clenched hand. "You have brought me to this—you have, you rascal. But I'll have my revenge. You shall starve, sir, starve—I hoped to live to see it—but I'll make it certain."

"Sir James," said the son, "I will go rather than to stay to hear these things. And may God forgive me and you for all that is wrong between us."

"Dare you, sir, talk of God forgiving you, you villain," shouted the sick man, almost foaming with passion, while the alarmed attendants, not daring to interfere, stood trembling, looking from father to son, "I tell you he'll let you starve, and you can't help it. I'll make it sure. Yes! and I'll live to see it," he exclaimed with a horrible oath. "I won't die—it's all a lie of the doctors. You and your paramour shall beg before my face, you shall—"

"Say what you will of me, but forbear my wife," exclaimed the young man with flashing eyes, "here I stay no longer," and he moved toward the door. But three or four servants interposed.

"Keep him in," fiercely exclaimed the invalid, "make him stay till the will is read and signed. He shall see it all," and again there was a terrible oath.

"I pray you, sir," said the conveyancer now advancing, for the young man had not seen him before. "Consider the place," he added imploringly, as he saw the son about to knock down the servants who opposed his path, "it shall be hastened as much as possible if you will only bear it," he whispered.

The young heir, bitterly as he had been reviled, would not make his father's dying room the scene of a broil, so he bowed his head at this expostulation, and folding his arms haughtily on his bosom, prepared to hear the will. A look of bitter triumph passed over the sick man's face: it seemed as if his passions had transformed him into a fiend.

"Proceed, sir," he said, nodding to the conveyancer.

The man unrolled his parchment and began repeating the formal language of the deed, and as clause after clause was read depriving the young heir of his just rights, the eyes of the

invalid gloated over the agony he knew he was inflicting on his victim. The son, in spite of every exertion, felt that his feelings were betraying themselves in the convulsive twitches of his face. How could he look unconcerned when his last hopes were being crushed, and he saw inevitable beggary before his sweet wife and babe, with the horrors of a jail, in prospect, for himself? But he closed his mouth firmly, choked back his emotions, and gazed sternly on the man of the law, ashamed that the lookers on should perceive his emotion.

When the conveyancer had finished the deed, he advanced to the bed-side with it, two servants carrying a small table on which were writing materials.

"Give me a pen, quick, quick," said the invalid, rising unsupported in bed.

The conveyancer hastened to obey, the parchment was spread out, and the pen was in the invalid's hand.

"Do you see this, sir?" he said, casting a look of triumphant malice at his son, and he placed the pen to the skin.

The storm, all this while, had been increasing in fury, and vivid flashes of electricity had begun of late even to penetrate through the closed shutters and heavy drapery of the windows. Just at this instant a peal was heard, stunning every one in the room which seemed filled with a blinding light. Several fell to their feet in fright, and the whole house appeared to rock. For a second there was a breathless silence, and then the conveyancer spoke.

"Father in heaven!" he exclaimed, in a tone of horror, and advancing to the bed, he added solemnly, "Sir James is dead!"

They rushed to his side and found it was indeed so. The lightning had run down the wall at the head of the bed, and in a second the soul of the baronet was in eternity. The parchment was shrivelled and black; while the pen, knocked three feet from the hand, lay burning on the rich counterpane.

A silence of horror chained every tongue. The death of the invalid, at that instant, seemed like a stroke of Providence.

At length the conveyancer turned to the son, and grasping his hand, said,

"As there is no will, Sir James, you are the sole heir. And from the bottom of my heart I congratulate you."

—
There is no happier woman now than the young Lady Hengist, for she is blest with a husband who adores her, and surrounded with a family of lovely children, who inherit the beauty and virtues of their parents.

TO FANNY IN A PET.

BY A. A. IRVINE.

Why won't you quarrel with me, Fan?
 It's surely quite exciting;
 You tell me how you "hate a man,"
 Then why take such inviting?
 For if we credit *all* you say,
 (Who'd dare to disbelieve you?)
 That folks won't quarrel every day,
 Is all you have to grieve you!

Sometimes you try to tease a bit—
 You've "met a beau so charming,"
 Then whisper, if the bolt should hit,
 "'Tis nothing, love, alarming!"
 *You contradict me right or wrong,
 Vow bay or red is sorrel,
 Call rainy, fair—say weak is strong,
 Do everything but quarrel!

You're like a fitful April day,
 Which flies from sun to showers;
 Or like a humming bird at play,
 In June, among the flowers;
 But yet in one thing, *cher ami*,
 You're constant as the laurel;
 'Tis when I'm ready, that you'll be
 Determined—not to quarrel!

And yet, at every time we meet,
 You plague me still about it;
 "Not that the making up is sweet,"
 You'd "rather do without it!"
 Well then suppose we halve the bliss,
 Still pout those lips of coral,
 For, Fanny dear, I'll take the kiss,
 And you may take—the quarrel.

STANZAS.

BY HENRY ELLIOTT BROWNE.

FORGET thee! oh, never—the chain of that spell
 Which binds thee to memory no absence can part—
 Forget thee! oh, never—each moment will tell
 How closely and warmly thou'rt twined with my
 heart.

Forget thee—alas!—I may bid thee farewell,
 And hide me from all the perfection thou art;
 But I *cannot* forget thee, whenever shall wave
 Time's wing o'er the wild flower that hallows my grave.

Forget thee! oh, perish the word that would dare
 Breathe Oblivion to *thee*! I have loved, and no more
 The dark wave of Lethé my spirit can share,
 I still must love on till existence be o'er.
 But the love is unblest—an unquenchable care—
 An unquenchable fire, burning deep in my core—
 And oh, the deep home of the lost does not burn
 Like the heart to whose passions Love gives no return.

CLARA.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

HIGH up in a tower of the castle which overlooked the grand entrance and all the sweet valley that lay smiling below, was an apartment occupied by Elizabeth of York, to which her most favored attendants alone were admitted. A dim, old chamber, it was full of regal and imposing grandeur. Windows encompassed by sculptured tracery and surmounted by the royal arms of the Plantagenet were sunk deep in the walls, the upper portions enriched with that rare stain, the secret of which is lost to modern artists, without any other admixture of colors. The red light which streamed through these windows fell upon the old oaken pannels of the chamber, turning to a soft purple on the black and polished surface, deepening to a rich gloom in the corners and over the massive fire-place. A few cumbersome and high-backed chairs of oak, roughly dashed with gold, were in the room, and at one end a mass of gorgeous tapestry swept over the wall, which, if flung aside, would have revealed the small bed-chamber, with its couch of crimson velvet, where the maiden princess found her repose.

In the recess of a large mullioned window which overlooked the gate-way, sat a fair girl at work, or rather idling over her embroidery. The recess was carpeted with a fragment of beautiful tapestry, just large enough to cover the floor beneath her embroidery frame and the great oaken chair which she occupied—a book clasped and embossed with little knobs of gold, lay upon a corner of the frame, which she now and then paused to open, though it would seem rather to admire the illuminated pages interspersed through than from any desire to peruse its contents. A pile of worsted tangled together in one glaring mass lay in her lap, from which she now and then selected a thread and passed it through the eye of her needle in a restless, sleepy manner, which bespoke but little interest in her employment.

As Clara sat with her head bent over the frame, and her profile beautifully defined against the window, it would have been difficult to believe a creature so lovely, was nothing more than a petted attendant of the Lady Elizabeth—there was a delicacy in her features, a patrician air in the bend of that graceful head which might have become a princess—a look of high blood was in the small and exquisitely formed hand as it lay idle among the flowers her needle had created: and the neat, little foot which rested on the glowing tapestry with a listless pressure, though half

withdrawn from its slipper, seemed formed only to tread the halls of a palace.

At length Clara seemed completely weary with counting the stitches in her work. She thrust her needle through a rose-bud, tossed the pile of worsted from her lap to the floor, and leaning back in her chair, languidly flung up her arms, gave a slight yawn, and sinking back in a state of delicious indolence, dropped asleep with a soft smile dimpling her mouth, and her bright chestnut ringlets falling one by one down upon her cheek and shoulder as they escaped from the back of her head, where with one twist of the hand she had fastened them while at work.

She had been asleep, perhaps fifteen minutes, when the sound of a horse dashing through the gate of the castle, and suddenly checked in the court, aroused her—"Dear me, I must have been dreaming," she said, starting up and flinging the curls back from her warm cheek with an impatient grace that was natural to her. "Who can it be, I am sure it was a horse, and but one, passing the portal at full gallop. It cannot be my lady, they can scarcely have reached the lake yet. Well, well, I can see," and with another slight yawn Clara mounted to the seat of her chair and looked forth from the window, just in time to see her young mistress spring from her horse and enter the castle with a look of excitement and haste entirely at variance with her usual quiet and graceful movements.

Clara sprang from her chair and moved toward a door leading to the turret stair-case, when it was flung suddenly open and Elizabeth of York entered the room—her cheeks burning scarlet, her garments dripping with water, and grasping the jeweled handle of her riding whip as if it were a dagger, which some enemy had striven to wrest from her slender fingers.

"Look!" she said impetuously, lifting the whip and pointing to the window—"see if they approach together—tell me, I say, if any stranger approaches with the queen."

Clara sprang to the chair again and looked forth.

"Yes, my lady, in good sooth some one does approach," she said, "a small, slender man with ermine upon his cloak, and a jewelled collar around his neck."

"Comes he toward the castle?" said Elizabeth sharply, for anxiety had changed her voice, "Does he not turn away? keeps he with her highness yet?"

"Yes, my lady, they ride forward breast to breast, up the ascent, he bends toward her highness, and his hand rests upon the neck of White Suffolk—they are close by the portal, now!"

Elizabeth clung to the chair on which her
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attendant was standing, and gasped for breath. "Look still, he may yet turn away," she said, clinging to the chair more convulsively, as Clara made a movement to leave the window, "Look, look!"

Clara bent forward and eagerly examined the party now dismounting in the court.

"A silver boar, with tusks of gold!—whose badge is that?" she murmured, agitated by wonder and anxiety for the terror of her young mistress.

"Has he entered? Is he below?" enquired Elizabeth, breathing hard, as she spoke.

"He is helping the queen from her horse—ha! I remember, now—it is Gloucester's badge!—Richard Plantagenet, what brings him here?"

With clasped hands and face pallid with affright, Clara sprang from the window and flung her arms around the princess, just in time to save her from falling to the floor.

"Sweet lady, do not tremble so—alas! it is with cold and fear both. Her garments are wet through, and her poor cheeks are white as marble—oh! she has fainted quite away, and no one near to help me!"

As she uttered these disjointed words, Clara made an effort to lift her mistress to the chair, but, light as the burden would have been to a stronger person, the poor girl had not sufficient strength to accomplish her object. So, gently allowing the insensible lady to sink to the floor, she swept together an armful of fresh rushes, which were scattered profusely over it, and pillowing the pale head of her mistress upon them, ran out to summon help.

The room was speedily filled with a troop of pages and waiting women, all overwhelmed with wonder and consternation at the state of their young mistress. She was lifted from the floor, and Clara held back the tapestry while they carried her into the adjoining room, and after taking off her wet garments, placed her on the bed.

With eager and affectionate solicitude, Clara exerted herself to restore consciousness to the pallid form, which lay like a broken flower on the couch before her. She chafed the small, cold hands; laid her own anxious face against the colorless cheek, which took a still more deathly tinge from contrast with the glowing crimson which it pressed. She ran to an elaborately carved table standing near, and searched with trembling hands among the toilet boxes and rich essence bottles for restoratives. A golden flask, filled with flower water, was all she could find; with this she bathed the forehead, the pallid lips, and even the damp tresses of the senseless lady, till life slowly returned.

It was beautiful—the sympathy which existed

between those two pure, and beautiful maidens! sympathy which would make itself felt, spite of the wide difference which fortune had placed between them. As a faint tinge of life stole over the lady's face, that of her attendant warmed to a rosier hue, and the soft, brown eyes, bent so lovingly on the royal sufferer, beamed with joy as the thick lashes, which had been lying so cold and motionless on that white cheek, became tremulous, and slowly unclosing, revealed the soft eyes beneath still whelmed in the mists of unconsciousness, like violets overlaid with night dew. A mirror of steel plate, hanging opposite the bed, in its frame of massy silver, reflected the crimson couch, the helpless form stretched upon it, and the Hebe-like creature bending over it with such anxious and tender love. Now and then, Clara would stoop down and press her soft lips to the cheek and mouth of the sufferer, with an impatient desire to impart some of the strength glowing in her own person to the feeble one. Then she would smooth back those silken tresses, bathe the white temples anew, and murmur caressing words, such as one gentle sister might whisper to the troubled heart of another.

At length that dim old mirror reflected a still more touching picture—a picture of natural love and confidence, breaking through the trammels of rank. The Lady Elizabeth moved, faintly lifted her feeble arm and drawing Clara's face down to her's, returned with a grateful kiss, the caresses that had been, timidly, lavished on herself.

"Do not leave me, Clara."

"No, lady, no. Has Clara ever left her mistress, when trouble was nigh?"

"My head is strangely bewildered—things have gone wrong with me, I fear," said the princess, passing a hand over her forehead. "Have I been very ill, that you have wet my hair so," she added, wringing the mingled perfume and water from a tress that had fallen over her bosom, and turning her eyes, with a kind of questioning helplessness, from the heap of wet garments which lay on a chair by the table, to the window, on whose richly stained surface the sunshine was warmly falling.

"Yes, sweet lady, you have, indeed, been very ill," replied Clara, tenderly.

"Oh! yes, I remember, now. It was down in the forest," murmured the lady again, pressing her forehead; then starting suddenly up, she exclaimed, "Clara, Clara, sit close to me. *He* is in the castle—my brothers, my poor helpless brothers were smothered in their bed! You will not leave me, Clara!"

"No, lady, I will not leave you! but do not thus give way to terror—the king is below, it is

true, and still with your royal mother: I heard his voice, but now as I lingered by the door, doubtful if I ought not to warn the queen of the sad state into which your highness had fallen. He spoke low, and there was no anger in the tones of his voice."

The princess had sunk back to her pillow again, and listened with a contracted forehead, and an expression of affright in her distended eyes. All at once she started up, caught hold of Clara's arm with both her trembling hands, and whispered,

"Did you hear that—it was his voice. Who moves in the next room?"

Before Clara could reply, the tapestry was flung back from the door, and the queen entered.

Elizabeth sat up in the bed, but still clung to her attendant and trembled violently at her mother's approach. She shrunk away with a shudder from the fair hand which was extended toward her.

"No, mother, no, his lips have kissed it!" and sinking down again, she gathered up the rich waves of velvet over her person, and turned her face away from the light.

"Leave us," said the queen, sitting down on the couch from which Clara had arisen.

She spoke in a tremulous voice, and Clara observed that her cheek had lost something of its color.

The young waiting woman left the room, but it was with reluctance, for Elizabeth had started up again, and was looking earnestly after her, as if she desired the protection of her presence, but lacked the courage to oppose the commands of her imperious mother.

"Lie down, Elizabeth, and compose yourself, before the dinner hour comes around. The king is our guest, and desires your presence!"

"The king!" repeated Elizabeth, wildly, "the king, is it, my mother, the widow of Edward—who calls Richard Plantagenet king!"

The cheek of the dowager queen turned pale, and her eyes fell.

"The nation has crowned him—he has possession of the throne," she said, with considerable effort to speak calmly. "It is useless for us to contend against his power—we may have judged him too harshly—at any rate he is a Plantagenet."

The Lady Elizabeth looked at her mother agast with terror and astonishment.

"Mother! mother!" the tone of heart-rending reproach in which these words were spoken, brought a tinge of shame back to the queen's cheek, and she turned her eyes nervously from one object to another in the room, at a loss how to proceed.

"Richard is now firmly seated on the throne, with no prince of our house to dispute his right."

"No," interrupted the princess, almost sternly, "there is no prince of our house left. My brothers—my murdered brothers, are gone, leaving me a poor, weak maiden, heiress to a kingdom which their destroyer possesses. Why comes he here? to insult us with his power. Or does he require another life?"

"Be calm, Elizabeth, do be calm! Richard comes on no hostile errand."

"Why comes he hither from any cause to rend our hearts anew with their griefs?" cried the excited girl, "his errand *must* be hostile. Listen to me, mother: he has heard of your league with the Lancaster faction, and will lay his reddened hand still more heavily upon us before he leaves these walls!"

The queen started and turned pale; but after a moment's reflection she shook her head, and a meaning smile passed over her lips.

"No, Elizabeth, he comes not in revenge: he knows nothing of Richmond's intended invasion. I repeat it, the object which brings him hither is most friendly."

A faint, incredulous smile curved the sweet lips of the princess, and she answered, with sad irony,

"Perchance he comes to surrender up the throne usurped so foully."

"Or, perchance, share it with Elizabeth, of York, the rightful heir," replied the queen, in a low, deliberate voice, and fixing her eyes on the pale face lifted to her's.

A single cry, scarcely louder than a gasp, broke from the lips of the princess, and she fell back on her couch again perfectly insensible.

The queen bent over her with a look of mingled sternness and anxiety.

"It is, perchance, as well," she muttered. "The subject once placed before her, and she will learn submission to her fate, she will see that a crown already upon the brow is worth twenty which must be contended for. It always galled my heart to reach forth a hand to raise the house of Lancaster—we must take no farther steps in the Richmond affair." Uttering these words the queen went out restless, and with an air of blended anxiety and exultation. She passed by Clara, in the next room, and ordering her sharply to go in and attend to the princess, joined Richard, who was still waiting in her cabinet below.

When the queen entered her cabinet, she found Richard pacing slowly to and fro in that small apartment. He had flung off his cloak and cap, and though his ride through the forest had shaken the water from his garments, they were still wet and disordered. His face bore an anxious expression, the thin lips were compressed with more

than usual firmness, and his cold, gray eyes were bent upon the floor. He paused in his walk as the queen entered, cast a keen glance on her face, and waited, as if expecting her to speak. But she was in no haste to open the conversation, and after a moment he said, with a well-suppressed impatience.

"Well, madam, well!"

"The Lady Elizabeth is ill. I found her in bed, and suffering much from her fall," said the queen, passing a hand across her forehead.

"But she was not insensible, she could understand that which you wanted to say, madam," rejoined the king, quickly.

"Yes, she did understand, at last," replied the lady, leaning her forehead down upon her hand, while she bent her eyes to the floor, overpowered by the sharp glance fixed upon them.

"And what was her reply? is she in anyway inclined to our suit?"

"The mere mention of it drove her insensible. She lay upon her couch like a dead thing when I came away," replied the queen.

Richard stood still, his lips were closed hard together, and a frown gathered upon his forehead, till his somewhat straight brows almost met, and formed a line over the keen eyes, which still remained clear and cold underneath. He took the heavy ring from his thumb and thrust it sternly back again, two or three times, though apparently quite unconscious of the act, and then began to pace the room once more in silence, now and then casting a severe glance on the queen, who sat pale and distressed in her chair.

"It seems we have but chosen a lukewarm advocate for a proposal, which affects both the welfare of England, and the dearest wishes of its monarch," he said, at length, in a stern and freezing voice. "But, perhaps, means may be found to quicken your own interest in this matter, fair madam." With these words Richard drew a chair to a table near which the queen was sitting, and placed himself directly before her. The lady made a strong effort to collect her energies for the unpleasant conversation which she felt to be inevitable.

"You broke the subject to Elizabeth—what objections did she make?" inquired Richard.

"None in words, she was quite too feeble for that—but how can a creature so fond and gentle think of uniting herself to the mur—the destroyer of her brothers—to the possessor of a throne which, after their death, belonged to her by inheritance?"

The queen trembled at her own temerity, as she uttered these words, and her cheek was white almost as the ostrich plume that swept over it. She expected a fierce and savage burst of indig-

nation from the monarch, whom she had thus found courage to brave, but no sound of anger followed her words, and when she lifted her eyes to his face, it was perfectly calm and immovable in every feature:

"You mistake, madam," said he, very mildly, "you mistake—Richard Plantagenet is neither the murderer of your sons, nor the usurper of your daughter's throne. The boys are alive."

"Alive! blessed saints, alive!" exclaimed the queen, starting to her feet with clasped hands, and a look of eager joy kindling up the rare beauty of her face; but in an instant she sank to her chair again, paler than before, and breathing with difficulty.

"If I could believe it—if I could but believe it," she said, lifting her clasped hands towards Richard, while tears gushed down her cheek—"Oh, my God, if this was only true!"

"The boys," said Richard, still fastening his eyes calmly on her face, "are safe and well as you are. They have been sent to foreign parts—the peace of the realm required it."

"Where, oh, where, tell me that I may go to them, though they be exiled to the ends of the earth!" exclaimed the poor queen, passionately.

"No, lady, their place of retreat must not be known—let it suffice that they are safe and content. To England they are dead, murdered—if our enemies will believe it so—still it is but humanity to undeceive the mother who mourns their loss. We would give the woman who believed herself the royal Edward's wife no unnecessary pain."

"The woman who believed herself Edward's wife?" repeated the queen, looking up with painful amazement on her face. "Who *believed* herself Edward's wife?"

"Lady, it is time that you should be undeceived in all things. We came not here, as you may suppose, to seek alliance with the heiress of our brother, and thus confirm, beyond dispute, our own true right to the crown we wear. It is from love and, perchance, some touch of pity to the sweet lady herself, that our suit is urged. Edward left no heir—if he had, it would not have been a child of Elizabeth Woodville. For the Lady Eleanor Talbot, his true and lawful wife, was alive long after the birth of your own children."

Elizabeth struggled to speak, but had only power to move her white lips, and motion an indignant denial with her hand.

"This was known to us previous to Edward's death," resumed Richard, calmly as before. "The duchess, our noble mother, was informed of it at the time. Edward, himself, confessed the previous marriage in our presence, before the

bishop, who had performed the ceremony. Nay, it was said that Elizabeth Woodville, herself, was not altogether unawares of the tie which bound her royal wooer to another!"

"It was false—it was false!" broke from the pale lips of the queen, but her eyes quailed beneath the searching glance which Richard never removed from her face.

A cold, incredulous smile passed over the king's lips.

"It matters little whether you were ignorant or not. Our mother satisfied herself of this truth, and, were it needful, could easily prove it to the people."

The queen sank back in her chair, and covered her eyes with her hand.

"At present, these proofs rest with our house. If the Lady Elizabeth affects our suit and mounts the throne of England as the bride of Richard—there, let the record of our brother's weakness perish!" continued the king.

"And if she refuse!" said the queen, faintly.

"She will not refuse, her mother will prevent that!" replied Richard, quietly smoothing down the damp ermine which faced the sleeve of his surcoat with his white and beautifully formed hand, "she will not rashly deprive herself of the respect and honor rendered by the people to a dowager queen; or of that greater honor which will attend the mother of a reigning queen. Yes, yes, believe us, the Lady Elizabeth will consent, even though her fair hand has been somewhat temptingly offered to that Lancaster Richmond, as a bribe to rebellion!"

Calmly, nay, almost jeeringly as these last words were spoken, they produced a powerful effect on the queen. The hand fell suddenly from her eyes, her face turned deathly white, and a faint cry burst from her lips while she sat gazing upon the composed, and even smiling face, bent toward her with a sort of wild fascination.

"Your ambition would not be gratified in that quarter, be assured," continued Richard, after a moments quiet enjoyment of her agitation. "The blood of York can never mingle freely with that of Lancaster, though, lawfully or unlawfully, it has, now and then, taken in a muddy stream from the town nobility."

The slight sneer which accompanied these insulting words, brought the hot blood into Elizabeth Woodville's cheek, an indignant reply sprang to her lips, but, though power had made her haughty, and hatred of the man before her, urged her on to recrimination, she was too much terrified by the knowledge he had obtained of her understanding with the Lancaster party, for any expression of anger, save the tears that broke passionately down her burning cheeks.

"Besides," continued Richard, taking the lady's hand, and pressing his scornful lips upon it. "When Richmond is informed that the Lady Elizabeth is not an heiress of York, he may not be less willing to cumber even his fancied claims to the throne, with the left hand daughter of a rival house."

"Your highness dared not insult me thus while Edward lived," cried the queen, withdrawing her hand, indignantly, and rising from her chair.

"No!" replied Richard, rising also, and speaking in a slow stern voice, "the Duke of Gloucester smiled at your folly then, as the king smiles at your weak attempts at treason now. But have a care, proud dame, have a care, as Richard is a crowned monarch, either the Lady Elizabeth's hand or her mother's head shall be his before another three months comes round."

The Queen sunk to her chair again, clasped her hands on the table, and her face fell forward upon them, while her breath rose thick and painfully.

Richard folded his arms and paced the room. All the angry and bitter feelings which he had curbed till then, broke loose in his features. A dark cloud was upon his forehead—his eyes gleamed, and the corners of his mouth were drawn down, till even his somewhat prominent and dimpled chin took a pointed and fierce expression. He paused in his walk, and with his arms still folded, stood for a moment gazing sternly on the lady.

"Well, fair dame, which shall it be, the daughter's hand, or the mother's head?"

The queen shuddered, and without lifting her face muttered in a painful and husky voice,

"If the power rests with me, Elizabeth shall be your wife!"

Richard turned away and began to pace the room again, muttering to his own heart, "I scarce know which to take the love or hate."

But the queen had lifted her face, and he felt that she was gazing upon him, so, with a strong mastery over passions, which nothing but a will of iron could curb, he forced the frown from his brow and sat down again.

"Now let us be friends, indeed, fair sister, or fair mother, as it must soon be. This union shall revive more than the pomp and power which was yours during the life-time of our royal brother, and next to the sweet bride you promise the scarcely less lovely mother shall be taken to Richard's heart."

There was something frank and cordial in this speech which, notwithstanding her distrust, had its effect upon the ambitious woman to whom it was addressed. Thoughts of former power kindled her eye, and something, which was al-

most a smile, came over her face as she felt her hand clasped in his.

"Remember," said Richard, smiling, as if quite assured of her sincerity, "there must be no more tampering with Richmond."

The lady's eyes fell, and the color mounted to her cheek again.

"You can trust me; our interest runs together," she said, with evident sincerity. "But how will the question of consanguinity be overcome?"

"The pope has by this time granted a dispensation," was the reply, "dispose the lady Elizabeth in our favor by your own gentle eloquence, or even authority, and all obstacles are removed."

"But my children, my sweet boys, if they are indeed alive, you have the power to place them in my arms again. Do this, and Elizabeth Woodville will serve your highness as a slave."

All the mother broke over the queen's face as she spoke. Richard was touched, for he had been a father, and memory, for a moment, was strong within him.

"Serve our interests faithfully, with the lady of our love and all this may yet be. Richard will hereafter make it his study to repay in kind the happiness he shall receive at your fair hands, noble dame."

"Give me my children! give but a hope of seeing them again, let the day be ever so distant and I am your slave!"

"The hope—nay, the certainty is yours! Remain true, and Richard will be grateful in all things."

"I will! I will! so help me all the saints in heaven! I will be true," cried the lady, trembling with overwrought emotions, "my daughter is yours, and you shall some day hereafter give back to my heart the children—the two dear sweet boys that I have mourned as dead. Pass by all honors, every thing else, this is our compact, Richard Plantagnet—this is our compact!"

This enthusiasm—this firm determination, was what Richard had wished to inspire. He felt sure of her now, and answered, with warm and earnest courtesy.

"It is our compact, fair sister—a holy and wise one. Let us seal it here, and now." And taking a costly ring from his little finger, Richard placed it on her hand, which trembled with eager and wild hope as it received the token.

"Now we are firmly united in one cause," said Richard, pressing her hand to his lips. "Once more you belong, heart and soul, to the House of York."

"I do, in all truth, heart and soul; the blessed Virgin so smile upon me as I keep the pledge."

And pressing the ring to her quivering lips, the Royal widow put back the velvet curtain

which concealed a little oratory opening from her cabinet, and as the rich fabric swept back to its place, flung herself on a hassock before the crucifix and burst into tears, tears that sprang from no pious or devout feelings; for such sensations were almost unknown to the ambitious and beautiful woman. But all the strong feelings of her nature had been aroused by the influence of a mind which knew how to excite and regulate hers, and in the reaction of her overwrought feelings she sought the privacy of her oratory.

After a little time, she came out again, more composed, but still with flushed eyes. Richard was still in the cabinet, waiting to take his leave before going to the rooms that had been hastily prepared for his reception. A few courteous words were exchanged between them, and they separated, to meet again at the noon-day meal.

When Elizabeth Woodville was left alone she sat down, and leaning her arm upon the table, remained for some minutes lost in a tumult of thought. What was she to do? How could she act?—already was she pledged to the Lancaster faction—her daughter's hand had been solemnly promised to Richmond, the leader of that family—her son, the Marquis of Dorset was absent even then, privately collecting vassals from the various estates over which she held supremacy, in order to facilitate the invasion and sustain the pretensions of the Lancasterian prince, whose arrival in England might be expected every day.

But the last hour had worked a total revolution in her mind. The way had been opened by which her daughter might mount the throne, not as a sort of necessary appendage to a prince whose title was so defective that it became policy to strengthen it by a union with the house of his enemy, but as the bride of a reigning monarch, the most crafty statesman and best general of the age. Her feelings, as the widow of a Plantagenet, had always revolted at the idea of seeing a deadly enemy of that house mount the throne of her husband, and now, that a more direct and certain channel to her daughter's, and consequently, her own advancement was opened, she resolved at all hazards to remain firm to the compact she had just made with King Richard—other and more womanly reasons urged her on to this decision, Richard had assured her that her children were yet alive, and she believed him, for with all his ambition and stern faults, the King was not a man to conceal any act of his own by a positive falsehood. The wrongs which he committed were boldly maintained. He was far too brave, and too strongly entrenched in the kingly prerogative to shrink from acknowledging any deed which state policy rendered necessary, or even expedient.

When Elizabeth Woodville thought of these things her heart beat high with wild ambition and sweet maternal hope. Her daughter would be queen, her sons would be restored to her. The story of Edward's previous marriage must be crushed, true or false, by the proposed union. All these advantages seemed but cheaply purchased by the forfeit of her pledged word to Richmond, and the sacrifice of some natural scruples regarding the near relationship of the King and her daughter. But the Pope had power to grant a dispensation, and above all, Richard, by some means, had been made acquainted with her treasonable practices with the other party, and she well knew that her only hope of forgiveness for this treachery lay in a firm adherence to his interests. With all these strong motives for a change of policy, urging themselves on the heart, the widow left her cabinet and sought the apartments of her daughter.

She found Clara seated in the dim light of her lady's chamber, holding back a portion of the curtains with her hand and watching her mistress as she slept. The young girl moved respectfully away as the Queen approached, and was about to leave the room—but the lady detained her with a motion of the hand as she softly drew back the curtains and looked in upon the recumbent figure of her child, who lay sleeping in their rich shadow. There was an expression of trouble on that sweet and delicate face, as if painful thoughts haunted the heart, even in its repose: the cheeks were still colorless, and the long golden lashes that lay upon them were heavy with tears, which seemed to have forced their way from beneath the closed eyelids. One little hand that had crept out from its richly laced sleeve, held a fold or two of the velvet bed drapey crushed together in its slender fingers, the other was thrust beneath her pale cheek and the pillow, and half buried in the mass of bright ringlets which fell around her like a veil.

"She sleeps soundly," muttered the queen, laying her hand on the white temple that glowed like snow through the golden light of those tresses.

"Come to me when she awakes, good Clara," she added, in a whisper, to the attendant, "nay, even arouse her if this slumber continues too long, and see that she is arrayed in her most becoming apparel. The king dines here to-day, and your lady must find strength to grace the board with her beauty."

"I much fear the princess will not be able—"

"She must—she must—" cried the queen, interrupting Clara, "come to me when she wakes, I will give her good reasons why she should be strong and happy."

With these words the queen dropped the curtains over her child, and went out still restless with excitement.

Clara resumed her place by the couch, with a sad and melancholy air which seemed but little at home on that young face. Tears gathered in her eyes, and shaking her head, she murmured, "Alas, alas," several times, and then sank into mournful silence again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PARTING.

BY S. SWAIN, JR.

We parted as all beings part below
Who have Love's lesson learned. With saddened hope
Searching among the ashes of the heart
For emblems of lost joy—quenched in the flow
Of warm and bitter tears. With agony
That doth eclipse all sunshine, that may flow
Back from the Past, or from the Future smile,
As from the sunset and the rosy East
Day sends its glory forth!

She was so fair,
Her soul so wholly fetterless and gay
With conscious purity, and we were both
So young and mindless of all hidden ill
That waited for its time—nought seemed to soothe
The sorrow of the hour. The wealth that love
Had hoarded in our hearts with trustful smiles
Was scattered by that shock of stealthy fate,
We ne'er had prophesied. Each golden dream
That buoyant confidence had woven round
The ruggedness of life was rudely torn.
The outward world was beautiful and green,
And breathed to heaven the fragrance and the song
Of dewy May. But all its bridal charms
In rosette bloom were mockery to us.
For close together smiled the painted flowers,
The streams unto each other murmured low
Beneath the shade of hills; while in the green
And solemn quiet of the wood, the birds
Were mated and in concert sang—but we,
Who knew no sunshine but each other's smiles—
Must parted be!

This was youth's passion-dream!
Its picture now hangs up in memory's hall
A faded tapestry. Long years since then
O'er us have flapped their cloudy wings and brought
New scenes for our soul-revels, and new charms
The beauty of romance to weave again
Into the web of life.

Oh! thus it is
With this existence. Thus will rise and set
The lights that give a glory to our paths.
Time ere he fills the furrows grief may wear
Upon the heart, drops in them seeds of joy
That he will ripen when the season comes
To grateful harvest. In that other World
Where partings are not known, the lamps of love
Will not go out!

WOMAN.

BY MRS. C. H. FORD.

THERE are many mistaken opinions afloat, in our favored country, with respect to the true sphere of woman. We are told by some writers that she has an equal right with man, to wield senates, govern empires, and make laws; that her present position is a remnant of barbarism; and that christianity and civilization in their onward progress will eventually assert her rights. On the other hand, there are those who deny to woman an intellectual equality with man, and assert that Providence designed her for a subordinate station in the community. We cannot agree with either of these opinions. The province of woman, though different from that of man, is not less exalted, just as air and light, in the economy of nature, are equally important: and as each sex has different duties to perform, Providence has wisely endowed them with the qualities of mind and heart best fitted to carry out his designs; for while man is most remarkable for strength of will, physical power, and a comprehensive intellect, woman is distinguished for a relying fondness, delicacy of frame, and superior tenderness of heart. On this subject no one has written with so much truth as Mrs. Ellis. In one of her earlier, and by far the best of her works, she speaks thus:

"Those who, depriving woman of her rightful title to intellectual capacity, would consign her wholly to the sphere of passion and affection; and those who, on the opposite side, are perpetually raving about her equality with man, and lamenting over the inferior station in society which she is doomed to fill, are equally prejudiced in their view of the subject, superficial in their reasoning upon it, and absurd in their conclusions. In her intellectual *capacity*, I am inclined to believe that woman is equal to man, but in her intellectual *power* she is greatly his inferior; because, from the succession of unavoidable circumstances which occur to interrupt the train of her thoughts, it is seldom that she is able to concentrate the forces of her mind, and to continue their operations upon one given point, so as to work out any of those splendid results, which ensue from the more fixed and determinate designs of man. To woman belong all the minor duties of life, she is, therefore, incapable of commanding her own time, or even her own thoughts; in her sphere of action, the trifling events of the moment, involving the principles of good and evil, which instantly strike upon her lively and acute perceptions, become of the utmost importance; and each of these duties, with its train of relative considerations, bearing directly upon the delicate fabric of her mind, so organized, as to render it liable to the extremes of pain or pleasure, arising out of every occurrence, she is consequently unable so to regulate her feelings, as to leave the course of her intellectual pursuits uninterrupted."

Every word of this is truth. The family cares of a woman continually come between her and intellectual pursuits; and those who have attained most celebrity, either as writers or rulers, like Joanna Baillie and Queen Elizabeth, have not been wives. But even an unmarried life affords comparatively slight opportunities for rigid mental culture. The play of her affections is always interrupting a woman's studies; either the sickness of a relative, the misfortunes of a friend, or some other cause appealing to the heart, interferes with her pursuits.

The sphere of woman, in reality, is one of feeling, rather than of intellect. Her throne is the heart. To make joy brighter by her smiles, to alleviate pain by her tender watching, to chase sorrow from the brow by her gentle caresses, to instil into childhood the principles that are to mould the character in after life, and by a soft and almost imperceptible influence, to impress on him his relations to a higher and holier being—relations which he is but too much tempted by this world to forget—these are the duties; we might almost say, the pleasures of woman. And what nobler path could she tread! If her influence is shown in a different way from that of man, it is far more potent; and woman it really is, who, either as the wife or mother, rules the world. Napoleon, as well as Washington owe the parts they severally played to the influence of the gentle beings who gave them birth.

Woman is continually called upon in the performance of her duties, to make sacrifices, to which justice is but rarely done by the other sex. Mrs. Ellis, to whom we again have recourse, forcibly expresses this thought.

"It is considered a mere duty, too common for observation, and too necessary for praise, when a woman forgets her own sorrows to smile with the gay, or lays aside her own secret joys to weep with the sad. But let lordly man make the experiment for one half hour, and he will then be better acquainted with this system of self-sacrifice, which woman in every station of society, from the palace to the cottage, maintains through the whole of her life, with little commendation, and with no reward, except that which is attached to every effort of disinterested virtue. It is thought much of, and blazoned forth to the world, when the victim at the stake betrays no sign of pain; but does it evince less fortitude for the victim of corroding care to give no outward evidence of the anguish of a writhing soul?—to go forth arrayed in smiles, when burning ashes are upon the heart?—to meet, as a woman can meet, with a never-failing welcome, the very cause of her suffering?—and to woo back with the sweetness of her unchangeable love, him who knows neither constancy nor truth?"

In her sphere, woman attains a proficiency which the other sex cannot rival. Her tact is

proverbial; but, instead of being altogether a natural gift, it is heightened by observation. Says Mrs. Ellis:

"Women can only adapt themselves to the habits and peculiarities of others, but they can actually *feel* with them—enter into their very being, and penetrate the deep recesses of their souls."

And, in applying this truth to her conversational faculty, she continues:

"A truly agreeable woman knows how to give a quick and delicate turn to conversation, so as to avoid an unpleasant dilemma, or produce a pleasing effect; she knows how, and to whom, to address her good things, and never wastes them upon the wrong person; she discovers the secret bias of the character, and bends the same way, or opposes so gently, that resistance becomes an agreeable amusement; she reads the eye, and discourses eloquently in the language of the heart; and she allows herself caprice enough to ruffle the monotony of life, but not sufficient to create tumult or confusion."

It has been justly observed that woman's liability to be affected by every change of circumstance, and her capacity for receiving pain or pleasure, requires that we should always speak of her in reference to her state of feeling, rather than to her capability of mind. She passes from hope to despair, and from gloom to gladness with a rapidity unknown to the other sex; and her reason is always more or less controlled by the state of her heart. Much of the apparent inconsistency and fickleness of our sex, we think, may be explained on these grounds. We again fortify ourselves, by quoting Mrs. Ellis.

"The want of stability, consistency and depth, is perceptible only in woman's intellectual pursuits. In all that belongs to her affections, and her social duties, she is faithful, sincere, and firm. It is true, she is called fickle, but as has been remarked by an amiable and talented writer, 'her inconsistency is of the head rather than of the heart.' Believing what she hopes, she takes her friends upon trust, and loving rashly, must necessarily be often deceived; but it does not follow that if the object of her affection could retain the character with which her own fancy invested it, she would not still love with the same constancy, and 'love for ever.'"

"From the varied and fluctuating nature of woman's feelings, as well as from their power, their expansion, and their depth, it is impossible to say, individually, what she is, or what she might be, because the ordinary routine of life, admits of little development of the passions and affections. It is only in cases of trial that she proves herself, and therefore all writers who have drawn from nature, in attempting to delineate the character of woman, have done it by a few impressive strokes, rather than by general description."

Much has been said of the vanity of woman;

but does not this, when a fault, exist only in consequence of a perversion of a really valuable quality, the desire to please? and who has not felt the difficulty of going just so far and no further? Mrs. Ellis's opinion coincides with the one we have expressed. She says:

"Thrown by her natural dependence upon the esteem and affection of those around her, woman learns to regard the smile of approbation as the charmed spell by which the gates of happiness are opened; and to look for the frown of contempt as the signal of her darkest doom. Trembling between these two extremes, there can be no wonder that she should study every means to attain the one, and avoid the other: and this is what the world calls vanity; while it is, in fact, an ardent, and in some measure, a laudable desire to do, and to be, that which is most agreeable to others, purely because it is gratifying, not to herself, but to them; and an involuntary shrinking from all which can repel, disgust, or in any way offend, because, to be the source of dissatisfaction, to give pain, or to excite uneasiness, is most abhorrent to the natural delicacy and generosity of her own mind."

And this suggests to us that woman does not receive justice in another trait of character, which has been much misrepresented: we mean the habit of forming friendships with her own sex, which are subsequently abandoned, and often with a rapidity that seems like fickleness. In many cases, indeed, we have no doubt it is so, for some natures are incapable of deep and lasting attachments; but oftener the friendship is formed in early life, and when the character changes, the unfitness of the acquaintance becomes apparent. The rapidity with which these intimacies are formed depends on the liability to sudden impressions, and the facility with which the heart takes its hue from others. In the latter years of girlhood the thoughts and feelings of the woman pass through many and rapid transitions; and in each stage nothing is more natural than that she should choose a friend to sympathize with, while it is quite as natural that in the next stage the old friend should be left for another. When, however, the character becomes formed, she is less liable to these sudden intimacies; and we know, indeed, few, and they only the most fickle, who are then guilty of them.

The error is that we are too often judged by those incapable of understanding us, or the force of our peculiar temptations. Mrs. Ellis has well expressed our opinion on this subject.

"But the censor of woman should be a woman herself, to know what it is to have lived in that vortex of falsehood, flattery, and dissipation, which surrounds a young and beautiful female; and then to pass away into the sullen calm of neglect—to have basked in the warm and genial atmosphere of real or pretended affection; and then to 'bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,'

with which envy never fails to assail her whose capability of loving has outlived her charms—to have listened to the voice of adulation, breathing her praises like a perpetual concert all around her; and then to hear nothing but the cold dull language of truth, exaggerated into harshness, or sharpened into reproof—to have lived a charmed life, under the fascination of man's love, in the very centre of all that constitutes ideal happiness, ministered to on every hand, and feeding, like the butterfly, upon the flowers of life, without a wish ungratified, a thought untold, or a tear unquitted; and then upon the world's bleak desert to stand alone! I repeat, that the censor of woman should be a woman herself—a woman who has been admired, and then neglected."

We have thus freely made use of the works of Mrs. Ellis, both to fortify our own opinions, and to call the attention of our readers to the writings of this excellent woman. Her volumes to the daughters, wives and mothers of England, are equally applicable to persons filling the same stations in our own country, and contain maxims of wisdom, applicable to every relation in life, which cannot be too carefully treasured up by our sex. Her invaluable volumes have already done much good; and the young lady who follows her precepts will both be a better daughter and make a better wife. There is one chapter, in which she speaks of the conduct to be observed by a newly married wife, that deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and which ought to be placed by every mother in the hands of the child about to leave the paternal roof for a home of her own.

If, in these few pages, we have succeeded in correcting the erroneous impressions of any of our sex, with respect to the true dignity of their rank in the social compact, we shall be amply rewarded.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

FAIR as the woodland flowers she loves
When smiling thro' the dew;
A kindly word she has for all,
A heart forever true:
Her days are spent among the fields,
Or by the sunny streams,
A book her constant friend, she lives
In pure and lofty dreams!

Her charity, like light from heaven,
It blesses all around;
The good she does flows silently,
As rivers under ground:
No thoughts of empty show and pomp
Disturb her solitude—
The town may have as beauteous ones,
But surely few so good.

THE EDITORS' GOSSIP.

NEW YORK, August, 1844.

THE city is beginning to fill again, and one after another our absent citizens are dropping in from the country. For a month past the town has been comparatively empty, with the thermometer ranging from eighty to one hundred.

All the watering places have been crowded, Saratoga and Niagara maintaining their pre-eminence. The prosperous state of the times, during the last year, has increased the number of travellers, and every corner of the country has been ransacked by tourists in search of health or pleasure. The Catskill, Lake George, Trenton Falls and the hundred beautiful vallies of our state have been visited by an unusually large number of citizens and strangers. The Bostonians have crowded Nahant; the southerners have filled delicious Newport; the Virginia Springs have, in turn, received northerners; and Cape May—the fashionable resort of the Philadelphians—has not been so thronged for six or seven years. All the world has been travelling, and we fancy we can see, in consequence, happier faces in Broadway than we could two months ago.

There is always more enjoyment in turning aside from the frequented routes of travel, and visiting those little nooks that lie nestled among the hills all over our beautiful land. One of the most pleasant trips imaginable is the tour to the White Mountains, and thence across to Portland. In this journey the traveller visits Lake Winnipiseogee, with its green islands and lovely shores, one of the most charming sheets of water in the United States. There are a dozen points on its banks from which it can be seen to great effect. The view of it, in our present number, is from the hill above Centre Harbor.

The heat of the summer has been unusually oppressive, and many districts have suffered for want of rain. We experienced the horrors of a drought during our own absence from the city. Not a drop of rain had fallen for a long period, and the earth had become baked and cracked open, while the roots of the grass scorched up and died. Morning, noon and night the same intense heat pervaded the atmosphere: not a breath of wind stirred; the springs sank low; and at noonday the air boiled in the sunbeams, while the cattle stood in the half dried up streams panting for breath. Oh! how we longed for the sea-shore. At last, one intolerably close afternoon, a black cloud was seen rising in the west: it grew rapidly, until it covered the sky and a blackness almost of midnight had shrouded the earth. Then down came the welcome rain! All have felt the luxury of such a moment. Some beautiful lines, written on this subject, by one of our contributors, (the sister of Mrs. Hemans) describe the feelings of such a moment with beauty and truth. They are worth preserving.

TO THE RAIN.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Beautiful rain! thou art come at last,
Gladdening the earth and the souls of men;
The burning days are gone and past,
And Heaven hath opened its heart again.

We were weary of gazing on changeless skies,
On withered flowers, and the parched-up plain;
But the clouds are cooling our aching eyes,
And we bid thee welcome, oh, beautiful rain!

The dust lay thick on the loaded leaves,
The roses that opened too soon fell fast;
The pleasant screen the woodbine weaves
Was stunted and shrunk in the Eastern blast;
And there was not a mist the hope to beguile
With a promise of rain in the cloudless air,
And the Heavens looked down with a bright, cruel smile,
Like the look of a beauty on love's despair.

But welcome, welcome, beautiful rain!
We trust that the days of drought are o'er:
An angel of mercy hath pitied our pain,
And we feel that the heavens can weep once more.
Thou art life to the buds on their slender stems,
And life to the poet's heart and brain;
Oh! gift of mercy—shower of gems!
Welcome, twice welcome, beautiful rain!

In the musical world there is nothing new. The great performers who were here last winter have left us, probably forever; and it is doubtful if Knoop will return, as he was not sufficiently appreciated—to our shame be it said—when he was here. There are rumors, however, that a vocalist—perhaps the best in the world—will pay us a visit; and then we shall only want Taglioni to complete the galaxy. It is to be regretted that until within the last few years, we have had none but second-rates in America.

In literature there is little to relate. Martin Chuzzlewit has been concluded, and, as a whole, is better than we thought it would be, though the conclusion shows a sad falling off, and winds up like an old comedy with everybody there to have his say. "Alida," by Miss Sedgwick, is excellent, as all her writings are. A new edition of Charlotte Elizabeth's works has appeared, very beautifully got up by M. Dodge. We have seen the second edition of Mr. Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, a perfect encyclopædia of curious old antiquarian knowledge—where is the annalist of New York? Verplanck's illustrated Shakspeare is kept up with great spirit, and we confess that the embellishments continue to exceed our expectations. J. S. Redfield has issued a series of Hand Books for Ladies, of which those on Cookery, and the Language of Flowers are really excellent; they are bound in a neat form, and well adapted for presents.

Mr. Brainard has issued in Boston a beautiful poem by James Wilson, entitled "Silent Love." The author died in 1806, after having written this poem, addressed to one whom he adored in secret. His sister preserved the manuscript until 1832, when she died, and it was then first printed. Mr. Langley has published "Commerce on the Prairies," by Josiah Gregg. It is a work of interest, and will be found valuable to those interested in the trade to Santa Fe. Portions of this book appeared a few years ago in the newspapers, and were stolen by Captain Marryatt for his "Monsieur Violet." Mr. Winchester continues to issue the latest works in advance. He has published a cheap edition of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and the first number of Sue's "Wandering Jew," a very powerful romance. We have, on a former occasion, spoken of the fidelity and spirit which characterize the translations of this publisher.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."

HORSEMANSHIP.

HAVING, in the preceding article on this subject, given directions for mounting and dismounting from the horse, as well as maintaining a graceful seat, we shall now speak of the conduct to be observed in case of shying, restiveness, &c. &c.

TURNING A CORNER.—In all cases the balance is to be preserved by moving, as much as possible, with the animal. Thus, when rapidly turning a corner, the body should bend inwards, and be slightly inclined backward. A careful watch kept on the movements of the horse, and a pliability of the body are the best safeguards from being thrown. If the horse shy or turn suddenly, the body should swerve or turn with him, else there is danger of falling off on the side from which the horse starts.

RESTIVENESS.—When a horse turns suddenly, it is to the off side, as he knows the rider's left hand to be the weakest. Do not then attempt to turn him to the left, for he will probably conquer, in which case he will always trouble you; but pull him sharply to the right until his head makes a complete circle, and he finds himself where he started from. This will generally overcome him; but if not, keep wheeling him around and around to the right, giving him the whip smartly. He will give in finally. Sometimes, however, if he is very vicious, he will dash toward a post, fence, or tree, in order to crush the rider's leg. In such a case, keep an easy but firm seat and maintain your presence of mind. Appear to gratify him, by pulling him toward the fence; and, if possible, by aid of the leg or whip, drive his croupe out, in which case you will easily back him away from the fence. The success of this plan is certain, for the horse naturally expects you to oppose him and is prepared to resist any attempt to pull him away from the fence, but when he finds himself drawn toward it, he is taken by surprise, and thinking you wish him to go in that direction, he obstinately refuses and so you gain your end. Should this not be the case, however, you will escape harm by turning out his croupe as we have suggested.

STUMBLING.—When a horse stumbles raise his head by elevating the bridle-rein, and throw yourself back so as to ease his shoulders of your weight. But do not afterward whip him, as it does no good in correcting the habit, while it always makes him start forward after a stumble in expectation of the lash. In consequence of the danger attending on a stumbling horse never ride one guilty of the habit.

SHYING.—Never force your horse's head toward an object from which he shies, for he will still turn his croupe out and travel blindly in a direction from the object, often running into real danger in consequence. You had better, if you know he shies at certain things, manage to turn his head away from them as you approach; and if, after shying unexpectedly, you desire to cure him, turn him away from the object, and, after waiting for his terror to subside, encourage him to

approach it, as he will generally then show an inclination to examine it. But you must be wary, for the slightest noise, even the rustling of a leaf, may again alarm him, when it will be almost impossible to bring him up to the object. If you succeed, and words of kindness and soothing will do much to assure him, he will not again shy at a similar object.

REARING.—If you foresee his design pull him round two or three times to divert him from it. If you do not foresee his design, separate the reins and grasp them firmly with both hands—at the same time have every part of the frame flexible and ready for the emergency. The danger is, in rearing, that you will fall over the croupe or pull the horse backward on you. To prevent this, when he begins to rear, slacken the rein and bend forward so as to throw your weight on his shoulders; but the instant his fore-foot reaches the ground again, (your body meantime having gradually regained its upright position) correct him smartly if he will bear it, or pull him around.

KICKING.—If you hold the reins tight and keep his head well up, he cannot do much harm by kicking. But if he should get his head down unexpectedly, prevent him, by means of the reins, from throwing himself down, keeping your body bent back so as not to be flung over his head; and, at the first opportunity, give him two or three sharp turns. In keeping his head up, you must take care not to make him rear by too great a pressure on the mouth. A kicking horse seldom, however, rears much. In correcting the animal for kicking apply the whip to the shoulder; and behind the saddle for rearing. There is a chance that he will kick when thus punished for rearing, and rear when whipped for kicking; but you must run the risk if you wish to correct him, and so long as you keep your presence of mind fearlessly, there is no great peril.

CATCHING THE BIT.—By grasping the bit between his teeth, the horse deprives you of all control over him and can run away at will. You should never ride such a horse twice. Your only chance, if he grasps the bit, is to turn him quickly about several times; and when a little subdued, by a sawing motion wrest the bit from his teeth.

RUNNING AWAY.—When a horse runs away, the least alarm on your part increases the peril. A calm, self-collected deportment is your best aid. Keep your seat firmly and warily so as not to be thrown: recollect you must maintain your balance or all is lost. Pulling with a dead pull is ignorantly thought to be the quickest method to check a runaway horse; but in reality it increases his speed, and deprives you of your command over him. The best thing you can do is to hold the reins so as to keep your horse together and prevent his falling; guiding him, at the same time, away from any object in his course. He will, probably, stop at last without injuring you; but if he does not, sawing his mouth may bring him up. If this fails, slackening the rein and then suddenly jerking him in will probably succeed; but you must take care not to be thrown over his head by his stopping. It is often best, when a horse runs away, to let him have his way for a mile or two, and even whip him up: after which he can be checked. But this is too perilous for a lady.

Another article will finish this subject.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE fashions begin to show symptoms of a change to adapt them to the approaching fall weather, though as yet the promenades evince no signs of these alterations. The costumes represented in our plate, however, are the choicest patterns of the new fashions.

FIG. I.—A PROMENADE DRESS of pale blue *barège*; the waist long and *à pointe*; the corsage high, and full in the front, the fullness being confined toward the waist by narrow gaugings; the front of the corsage is open to the waist, encircled by a narrow row of velvet of a darker shade than the dress, and laced across by the same material; plain wide sleeves, open in the front, and trimmed with three rows of velvet, small *jockeys* open, trimmed and laced to correspond; under sleeve of plain *batiste*; skirt *à deux jupes*, the longer one having a broad hem, above which are three rows of velvet; the second *jupe* is open at the sides, laced with velvet, and trimmed to correspond; *ceinture* of broad ribbon, having two small bows at the point, and long ends which reach below the upper *jupe*. *Capote* of drawn *crêpe*; the brim encircled by a narrow *riche*; it is trimmed with a pale primrose ribbon, and has a splendid drooping feather shaded primrose and white, falling on the left side; the interior of the brim has small bunches of "forget-me-nots," without leaves: they are placed low at the sides, and are not intermixed with blonde.

FIG. II.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of pale buff *mousseline de laine*, fitting tight to the bust; the waist pointed and the boddice high. The sleeves are long and tight. The boddice is laced in front, as well as the skirt. The bonnet is elegantly trimmed outside with lace and roses, and inside with ribbon.

FIG. III.—A PROMENADE DRESS of fawn colored balzoline: boddice low on the shoulders, and waist rounded. The sleeves are very short, and no under ones are worn, but the arms are left bare to be ornamented with a heavy gold bracelet. The skirt has two deep flounces, trimmed with fringe. A mantelet of black lace, cut rounded and falling low in front, is worn over the gown: the mantelet being trimmed with three deep volants of lace. The bonnet is of light blue, adorned with a drooping white plume on the right, while the inside is trimmed with small white flowers.

FIG. IV.—A WALKING DRESS of stone colored silk, cut low on the shoulders, the boddice being open in front to the waist and laced over an inner dress of white plaited cambric, the top of which is turned down in a collar. The waist is rounded; and the sleeves are tight and long. A mantelet shaded lightly with green, cut round behind and falling low in front, is worn to complete the costume. The bonnet is drawn, and trimmed with field flowers in a wreath around the crown.

BONNETS.—There is, as yet, no perceptible change in the form or material of bonnets. Those of white silk are generally ornamented with a long flat feather; while others, as in Figure 2, continue to be made of silk, and covered on the brim with gauze. Pale shades of pink are still preferred. Straws have made their appearance in a few instances.

MORNING COSTUMES.—Several very pretty ones have lately appeared. One of these is a pelisse of white muslin, fastened up the front, and ornamented with three rows of small vandyked waves, full body, high, and headed with a round worked collar, *pareil* to the *jockeys* which form the sole trimming to the long full sleeve; *capote* of pale pink *areopane*, the crown decorated with a branch of small green leaves, attached to the bonnet with a small *nœud* of pink ribbon, and two long streamers.

AFTERNOON COSTUMES.—Of the various styles for these, the most choice is a dress of an elegant shot striped silk, made perfectly plain and high up to the throat; *Pardessus d'été* of shot green and violet silk; this stylish looking pelisse is made rounded to the front, and forms a kind of cape to the front of the corsage, fitting close round the waist, and tight at the back. The sleeves reach to a little above the elbow, and are surrounded, as well as the entire pelisse, with a splendid broad *point d'Alençon* lace. We must not omit adding, that up the centre of the corsage of the dress is a plaiting *à la vieille* of white lace. *Capote* of rice straw, the interior decorated with loops of light green ribbon, the exterior with three white ostrich feathers, one very long one passing over the entire front of the crown, the other two being much smaller, and placed *à révers*. It may here be remarked that the bonnets are mostly tied under the centre of the chin, instead of at the sides; the *brides* very long.

CAPS.—The form of these continue unaltered. A very pretty one for morning costume is composed of alternate rows of lace and *crêpe lisse*, rounded at the ears; a rosette of the same materials is placed on each side, above the last row of lace, and a small *nœud* of gauze ribbon ornaments the top of the crown.

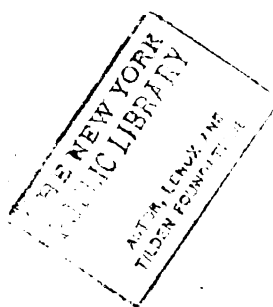
DRESSES.—Half long sleeves, with cambric under ones still continue fashionable; and flounces, especially on large dresses, are made very deep, reaching generally to the hips; the flounces are either scalloped or edged with a narrow fringe or gimp forming a scallop. For morning costumes the corsages are cut high, but open in front; and many dresses are also open, the skirt laced all the way down. Silk dresses are generally plain in the skirt, with plain sleeves, &c., in the style of figure 4.

In our next we shall be able to chronicle more decided fall styles.

THE COUNTRY GIRL.—This exquisite picture was designed and engraved expressly for us by R. G. Harrison. We have rarely seen anything so elegantly stippled as the face; while the ornamental border is elaborate and elegant. Mr. Harrison deserves much credit for this fine piece of art.

The engraving of the "La Polka Dance," in our August number, appears to have been popular everywhere. We shall keep an eye on the novelties of the day, and give the public a hit at them occasionally, by way of waking up our duller cotemporaries. A hearty laugh is a windfall of fortune.

Let it be remembered that, in addition to two splendid engravings monthly, we give a fashion plate *extra*.



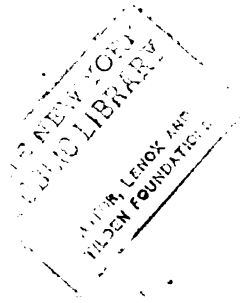


A. L. Dick.

THE SANCTUARY.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.









THE END OF THE WORLD

By the Author of "The Pilgrims of the Sea"

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

THE CRUSADER'S BRIDE.

BY J. H. DANA.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful morning, about the middle of the thirteenth century, when two knights, with a few followers, all travel soiled, rode down one of the romantic passes of the Rhine. By the crosses on their shoulders they appeared to be Crusaders; and by their conversation it was evident they were returning home. They were both young, and as one familiar spot of scenery after another broke on their sight, their spirits rose, and the younger began to hum a gay love song which he had learned far away in Palestine.

"Another turn, Sir Walter," said the elder, "and we see my uncle's castle. Ah! you blush, even through that Syrian complexion: well, well, man, never be ashamed, for Agnes will be wild with joy to see you. I wager she is even now thinking of, perhaps watching for you."

The younger knight's eyes glistened, and he involuntarily hastened the speed of his horse. After three years absence he was returning to claim the hand of his bride, the beautiful Agnes Wallenstein, known far and near as the flower of the Rhine. Five minutes brought him to the top of an acclivity, and pointing downward, he called gaily to his companion.

"Yonder is Wallenstein Castle, not two miles off. Sir Otho, put spurs to your horse, if you would keep up with me, for I am impatient to see dear Agnes."

"But, Sir Walter," said his companion, drawing in his rein as the keep of the dark fortress emerged suddenly from the morning mist, "as I live, there is no banner on the wall. Something is the matter, for my uncle, the stout old baron, would not suffer such a thing if he were alive."

The younger knight turned pale, but instantly replied with his former gaiety.

"It is nothing but an idle fear on your part. The banner has been forgotten by the drunken warder. All is right."

"But all is *not* right," said his companion,

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pointing to the dark tower, "for, by my good sword, is not that smoke, I see, curling from yon loop-hole? And there—there—the drawbridge is down."

"Then, in the saints name, on!" vehemently cried his companion; and, without further word, he plunged his rowels into his steed and went clanging down the rocky road, his friend and their few men-at-arms following rapidly.

A thousand fears tormented the young knight as he galloped furiously toward the castle. Was Agnes dead? or had an even more dreadful fate, a capture by some predatory band, overtaken her? To return, with high hopes after long years of absence, only to lose his bride filled the heart of the affianced lover with agony.

A few minutes confirmed their worst fears. As they gained the foot of the ascent, which led up to the fortress, a sight met their vision which sent the blood curdling back upon their hearts. The drawbridge was down; the gate flung wide open; the walls deserted; the battlements in part dismantled; no banner waved upon the barbican; and from a distant loop-hole, the smoke curling lazily outward, betokened that fire had finished what the sword had left undone. There were broken weapons scattered around, and other marks of a severe and desperate conflict. The truth broke at once upon them. The tower had been taken in some one of the daily feuds which then distracted society, and after having been sacked was deserted. What the fate of the inmates had been, the ferocity of the times, and the ruin before them too well betrayed. An utter silence reigned around them, broken only by the scream of a bird of prey, that sullenly took flight as they approached. And this was the gay welcome to which they had looked forward! Almost mad with his fears, the late joyous cavalier dashed wildly across the drawbridge, and reining in his steed in the deserted court-yard, shouted till the old walls echoed again to his trumpet tones.

"What ho!—seneschal—warder—varlets,—in the fiend's name where are ye? It is Walter de Rothsay calls. Ho there!" he continued in

desperation, as his voice echoed dismally through the empty court-yard, "what news of the Lady Agnes and her noble sire?—where are they?—come forth, ye knaves, here are no enemies but friends—come forth, or by the sacred wood of the cross, I will wring every drop of blood from your bodies, and hang them up for the carrion birds to pick! Ho there!" and as he finished he brought his lance heavily to the ground, waking a thousand echoes through the empty passages.

He was about turning away disheartened, when an old, gray-haired man emerged from a low vaulted doorway, stole a cautious glance at the young knight, and then with a voice weak from a recent wound, welcomed him by name.

"Hans!—as I am a belted knight," shouted the cavalier, leaping lightly from his steed, "but where is Agnes—where the good old baron—what hath done this rapine?—speak, old man—why stand you hesitating?"

"Alas! alas!" said the old man, while the tears filled his eyes, "that I have lived to see this day! Would God you had come this morning or come not at all! But," continued he, seeing the impatience of the young knight would brook no bounds, "you may not be too late for revenge: follow me!" and returning through the ancient door-way, he led the way into a small room that had been used for a chapel, and removing a cloak from what seemed a heap beneath the altar, disclosed to the gaze of the two knights the lifeless body of his master, the silvery hairs dabbled with blood, and the pallid countenance turned upward in the fixed gaze of death. The hands were decently crossed upon the breast. It was the last act the faithful man could do for him.

"This is what was Sir Lubin," solemnly said he as he raised the cloak, "they murdered him in cold blood, at his own hearth, after he had given up his sword!" and unable to restrain his feelings as he gazed upon the calm, quiet countenance, the faithful follower burst into tears.

The two knights stood gazing spell-bound upon the body, unable for a moment to find utterance for their feelings. That fearful silence was at length broken.

"By the tombs of my fathers," burst forth the young knight, fiercely clutching his sword as he apostrophized the body, "by my hopes of eternal life; by the holy cross I have fought for, and the mystery of the Saviour's passion, thou shalt be avenged! I swear by all that is sacred, I will track and punish thy murderers!" and he shook his clenched hand on high.

"And by this consecrated sword," ejaculated his brother knight solemnly, "I will devote my life and lands to the same holy work!" and

stooping down he kissed, with devout reverence, the cold hand of the dead.

"But Agnes—where, in God's name, is she?" eagerly asked the young knight; for in the tempest of that sudden passion he had forgotten even her.

In few and hurried words, the old servitor informed them that an enemy of the baron, who had long coveted the hand of Agnes, but been repulsed, and who was one of the most brutal of the wild nobles of the Upper Rhine, had suddenly attacked the tower the night before, carried it by overwhelming numbers, plundered, sacked, and fired it, and that morning at early dawn had departed, bearing off with them their booty, and carrying away the weeping Agnes and her hand-maid as prisoners, reserving them for a fate more dreadful than even death itself. The rest of the scanty garrison, without discrimination, had been put to the sword. The old man only had escaped by secreting himself in the hiding places none knew but his master and himself.

"Now, by St. Luke, this is too much," exclaimed the young knight, "I will raise my whole fief, and harry the palatinate with a thousand lances, if the cravens but injure a hair of her head. But which way went they?—what was their force?"

"They took the lower pass, and might count fifty," answered the old man eagerly.

"By taking the right hand road then," said Otho energetically, "we may come up to them before sunset—you, Walter, spur on with our few lances, and keep them in sight till I come, with the forces I can, at such short notice, muster at my castle. God speed you," he exclaimed, leaping into the saddle, "I will be with you before dark!"

"On, on!" shouted the impetuous young knight, waving his hand as an adieu. "Follow me, men, down into the valley—Rupert be our guide—we have kept greater odds at bay in Syria—let us strike now for our God, and for revenge!" and with his scanty but eager followers clattering behind him, the excited warrior dashed like a madman through the gateway, in another instant had cleared the drawbridge, and was seen galloping wildly down the rocky road, his iron trappings ringing as he went, and his long snowy plume streaming like a meteor on the wind.

CHAPTER II.

It was long past noon when a body of armed men, accompanied by two females, were seen winding down one of the lower passes of the Rhine. They marched with little care, as if not expecting a foe, and in a long, straggling, and somewhat disorderly line. Many of them carried,

beside their arms, various articles of plunder, which showed that they had been engaged in some successful foray. Their leader seemed the only watchful person among them, and was now to be seen marching at the front of his line, and now dropping to the rear, or riding by the side of the two females, in a vain endeavor to engage them in conversation. He was a tall, athletic man, armed to the teeth; and as his visor was up, you might see that he was possessed of a somewhat forbidding countenance, such as we always link with violence and cruelty. The boar borne as his cognizance, betokened him to be Hugo Von Leibnitz, the most lawless of all the titled freebooters of the Upper Rhine. He was returning from his morning's work; and the two females were Agnes and her hand-maid. Save, however, when he approached them, they were left to indulge their grief in silence, his rude retainers keeping aloof either by their master's orders, or from some lingering sparks of respect, or the indifference of hilarious excitement. It was in one of these solitary moments that the elder and humbler of the two females spoke.

"Oh! mistress Agnes, I cannot help but weep, for what does that savage knight mean to do with us? Villain that he is to murder my dear master, and carry us off we know not where," and wringing her hands she looked up weeping at her mistress.

"Hush, Winifred, hush," said the more heroic maiden, "let not the craven baron see that he can fill us with fears. We will confide ourselves to the virgin, and if the worst of our fears prove true, die as becomes us. I, for my part, will sooner perish by torture, than minister to the passion of a wretch like Sir Hugo, the murderer of my poor, dear father," and despite her utmost endeavors, the tears rose to her eyes, as she thought of her parent—"oh! Walter," she continued, "if thou wert only nigh I might hope for some relief, though even thy sword could'st never bring the dead to life. But," she continued, drying her tears as Sir Hugo rode up to them, "never shall our brutal victor see how it moveth me. I am a baron's child, and the daughter of his foe. What now, sir?" and drawing herself proudly up, she looked a queen about to hear a message from her slave.

"Lady!" said the somewhat abashed freebooter, quailing before her flashing eye, "there is need that you stop a season, as we would not pollute your presence with the din of strife. There are armed men riding for the pass, and the sight of so fair a prize might breed contention even among friends. So we shall even ask you to dismount, and retire awhile to yon old ruin on the cliff."

"Lead on!" haughtily said the maiden, and following their guide, the two females soon found themselves in an old, decayed tower, built perhaps by the Romans centuries before, and now almost imbedded in luxuriant evergreens and loose soil, washed down by the rains. It crowned a bold cliff, overhanging the pass, and commanded a view of the valley for miles. The only approach to it was by a dilapidated doorway, which as soon as they had entered, was blocked up by a huge mass of rock from without. Such resorts for safety, were neither rare, nor uncommon to be used in those wild and stormy times.

The cause of this sudden alarm was soon evident. Away to the north, just emerging from the rocky defile, a band of men-at-arms, few in number but admirably equipped, were seen dashing at a rapid pace toward the pass; while as they gallantly advanced, the sun glittered from breast-plate, helmet, and lance-head, almost dazzling the eye of the beholder.

"Praised be the virgin!" said Winifred, "they are friends sent by heaven to rescue us from the hands of these robbers—who can they be?"

"Ah! my good Winifred," sadly answered her mistress, "I fear me they are but idle stragglers, riding in such hot haste only because they fear to be late at some wassail."

"No, no, they take not the river road, but turn off into this narrower and less frequented path. They ride too as in pursuit."

"God send it may be so—but who is there in all the empire to espouse my poor quarrel; my sire is no more," she added with a flood of tears, "my cousin is in Palestine, and Walter! little does he think how great a danger I am in. Oh! did he but dream of it how would he fly to my aid."

"Cheer, cheer ye, my lady," suddenly exclaimed the hand-maiden, who had clambered up to a position whence she had a more perfect view of the strangers, "yonder they come, they are friends, for they drive in the rear of the foe."

"And oh! holy mother—no—yes—it is, it is," cried Agnes with clasped hands, as she again caught sight of them, "there is the crest of Walter, the very scarf I brodered for him, the saints be praised for his timely succor!" and unable to sustain her feelings, she fell back almost fainting against the ruinous wall.

"Oh! do but see how gallantly he rides, the noble young lord," ejaculated the hand-maiden, now carried away with joy as she laughed and cried by turns.

"I fear me he comes only to destruction," suddenly said Agnes starting up, and losing all thought of her own danger in her fears for him. "He has but a score of men, and Sir Hugo's

freebooters are three to one. They command the pass too. Oh! that we could warn him of his danger—Winifred, cannot you cry so as to be heard?"

"It cannot be," answered the girl, "for my voice would not reach half way, and if any of these villains below were to hear us they would cut both our throats in a twinkling. But they come nearer—it will soon be worthless too, for the strife will be begun."

CHAPTER III.

THE aspect of the two forces was terribly unequal. The freebooters had hastily been drawn up across the narrow pathway, and now sat on their motionless horses, like iron statues, waiting the attack. Nor did they pause long. Leading on his followers, the gallant young knight couched his lance, stooped an instant lowly in his saddle, and then with his little band, drove like a whirlwind down upon his foe. A moment they were seen sweeping along, and Agnes had scarcely ejaculated, "The saints preserve him!" before the shock of meeting took place, their lances were splintered to the head, and amid a cloud of dust a half a score of men went headlong to the earth. The position Agnes occupied was, however, less favorable than the loftier one gained by her hand-maid, and her view of the contest was, therefore, limited and uncertain. Nor was there space for more than Winifred at the loop-hole above.

"What see you, quick, Winifred, quick?" said Agnes eagerly.

"I see the young knight thundering with his huge sword, as if he were a giant—there he has clove one to the chin—again he outs another down—Sir Hugo presses toward him—he is almost surrounded—they cross swords—the din and clash of the conflict—oh God! he is down—no! he has broken out like a lion at bay—his gallant followers crowd around him, he hews his way out!"

"What see you now?" gasped Agnes, straining her eyes to catch a view of the combat through the clustering trees, as her hand-maiden paused a moment to breathe.

"I see him flying hither and thither, rallying his men—they have all flung away their lances, and are fighting hand to hand. Now he rushes into the midst of the foe—again they surround him—he strikes right and left like a hero—now backing his horse on those behind, now rushing forward and cleaving them down like play-things. Alas! he is sore oppressed—he is down, and this time, holy virgin! forever—No! his horse was only surrounded—his brave retainers have brought him another—he is free once more—he rallies his men

again—they fight like fiends, and now are driven struggling down the pass."

"Do you see nothing more?"

"I see Sir Hugo urging his men down—Sir Walter rallies his broken band and slowly gives way—they surely will not desert us?—but they cannot help it, for scarce ten are left alive—they retreat—there is no help—he will be made a prisoner—no, God be praised! a knight with a heron plume for his crest, followed by a couple of score of lances, is thundering down the hill—he cries—what was it?—oh! can it be Sir Otho?"

"Holy virgin! it is," ejaculated Agnes, with difficulty gaining a foothold beside her maiden, "it is my cousin, yes, hark! there rings his war-cry—see how he spurs to the conflict—he is by Walter's side—they charge like the shock of an earthquake—the ranks of our conquerors give way—Sir Hugo turns, he flies, holy virgin! how they scour along beneath us—Walter! Walter!" shouted Agnes, as the two forces, pursuing and pursued, swept wildly past, "here is your own Agnes—they are gone—but oh! my father, thou art avenged," and in another instant the cries of the combatants, the ringing of their arms, and the clatter of their horses' hoofs had died in the distance, and it seemed to the two deserted maidens, as if during the last few exciting minutes they had been gazing on some wild and shadowy phantasmagoria, such as we behold in a dream.

For more than an hour they remained in their imprisoned situation, and as the moments crept by without the return of the victors, the two lonely maidens began to yield to their fears. If any stray straggler should return from the defeated band, they knew their sex would be of no avail to protect them from insult or vengeance—and even were none to seek the scene of their defeat, it might be hours, or perhaps days, before the victors should come back. Even if they returned it was questionable if they would approach the ruin. One doubt gave place to another—and when they endeavored to escape, they found the rock that blocked up the entrance immovable, even by their united strength. At last they gave up in despair, and sat down calmly to wait their fate. The hand-maiden, before whose mind a thousand dangers flitted, began to wring her hands in the extremity of her distress; but her more heroic mistress, after a few more useless attempts to escape, only sat herself down to watch from the loop-hole. Meanwhile the day were on, and the sun wheeled his broad circle into the bosom of the Rhine, lengthening the shadows of the hills around, and burying the valleys in the gloom of twilight. The breeze came damp from the river, and the birds,

returning to their nests, sailed slowly by. In vain the prisoners essayed, as a last resort, to scale the ruinous walls. Their fears were rising into agony, when suddenly the pursuers returned by another route to the scene of the strife, and were seen down the pass busied upon the field of the late conflict. But now a new fear arose. The distance might prevent their cries from being heard. They knew, however, this to be their only hope, and raising their feeble voices they shouted aloud for aid. They were not heard. Agnes could see the plume of her lover faintly waving in the gathering darkness, and her heart died within her when she thought he might depart, and leave her to the mercy of her captors, who would be sure to return for her in the morning. Again and again they united their voices, but still it was in vain. Suddenly they heard the leaves rustle nigh, but it was only a huge night-bird, startled from its drowsy perch, by their repeated cries, that sailed slowly and darkly away down the defile—and then all was still.

"Oh! what shall we do?" said Winifred in despair, "they cannot hear us, and we shall be left to die. I vow a silver candle to the Virgin if we escape."

"Stop," said Agnes with sudden energy, "here is my falcon call, I had forgot I wore it yesterday, and in this morning's agony I put it on unthinking. Sancta Maria be praised, for it shall be the means of our release," and raising it to her lips, she blew a long, shrill call, such as in other days her lover himself had taught her.

"They hear it," gasped the hand-maiden, "see, they stop and look around—another, dear lady."

The maiden blew a yet shriller call upon the whistle, exerting all her little strength; and when she ceased, her cheek flushed, her eye gleamed, and her snowy bosom heaved with the excitement.

"They come," she cried, as the young knight turned, and looking up doubtfully toward the cliff, paused in rapt attention, "wave my veil on high—the holy martyrs be praised—they see it—they dash up the height—they are here, Walter, dear Walter, it is your own Agnes that speaks," and in another instant the brawny arms of the knights had hurled away the obstruction from the door, and with a joyful bound Agnes sprang toward her lover, and overcame with mingled gladness and excitement, had fainted in his arms. Bearing her hastily from the rude gaze of his followers, he tore off his gauntlet, bathed her temples with his own hand, and when at last she faintly opened her eyes, he pressed her to his bosom, and covered her lips with kisses.

It was a gay and merry time in the valley of the Loire, when the young Lord of Rothsay, led

home to the proud halls of his fathers, the fair and gentle Agnes. Old men blessed her as she passed, young mothers held out their babes in their arms to gaze upon her face, and girls strewed flowers in her path, and welcomed her to her future home with songs. Many a sweet night afterward, when the vine-hills were clad with their purple fruit, and the maidens had returned from gathering the blushing grape, would the seigneur and his lady gaze upon their merry revels, as they danced upon the greensward in the gay moonlight.

THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

BY DAVID LYKINS.

Ye tell me of a brighter land,
Where all is fair and mild;
Of green savannahs from the hand
Of nature when she smil'd.
Ye tell me of the spicy breeze
So gentle, soft, and sweet;
Yet tell me of the moonlit seas
Along the southern steep.

Ye tell me of your island home
Upon the ocean's breast;
Where gold and jewels come like foam
Upon the billow's crest.
Ye tell me of the melting strains
Of music far away;
And of the bright and sunny plains
Where sparkling fountains play.

Ye tell me of the lovely forms
That flit before the eye;
And dwell beyond the reach of storms
In the far distant sky.
Ye say forevermore they sing
A song to you unknown;
Far sweeter than the notes of spring;
More lovely than your own.

Say, have ye seen amid the throng
A wanderer from time;
A stranger in the choirs of song
In that far distant clime.
Ere summers trees were rob'd in green
He left our stormy shore;
His little form we have not seen—
We may not see him more.

We know he must be lovely there—
We know he must be blest;
Released from ev'ry pain and care,
Of perfect bliss possess.
His little eye that was so bright
Beneath our darken'd sky;
We know must now be full of light
In yonder climes on high.
Ye answer not but upward soar,
These things ye may not tell;
Nor shall I, till I reach that shore,
'Hear of the loved so well.

THE COUSINS.

A TALE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY "THE POOR SCHOLAR."

A LOVELY morning. Five hundred ships bearing the flags of almost every commercial nation, are lying in the crescent harbor. The French barque "Le Fleur" has just arrived from Havre, and is letting go her anchor in the middle of the stream opposite the Rue Poydras. The tri-color is drooping against the mizzen mast, and the sails hang loosely from the yards as though resting after the long and tempestuous voyage. The courses are drawn up in graceful festoons. Shore boats laden with fruits and vegetables, and skiffs of negro watermen hover about, the six-oared gig of the custom-house is riding alongside of the gangway—curious eyes are peering through shrouds and over bulwarks, upon the red brick and painted walls of the "Crescent City," now struggling into the golden sunlight, and the voice of life and business rings cheerily around.

In the midst of the din and the hum, and the merry laughter, two gentlemen issue from the cabin. One is the captain of the "Le Fleur." The other is evidently a passenger, and his dress together with the graceful *négligé* of his manner at once bespeak the fashionable Parisian gentleman. He is young and handsome, and seems withal of a generous and noble nature. He is bent on going ashore. They shake hands—"Adieu, M. Louvret," says the captain, "I am sorry you leave us so soon—you must visit me often while the 'Le Fleur' remains, and help me out with that lot of champagne—there are yet some bottles left."

"That I shall, Monsieur Le Capitaine, you will find me a daily visitor as long as the wine lasts."

"Or until you get enamored of some pretty Creole—take care, take care, M. Louvret, it is a dangerous city, and I already feel a father's tenderness for you."

"Thank you, M. Le Capitaine, but I have left my heart behind me in gay Paris."

"If so you will never return to claim it."

"How so?"

"You will be married in less than three months—I expect to drink Madame Louvret's health before the Le Fleur sails—a bet for a dozen bottles!"

"I take your bet—but tell me why do you think so?"

"Beauty, *ma foi*—they are the prettiest creatures in the world."

"By my faith, captain, you make me impatient to be ashore—adieu!"

"There are some noble fortunes—success!"

"Fear not—fear not—*au revoir*!"

So saying the young man leaped upon the gangway and motioned to a waterman.

"Bring your boat alongside."

"Dat I will, massa."

"Steward my trunk—the yellow one—see the others sent after to my hotel."

In a moment the waterman is under the gangway—the trunk is lowered, and the young man springing down the ropes, seats himself in the stern of the skiff and is rowed toward the shore. His eye roams along the semicircle of houses.

"Quite a city, by Jove—it must have grown amazingly since our Parisian geographers last visited it—the captain may be right—pretty—I have heard so at Paris, let me see—ha! a capital idea—I must learn something of transatlantic life before presenting myself to my worthy uncle—one hundred Louis left and some odds—time enough to surrender when our ammunition is spent—darkee!"

"Massa."

"Which is your best hotel?"

"Massa me bleeve 'm St. Charles—Messa Mudge & Water."

The skiff soon struck against the Levee.

"Dar is de St. Charles cab, massa."

"Where?"

"De nigga wif de black hoss."

The "nigga" thus referred to, seeing himself pointed at, immediately left his cab, and approaching the skiff, inquired, "St. Charles, sir?"

"Yes—here, take this trunk."

The trunk is shouldered, and the young man taking his seat in the carriage is driven down the Rue Poydras to St. Charles, and there deposited at the door of the hotel. He enters the large bar-room, and having swallowed a glass of wine, registers his name as "Louis Louvret, Paris, France."

"Your room, sir, is No. 25—shall I show you the way?"

"Not now—I wish to walk around."

The *salon de café* was not strange to Louvret—plenty of them in Paris—so after lounging a moment in one of the chairs, he drew on his gloves, took up his hat and cane, and sallied into the street—it was about eleven o'clock. He walked down St. Charles to Canal—no ladies—crossed Canal and entered the Rue Royale—no ladies yet—he next crossed over to the Place d'Armes, and still no ladies!

"*Le diable*," said he as he stood in front of the old cathedral, "they're not heathens! here's a

church, but where the deuce do they keep their ladies?—they must be Turks—it's a fair morning, nay, a most tempting one, and I've walked over a mile to meet nothing female save Dutch fraus and negro fishmongers. By Jove, I believe the old sea dog has been quizzing me," and he walked toward the door of the cathedral which was standing open—"ha! what comes here? I must stand aside and observe," so saying he took his station by one of the massive pillars. Two ladies came slowly up the aisle—they were both dressed in black. One was young, and as well as Louvret could judge through a black lace veil—beautiful. Her figure, at all events, was perfect. The other might have been her aunt or her mother, or indeed her grand-mother as far as age was concerned. They were arm in arm, the younger on the right. The latter carried in her hand a pretty bouquet of flowers. As they approached the fount she dipped the flowers in the sacred water and sprinkled it lightly over her companion and herself. They both made the sign of the cross and passed toward the door. As they issued into the street where Louvret was standing, the younger lady lifted the corner of her veil with an air that seemed to say, "here's something for you to dream about!" then drawing it down coquettishly she gave her arm to the elder, and they walked away in the direction of the Rue Chartres. The glance of that eye, and the motion of that lip—for the lip *had* pouted—so bewildered the young Frenchman that it was some time before he gained self-possession to follow them, and when he did it was to no purpose. They were gone! He ran up Chartres—then back again, then up and down every one of the numerous alleys in the rear of the cathedral. In one of these he met a negress carrying hot coffee, which he came near causing her to spill.

"Did you see two ladies in black?"

"Not dis day, massa—why, Gorramity, massa mad," shouted the wench as he turned abruptly from her and ran toward the Rue Royale. He did seem mad. He overturned a coffee table and threw down a parrot's cage, and ran over three fruitsellers, and kicked over a kettle of gumbo, and but for his good looks and fine clothes he might have had more hurled after him than maledictions. Breathless he stopped at the corner of a court—his pursuers now came up.

"You have broken my cage, monsieur."

"What's the damage?"

"One piastre, monsieur."

"Here, take it."

"You hab spilled my coffee, massa, and broken my cups."

"Here, here—"

So saying he turned up Rue Royale in the

direction of the St. Charles' Hotel, muttering to himself as he went along, "Le Capitaine is right. *Mon Dieu*, what an eye! and such grace! oh, curse my stupidity to lose them so—I shall meet them again if I should have to stand sentry at the church for six weeks—*le diable!* how hot!" He had now reached the hotel, and the gong was sounding for dinner.

After dinner the young Parisian again sought the drinking saloon, and taking his seat in one of Mudge's arm chairs, began to speculate on the adventure of the morning.

"Married—no—no—she's too young—and in mourning, I wonder who it is for—it may be her father or her brother—but then she seemed so pleasant—by Jove it must be for a husband—bah! no!—the other lady was in black as well as she—maybe it is the fashion—and then such a smile—oh, she must have been to confessional, and was returning with a light conscience—what need has she to go to confessional?—such a creature must be incapable of sinning," and thus ran his thoughts while the eyes of the young Frenchman wandered around the saloon—they rested for a moment on a 'four sheet poster,' 'Theatre d'Orleans, Lucia di Lammermoor, Mademoiselle Calvé, Prima Donna, &c.' Parbleu! an opera among these Indians! I shall go, out of curiosity, and who knows but the same motive may bring my incognito thither?—three o'clock—three to seven, four hours—how shall I put them in—on board the 'Le Fleur,' that's it—capital idea—confess myself to Le Capitaine—the old shark has cruized in these waters before—perhaps he may assist me," and Louvret walked out of the saloon and was soon on board the "Le Fleur," and discussing a bottle of his favorite champagne with the worthy captain.

At seven o'clock precisely two strangers entered the Theatre d'Orleans and took their seats in the dress circle. They were as the reader will guess the young Frenchman, Louis Louvret, and the captain of the "Le Fleur."

"Capitaine you were right—they *are* beautiful, beautiful all—but if she were only here, you would not see one of those lovely faces that now surround us."

"Have patience, my boy—she may come in yet."

"Ah, Capitaine, I fear not—I first saw her in *church*."

"And I hope you'll soon see her in a *church* again, if her fortune corresponds with her beauty."

"Do not speak of the fortune, I would marry her to-morrow if she was not worth a single sous—ha! see! it is her figure! yes, and her—*sacres*, a gentleman. See! she is looking this way, *le diable*, she enters the closed box—lost—lost—lost!"

It was indeed the lady whom Louvret had seen in the cathedral who entered the box. She was leaning upon the arm of a young man, whom any one would have taken for her brother, but a blind man, or a jealous lover. There are many boxes in the Theatre d'Orleans into which the vulgar eye has never yet peeped. These pretty exclusives are so constructed Venetian blind fashion, that they are impenetrable to the gaze of the pit bourgeoisie, while the occupants from within can see the whole house. It was one of these ambuscades that the mysterious lady and her cavalier entered, and the exclamation uttered by young Louvret was not without its meaning, as unless the lady felt otherwise disposed she would there be invisible during the whole of the performances. She did, however, feel otherwise disposed, and she had scarcely entered the box when a small, white hand pushed aside the curtain, and the same eye that had so bewildered the young Frenchman in the morning, now looked through a lorgnon, first upon the stage, then around the parquette and dress circle. There was still the same tantalizing smile—the same expression of gaiety on her dark brunette features, but she had changed her mourning dress for one of white—and her beautiful hair from the contrast was more brilliant and glossy. Louvret sat without speaking—his whole attention was directed toward the fair creature. Her eye rests upon him—ha! she blushes and turns away—she is or pretends to be looking at Calvé—see her eye again returns to the Frenchman who still gazes ardently upon her—she recollects the affair of the morning. Besides Louvret is not a man likely to be so soon forgotten—by a lady—and then his running over the fruit-sellers and scattering their fruit—she saw all this from the window of her carriage—Louis never thought of the carriage—she turns away—she looks again until her eyes meet those of the young Frenchman in a fixed and silent gaze!

"By Neptune, Louvret, your choice is good, and I am blind if she's not looking this way—see that—she must be *bon ton* too—for those seats belong to the aristocracy—I'll win the dozen in a week—happy dog, you have interested her already."

Louis hardly heeded the whisperings of the captain, but with soul beaming eyes, he remained gazing on the fair creature who had so captivated him. The curtain was at last drawn down, but the young Frenchman still fancied a pair of dark orbs glancing upon him through the bars of the Venetian.

The performance was over, and by the time Louvret and his companion made their way to the door, the young lady was just entering her carriage.

"Come, captain, we'll follow—cabman, drive after that carriage!" and they entered a cab. There were twenty carriages starting in different directions. The cabman not understanding the one which he was to follow drove after the first that offered. The carriage issued into Rue Chartres, and down Rue Chartres into Casa Calvo. It stopped before a large mansion in the Faubourg Clouet, and an old gentleman getting out gave some directions to the driver, who was his servant.

"*Le diable!* we have followed the wrong carriage—how unfortunate—we'll we will sleep together, captain—drive to the St. Charles hotel," and in a few minutes the disappointed party were set down at their destination.

Next morning saw Louis in the cathedral, and next evening at the theatre, and so on for nearly a week, but the beautiful brunette was nowhere to be met with. He attended balls, churches and theatres in vain. "Where could she have gone—she may have been only a visiter to the city, but a thought strikes me—I will bribe the box-keeper at the Theatre d'Orleans to tell me who the box belongs to—that will lead to something at least. Let me see, this is the morning I had fixed for my walk to the battle-ground—I shall go there first, I can call at the theatre on my return, or to-night. By my faith, the hundred louis are fast going, I will soon have to surrender at discretion—the old gentleman's wealthy too—so says report," and Louis sallied forth and walked through the city toward the battle-ground. He reached the spot where thousands were sacrificed on the altar of liberty, and the heart of the young Frenchman bounded with enthusiasm when he remembered that they who fell were his foes, the foes of his beloved France. He was returning toward the city when he saw an open carriage driving toward him containing a lady and gentleman. Suddenly the carriage stopped, and the gentleman stepping out crossed over to the fence with the intention of gathering some wild flowers, seemingly at the desire of the lady. A steamboat made her appearance round a bend of the river. The horses taking fright plunged violently, and then galloped off in the direction where Louvret was standing. Before the gentleman could reach them they had passed him and were now going at full speed. Immediately in front was a deep gully crossed by a narrow bridge of cypress logs. The approach to this bridge was steep and rough, and it was impossible for the carriage to pass over it safely at such speed, it must, therefore, be dashed into the bayou. Louvret saw this, and placing himself on one side of the path, he awaited their coming up. As the horses came opposite, he

drew a pistol and firing, shot the left hand horse through the head. The animal dropped instantly, and the off horse after one or two plunges became entangled and fell also. The sudden stopping of the landau threw the young lady forward, but she fell unhurt in the arms of the Frenchman, whose surprise only equalled his pleasure, at recognizing the features that had already impressed him so deeply.*

The thanks of the gentleman who had now come up were poured forth profusely. He was the brother of the lady who had so narrowly escaped. This piece of information was any thing but displeasing to Louis.

"I am sorry to have been under the necessity of killing what seems to have been a very fine horse."

"Do not think of that, monsieur, that can be easily replaced; but how are we ever to repay your bravery and coolness? Oh, God! look there, Eugenie, not a chance would there have been!" and he pointed at the fearful gully, on the very brink of which the horses had fallen.

The girl looked toward the bridge, and then her glance rested for a moment on the face of the young Frenchman. Their eyes met, and in hers was an expression that sufficiently thanked him for all that he had accomplished.

"May I know the name of my sister's preserver?" inquired the gentleman.

"Louis Louvret, Paris."

"Mine is Eugene De Sand, and she is my only sister, Eugenie—our parents are dead—you will not refuse to accompany us to our chateau, there it is." He pointed to a fine mansion half a mile from the road.

Louis assented.

"Sister, you will conduct M. Louvret round by the gate, while I run across the plantation for some servants to relieve this horse."

The parties started, De Sand leaping over the fence and crossing a sugar field, while Louvret offering his arm to Eugenie, walked toward the front gate of the plantation.

From that time Louis Louvret and Eugene were bosom friends. From that time Louis Louvret and Eugenie were lovers. Eugene interfered not with his sister's attachment. He saw that Louvret was a gentleman—no one could doubt it—and the generous youth never dreamed of inquiring into his pedigree.

The visits of Louvret to the chateau were frequent. One evening Eugene and Louis were sitting together in the piazza—Eugenie had retired.

"M. De Sand, I have a favor to ask from you."

"Name it, my friend."

"Two weeks ago I landed in New Orleans. On my arrival I went strolling about to view your city. I stood before the cathedral. The doors were open. Two ladies came up the aisle—one of them was young, and as I thought and think still, the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld. From that moment I loved her—on the same evening I attended the opera, the lady was there also. I gazed upon her almost impertinently, for I could not master my feelings—our eyes met, and I was glad to see that her looks did not repulse me—still I was ignorant of either the lady's name or family. An accident to which you were a witness, has made me acquainted with both. Eugene De Sand, the favor I would ask you to bestow, is, the hand of your sister."

"Does my sister desire it?"

"She does—I have just now received from her lips the assurance that my love is returned. You are silent, M. De Sand—you would know something of my family and fortune—you are right. I have an uncle here, if I mistake not, who will answer your questions."

"You wrong me, M. Louvret—I too was thinking of an uncle—Eugenie and myself are both under age—our uncle and guardian resides in the city—there is something in our late father's will about marrying with uncle's consent—if you can only gain his, you have mine already."

"Your uncle's name?"

"Pierre Mignon."

"Mignon!"

"Yes—you seem surprised."

"Oh, no—I have heard the name before."

"Doubtless!—he is wealthy and well known in the city."

"I think I may gain his consent."

"I shall assist you, and should we fail, then—"

"Then, what?"

"I shall assist you to run away with Eugenie and trust to chance for a reconciliation—I know she loves you and I know you are worthy of her."

"Generous friend, I long more than ever to call you brother."

A few minutes after, Louvret mounted his horse and rode toward the city, muttering as he left the plantation,

"These, these are the Creole cousins of whom my uncle wrote me—I had forgotten the name—sweet Eugenie!"

In an hour afterward, a carriage was seen approaching the chateau. It stopped in front of the mansion, and Pierre Mignon, a fine looking old Frenchman stepped out, followed by the young Parisian—Eugene and Eugenie were in the piazza. The uncle entered and introduced Louis Louvret as his nephew from Paris. The joy of young De Sand knew no bounds at this

* An actual occurrence.

discovery, but the feeling that thrilled Louis and Eugenie as their hands and eyes met was of a deeper and sweeter kind than that inspired by relationship. Louis explained his adventures to his uncle, and as may be supposed his consent to the union was not hard to obtain. The marriage took place the following week. The captain of the "Le Fleur" was one of the guests, and as he jocularly reminded Louis of their wager he invited the whole party to a *dejeuner* on board his beautiful barque, which came off on the following day. Louis was soon settled upon a fine plantation presented to him by his uncle, and when the "Le Fleur" returned to Havre she carried out an hundred bales of fine cotton marked "Louis Louvret."

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA.

BY JAMES MACKAY, M. A.

FIVE hundred leagues from any land, where storms
are wont to be,
The lightning from its chambers gleamed across the
heaving sea;
And fields of undulating fire sent up their transient
light;
So bright a path along the spray
Allured the spirits by troops away
To join their wildest revels with the tempest-bearing
night.

A thought of home stole o'er my heart—my dear, my
highland home,
The point to which it gravitates wherever I may
roam;
I thought of old Craig-Patrick, with its belting rigs
of corn,
Its giant's chair and ancient fort,
The scenes of many a youthful sport,
That overlook the little town—the town where I was
born.

And, wandering there in fancy, I could see the river
flow,
And recognize the stepping-stones we boys were wont
to know,
The islands sung their summer songs, and beamed
with summer smiles,
The pretty rustic bridge was there,
And primroses perfumed the air:
Oh! ne'er a stream in any land can boast such lovely
isles.

The storm blew louder, and our decks were washed by
drifting foam,
But something seemed to whisper that they prayed for
me at home:
Oh! 'twas a sweet suggestion; of every terror shorn
The winds came rushing from their dens;
I hoped to hail dear Scotland's glens,
And see again the little town—the town where I was
born.

THE TRANSPOSITION.

A SOUTHERN ROMANCE.

BY VIRGINIA SEPTMAN.

THE night was one of surpassing loveliness. Not a cloud was there to dim the radiance of the faintest star, and the silvery moon shed an uninterrupted stream of mellow light upon the quiet landscape. Every sound was at rest, save the soft murmurings of the dying wind, as it glided among the branches of the stately magnolia, and a rich fragrance, known only to the spring of this southern clime, filled the air. Here indeed might the gentle spirit bow down and worship at the shrine of Nature!

In silent admiration sat Honoria Darlington, gazing from her window upon the scene, and wondering probably at the infinite goodness of that all seeing One, who had thus blessed the land with so much loveliness.

"Hand me my guitar, Bella," said she to the slave seated at her feet; she was instantly obeyed, and taking the instrument in her lap she ran her taper fingers gently over the strings. The sweet sounds circled confusedly around, and Honoria, leaning from the window, listened attentively as though to catch some expected answering note. She was not disappointed. A strain of soft music swept faintly from the garden below, and presently she caught the well known sound of her lover's voice as he sang in a suppressed tone a few lines of his own composition. A deep blush mantled over her cheek, and withdrawing from the window, she cast a slight shawl around her form, and passing down the stairway went forth to meet him.

Long and enchantedly did they linger beneath the shrouded arbor. A tale of love was told the hundredth time, and for the hundredth time was it listened to with downcast eyes and crimsoned cheek. Again did they bewail a stern father's decree which denied the consummation of their happiness, merely because the suitor could bring neither riches nor a high name to his bride. What cared *she* for riches or the world when her whole soul was wrapped up in a single being? Edward Mayfield was her "all in all," and without him this beautiful earth would become a dreary wilderness indeed. With despair did she receive the command to renounce him forever and prepare to wed another, but Edward's countenance beamed joyfully as she tearfully related the doom.

"Now, then, my Honoria," said he, "you surely can lay aside all scruple. Let us fly this persecution without delay, and when we are happily made one we will defy earth to

separate us. Your father fails in affection to you, and would sacrifice your dearest wishes merely for base wealth! Will you then longer yield to a false sense of duty to one who thus carelessly disposes of his child's happiness?" The young man spoke vehemently.

"Edward," replied she, looking up confidently through her tears—"I feel indeed as though it were hard—very hard thus to sacrifice my every hope of earthly joy—but must I disobey my father?"

"None can blame you, dearest; have you not plead long and vainly ere you take this step? And look into the future, Honoria—fancy yourself the pale, care-worn, drooping, broken-hearted wife of an unloveable old man; when your father gazes upon you then will he not curse himself for thus blighting your youthful hopes? His anger at our flight will be but brief; all will be forgiven, and how delightful then will be our task—hand in hand—to lessen his cares and minister to his comforts during the down-hill of life!"

But we will not, reader, relate how Honoria still objected, and how Edward still urged—the argument was long and sweet; and while her nays were growing more faint and his appeals more urgent, the heedless moon had slid rapidly down the blue sky, and now threatened to withhold her light by dropping behind the distant mountains. The parting kiss was imprinted the twentieth time upon her forehead, and at last Edward succeeded in tearing himself from her, but his heart beat with a joyousness it had long been a stranger to as he mounted his horse and galloped away.

Honoria sought her chamber—but not now as formerly, to weep—for a heavenly hope beamed within her breast as she felt that the die was cast. Yes! her father *would* one day rejoice that she had obeyed the dictates of her own heart, and they would indeed—hand in hand—smooth the pillow of his declining days.

She slept—in a sweet dream fancy led her into the midst of a garden of roses. The pure air she had just breathed circled around, and the same moon smiled from her high place. "My Honoria," said a voice. She turned and gazed upon his face with unspeakable rapture. He led her among the clustering flowers, and whispered tones of love that fell like soft music upon her ear. They sought a murmuring brook and rambled by its side; bathing their feet in its limpid waters. Suddenly a stream of dazzling light poured upon them from above. Startled, she turned to grasp her lover's arm, but he was gone! In agony she strove to hide her face from the blazing torrent, and calling upon his name, awoke!

It was day, and the bright sun beamed full upon her through the open casement.

We must now return a little. When Honoria left the house and entered the garden to meet her lover, Bella, the hand-maid, passed her head out of the window and watched the receding form of her mistress with evident satisfaction until it had disappeared in the arbor, and then turned with alacrity to equip herself for a jaunt. This was but the work of a minute. Taking a large white handkerchief, she passed it several times around her head, and tucking the ends up beneath the folds, stood before the glass to regard the moonlight effect. She was pleased, and well she might be, for the head-dress became her much, having been arranged with an infinite degree of taste and skill, acquired by long practice. She next drew a small bundle from the closet, slung it on her arm, took another hasty glance from the window to see that the coast was clear, and quitted the room. As noiselessly as her mistress, she descended the stairway, crossed the hall, and reached the yard, whence, darting to the paling, she scaled it with ease, and was soon tripping gaily over the lawn to the spot where she knew her lover Hector was in waiting with his master's horse.

Hector had fastened the animal to a "swinging limb," and was now comfortably perched upon the upper rail of the worm fence which enclosed Mr. Darlington's domain, singing in a low tone his favorite song—"As I walked out by de light ob de moon"—when a rustling among the bushes startled him.

"Who dar?" demanded he, turning his head quickly in the direction. All was instantly still. "Who dar, I say? If I come down off dis rail arter you, I'll—." Hector was suddenly deprived of further power of speech on hearing a low, moaning sound issue from behind a large pine which stood most uncomfortably near his locality.

It ceased, and he strained his eyes with the hope of discovering the cause, but in vain. He then scrutinized the bushes with equal ill-success; though fancy conjured up for a moment a pair of fiery eyes beneath every one. He tried to recollect some animal of his acquaintance that cried in that manner, but after thinking over a long list he was about to give up the inquiry in despair and get away as fast as possible, when a happy idea struck him.

"Sho! notin 'tall but bee-hive. Git out, you darn little critters, I no 'feard!"

Chuckling at the thought of being frightened at the buzzing of bees, Hector was about to resume his tune when the sound was repeated, louder and clearer than before, and no longer resembling

the hum of bees, but more like the human voice disguised. Unfortunately the poor fellow just at this moment recollected having heard that *panthers* often imitated the cry of people to decoy them into their vicinity. Horror-struck at the thought, he turned his starting eye-balls again to the tree, and there, sure enough, crouching at its foot, was the perfect counterpart of the very beast he had heard described so often in frightful colors, but never saw. There were the broad stripes down its back, the white crown, the long glittering teeth, the large leaden eyes, the—but Hector could stay no longer. Sliding from the fence with astonishing agility, he burrowed into the bushes on the side opposite that occupied by the panther, and commenced scampering off as fast as possible on all-fours.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the animal.

Hector redoubled his speed and threw the sand up behind him to blind the creature's eyes, for he felt sure that it was coming.

"You darn fool, Hec! come back," said the panther. He stopped and listened, "Gorra!—panter know me?" thought he.

"Ha, ha, ha!" again laughed the panther.

Hector now began to suspect the truth.

"Who you?" said he, rising up boldly and looking toward the fence.

"Why me!—don't you know me, Bella? Bless 'um, man, how you make de dirt fly."

Hector, now fully apprized of the trick that had been played upon him, became re-assured and approached the fence.

"Save us, Bella!—how you *'fisticated* me!" said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow—"ain't you 'feard it'll 'fect my const'ushum?"

"Why, how should I know you was *seck* a coward?" asked Bella, still laughing immoderately.

"Hush larfin at me, Bell—guess if you tout panter been guine comin ater you de dirt would fly too. You musn't larf no more."

"I will larf, Hec, as much as I please."

"You shan't larf."

"I will."

"Come, Bell, dat ain't 'riginal—you got dem *will's* from you young missus when she make fun wid mass Ed'ard, enty now? But I say, Bell, what bring you hea?"

"Why, you ongallant feller—I come out in de lone wood fer meet you, an' you talk dat away? I'll hab Jones' Sam if you no mind."

"Let Jones' Sam go to grass—you *couldn't* take to dat boy, Bell, he ain't half a man yet."

"Nor you, Hec! run from a woman, ha, ha."

"When he come 'guise like panter who would n't cut dirt? De sec no fer be trust no time, let

lone when dey come in *questinated* shape. But I say, Bell, what you fetch in dat bundle?"

"Some pone fer you, you good-fernatin!" With this expression of endearment, Bella opened the bundle, and taking out a large potatoe pone, placed it on a log before the gratified Hector. He lost no time in attacking it, and soon detached a piece and commenced eating.

"An' now, Bell," said he, speaking with a crammed mouth, and casting a sidelong glance at her, "spose we talk ober dat 'fair ob ours—eh?"

The young lady blushed deeply, and casting her eyes to the ground, appeared to be absorbed with contemplating the efforts made by Hector's great and second toes to grasp an acorn, seemingly without their owner's knowledge.

"Fine time dis, Bell, now dat de lubly queen ob night is shinin ober our innicent head," continued he sheepishly.

"Oh, Hec! how you talk," replied she in a low tone, and with apparent effort. The lover gave a silly laugh, and took an enormous bite of the pone. A somewhat disagreeable silence now ensued, during which the gentleman seemed wholly absorbed with eating, and the lady with brushing away the leaves with her shoe. At length she spoke, and in the same low tone.

"Missus say as how—as how—missus say as how——"

"Well—what um say as how, Bell?"

"She say as how—oh, Hec, I too shame fer tell."

"Sho! Bell—don't mind tell 'fore Hec."

"Den missus say as how—I too young fer marry yet, he, he, he!"

Again there was a silence. Hector was very busy, and Bella very uneasy. There was evidently something on her mind which she wished him to understand; but he was resolutely stupid. Again was she forced to speak first.

"Hec?"

"Bell!"

"What you tink 'bout Hec?"

"Nut'n tall, Bell."

"Tink young missus guine run'way wid you Mass Ed'ard?"

"He, he, he!—tink *he* run'way with her if he kin."

Another pause.

"Hec?"

"Eh?"

"Spose we was fer run'way and git marry too, Hec—he, has he?"

Hector looked up at her for a moment in profound astonishment; then turning up the whites of his eyes he fell back on the log on which he had seated himself, and roared with laughter.

But, reader, this chapter is getting longer than we intended; we must, therefore, sorrowfully withhold the further parley of these lovers. Besides it would be hardly fair to expose entirely to the world the chit-chat of our humble friends after letting those of the arbor off so easily. We will, however, give the *matter*.

Bella, it seems, had taken it into her head that Hector should runaway with her to the parson's—*why* we cannot exactly say. To put him up to this bit of romance had she sought him on this lovely night. What part the *pono* had to play does not appear very clearly; probably one of persuasion. She found it very difficult to dispel the ridiculous light by which Hector regarded the idea. He could not very well understand why the comfortable kitchen wedding, which he had long looked forward to with complacency, should be thus put aside; particularly too as he knew that no one cared a straw when, where, or how they were married. But woman will have her way. The poor fellow was at last convinced against his better senses, and consented to act against his desires; judiciously concluding that a runaway match was better than no match at all, which Bella threatened. It was, therefore, agreed that he should be in waiting with his "cart and mule," not being able to command a better mode of conveyance, at the great gate at the foot of the avenue where Bella would meet him just at twelve o'clock the next night. They would then hie to parson Jack's cabin, have the knot tied in no time, and return ere suspicion was afloat. The matter was thus settled, and they parted: Hector sought again his rail, and Bella her mistress's room, where she was snoring most melodiously on her little pallet when Honoria returned.

We have said, or as good as said, that the sun peeped in at Honoria's window and dispelled her bright dream. Under other circumstances she would have been sorrowful at the intrusion; but now her heart beat joyfully, for she had to look but a little way into the future to see her dearest hopes realized.

Yes! ere another sun should mount the horizon Edward would be all her own; what cared she then for dreams? She arose, dressed herself and tripped lightly down to her flower garden, where she spent an hour as usual in watering, trimming and clipping flowers. After this was done she culled a quantity of the freshest and brightest, and carrying them to her father's library placed them in the vase on the centre-table, for he was very fond of flowers. She then ordered her pony, and mounting him, rode gaily around the adjoining grounds until breakfast time. She greeted the old gentleman at the table with a

smiling face, and poured out his coffee—for he would permit none other to wait upon him since he became a widower—with an alacrity that surprised him, for his child had of late been rather dull and melancholy.

"I am glad to see you so bright this morning, Honoria; I hope you will forget that young Mayfield, and smile upon your father as of old?" This was said in a tone of inquiry.

A rich blush shot over Honoria's features, and she smiled slightly but made no reply. She felt a pang at the thought of deceiving her dear father; but the after picture that Edward had drawn came as a relief to her mind.

"He will forgive us, and we will then *earn* his blessing," was her happy thought.

She passed the day with her usual pursuits, but the hours rolled away with most provoking slowness; and when at length tea time arrived it seemed as though an age had transpired since morning. She gazed for the hundredth time into the blue vault above. It had hitherto remained perfectly clear, but now a small, innocent looking cloud peered above the western horizon. In horror she watched the flying thing and thought, "what if it stormed?" but even as she thought the feathery cloud flew into a thousand pieces and dispersed. This occurrence would have relieved her fears had not a dozen other little feathery clouds come to the last one's funeral.

With a drooping spirit she sought her room alone, and seated herself at the window to watch the gathering clouds. Pile upon pile they arose in dark, threatening masses, and cast a gloomy shadow over the face of nature. Soon all was inky black, but still Honoria strained her eyes above, and strove to catch some faint indication of a break. Once she thought she saw a little star twinkling through the gloom, but it was fancy, for in an instant it was gone. In despair she heard the clock strike eight, nine and ten, and was about to yield herself up to a flood of tears when Bella entered the room.

"Want me, missus?"

"No, Bella," replied Honoria, striving to command her feelings, "I will not need you to-night; you may sleep in the kitchen if you wish."

The girl curtsied and withdrew. Once more she turned to gaze upon the blackness. Just at this moment a dazzling flash of lightning cast its red glare around, and was soon followed by the deep bellowing thunder. This cleared, but another sound struck upon Honoria's ear, it was the coming rain. More and more distinct it grew, until at last it came, and a torrent poured from the stirring clouds. She could contain her feelings no longer, but cast herself on the bed and burst into an agony of tears. She sobbed

for a while as if her heart would break, but the excitement of an anxious watching had exhausted her strength, and she soon fell unconsciously asleep.

We must now turn to our second heroine. Bella was also very much discontented by the unexpected state of things without, but her feelings on the subject were somewhat different from those of her mistress. Hector would come storm or no storm; and then she had a good cloak, and moreover a good stout pair of shoes, so that there was no difficulty on this head; but then how could she get out without being observed? Here was the difficulty. Her idea was that while Honoria and Edward held their usual long midnight meeting she could slip away, get married, and return unsuspected without difficulty; but a storm would most certainly prevent the lovers meeting, what, therefore, was to be done! She tasked her brain for some thought that might afford a good prospect. Desperation sharpened her wits, and it came at last—"I'll ask missus fer let me sleep in de kitchen to-night, 'cause why, I hab *sowin* to do." Bella sought her mistress with a fluttering heart, for she feared that Honoria would hardly consent to be left alone on a night of such dreary promise—but what was her delight and surprise to hear her wish granted even before it was expressed.

The torrent which fell immediately after she quitted the room, was, it is true, something of a damper to her spirits, since it might get through her cloak to the tidy wedding dress which she intended to sport before good old Parson Jack; but she lived in the hope of at least a temporary cessation of the tempest, and she was not disappointed.

At half past eleven there was scarcely a sprinkle, and though it was still very dark and threatening, she cloaked and hooded herself, and set off joyously for the appointed rendezvous. She reached the gate, passed out, and took a seat at the foot of a large oak to await Hector's arrival. Sometime had elapsed—at least half an hour according to her calculation—when a distant sound broke upon her ear. She listened and heard distinctly the tramp of a horse and the rumbling of wheels. A vehicle approached, much too rapidly, however, for the capabilities of Hector's mule, and Bella shrank back against the tree until it should pass. But it did not pass. The horse was reined up exactly in front of the gate, and immediately after some person alighted. Bella's sight could penetrate but a little way into the gloom, but she saw enough to convince her that the heavy vehicle which loomed in the darkness was not Hector's cart, nor was the tall, restive animal Hector's mule. Supposing that some

weary traveller, lost and benighted in the forest, as was frequently the case, had come to seek hospitality and a shelter, she sprang instantly forward to open the gate.

"Dearest Honoria," said the gentleman, approaching as she came from her hiding-place—"I had hardly dared to look for you on such a night as this—so dark and dismal—thanks, love, for this promptness."

He would have caught her to his bosom, but Bella started back horrified. She recognized the voice of Hector's master.

"Nay, my only one," said Edward in a very gentle voice; pleased, no doubt, at her timidity, "do not shrink now that all is nearly accomplished—let us haste away, for even now I hear some one approaching—haste my own love!"

But the lady leaned speechless against the fence, and was in no plight for moving. Edward could delay no longer. Catching her up quickly, but tenderly in his arms, he imprinted a passionate kiss upon her hood, for the cheek was too well enshrouded to allow a nearer approach; and conveyed his precious burthen triumphantly into the carriage.

Poor Bella was too much frightened even to scream, and when she reached the seat she fell back probably in a swoon.

That our young hero was much surprised at Honoria's weight we cannot exactly affirm, if so he no doubt recollected that "appearances often deceive," and consequently thought no more about the matter. Certain it is, however, that the door was closed upon her with an emphasis which spoke much satisfaction, and mounting the box, he seized the reins and drove off at a furious rate.

As it was scarcely more than a mile to the village minister's residence, Edward accomplished the distance in a very few minutes. He dismounted, and throwing the check-rein over a convenient post, ran lightly up the steps and gave the bell a vigorous pull. After a moment a window was thrown up, and the reverend gentleman put out his head.

"Who's there?" demanded he.

"We're in waiting at last, sir," replied Edward.

"Ah, is it you, my young friend?—verily, I hardly expected you on such a night as this. But I will attend in a moment." He withdrew and the sash fell.

The lover in a transport of joy now flew to the carriage. The door was opened and the steps let down in a trice.

"Honoria?" said he with a soft voice, striving at the same time to catch a glimpse of her form amid the darkness within.

There was no answer.

"My own Honoria, be of good cheer; but a few moments and all will be over." The lovers voice trembled with delight, and he crept into the carriage.

Bella felt that all would indeed be soon over with her. She had recovered her senses sufficiently to understand thoroughly Edward's mistake; but too late to effect a rectification with any safety to herself. She could do nothing, therefore, but keep quiet and postpone the crisis as long as possible. After uttering innumerable protestations of undying love he lifted her gently from the seat, kissed the provoking hood all over and bore her from the carriage.

The poor girl could bear it no longer. Terror was now merged into desperation. Giving a vigorous bound the moment her feet touched the earth she eluded his grasp, and would undoubtedly have reached the wood ere he recovered from his surprise, had not an unlucky hook belonging to his cloak become entangled in the hood and held her fast. The effort unmasked her, and the mischievous moon just at this moment peeping from between the breaking clouds revealed her countenance. Edward started back and gazed upon her in speechless astonishment.

Bella's tongue now came to her assistance—she spoke loudly and fluently.

"Please goodness, Mass Ed'ard—hope I may die, Mass Ed'ard, if I wasn't jest guine fer open de gate fer let you pass, and—please goodness, mass—"

"Who are you?" demanded the lover peremptorily.

"Nobody, Mass Ed'ard—taint me, please goodness."

"Bella!"

"Yes, sir—I just been guine——"

"Silence!—how came you at the gate so late at night?"

"Please goodness, Mass Ed'ard, I jest been guine fer meet Hector, an' you come, an' I tort as how——"

"To meet Hector!—what had you to do with Hector?"

Bella here found herself forced to enter into an account of her scheme, and she gave it very fluently, though Edward strove to stop her when he beheld the minister coming out, followed by a servant bearing a light, attracted, no doubt, by the singular dispute.

The good man listened in amazement, and the servant tittered and held the light between his and Edward's eyes, that the latter might not read the expression of his countenance. With shame and mortification the lover turned his head away, and accidentally glancing up at the

building saw, or thought he saw, several night caps popping back from the windows.

This could be borne no longer. Explaining the case to the minister as well as he could by a few brief words, he ordered Bella to re-enter the carriage, and mounting the box, made his exit with a rapidity fully equal to that of his entree.

Once more on the lonely road, Edward checked his horse into a walk, and began reflecting on the mortifying occurrence, and wondered how he should dispose of his charge. The cool night breeze fanned the perspiration from his forehead and soothed his aching temples. His anger rapidly ebbed away, and as the ludicrousness of the scene struck upon him he would undoubtedly have laughed outright had not a keen mortification at the thought of the minister, the servant, the night caps, and also of Honoria, checked his rising mirth. But he grew calm and thoughtful.

"What was to be done? What *could* be done? Why did not Honoria come? The rain, the rain, the rain!—Oh, what a fool was he to expect her on such a night. Bella and Hector!—how ridiculously strange that the same hour should have been appointed! How the neighborhood will ring with this occurrence on the morrow. Were it wiser to bear all indifferently, or fly the country? What! and desert Honoria?—impossible." Such were Edward's envious reflections, and with them must we leave him for the present, while we look after Honoria.

We left her asleep. The clock struck twelve and aroused her from her slumbers. Springing quickly from the bed she ran to the window. The rain had quite ceased, and the clouds were breaking up.

"He may come even yet, and I am not there to meet him!" thought she. Her resolutions were instantly taken. Equipping herself hastily against the weather, she passed noiselessly through the house, reached the avenue, and walking as rapidly as the muddy way would permit, soon arrived at the gate.

Hector was there, perched upon a rail as was his wont, but not now singing; for he was wrapt in contemplating his coming joys. He heard her approaching footsteps.

"Dar, Bella! now fer scare um a little!" thought he, and he crept quietly down and squatted himself behind the gate post.

"Boo!" exclaimed he, springing forward as she came within a few feet of his stand.

Honoria started back in affright.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hector, "you larf at me, eh, fer being frighten' at panter, tort I'd fix you fer um—I say, gal, how come you jump so? what you tort twas, eh?"

"Why, Hector—what are you doing here?"

demanded she, surprised at recognizing the voice of Edward's man, as her lover was to come alone.

Hector rolled up his eyes and gazed at the form before him in mute astonishment. Though it was yet too dark to reveal her features, the voice satisfied him that he was not speaking to Bella. It required but little effort of memory, however, to lead him to the truth.

"Gorra!" exclaimed he, involuntarily gazing at her a moment longer—it was but for a moment. Turning quickly around he bounded to the fence and scrambled head-foremost over into the road. Honoria saw no more of him, but in a little while she heard his voice impatiently urging his lazy mule forward, and soon his cart clattered along the road homeward.

She listened until the sound died away in the distance, and wondered what could have brought him there. Concluding, however, that in passing with his cart he had mistaken her for Bella, and merely stopped to make love a little, she thought no more about the matter.

After waiting patiently for some time, and finding her lover did not appear, she turned away with a sorrowful heart, and was about to retrace her steps when the sound of wheels struck upon her ear. It was Edward's carriage. He had resolved to return and leave Bella at the gate.

"Edward?" said Honoria, recognizing her lover as he alighted.

The young man was instantly at her side. All thought of Bella and the parson vanished at once.

"Why so late, Honoria?" asked he tenderly, but reprovingly.

"Why so late!—was I not here before you?"

He gave a ghastly smile.

"Edward, how strangely you look!—are you ill?"

"No, dearest; but the fact is—I have met with a rather disagreeable adventure." He related all that had occurred; taking care, however, to get his face well in the shade. Honoria could not restrain her laughter; and Edward finally joined her in spite of himself. Bella hearing the glee without, concluded that there was now no danger, and, therefore, came forth with her mouth spread from ear to ear, and her white teeth glittering in the moonlight.

Honoria told her of poor Hector's flight, and proposed that she should get back into the carriage and drive after him; but Bella felt quite satisfied with her night's amusement, and thought that the best thing she could do would be to go home.

"But what *you* guine do, missus?" asked she.

Honoria looked at Edward, and Edward bit his nails. Again he asked himself "what *could* be

done?" To return to *that* minister was out of the question, and to part thus seemed still worse. At last, however, a bright idea occurred to him.

"Let us drive to the next parish, love—it is but ten miles, and we can reach it before day."

"But we cannot return before day, Edward," replied Honoria, innocently.

"Well, dearest, what of that?"

"What of that Edward!" exclaimed she in surprise, looking up at the same time into his countenance. The moon now shone brightly upon it, and revealed a meaning smile playing about his mouth. The eyes too sparkled peculiarly, and a faint tinge shot into his cheeks. Honoria dropped her head again and blushed deeply. She must have guessed his thoughts. Whether she would have consented to the proposition or not we cannot exactly say, for just at this moment a loud voice from beyond the fence startled them.

"Oh, ho! there, what's all this meeting about?"

"Edward! Edward! Oh, save me, Edward—it is my father! What shall I do?" whispered Honoria, tremblingly, as she ran to her lover and strove to hide her form behind his. It was indeed her father. The old gentleman, it seemed, had been seized with a violent fit of the gout shortly after Honoria left the house; and, as was his custom since her mother's death, sent for his daughter to nurse and soothe him. She could nowhere be found. The house was searched over and over again, but all in vain. The old man became frightened, and regardless of gout he arose and dressed himself, and at the head of a bevy of servants scoured the grounds in all directions.

It was during this search that Honoria's laughter caught his ear, and guided him to the gate. The moment Bella heard her master's voice she slipped into the wood and disappeared.

Edward's first impulse after recovering from his astonishment was to catch Honoria up into his arms, bear her to the carriage, and drive off in spite of her father; but when he beheld the array of servants he desisted. Folding his arms, therefore, he regarded the approaching party with as much indifference as he could assume.

"What's all this, young man?" asked Mr. Darlington, coming up to him, and evidently rising in anger as he recognized Edward, "what are *you* doing here, and with that lady too?"

The lover bit his lip, but made no reply—he had none to make. His countenance, however, wore the calmness of desperation.

"What does all this mean, sir, I ask?—this lady—this carriage, and at this time at night?" continued the old man, his rage rapidly increasing at receiving no reply.

"Have you lost your tongue, sir? You seemed to speak quite easily a moment ago!"

"I had thought speaking unnecessary, Mr. Darlington," replied Edward calmly—"such appearances as these generally explain themselves."

"Yes, sir, I understand you. You would *steal* away my daughter, eh? A lucky interference this of mine." He paused and regarded the calm countenance before him as if in doubt whether to inflict a personal chastisement on the intruder or not. At length he continued in a voice almost stifled with anger.

"Were it not for the part which this silly girl has played in this affair, I—I—I would *horse whip* you, sir, on the spot—you——"

"Dear father, do not speak thus——"

"Silence, madam!" said he sternly to the weeping girl, who had tremblingly approached him—"yes, sir, I—I would drub you soundly—you *scoundrel*!"

Edward started at the last word, and his eyes flashed fire. A maddening impulse would have thrown him upon his insulter had not Honoria stepped between them. The old man drew back.

"Get you instantly to the house, madam!" continued he—"we will talk this matter over to-morrow."

She looked up impatiently through her fast flowing tears into his face, but he reiterated the command even more harshly than before. The poor girl could but obey. Casting one glance of unutterable affection toward her lover she turned away.

"And now young man we leave you—but remember! if I catch you again on my premises, you will not get off so easily." With this threat the enraged father left the spot, and followed his daughter up the avenue, while the string of grave servants brought up the rear.

Edward stood motionless as a statue, gazing after their receding figures until they were lost in the distance. We cannot pretend to describe his feelings. They almost annihilated him. The blood trickling from his bruised lips showed that the stifled passion which burned within had found a little vent. Such language could hardly be endured even though it came from an *old* man, and *his* father. But he *had* endured it, and now turned with a faltering step, but a somewhat relieved spirit, to seek his carriage. During the solitary drive homeward amid bitter reflections on his disappointment, his mortification and the insult he had received, Edward formed his resolutions for the future.

The neighborhood *did* ring with the adventure ere another day had passed. The young belles watched the village street with eager curiosity to get a glimpse of the disappointed lover—but he

did not appear. Some of his young friends ventured to knock at his door, and several invitations to dine out were presented, but Edward was "not at home," and, therefore, could not attend. A second day passed without bringing him to light, and the village in consequence ran wild with curiosity. At length Miss Patsy Grant, an antiquated gossip, volunteered to settle the matter by a morning call and tender inquiry. She was politely received by Mrs. Mayfield, but was forced to retire unsatisfied.

Meantime things wore a sad aspect at Mr. Darlington's residence. The house was closed against visitors, and it was reported that the young lady was dangerously ill. This was too true. The excitement of the evening, her father's harsh treatment, and finally the news of Edward's disappearance, were shocks which her system could not bear, and she was thrown into a raging fever. Day and night the old man watched in sleepless agony beside the couch of his daughter. The physician had pronounced the case almost hopeless, and affirmed that nothing but the utmost care and attention could save her. These, however, she wanted not, for her father loved her with a devotion which would cause him to sacrifice anything for her safety; and independently of this, the circumstances of her illness wrung his soul with a remorse which drove all care of aught else besides her recovery away. During the paroxysms of the fever he listened, almost maddened, to the pathetic appeals and wild upbraidings of her delirium, and when at length the disease granted a short respite, and the exhausted girl sank into a sweet rest, he longed to whisper words of hope and promise into her ear, but the physician's express injunctions deterred him.

At length, however, toward the close of the third day a favorable change was announced. The delight of the father knew no bounds, and it was with great difficulty that they persuaded him to take the rest he so much needed.

From this time Honoria began slowly to recover, and ere a fortnight elapsed she was quite strong enough to take a short ride on her pony around the grounds; but Mr. Darlington marked with anxiety that the rose did not return to her cheek, the brilliancy to her eye, nor the wonted lightness to her step. A deep melancholy seemed settling around her. The few words she spoke were always words of sadness, and her smile was faint and mournful. Bitterly did the old man repent his harshness, and gladly would he *now* receive the lost one with open arms, but no news came of Edward.

Once when they were alone he drew his daughter near him and spoke of her lover for the first time since her illness.

"Honor, my child," said he tenderly, "you never mention Edward Mayfield's name now."

She started, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance.

"Can you forgive your old father," continued he, "for his rashness, Honor? He did not know of the strong affection he was violating."

"Forgive you, dearest father!" replied she, looking up with a sweet, but sad smile into his countenance, "I have nothing to forgive—rather should I seek forgiveness—having endeavored to deceive you."

"But, my child, I should not have opposed your wishes in this case without better reasons than—I confess—I could have produced; it was my fault that led you astray."

She was silent, and he continued.

"But it is not yet too late to retrieve, Honor, and your happiness shall be secured. I think I have a way to make those eyes sparkle as of old—eh, girl?"

She could not reply, her heart was too full, but her head fell upon his shoulder, and she wept.

That very day Mr. Darlington made his first visit to Mrs. Mayfield, and held a long conference with her, the result of which our readers may easily guess. Honor met him on his return, and though he kissed her and presented a small packet of letters without saying a word, she knew enough of the bright smile of satisfaction which beamed on his countenance to make her heart leap with strange joyousness. She sought her apartment and opened the packet eagerly. The envelope contained the following note:—

"My dear young lady. Enclosed I send you all the letters which I have received from my son since his departure. Why I send them your father will explain, unless you can guess. You will find much concerning you in them, and they will, at the same time, explain his actions. You are, no doubt, surprised at Edward's silence to yourself, but I can excuse him by saying that he refrained from writing only by my express command. I have much to say to you, but as I am unused to writing, and being, moreover, in some haste, I prefer saying no more now. Call to-morrow, or this afternoon if you can.

HANNAH MAYFIELD."

Honor was now at no loss to imagine the result of her father's visit, and blushing deeply at her own happy thoughts she turned to the letters. They were all written at Charleston, and were filled with a strange compound of tender and bitter feelings. She read them again and again, and gleaned enough to satisfy her that his heart was still all her own. One letter attracted her attention particularly, and from it we will make the following extract:—

"—I have strictly obeyed you, mother—but such a promise I find hard to keep. What can

Honor think of my sudden departure and utter silence? The heart that could desert *her*, on *any* account, were hardly worth cherishing. Is not your injunction cruel? I know you act not without an object—but will *he* ever come into such mild measures? Hardly; he would rather sacrifice his daughter than his *pride*. You say 'Honor has been very ill, but is now almost restored again.' Bless you, mother, for keeping me in ignorance of this until now. The thought of her writhing in agony while I remained tamely here would have tortured me into madness. You seem to think he must yet, and of necessity, repent his harshness to me; and you ask, 'can you forgive?' Yes—I could forgive all on one condition—but I have not the hope you express. She is recovering rapidly, and no doubt determines to forget one who treats her so coldly—why then should her father repent? Mother, I cannot bear this agony of suspense much longer. Release me from a promise made in a moment of anger and excitement, and permit me to return; the very consciousness of being near her will afford a great relief."

Tears streamed from Honor's eyes as she read this passage, but they were not tears of sorrow, though a feeling of tender pity called them forth. She felt a thrilling happiness, and when she sought her father the old man thanked heaven for the glowing blush and bright smile that lit her countenance, for he saw that all would be well again.

A day or two after the above occurrence Edward received three letters—one from his mother, one from Honor, and a third from Mr. Darlington. They had an immediate effect upon him, and he hurried back to the village joyfully.

Some few evenings after this the curiosity of the villagers was much excited by an unusual bustle and brilliancy about the mansion of Mr. Darlington. Several carriages belonging to the *aristocrats* of the neighborhood were seen driving up the avenue; and some one asserted that the minister's barouche was among the number.

It had been rumored that young Mayfield was "about," and now the wise ones began to suspect the truth. It was not until the next day, however, that they *knew* it; and then they also learned that the young couple had set out on a wedding tour.

It is with great pleasure that we are also enabled to add that Bella and Hector had a "kitchen wedding" on the same evening, and accompanied their young master and mistress to the Virginia Springs.

When the season was over the party returned, not, however, to the "old place," but to the "bridal estate," some fifty or a hundred miles distant.

WRITTEN BY A DEAF MUTE.

BY MRS. F. A. SEYMOUR.

I KNOW there are songs on this gladsome earth,
Though I cannot list to their flow of mirth—
Though my ear is dull, and my silent tongue
With the tones of childish joy ne'er rung,
Yet I *feel* that it must be sweet to hear
The voices of those we love most dear.

And I know that the choral hymns which rise
From each winged warbler of the skies,
When morning dawns over earth and sea,
Are full of joyous minstrelsie—
I can see the swell of each tiny throat,
But I cannot catch one fluttering note!

When my sister her snowy fingers flings
Across the rich harp's quivering strings—
I can see the beaming eyes that glisten,
Of the eager group that round her listen,
But the tremulous air that passes me by
To my senses bears but the breath of a sigh!

Yet never will I in sadness pine,
Or think that a weary lot is mine,
For I can gaze on the glorious skies
With their changing clouds of gorgeous dyes,
And the moon for me hath a smile of light,
And I know each star in its orb so bright.

When I gather the rose in its earliest bloom,
Or drink of the violet's rich perfume,
When I see the lily's fairy cup
My soul is lifted in silence up,
And I breathe a prayer of praise to thee,
My Father in *Heaven*, that I can *see*!

When my father presses me to his heart,
While tender tears from his eye-lids start—
When my mother gazes with look so mild,
So sadly sweet on her silent child—
And each one strives to cheer the fate
Which seems to them so desolate.

When my sisters seek with mute caress
The one whom they pity and love to bless—
When my brothers pause in their boyish glee
To throw a gentle glance on me—
I think that my heart with rapture thrills
Like that with which music the bosom fills.

I feel that *He*, who dwells above,
Looks down on me with an eye of love—
And I know that the glorious hour will come
When I shall flee from this earthly home—
Then oh! what strains will enchant mine ear
When first the music of *Heaven* I hear!

This silent tongue shall be then unsealed,
And the unknown wonders of speech revealed—
How joyful then will I join the song
That rolls its blissful tide along,
In mingled chorus soft and sweet,
Forever at the Saviour's feet!

THE EMPIRE OF FASHION,

ITS ORIGIN AND GOVERNMENT.

Res est præterea, et immensi operis, ut quæ
supra septingentesimum annum repetatur, et quæ,
ab exiguis profecta initiis, eo creverit, ut jam mag-
nitudine laboret sua.—LIVII HIST, PRÆF.

It is generally taken for granted that fashion is purely of aristocratic origin, because those who bow most submissively to its commands seem to cherish a strong prejudice against the homely doctrines of equality, plainness and simplicity which characterize popular taste and opinions. It is observed too that the most devout worshippers of fashion are found among the fair sex, and that class of the *genus humanum* who without being owned by either sex, form an intermediate race between both, we mean, of course, those *petits maitres*, fops or exquisites, in vulgar parlance yelegant dandies. It is urged too that the *sex* are naturally and constitutionally aristocratic, and that the despotic and capricious code of fashion naturally springs from this source. This theory, plausible as we admit it to be, will not stand the test of examination, which demonstrates that all the most beautiful flowers which adorn the person or grace the brow of the goddess of fashion have been secretly stolen, not from the royal garden of the daughters of Hesperus, but from the wild though fertile and verdant meads of the common people—in fact, that the fashionable cloaks, bonnets, shoes, music, dances, &c. &c., are all derived from that inexhaustible fountain of genius and taste the peasantry, the humble classes, the populace of the world.

Little do the adorers of the inimitable Ellsler dream, whilst captivated by the soul-stirring movements of the darling Cracovienne, or ravished with the voluptuous beauties of the Cachucha or Jales de Heres, that though much is due to the skill of that charming *artiste*, infinitely more is due to the taste and enthusiasm of the inventor, some unknown peasant in the mountains of Lithuania or the Sierra Morena, who was content that the fruits of his genius should be enjoyed in his highland home, but which the votaries of fashion would not permit thus to perish in obscurity. Neither did we reflect whilst under the enchanting spell of the violin of Paganini or Ole Bull that the strains whose sweet magic no heart could resist, were the offspring of the genius of some obscure minstrel wandering with harp or pipes among the romantic vallies of Glen Swilly, Midlothian or Berchtolsgraden. So in respect to dress, who would have thought that the patterns for the bewitching little *cloaks* and hoods which

gave so irresistible a charm some months ago to the fashionable belles of both hemispheres, and which were brought out under the especial sanction of the *haut ton*, were stolen from the lowly cottage of a poor Irish peasant girl—whose natural grace and beauty shone through her coarse mantle with lustre that the greatest princess might envy. Who ever dreamed that she, the humble and obscure Connaught girl, had set the fashion to half the world, the Dutchess of Grosvenor Square, the Princesses of the Thuilleries, and the not less beautiful female sovereigns who give splendor to the assemblies at Saratoga, Newport or the White House? The gentlemen too are indebted to a similar source for the new and fashionable shoe divided at the instep, which (except the lace instead of the leather whang) comes directly from the common Irish laborer, as their tweed summer coats do from the flannel walliacoats of the Llonaghmen of Cloghaneely or the poteen smugglers who ply their lawless art among the mountain fastnesses of Munterloney or Innishowen.

The world of fashion is under the control of a regularly organized despotic government. The imperial residence is generally at Paris. There are distinct bureaux or departments of foreign affairs—domestic affairs—of music, including the important department of the opera—of dress, including the surveillance of all the various changes in that capital province. The offices of these various departments are stationed in the shops of the mighty milliners, mantua-makers and tailors of the Palais Royale and Bond street, or the green-rooms of the great opera houses of London and Paris. From these head quarters are despatched corps of observation through the various countries to collect from among the peasantry the most graceful and picturesque dresses, the most delightful and exciting dances, and music the most plaintive and most spirit-stirring. These monthly expeditions return to head quarters laden with the spoils of Europe and Asia. From the cold plains of Russia and the barren hills of Norway are imported numerous patterns of furred cloaks, coats, &c., for the winter dresses of the Parisians—the sunny valleys of Italy and Greece oft supply the summer fashions, whilst contributions are levied on the highlands of Scotland, Wales and Ireland from the graceful and picturesque costumes peculiar to those regions. The fashionable dances too are of popular origin. Hence came the Mazurka, Gallopade, Waltz and Polka. So of the current music of the piano, guitar and harp. The music of Moore's melodies is derived from the wild, plaintive and soul-inspiring strains of the simple peasants of Tipperary or Donegal. The spirit and essence of the inimitable lyrics of Burns had long before his time delighted the dwellers on

the banks of the Clyde, whilst some whistling plough-boy made the woods resound with his impromptu strains, which hundreds of years after when "married to immortal verse," transported with passion the brilliant saloons of Edinburg, London and Dublin. The romantic inhabitants of the high Alps too supply costumes, music, poetry and dance to the government of fashion, and even the *robbers* of the mountain regions have been *robbed* in order to afford amusement to the frequenters of the Opera Italien and the admirers of Fra Diavolo.

The emissaries of the government of fashion having made their monthly returns at head quarters, are again successively despatched on similar expeditions. They scour the inhospitable wilds of Siberia, the enchanting vales of Persia and the Jud—they climb the highest ridges of the Caucasus, the Himalayas and the Andes. The desert sands of Africa, the interminable plains of Tartary and Arabia, and the forbidden regions of China have no terrors for the zealous pioneers of fashion. Enthusiastically bent on their great vocation, danger and opposition but increase their perseverance. It is recorded that one of these loyal emissaries was once arrested in the midst of a wandering tribe of Tartars on suspicion of being a spy. He had been observed examining or searching the garment of a Khan who had thrown it off before going to sleep in his tent. When brought before the stern tribunal of the tribe, the testimony was strong to show that he was searching for some official papers which the Persian monarch had lately despatched with an interpreter to the Khan on state affairs. He was unable to make a satisfactory defence and demonstrate the innocence of his conduct, and that "the head and front of his offending had this extent no more" to sketch the form, figure and dimensions of the Tartar costume, in order to be transmitted to the power to which he belonged, viz., the Imperial government of fashion at Paris. This unenlightened tribunal knew of no such government, and the unhappy Parisian in vain attempted to explain the nature of its constitution and the power and abilities of its rulers. He was condemned to death as a spy. Before his execution he collected together all the sketches of costume which he had accumulated with sedulous labor over half the kingdoms of Asia—translations of love and war songs of fierce mountain tribes, taken from their wandering ballad-singers, and first set to music by him—descriptions of their wild or wanton plays and dances, with the accompanying music, all on paper, &c. &c. These he carefully enveloped in distinct parcels directed respectively to his employers in the Palais Royale and the Opera Italien. He died faithful to his

trust. His last request (little heeded by the unfashionable Tartars) was that the packet should be transmitted by the first caravan bound for Ispahan, there to be delivered to the French Minister, thence to be forwarded by express to Paris. Having performed this last act of patriotic devotion, he quietly submitted to execution with a calm and secret consciousness of having died in the performance of a great public duty, and consoled with the reflection of having the high honor of becoming a martyr in the glorious cause of fashion.

No wonder that a government possessing such devoted officers and such loyal and obedient subjects should exercise so powerful and universal a sway over the nations of the earth—that crowned heads should bow to and obey its least behest—that not merely the weak and idle should be overcome by its strength, but that princes and nobles, presidents and secretaries, judges, chancellors, masters of the rolls, fierce members of congress, learned justices of the peace, fat aldermen and grave prothonotaries should yield implicit obedience to its orders however fluctuating or capricious. Oh, Fashion! thine is the only human government that is indeed irresistible—thou alone with despotic sway can'st rule the sweet caprice of lovely woman's ever changing tastes—no heroes can compare with those immortalized in thy annals, thy Nashes, thy Brummels and thy D'Orsays! Thou thyself

"Sit'st empress, crowning good, repressing ill,
Smit by thy frown
The fiend *Discretion* like a vapor shrinks,
And e'en the dazzling crown
Hides her faint rays, and at thy bidding sinks."

NIAGARA IN SUMMER.

BY S. D. VEANS.

'TIS when delightful, blushing summer reigns,
And perfumed flowers and roseate chaplets bind
The glowing charms that beam on beauty's brow;
When the green fields, with teeming verdure blooms,
And the rich fruits hang from the bending boughs;
When shady groves invite the languid steps,
When smiling nature is attired in all
The beauty that her ample treasures yield—
Niagara, then, upon its rolling course,
With unsurpassing grandeur flows along.
The Rapids, Falls, the dreadful Whirlpool's rage
Show greatness, when the blooming landscape smiles,
Superior to the contemplative eye.
Who that beholds thy formidable brow,
With halo rays and misty beauty veiled,
But fears, and yet admires? Before thy face
The strong are weak, the brave unnerved, and all
Are struck with awe. Insensible the heart
That is unmoved, and dull the human eye
That listless wanders o'er these lofty scenes.

OUR FEMALE POETS No. V.

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.*

WE have already reviewed the poems of two of the gifted women of the mighty west; and we now find on our table a neat volume, containing the effusions of a third of "the bright sisterhood," Rebecca S. Nichols, of Cincinnati. Every year, indeed, the gigantic strides of that section of our country, in wealth, intelligence and mental power become more apparent. Already its orators, divines and statesmen have won a proud pre-eminence; and now star after star is breaking on the literary firmament, as if a new galaxy was about opening to sight. We have reason to be proud of the west. It is a great and glorious country. Everything, in its intellectual developments, is on a scale with its vast plains, its splendid rivers, its Titanic remains of a former world. If we attain but the usual term allotted to man, we shall live to see the West teeming with as many millions as now inhabit the whole continent, and resplendent with intellects such as the world has rarely seen.

The error in the literature of the West is the same which pervades the common language of its citizens, a tendency to exaggeration; but this can easily be forgiven to a people who are bold, gigantic, fervid, original. If Homer was to write now, the refined taste of our day would strike out some of his most enthusiastic passages; and in corroboration of this assertion is the lamentable truth, that whenever a nation becomes highly polished, the tame beauties of Virgil are preferred to the fiery eloquence of the Iliad, and the finished compositions of the later Greeks to the awful majesty of Æschylus. We repeat again we can forgive much to boldness and originality.

Mrs. Nichols is a daughter of the West. Her writings are imbued with a portion of the grandeur and enthusiasm which everything, in that immense country, is calculated to awaken. But, with her, the woman struggles against these impulses. The delicacy and sentiment of the sex are at war with the stern emotions, the large ideas, the intense passion of the true western intellect. You see, in her poems, a continual proof of this. Now she has all the softness of Mrs. Hemans, and now her verse is wild and turbid. Two natures seem working in her; and we think she succeeds best in her woman's one. Her poems of sentiment are much superior to her poems of passion.

Of these last, the first and principal poem of the volume before us is one. The story is tragic.

* *Bernice, and other poems.* By Rebecca S. Nichols. 1 vol. 12 mo. Cincinnati, Shepard & Co., 1844.

A nobleman seduces an innocent girl, who, on discovering her shame, dies of a broken heart. The mother vows revenge. Wherever the now remorseful penitent flies she follows like a pursuing demon. At length Lord Gerald rescues a fair and noble girl from shipwreck, who, as yet ignorant of what love is, fancies her gratitude to be it, and marries her preserver. But time awakens her to the delusion; and, in an evil hour, she yields her heart to the influence of an unholy affection, and elopes. *The seducer is the brother of her husband's victim.* The mother forces her way to the presence of Lord Gerald, and is the first to tell him of his shame. Perhaps the best, because the strongest passages of the poem are contained in the last canto, where this tragic scene occurs. Throughout the whole composition there is a rapid and forcible succession of events which keep the interest alive; and the reader is continually delighted with elegant and appropriate imagery, though the author rarely leaves the regions of fancy for the higher walks of imagination. Mrs. Nichols frankly owns that the poem was hurriedly written; and indeed it bears traces of this; but in justice to her we should remember that it was the production of hours, which could scarcely be called those of leisure. On the whole, "Bernice" contains much of promise; and we think Mrs. Nichols has not mistaken her powers. Indeed her modest preface, abounding as it does with good sense, would ensure a composition of much less merit a favorable verdict with any but the harshest critic.

But it is in her minor poems—the happy effusions of inspired hours, when the verse flows easily because the fancy is in full play—that our author is most meritorious. Where she takes up some womanly thought, and drops it as soon as the theme is properly exhausted, she is eminently successful. Of a character such as this is the little song on the 173rd page.

"I've been a weary dreamer, love,
Since first my untaught lays
Gushed forth like some wild melodies,
In songs of other days.
And years have flown on eagle-wings,
While many a kingly crest,
Hath in Time's dusty charnel-house
Gone peacefully to rest.

And many bright young brows, love,
Our lips have pressed in youth,
Have mouldered ere we learned to mourn
Their innocence and truth;
Yet better thus thou linger here
Amid the green earth's shade,
As types of utter loneliness—
Or wrecks by sorrow made.

Though many a tempest dark, love,
Our bark of life hath strayed,
Yet never from the channel, love,
The gallant thing hath strayed:

And fearlessly we'll sail along
Till Time is on the wane;
Then spirits, like our helmsman true,
Shall guide us home again."

Among the many short poems of like merit, in this volume, we may refer to those entitled "My Boy in Heaven," "My Sister Ellen," "A Forest Scene," "The Shipwrecked Mariner," and "Gone are thy Beauties, Summer," as specimens of her style, in various moods of mind, from the extreme limits of gaiety to those of despondency. Several of these are disfigured by careless verses here and there, which jar unpleasantly on us as we read; but to do more than give a gentle rebuke in such a case, when the merit of the poem as a whole is undeniable, would show a want of equity, and savor of the pretty province of the mere verbal critic.

In the ensuing poem there is a delicate play of fancy, combined with a tender sentiment which has made it a favorite with us. We select it on account of its strain of gentle melancholy.

THE SPIRIT BAND.

"Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
Even at the morning's birth,
When her robes of light are loosened
O'er the fair and freshened earth;
Ye are with me—round about me,
Winged spirits of the skies,
Peopling air and space around me,
Though unseen by other eyes,
As I gaze upon your features,
In each lineament I trace,
Though ye are but passing shadows,
Likeness to some well-known face.

First thou comest, longest parted,
Bound by every tie to earth;
Slowly, sadly did we yield thee,
Knowing well thine angel worth.
When the summer flowers were stricken,
By the autumn reaper's breath,
Deeming thee as ripe for harvest,
Came the noiseless reaper, Death!
By the border lakes, whose beauty
Cast around thy heart a spell,
Where thy steps have often lingered,
There thy corse is sleeping well!

Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
At the golden hour of noon,
Spirit-gleams are shining round me,
Like the mellow autumn moon.
There's another form beside me,
Slight and fairy-like its frame;
Life was short, no years it numbered,
Earth scarce stamped it with a name!
Yet I wept when thou did'st leave us,
Little infant, meek and mild—
Glancing at thy fleeting shadow,
I recall my brother's child!

Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
At the twilight-hour of rest,
When the sunset rears its banners
O'er the portals of the west.
Hush thy moanings, gentle spirit,
Soft thy shadow falls on mine,
For I hear an angel whisper,
"Lo! young mother, he is thine!"

Ay, thou'rt with them, loved and loving,
 Naught could stay the reaper's hand;
 Onward! still his course is onward,
 O'er our bright and cherished land.

What to me are spring's low breathings?
 What the melodies that ring
 Through our green and ancient forests?
Thee, to me, not these may bring,
 Thou art called the Awak'ner;
 Gentle spring, no magic art
 Which thy cunning hand possesses,
 Wakes again the pulseless heart!
 Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
 When the mournful midnight waves
 Woo the moon's unsteady gleamings
 As it lights the new made graves!

What! art thou, too, gazing on me,
 With thy dark and eager eyes;
 Last to leave us—gentle brother!—
Thee I view with sad surprise.
 When the low-voiced breeze is sighing
 In its strange yet sweet unrest,
 And the leafy urns are flinging
 Odors on its peaceful breast,
 Then these phantom forms flit by me,
 Breathing of a "better land;"
 Yet I feel most lone, when round me
 Float the silent SPIRIT-BAND."

Here is a poem beginning in a gayer strain,
 but dying away into the same gentle melancholy,
 like the wind in autumn.

THE HARVEST SONG.

"The Harvest-Song—the Harvest-Song, swells out
 upon the breeze,
 The summer birds are lisping it among the dewy
 leaves;
 And blithe young hearts are drinking deep of bliss too
 pure to last—
 Their future is a gilded dream that but reflects their
 past.
 Let melody chase melody, and thus the hours prolong,
 While on the air, with hearts as free, we pour our
 Harvest-Song.

The Harvest-Song—the Harvest-Song, is echoed far
 and wide,
 As bright the flashing sickles gleam, when glows the
 hot noon-tide;
 And when the weary reaper lies beneath some wel-
 come shade,
 He rests as could no warrior rest beside his spotted
 blade.
 No eyes look in upon his dreams, with tearful grief
 opprest,
 Nor dying moans ring through his brain, to haunt his
 dreamy rest.

The Harvest-Song—the Harvest-Song, bids all the land
 rejoice,
 And things inanimate now seem to have a breathing
 voice;
 The singing birds and leaping streams—as reels the
 golden grain
 Beneath the reaper's shining blade—join in the thrilling
 strain;
 The glorious tints that Flora stole from evening's
 sunset skies,
 Are lent to flowers that give to us the incense of their
 sighs.

The Harvest-Song—the Harvest-Song—oh! breathe it
 wild and clear,
 That its rich tones may fall upon the mourner's
 listening ear;
 Then while he thinks upon the dead, his spirit soft
 shall sigh,

To reach the goal of earthly hopes, the harvest-home
 on High,
 Where anthem-swell on anthem-swell shall peal the
 Heavens among,
 And voices sweetly tuned to praise, shall hymn that
 HARVEST-SONG.

We cannot too much commend the piety of
 the poem entitled, "Be Still and know that I am
 God." Nor is its merit as a composition small,
 though we should wish to see the rythm, here
 and there, less harsh. A composition of finer
 finish, and with something of the same reveren-
 tial feeling, is "Spring." The stanzas begin-
 ning, "I know that thou wilt sorrow," and
 apparently addressed to her husband, are full of
 delicacy and tenderness, and display more care
 than is usual in her pieces.

Of the early history, or mental characteristics
 of Mrs. Nichols other than those developed in
 this volume, we know nothing. She is, we be-
 lieve, still young, and, we prophesy, will here-
 after be better known; for she has all the qualities
 to enable her to follow in the bright path of Mrs.
 Hemans, if she bestows the proper cultivation on
 her talents.

TO A LADY.

BY HENRY ELLIOTT BROWNE.

COULD I recall the hour
 My heart first beat beneath that glance of thine,
 And felt its winning power
 Steal o'er my soul, no other wish were mine,
 For thoughts of thee a love and gladness bring,
 Beyond the proudest bard's imagining.

Lady, thy gentle voice
 Is like sweet music floating on the air
 Making the heart rejoice,
 And from the spirit banishing despair;
 And thy sweet smile, that I have loved too well,
 Still holds my feelings in its potent spell.

Thy locks are glossy jet;
 Thine eyes like midnight's ether when most bright,
 Blue as the violet,
 Tipped with the beauty of the moon's soft light.
 Oh, may no drops of sorrow ever dare
 To quench the smile that beams like sunlight there.

Lady, to thee was given
 A charm all other earthly charms above,
 That makes thy presence heaven,
 And all around an atmosphere of love!
 Thou wert ordained my star of Destiny,
 And I, created but to worship thee.

Yes, for the thought of thee,
 That kindles all my spirit into flame,
 Must for that spirit be
 Its life, till it return to whence it came.
 God bless thee, lady, may thy cheek long bear
 The besauteous innocence that slumbers there.

WHO ARE HAPPY?

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"I wish I was like Charlotte Courtland," said Mary Stewart to her mother.

"And why, my dear?" replied her parent.

"Oh! because as Charlotte is rich she is always happy," and Mary looked rather disconsolately at some plain sewing she held in her hand. Her mother understood the look. But she answered mildly.

"Charlotte is rich, I know; but what reason have you for supposing she is happy?—that is, happier than other people."

"How can she help being happy, dear mamma?" said Mary with animation. "She has nothing to do, plenty of servants, a carriage, and—and you should see her dresses."

"But do these things make her happy?"

Mary looked up, as if surprised at her mother's pertinacious adherence to this question.

"I mean, my dear daughter," continued Mrs. Stewart, "do you know what happiness is? Does it consist in the possession of fine dresses and handsome coaches, or even in having nothing to do? You seem to think so now, but when you have lived as long as I have, your opinion will alter. I think I can show you even now your error. Do you remember when Charlotte Courtland was here the other day? When you and your sister Agnes went into the next room together, with your arms around each others waists, she sighed and said she wished she had a sister, and added, while her eyes filled with tears, that she was the most unhappy person in the world, for there were none to love her. She is an orphan, poor thing! and I doubt not that there was some truth in what she spoke."

"Yes, but mamma," said Mary, after a pause, "with all that, Charlotte never has a wish that she cannot gratify. Now, I often hear you and pa talking of buying things you say you want, and sometimes, you know, they can't be got because pa says he is too poor. There's the new carpet for the parlor we were to have had this spring, but which we will not get till next year."

"That is the truth, Mary," replied her mother, "we, who are not rich, have sometimes to deny ourselves. But how long do such crosses last? The next day I had quite dismissed all regret from my mind, and you, who seemed so anxious about it, were singing over the house as if nothing had happened. A new carpet would have made our parlor look much nicer, but it was not necessary to our comfort; and so the want of it has not caused either of us a single day's unhappiness. There was an hour's regret and that was all."

"But then, dear mamma, if I was rich you should have a carriage, and every fine day like this should ride out in the country, of which you are so fond."

"I question, my dear, whether you or I would find a carriage such a luxury after all. Your grandfather was wealthy, and before my marriage I always had a coach at my command, but, like Charlotte Courtland now, I rarely used it; for whatever is an every day thing with us, we value little."

"Oh! mamma," exclaimed Mary, "a coach become ordinary! Never, I am sure."

"Let us see how the case stands, my child. Do you remember the washerwoman who was here last week, and how she wished she was rich so that she might live without hard labor. Now to her your situation, with nothing but a little sewing to do, is as enviable as that of Charlotte seems to you. Why, the absence of the necessity for constant and laborious toil is just as much a luxury, in the eyes of the washerwoman, as the possession of a carriage is in your estimation. And yet you are as insensible to the value of this blessing as Charlotte is indifferent to her coach. You are both so accustomed to your several comforts that you never think how grateful you ought to be for them, when either of you would repine after what you do not possess. So, too, with respect to that inestimable blessing, a sister. You never, or rarely consider how thankful you ought to be for it, because with you the pleasure derived from sisterly sympathy is an every day affair; but once deprive you of one, and, my dear, you would pine for it far more than for a carriage, or for all the splendors that wealth could bestow."

"They are truly happy, Mary, who content themselves with their situation in life, whatever that may be, and waste no vain regrets on what is unattainable. If the luxuries of the rich tempt us to covet their possessions, we should recollect that wealth brings with it anxiety, that nearly every class has one above it to envy, and that there is just as much discontent consequently among the rich as among those who have but a competency. There is Mr. Walters, the wealthy dry-good man; his family are endeavoring to force their way into the circle of Mr. Jones, the rich lawyer; and they say that the Misses Jones are just as anxious to mingle with what are called the old aristocracy; while these latter, in turn, are unhappy because they cannot have titles here as in England. Thus all, so long as they look only on what they have not, are unhappy."

"The true way, when we feel discontented with our lot, is to consider the case of those who are worse off than ourselves. How many

are there to-day, in this great city, who know not where the food of to-morrow is to come from; and who can tell but we may ourselves, some day, have to take part in their hard lot? Of all the inhabitants here, not half fill a station in life as comfortable as ours; for we have sufficient for the comforts and not a few of the luxuries of life. And recollect, too, what you read of France the other day. There are four paupers to every rich man in that unhappy country. Besides, we have had no sickness for years in our family—a great, an inestimable blessing. I am sure, my dear, in the possession of your father and you I am, and ought to be the happiest of women."

"And so am I, dear mamma," said Mary, throwing herself into her mother's arms, "you have convinced me, and I ought to be ashamed of my wicked repinings."

FAITH, HOPE AND ENERGY.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

DESPAIR thou not! Droop not thy wing,
However dark thy fortunes are:
Beyond the desert is a spring,
Behind the cloud a star!

The time must come for all to fail,
Tie after tie breaks fast apart;
The oil consumes, the lights grow pale,
The ice forms round the heart.

Yet then despair thou not! but keep
A steadfast soul! on thee shall stream
The light which God hath given in sleep,
The teachings of a dream.

There Death and Health appeared to me
To struggle for a noble form,
Too young, too beautiful to be
The birthright of the worm.

But Death was winning. On the arched,
High brow great agony was shown;
And from the pale lips, fever-parched,
Broke the half-stifled moan.

When lo, two beings toward him trod,
Whose look told innocence of sin:
With woman forms—those forms which God
Hides angel spirits in.

They laved the fever from his brow;
They chafed the numbed limb free from pain,
Till Health beheld her roseate flow
Exulting in each vein.

And till the Eternal portals ope,
That dream shall never fade from me:
Those angel sisters, FAITH and HOPE,
Nursing young ENERGY!

CLARA.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER III.

MADAM, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd."

RICHARD THE THIRD.

WHEN Clara returned to the apartment of her mistress laden with the sumptuous garments which she had been commanded to bring from the wardrobe, she found the princess standing in the midst of the floor in a state of excitement such as had never shook her delicate frame before. Her eyes sparkled, her cheek was warm with crimson, and her small feet trembled as they pressed the oaken floor.

"They are alive! they are alive, Clara," she cried eagerly as her attendant entered—"my brothers, my sweet, sweet brothers, we shall see them again, was it not so, madam? I am confused, wild, dizzy, but your highness told me this—it is no dream." The queen smiled, and tears stood in her eyes as she flung her arm around the trembling form of her daughter.

"He told me they were alive, and I believe him," she said with great feeling, "but does not this joyful news deserve more courtesy than we are rendering the kind uncle who has come himself to gladden us with it?"

"It does—it does," exclaimed the princess, reaching forth her trembling hand toward the velvet robe which hung over Clara's arm, "make haste, good Clara, and smooth these ringlets—my uncle Richard, I can call him uncle now, madam," she added, turning to her mother with a sweet smile, "my uncle Richard shall not find me the least grateful of our family."

The queen was far too well read in the human heart to chill this gush of joyful feelings by any allusion to the reward which the king expected for the good news he had brought, she kissed her daughter again and went out making a sign for Clara to follow her.

"You have been faithful and kind to your young mistress," she said, pausing near the window where Clara's embroidery frame stood, and attempting to relieve the embarrassment which evidently oppressed her by trifling with the pile of glowing worsted that lay on a corner of the frame. "She loves you well, and doubtless now and then exposes some of her heart's feelings to your observation."

The queen fixed her eyes steadily on the young girl as if to read her thoughts more thoroughly,

but Clara only bent her head and stood in the attitude of a respectful listener.

"There was a time," continued the queen, attempting to assume a confidential tone—"there was a time when our family interest seemed linked with that of the young Lancasterian Prince, but this news of our children, the presence of the king, has wrought a change in the destiny of your young mistress—she will be queen, but not to Henry of Lancaster. Can I depend on you, Clara—will you aid in reconciling her to the change?"

The blood fled from Clara's cheek, and she trembled where she stood.

"Your highness would give her to Richard Plantagenet," she said in a low voice.

"You have much influence with her, exert it to this end," replied Elizabeth Woodville persuasively, "and your own fortune rises with that of your young mistress." Clara bent her eyes to the floor and remained silent—the queen marked her reluctance and bit her lip impatiently.

"You make no reply, maiden," she said sharply.

"Forgive me your highness," said the young girl, looking up with her large, earnest eyes, "I am confused, astonished, and know not how to speak, but believe me—for it is the simple truth—I have no such influence with the princess as your highness' words seem to imply."

"Listen, maiden," resumed the queen, drawing farther back into the recess as if to avoid listeners, though none were in the room. "The welfare, nay, the life itself of your benefactress is at stake in this matter—you can do more than any other person with the princess, she *must* become the bride of Richard. If she becomes so through your persuasion there is no boon which you may not claim as the reward."

Clara started, looked suddenly up, and the red flashed into her cheek again—a meaning smile curved the lip of the queen as she noted the change, and in a voice which conveyed deeper meaning than her words, she went on.

"We speak not at random in saying this, and perhaps even guess what is passing in that young heart without gainsaying what we have already promised. The king has power to grant nobility when that is wanting, even our own son was but a simple gentleman before King Edward made him what he is—and Elizabeth Woodville was but a simple gentlewoman—do you understand, maiden?"

"I think, yes. I believe that I do understand your highness," replied Clara in a faltering voice, while her whole frame shook, and her face burned with blushes.

"It is enough," replied the queen. "When

Elizabeth of York is Queen of England, that which her waiting maiden has scarcely dared to dream of shall be accomplished—let this be a gage between us."

And taking a ring from her finger, the queen laid it on the embroidery frame and went out, leaving Clara overwhelmed and dizzy with conflicting emotions. She stood several moments with her hands clasped and lost—not in thought, her brain was too unsteady for that, but with a thrill of wild hope at her heart which had never found its way there before. At length she drew a deep breath, and taking up the ring sat down in the chair, and covering her face with both hands wept, not tears of joy or sorrow, but of overwrought feelings so tumultuous that they partook of no definite character. The silvery tinkle of a bell summoned her to the Lady Elizabeth's chamber, she went in with flushed cheeks and tears still sparkling on her eyelashes. The princess was so completely engrossed by her own thoughts that this strange excitement in her attendant passed unnoticed, and the business of her toilet went on with feverish haste, and when she was fully arrayed, when the light of jewels and the glow of heavy velvet sent brightness to her pale beauty, she went forth leaning on the arm of her waiting maiden with a light step and a heart full of gratitude to the man whom she had shrunk from in terror and disgust but an hour before. In the tumult of her feelings she had forgotten those words of the queen which had flung her fainting upon her pillow.

The banquetting room of the castle was cast open, and the noonday meal spread with the magnificence befitting a dowager Queen of England. Retainers in royal livery stood ready to serve the profuse viands that loaded down the board. Rich plate of gold and silver emblazoned with the royal arms, flashed up from amid huge rounds of beef, haunches of venison, and such substantial fare as in that age of substantial cookery, loaded the tables of the highest with almost coarse profusion.

A door at the upper end of the room was at length flung open, and King Richard appeared with his royal sister-in-law leaning on his arm. With all his love of sumptuous apparel, few men knew how to blend the refined and the magnificent together so completely as Richard the Third. His taste for display has been the theme alike of praise and censure among historians. His exquisite taste and the artistical effect which it always produced in his own dress and equipage might have arisen from the morbid sensitiveness to which a slight, very slight defect in his form had given strength. This, like all his characteristics, has been exaggerated into a deformity

by the genius of a man whose poetry has found a thousand tongues where the true historian has, to this day, hardly found a hearing from the multitude. A slight fall of one shoulder, which the early use of arms and the weight of heavy armor almost constantly worn from his youth up, had pressed out of perfect symmetry with the other, would scarcely have passed as a defect in any family less remarkable for great personal beauty than that of York. But with Richard who had spent his life in the court of a brother whose magnificent person was the theme of all tongues, this irregularity of person, slight as it was, probably impressed his mind more forcibly and turned his attention to the advantages of masculine beauty with a power which no extraordinary attractions would have imparted to a mind so strong and vigorous as his. Be this as it may, nothing could have surpassed the richness of his apparel or the cold grace of his manner as he entered the banquetting room with that beautiful woman by his side. His head was uncovered, and the thick tresses of his hair were glossy with the perfumed waters that had been lavished over them, and brushed dry again by the careful hand of his valet. A surcoat of rich purple velvet was slashed at the shoulders and flung open from the chest, sufficiently to reveal the spotless ermine with which it was lined, and beneath that an underdress composed of light gold lace, seamed together with a heading of seed pearls, which was revealed in rich glimpses through every opening in the glowing velvet or the snow-white fur, and which terminated in a glittering collar around the neck. A single wave of the purest linen was passed around the lower portion of his throat—a jewelled collar studded with diamonds, rubies, and huge emeralds fell over his bosom, and rings of the purest water flashed on his white and finely shaped hands, which were rendered still more delicate by an edging of exquisite point lace that fell from beneath the glittering undersleeve, and the heavy, open sleeve falling over that with a mist-like softness which was exceedingly beautiful in its effect. His nether garments were of snow-white velvet slashed with the same spotless color, corded with a faint purple, and every opening loosely clasped with jewels. His slippers were of purple, frosted with seed pearls, and fastened at the instep, each by a tiny white rose with a diamond flashing like a drop of dew in its bosom. At that time Richard was scarcely thirty-four years of age. Though deeply marked from thoughts and passions early developed in his character, there was something kingly and noble in the stern and cold gravity of his countenance. His hair possessed more than the brilliancy of first youth—and there was the

changeable power in his grey eyes which strong passions, even smothered ones, must always impart. As he stood thus sumptuously arrayed at the head of the banquetting room, Elizabeth of York appeared at another door, leaning on the arm of her attendant, Clara. A smile, one of those flashes of light which are so startlingly beautiful on the features of a man who seldom smiles, flashed over Richard's face. He advanced a step or two, and when the young girl came toward him with a brightening face and eyes full of grateful joy, he took her hand and kissed it with a degree of warmth that brought the blood warmly to its white surface. As he turned to lead her toward the table his eye fell on Clara, who had drawn back and stood near the door. The glance which he fixed on her was so keen, so full of unpleasant surprise that the maiden felt her eyes droop, and her cheek burn beneath his scrutiny; she saw him turn toward the queen while his eyes were still turned upon her, and ask some questions, and though the queen answered in a low voice, her words reached her where she stood.

"I can scarcely inform your grace—she is the daughter of a woman whom the late king brought into our household. I have never inquired what part of England gave her birth."

These were the words that reached Clara's ear. Richard turned again to look on her after he was seated at the table—"It is a strange likeness," he muttered as Clara bent her face till the chestnut curls which fell in long, natural ringlets down her back, veiled the flush on her cheek. "The lip, the dimpled cheek, the large blue eye, all are his"—but Elizabeth of York bent her fair head and addressed a few words to the monarch as these thoughts passed through his mind—and those sweet tones had a power to sweep all other objects from his mind. After that he seemed entirely engrossed by the pleasure of having her by his side.

They were still at the banquet when a sound of horses coming into the court, and footsteps hastily advancing toward the room where they sat made the queen start and fix her eyes almost wildly on the door. Richard was so completely occupied with the princess that he did not observe the noise till the door was flung open, and a young man some four-and-twenty years of age entered the banquetting hall. Richard looked suddenly up and smiled, one of those calm, sarcastic smiles which was more natural to his lips than the softened expression they had worn a moment before, curved his mouth. The young man started and turned white, then red with conflicting feelings as he felt the influence of those cold, mocking eyes—but he recovered himself instantly. He

met Richard's glance almost haughtily, his dark eyes flashed with courageous light, and with a firm step he advanced up the hall: though his velvet dress was dim with dust, and his hair disordered, he made no apology for this disarray, but after slightly bending his head as he passed the king, went up to his mother and requested to speak with her alone the moment she could leave the banquetting hall. His words were uttered in a low voice, and intended for her ear only, but the faint expression that stole over Richard's face was sufficient proof that they had reached him also. He made no observation, however, but received with graceful but cold dignity the apologies for his abrupt appearance before his mother's guests in such unseemly guise, which Dorset now saw the policy of offering.

When Dorset had left the room to arrange his toilet, the king bent slightly toward the queen as he sat down the golden goblet from which he had been drinking, and without lifting his eyes to her face which had become suddenly pale, said in a low, icy voice,

"Give him the interview, fair dame. We have no fear of treachery from you."

"Nor from him, I trust," replied the queen in a faltering voice.

"No," said the monarch, with another cold smile, "nor from him," and once more he bent blandly toward the princess, and now there was love light in those eyes, and his voice was soft and honied as the breath of a flower.

The moment King Richard left the banquetting room the queen hastened to her closet, where she found the Marquis of Dorset walking up and down with an agitated step.

"Mother what is this?—how comes this man hither?" he said, pausing in his walk, and turning quickly as the queen entered, "everything is in readiness—all your desires have been obeyed—our partisans are up, ready at any moment to march for the camp of Richmond."

The queen sunk to a chair and turned deadly pale.

"The camp of Richmond!" she exclaimed in a quick, startled voice, "what—where is the earl?"

"Safe in England, fair mother—in England. But how is this—are my tidings to be received with white lips and angry eyes? Why is it that I find Richard Plantagenet within these walls?"

The queen drew her hand across her forehead and remained silent as if completely at a loss for words to express her thoughts. At length she met the eyes of her son fixed inquiringly on her face, and turned it away to avoid a scrutiny she could not well endure.

"You did not receive my message then?" she said.

"What message?—no, I received none. What message, I pray you, good mother?"

"I sent a courier to request you to proceed no further in this matter. We can no longer aid the plans of this Lancasterian Prince."

"Mother!" There was a world of reproach conveyed in this little word, and the queen felt it thrill through her whole frame, but she was too imperious in her will for any feelings of self-reproach to influence her, and conquered the shame beaming in her cheek and weighing down her eyelids, with a firm effort at self-control. She felt the necessity of a full and decided explanation with her son, and conquering all repugnance to an acknowledgment of her treachery, coldly announced and defended it. While she explained her position regarding Richard in a hurried and brief manner, he stood before her with one hand pressed hard upon the table, and quivering in every joint with burning indignation. When she had done he clenched his hand, pressed it fiercely down on the table, and while his lips trembled and his eyes flashed fire, looked sternly in her face.

"And these evil thoughts—this rank treachery has found a place in the heart of my mother—of a woman who has once been a crowned queen. By every saint in heaven I will hold no part in conduct so base. What, wed my sweet half sister to her father's brother!—madam, what evil spirit have you been communing with of late?"

The queen checked her burning resentment and answered him calmly, and with some attempt at the blandishment which had won her the heart of Edward, she dwelt upon the advantages of a union with the reigning monarch, of the peace which it was certain to secure to the country. She spoke of the power it would give herself and her family, and held forth hopes of the highest honors if Dorset would consent to abandon the enterprize to which she had but a short time before urged him with more reason and equal eloquence, but promises, sophistry, and even tears were ineffectual. Dorset listened to all she urged with indignant impatience, and as soon as she had finished walked sternly toward the door.

"Madam, you have an undoubted right to forfeit a given pledge if it seems good to you. But I am more chary of my honor, and shall, therefore, depart for Richmond's camp by daylight in the morning with all the forces I have collected."

As the young man spoke his hand was upon the latch, and he opened the door as if determined to end the interview at once.

"One word more," said the queen, wrought to a painful state of anxiety by his firmness. "Will nothing win you from this enterprize?—honors, riches, command you have already rejected—is

there no other gift within my power? Bethink thyself, Dorset, is there no other wish that a mother's hand might accomplish?"

The queen smiled archly as she spoke, and moving forward laid her hand on the young man's arm. The hot blood rushed over his face, for there was something in the queen's manner more than in her words to embarrass him, but he soon resumed the composure which had left him but for a moment.

"You have perhaps guessed rightly, madam," he said with quiet coldness, "I deny not the love which I feel for the good and beautiful creature you hint at. But even your consent to our union I would not purchase at the expense of honor—she is too gentle, too pure, I could not attain her, humble as she is, at that price if she knew the sacrifice."

"Dorset, Dorset, why urge me so far?—I tell you the king knows all—his vengeance will be quick and terrible," cried the queen.

"The more reason that I should leave a roof polluted by the tyrant," exclaimed the young man resolutely. "The more reason that we take to the field at once—farewell, madam, I shall to horse forthwith, and when we meet again let me hope these wicked plans will have left your head forever."

Dorset flung open the door as he uttered these words, and went out without any of the usual ceremonies which had never been omitted when taking leave of his mother before.

The queen flung herself in a chair again, and shrouding her face with one hand, sat for a few moments lost in thought, she then started up and hurried to the apartment to which Richard had withdrawn after dinner, and where he was still sitting with the Lady Elizabeth by his side. He looked up as the queen entered, perused her face for an instant, and then arising went to the door and gave some directions to one of his attendants in the next room. He resumed his seat again and his discourse with the princess, when the door was flung open and the Marquis of Dorset entered, followed by two of the gentlemen who had accompanied Richard from London.

The young nobleman was in a state of intense excitement, he trembled violently, and for the first time that day his fine face was colorless and agitated. He walked directly up before the king and addressed him without the slightest show of ceremony or respect.

"Will your highness inform me why it is that your people presume to stop my full egress from this, my mother's castle?" he demanded with rash haughtiness.

"Our court has been so little graced by the Marquis of Dorset of late that we have sent to

desire his company for a short space in London. He will find pleasure in honoring us no doubt."

These words were uttered with the cool and quiet dignity of a superior extending an invitation to one of rank beneath him, and with a slight bend of the head he turned to the queen and began conversing with her as if nothing had transpired to interrupt the tranquillity of his position. After a few moments he arose and walked slowly down the room, as he passed the marquis he smiled blandly, and observing,

"We start in an hour, my Lord Marquis: pray suffer our people to order your horses," he moved on.

Dorset understood full well that he was in reality under arrest, and that any hopes of escaping from the thralldom thus blandly imposed on him was apparent submission. He bowed, therefore, but still with some haughtiness, and walking up the room stood with folded arms gazing moodily on the floor.

Meantime Richard had taken a turn or two in the room, and at length paused by a window, near which the queen had taken her seat.

"Your highness cannot mean to imprison him," she said, lifting her anxious face to the monarch as he drew near.

"No, no—but we must not allow him to join the rebels," replied Richard in a low voice, "he is quite too good a soldier, too honorable as a knight for that—a few weeks restraint in London will keep him out of harm's way. This arrest means nothing further than is necessary to his own safety, rest content with that, fair dame."

Clara was standing near the window, and as the queen replied in a louder tone she caught enough of the conversation that followed to excite the deepest interest in her mind. Some words had been spoken which she did not hear, when the queen replied as if in answer to them.

"But what commander can be chosen?" she said.

"Lord Stanley," repeated Richard.

"Lord Stanley," repeated the lady, "he is the father-in-law of Richard."

"And Richard Plantagenet is the keeper of his son George—a single wavering act and his boy's head pays the forfeit."

"But the troops are gathered by Dorset without his command, they may not readily fall in under Stanley's banner."

"Dorset has but acted as the agent of his mother. Let her write and direct Stanley to assume command of the troops."

Clara heard no more, for that instant Dorset had given her a signal to approach the part of the room where he stood. He had taken up a book, and seemed to be deeply engrossed by its

pages, but as she drew near he gave her a significant look, and placing the volume on a table sauntered away.

Clara drew the book toward her, removed a slip of paper from its leaves, and stealing back to her former position in the recess of a window, began to read it though with great trepidation.

"If my mother sends any messengers from the castle learn their errands, and act as you think wisest for us all. My sister must not be sacrificed—the great cause must prosper—be sharp-sighted and for my sake act bravely when the time for action arrives. Once more do not let my mother hold any communication with the troops I have been gathering."

Clara tore the paper into a hundred tiny pieces, and as she did so looked earnestly at Dorset with a resolute expression that satisfied him both of her desire and ability to aid him.

At length the king's retainers mustered in the court, and Richard advanced to take his leave of the queen and her royal daughter. When Dorset saw the cordiality with which Elizabeth received his farewell, he started forward and uttered a half angry expostulation, but checking himself he merely drew close to Clara as he passed out following the king, and whispered,

"Enlighten her—in the name of heaven—this must not go on."

"I will, trust me—I will," replied the trembling girl in a hurried whisper.

Dorset snatched her hand, held it a single moment tightly in his, and followed Richard without deigning to cast a single glance on his mother. In a brief time the tramp of horses came up from the court, a moment's confusion followed, and King Richard galloped through the portals, followed by his train.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO ANNETTE.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

HAVE you, Annette, forgot the mill
Whose moss-grown wheel
Kept whirling in the moonlight still?
There oft we'd steal,
And silent, with thy hand in mine,
The hours forget,
Dissolved in feelings half divine—
Long loved Annette!

You had an eye so softly blue,
So dewy bright,
Its slightest glance would thrill me through,
Like starry night;
And when, thy head upon my breast,
Our hushed lips met,
Oh! bliss like that our eyes express,
Can we forget?

THE PILOT'S BOY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE storm raged loud and fierce. The wind swept wildly over the waste of waters, catching the spray in its embrace and hurling it furiously onward, so that the ocean seemed a vast sheet of foam. The clouds hung low and dark, scowling on the terrible vortex below. It was one of the most awful tempests that had for years devastated the Atlantic coast.

On a low sandy beach, against which the waves thundered until the ground shook beneath them, stood a mother and her daughter, gazing anxiously seaward, regardless of the storm. So powerful was the wind that they could with difficulty stand; yet they fearlessly kept their watch, shading their eyes with their hands to keep off the spray, apparently looking for some object on the ocean. Suddenly the child cried,

"Mother—there they are!"

She pointed with a trembling finger as she spoke, and following its direction, the mother beheld a white speck, like a flake of snow, amid the dark waters on the horizon. It rose and fell, but kept steadily increasing in size, as if approaching.

"Oh! Lord, I thank thee," said the mother, clasping her hands and looking up to heaven. "The father of my babes yet lives: save him, for thy sake."

It would have melted the sternest heart to have heard the deep emotion with which she breathed that prayer. Then with hands clasped before her she stood silent, watching the little barque which contained her husband and her only boy.

And bravely did that gallant craft struggle through the tempest. Now it would be lost to sight in a whirlwind of foam as it plunged through a head-sea, and now it would re-appear, its white sail glancing like the wing of a gull. At times the wind would press with such force on the close-reefed canvass as to lay the mast nearly level with the billows, so that the mother's heart sank within her, for it seemed then as if the brave barque would never recover herself; and again the frail spar would struggle upward, and the boat skim along for a space, like a spirit walking the deep.

For nearly half an hour the little barque was thus visible; and during that period the suspense of the mother was worse than the most intolerable agony. One while she saw herself bereft of those she loved, and again hope would resume its sway in her bosom, only, however, to be again overthrown by the next surge that broke over the devoted craft. It seemed a miracle that the

boat had lived so long; and even the sanguine hopes of a mother could not long persuade her she should see her darling boy again.

At length one mountainous billow was seen advancing, its huge breast lifting itself slowly up, the masses of waters piling one over another, until they seemed to mingle with the black clouds above: then a speck of foam suddenly appeared on the extreme top of the wave, which spreading rapidly to right and left until the crest was everywhere crowned with it, the huge bulk of piled up waters tumbled headlong, and the boat, which had been seen a second before laboring in the trough of the sea beneath, was lost to sight forever in the white and chafing whirlpool.

The mother held her breath as the waters fell, and remained, like one struck by a basilisk, gazing on the fierce vortex, as if hoping, even against hope, that the boat would re-appear; but moment after moment passed, until it seemed to her as if hours had elapsed, and yet no sign of the barque was visible. At length the waters partially subsided; another billow swept over the place where the first had broken; and then the mast of the little craft rolled upward; but the hull was nowhere visible.

"They are lost—oh! my dear father—and Harry—mother can't you save them?" said the child, in accents of the most heart-breaking grief.

But the mother answered not. She looked wildly at her daughter, and then ran, like one distracted, to the edge of the surf, venturing so far down with the undertow that it appeared incredible she could escape the angry breakers. Here she strained her eyes again to see if she could catch any glimpse of the crew of the ill-fated boat. But nothing was visible except the black surges, capped with foam; and no sound was heard but the roar of the hurricane.

"Oh! Father in heaven," she cried, in accents of that stony grief, which once heard lives forever in the memory, "save my child—save him even yet!"

At that instant a dark mass appeared on the crest of a breaker, and with a cry of joy the mother saw the form of her darling boy close at hand. The next moment the body was hurled toward her, and rushing recklessly into the surf, she caught the child by his clothes and hurried inward to gain the dry land, before a second surge should overtake her. Twice she was struck down before reaching the beach, and twice the weeping daughter lost sight of her parent; but the energy of the mother finally triumphed, and she bore her prize to land and laid the senseless form on the beach. The moment after the hardy frame of the pilot was seen struggling with the surf, and he too at length

reached the shore in safety. The first object that met his gaze was the body of his darling extended on the beach.

"My boy!—my boy!" he cried, casting himself beside it. "Oh! God he is dead," was his heart-broken exclamation; and wringing his hands, he looked up to heaven, his whole face convulsed with the tearless agony of a bereaved father.

It was a touching spectacle. In the foreground lay the figure of the boy, cold and wet, his beautiful hair washed back from his face, and his little arm extended by his side, as if he had been sleeping. Over him knelt the afflicted mother, her form half prostrate on his, and her face buried in her hands. Her garments and those of the father were flying wildly in the wind. The background of the picture was filled up by the white foam of the surf, and the whirling masses of clouds overhead. In the distance, scarcely visible through the darkness of approaching night, was a little fishing village.

"But may he not yet live?" suddenly said the mother, as if a new hope had struck her, "oh! if we had him at home, we might do something for him."

The father started up from his momentary stupor, and every feature of his face was now instinct with energy. Catching the senseless body in his arms, without a word, he strode onward toward the village almost on a run, the rest of his family following eagerly behind, the mother in breathless silence, her heart agitated with hope and fear alternately, and the daughter clinging to her dress and sobbing as if her heart would break.

The neighbors met them before they reached their home, all eager to lend their aid; for they knew that the pilot had been abroad that day and the rumor of his wreck soon reached every heart. The senseless body was laid on the bed: those who could be of service remained in the room; and the rest anxiously waited the result in the apartment without. After some time hopelessly spent in the attempt to revive him, and when the neighbors were beginning to despair, the mother thought she saw some faint signs of life. Their exertions were now redoubled, and at length he faintly breathed.

"My boy lives," said the mother fervently, and though she breathed no prayer in words, her heart was poured out in thankfulness to her Father in heaven as she looked on.

Before the night was very far spent, the child, thus rescued from the jaws of death, was able to sit up; and many and heartfelt were the thanks for his recovery breathed to heaven that night by the mothers of the little fishing village, for each felt that it might yet be to her own darling, as it had been that day to the Pilot's Boy.

VOICES OF THE SOUL.

BY H. J. BRADFORD.

THE dew-drops whisper to the flower,
As it blushes and bends from the list'ning breeze,
And noiselessly the twilight hour
Steals the green hue from the forest trees.

The trembling blue of Heaven above
Has tinted the wave below,
And the stars, as they gather in light and love,
O'er the picture their radiance throw.

Oh, never beneath the fretted dome
Where the warmest feelings grow faint and cold,
Where nature's witchery may not come,
And the heart is fettered in splendor's mould.

Not there—not there may the spirit thrill
With the presence of a Deity;
Not there may the heart with rapture feel
The impress of Divinity.

But gazing on the earth and sea
With the breath of Heaven about our brow,
Unwittingly we bend the knee,
Unconsciously our spirits bow.

The slumber of the breathing flower,
The melody of the leaf that's stirred,
The mellow light in grove and bower,
The music of the forest bird.

The murmur when the waters fall,
The languor of the quiet air,
But more, the rapture of the soul
Whispers the heart that GOD IS THERE.

THE SANCTUARY.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

SEE! closely to the maiden's breast,
The trembling fugitive is prest,—
Its foiled pursuer tries in vain,
To lure it in his power again.

How sweet the calm and loving eye
Which Ada bends upon her prize—
Her little heart, with new-born love,
Quick beating 'gainst the nestling dove!

Safe in her arms, sweet bird, remain,
She'll soothe thy fears, and hush thy pain,
Ne'er wilt thou find so calm a rest,
As when thou slumber'st on her breast!

And so, through life, oh! may it be,
Dear child, forever more with thee,
Thine be the task, in sad distress,
The first to succor and to bless!

When flying from a tyrant's arm,
Shield each brave victim safe from harm,
A refuge may earth's sufferer's find
Within thy bosom warm and kind.

THE LONG ENGAGEMENT.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I wonder Mary Alsop and Henry Justice do not marry!" said Jane Simpson to her friend Charlotte Way.

"It is strange," replied the latter, "for they have been engaged these four years. How it would annoy me to be seen with the same gentleman, season after season, and have every one asking me when I was to be married. For my part I don't intend to be engaged longer than a year."

"Well, I don't know," replied her younger companion. "If I loved a gentleman, I could wait for him a long time; for surely that would be better than marrying one I did not love."

"What a romantic little piece you are," replied the gay Charlotte. "Loving a poor man is well enough to talk of at school, but give me the substantial comforts of a rich man's home."

"But I didn't mean to say," replied Jane, blushing, "that I would be willing to marry a man who could not support me. I meant that if I should happen to love a poor man, I would be willing to wait until he could, by industry and frugality, get into a business that would support us, even if the period of probation was five or ten years."

"Oh! shocking," said Charlotte, "only to think of waiting ten years for a gentleman. One would be such a pattern of fidelity that one would get into the novels. And then really it would be such a foolish thing. The gentleman might die, or never get into a safe business after all, or he might prove faithless as Mr. Heron did, who, you know, was engaged to Mary Smith four years, and then deserted her to marry the rich southern heiress, Miss Daubney."

"Now you are too heartless," said Jane, "for I know you do not believe all you say. You would not surely marry a gentleman for his money."

"I would never marry one without it," replied Charlotte laughingly. "And I suppose one can love any one, for it's only a habit after all."

"Do not talk so, for indeed, indeed," said Jane earnestly, "you do not think thus."

"You will see, my dear," was the gay reply. "But really I must go now: I have staid already an hour, and I only intended dropping in for five minutes."

Charlotte Way was the daughter of a scheming mother, who had imbued the child with her own notions, to which her vanity and heartlessness contributed not a little. She and Jane had been schoolmates and intimate friends, but, as often

happens in such cases, as they grew older many points of difference appeared in their characters which were gradually cooling off the first ardor of their acquaintance. The conversation we have recorded was an instance of their contrariety of sentiment; and though Jane did not wish to believe that her friend was as heartless as her words implied, the conviction of it was soon forced on her.

It was the winter when they were both to come out, and each was soon the centre of a circle of admirers; for both were more than usually handsome. Charlotte was a gay, brilliant creature, always full of spirits, and just the girl to make a successful ball room coquette. Jane was of a quieter, but more earnest disposition, one of those amiable beings who shine best at the fire-side. The characters of their admirers differed as much as the characters of the two girls. It was soon apparent that Jane was the favorite of the most sterling young men of the place, though perhaps in accomplishments, and certainly in fortune they were inferior to the gay and graceful beaux who fluttered around Charlotte like moths around a candle, if we may use so old a simile.

Among the admirers of Jane was a young lawyer, who had toiled up from the obscure station of a poor farmer's son, through the grades of apprentice and petty schoolmaster, to his present position. He saw and loved Jane; but for a long time his modesty prevented a declaration. Accident, however, favored him, and he found that his affection was returned. He frankly told his prospects, which, like those of all young professional men who start without family influence, were sufficient to dispirit any but a person of the greatest energy; but, he added, he had no doubt of ultimate success, if she he loved could be contented with the plain household of a poor man. Jane had a noble and relying heart, and she fearlessly pledged her word to her suitor to wait, no matter how long.

Charlotte too, about the same time, made her selection. The gentleman was a young man, also a lawyer, who had just inherited a handsome estate, in the expectation of which he had been educated from childhood. He had gone to the city to study, and while there, had imbibed, it was whispered, along with the graces of the most fashionable society some of its vices. Whether Charlotte loved him or not was often a subject of discussion among her gossiping acquaintances. But when she rode through the streets with him, behind his pair of blood horses, there were not a few to envy her, even though she should obtain all this show and wealth without loving the possessor.

Before the ensuing winter Charlotte became

Mrs. Harcourt Belville, and was established in a magnificent mansion, just on the outskirts of the town. She and Jane had almost lost sight of each other; and Charlotte, after her brilliant alliance, altogether forgot her friend. Jane, in her now comparatively secluded circle, heard now and then of the gay parties which Charlotte gave and attended, but the former schoolmates never met.

Did we say never? Yes! they met, but after long years.

Twelve seasons had come and gone, when one morning Jane's husband, (after having by a long probation of six years won her for a bride,) on entering the court-house saw a criminal arraigned for forgery whose features struck him as familiar. He made enquiry and found that the prisoner was Harcourt Belville, who, after having run through his fortune at the gaming table, had committed a crime which would send him to the penitentiary. He had that morning been arrested, and was now brought into court before the judge, prior to being committed to the county jail.

It fell to the lot of Jane's husband, as prosecuting attorney, to bring the offender to condign punishment; and though his heart bled, the demands of duty were imperative. The wife of the criminal was completely heart-broken. She and her husband had never lived happily together, and it was even said that her extravagance had accelerated his ruin. The disgrace of a public trial completely humbled her, however; and she gladly accepted the offer of a home with the neglected friend of her youth.

Her husband was sentenced to a long imprisonment; but died before his release.

His widow was now a changed being, and survived to regret, during a long and eventful life, the folly of her youth. She lived with Jane, and aided her to educate her promising family of children.

The young lawyer is now a man of wealth and influence, whose voice is heard in his country's councils. Which of the two schoolmates made the better choice?

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

HERE quiet reigns, and peace diffuses round,
Serene content and happiness profound—
No sound of war, no sorrow e'er invades
These verdant plains and everlasting shades.

But here the snowy mosque invites to prayer,
With dome up-swelling to the silent air:
And here the passing stranger breathes a sigh,
In such a sacred spot to come and die. B. F. T.

EDITORS' GOSSIP.

DEAR reader! we have been at Nantucket, and dated letters home "from the other world;" for, as our witty friend Dennis, himself a Nantucketer, once remarked, there are but two halves of the globe, Nantucket and the rest of the earth, and the former is the biggest half. We agree with him. There is no doubt of it. And every Nantucketer will swear—not by his beard, like a Saracen, but by his harpoon, like a true whaleman—that his island is worth both hemispheres, and Captain Symmes' continent to boot.

Yet we half suspect there are hundreds of our subscribers in the far west, who know nothing of Nantucket except that it is a little island, about twelve miles long by three wide, out at sea, some seven leagues from the south-eastern point of Massachusetts. Of the wonderful energy of its people, of their peculiar customs, of their considerable town, of Siasconset and a thousand other hard names pertaining to it, they know nothing. They have heard that Nantucket was the great seat of the whaling interest; but—oh! ignorant mortals—what know they of its picnics and calashes, its beautiful women and moonlight rides, its blue-fish and camels, its four solitary farms, and reads the like of which were never seen?

Well, dear reader, let us enlighten you. You leave New Bedford in the fine steamer "Massachusetts," and after winding to and fro among the beautiful cluster of islands surrounding Martha's Vineyard, enter on the broad ocean and soon lose sight of land. But it is not long before you see ahead something that seems like the white foam of a breaker. As you advance this object lengthens, and, by-and-bye, towers and steeples shoot up into the sunshine, glistening like frosted silver. The island and town of Nantucket are before you; and soon you are landed at the quay, where it seems as if the whole population had turned out to meet you, for the arrival of the steamer is quite an event and does not happen every day.

Have you ever been at Newport? If you have, you know how the town of Nantucket looks, the two places being halves of one apple, except that Newport has a few more pretty houses. The first thing that strikes your fancy is a sort of cart, on elliptic springs, drawn by a single horse, the driver and his companion standing up in the vehicle as it bounces along, with a skill none but a Nantucketer can arrive at. This is the calash, the fashionable conveyance of the island. You may get a crowd of pretty girls in it—for there is no place like Nantucket for lovely women—and go off, on a swinging trot to the South Shore, just as twilight comes on; and even though the moon is at the full, as it was when we were there, it will puzzle you to tell whether the queenly form rising from the sea, like a new Cytherea, or the one at your side is the lovelier. And, after an hour's walk by the surf, you may re-ascend your car, like another Achilles, and in the true heroic style gallop back, only that instead of bearing with you your captives, you are yourself the slave. Or you may let the reins drop, and suffering your horse to walk, spread the shawls in the bottom of the calash and sitting down, comfortable as a Turk on his divan, amid merry laughter

and beneath bright eyes, with pleasant songs hie home. We shall live a year longer for such a moonlight ride. And that fashion of returning, is the drop of cream over, in your coffee. Try it.

Do you believe it?—the ladies of Nantucket rarely appear at public festivals, a pic-nic for instance, until they are married. Perhaps this comes from the scarcity of beaux. But married or unmarried, they are certainly ahead of their sisters on the continent in beauty. They have grown up, on their solitary little island, many of them without ever having seen the mainland, like flowers on the side of some barren cliff overhanging the surge. They should be transplanted to the continent. Thrown on their own resources, in consequence of their isolated condition, (for in winter all communication is cut off with the main,) they are agreeable, chatty, well-informed, and—what is best—good housewives, and, therefore, just the girls for wives! They have but one fault: they will not hear a word against Nantucket. Yet they are not as bad as the islander who sailed up Narragansett Bay, and, when he had reached Warwick Neck, vowed he had no idea there was so much land on the continent. And then they are most faithful creatures—only think of their waiting six or seven years for a husband, and being separated from him, at that, from three to five years at a time.

There is a neat little fishing village on the island, called Siasconset, where you see half a dozen of the prettiest cottages in the world, and eat the whitest bread. The ride to it is over a succession of small rolling hillocks, none of them more than twenty feet high, heaving up and sinking down around you like waves at sea. Over these the road runs at will; for the land is wild and unenclosed, destitute of trees, and covered only with a scanty herbage on which a few sheep browse. When the horse-track is worn into a rut a foot and a half deep, a new road is traced out by the next corner, by the side of the old one; and we counted eleven of these highways side and side, the growth of fifty years travel. There are but three or four farms on the island; and two or three fishing villages. Everything consumed by the inhabitants is brought from the continent. Yet the population is nine thousand; and something like ninety ships are owned in, and sail from, the port. It makes one think of miracles, when one sees the obstacles this enterprising people has overcome. There is a land and sea-breeze, so one never suffers from heat. We wonder it has never been thought of for a watering place. Its climate beats that of Newport for salubrity!

THE WANDERING JEW.—This splendid production of Eugene Sue's founded on the old legend, that the man who cursed our Saviour on the cross has been condemned to wander through the world ever since, is now commanding universal attention. It is got up by J. Winchester, New York, in a style of great fidelity, from the original proof-sheets, purchased in Paris at a cost of nearly three thousand dollars. We have never perused a romance of more absorbing interest. Its incidents are thrilling, and they are handled as only the first novelist of France could handle them.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

OUR plate, for this month, contains four of the very latest and most beautiful styles, a description of which we annex.

FIG. I.—A PROMENADE DRESS of mouselline de laine, the corsage high and open in the front, laced across with a rich silk cord: the waist is long and pointed, the cape is round at the back and scalloped before. The sleeves are loose, depending from the elbow; with cambric under sleeves. The skirt is full, with two deep flounces. Bonnet trimmed with field flowers.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of lavender colored silk, the corsage low. Over the dress is worn a sort of mantelet, something like the *La Polka* one, rounded at the back, and depending low in front, trimmed with fringe. This elegant costume will probably be the most distinguished of the fall months, and is entirely original. This bonnet is trimmed also with field flowers.

FIG. III.—AN EVENING DRESS of plaided *barége*, the colors white and green; the *jupes* is trimmed with two immense *volants*, cut on the cross, and edged with a French piping, these flounces are placed close to each other; the corsage is formed very low, plain and tight, fitting with a plain chemisette sleeve; *fichû* of white tulle, edged round with a double row of white lace, put on nearly plain; this *fichû* is rounded over the shoulders, and crosses in the front in the form of two half-handkerchief ends, attached with a roseate of pale green satin ribbon. Cap of white tulle, trimmed with a flat lappet of lace, passing over the front, and caught back at the ears, where it is attached to the cap, by means of a pretty half-wreath of yellow chrysanthemum; a row of broad white lace stands up round the back of the cap, and is retained with a *nœud* of amber ribbon.

FIG. IV.—A MORNING DRESS with a boddiece high on the shoulders and opening in front like a vest: the waist rounded.

BONNETS.—There is little change in the styles of bonnets: the month of September is, both in Paris and in London, a month of stagnation in the fashionable world, most of the *beau monde* being absent from the city at country seats and watering places. The trimmings of capotes, however, show a slight difference to adapt them to the change of the season; but until the first of November there will be no necessity for any material alteration. Plumes will be in favor: bonnets will also be trimmed with branches of the hawthorn, sweet-brier, hedge roses, &c. &c.; and we have seen some Neapolitans prettily ornamented with velvet ribbon to match the complexion.

REDINGOTES.—These dresses continue to improve in favor, made with a plain corsage, open and *dégagé en cœur*, up to the throat, having some kind of rich and costly brooch to attach it. The waist round; the top of the *Amadis* sleeves decorated with a *jockeis fermés*, or closed up epaulet, and giving a becoming width to the figure; a *byrinthe* gymp serves to ornament this charming pelisse, forming a trimming over the shoulders and on the skirt, accompanied with a slanting fluting, which enlarges toward the edge of the skirt, the *jockies* and cuffs decorated to match. A Turkish kind of braiding is sometimes used instead of the gymp,

having a heavier appearance, but it is more suitable for materials of a richer texture. Several very pretty ones have lately appeared, composed of *poult de soie*, striped blue and white, and attached up the front with small *pattes* of blue *poult de soie*, encircled with a very narrow Valenciennes, and fixed upon the dress with a small turquoise button. This kind of ornament disposed upon the fastenings of the sleeves, and up the corsage, has a very charming effect.

EVENING DRESSES.—*Organdie* is the material most in favor for evening dress, those of the richest description being trimmed with three broad flounces, each bordered with ten narrow stripes of gold braid, of different widths. The corsage and *demi-lounges* sleeves, laced to match with gold braid. *Les lenons de couleur* are also much in request for evening toilettes, they are decorated with flounces, edged with lace. These dresses are made with very low bodies and short sleeves, *bouillonnées*, *berthe* of *appliqué* embroidery, upon Valenciennes lace. Some of these dresses have the *jupes* trimmed with five fullings, through which is passed a broad satin ribbon, terminated with a *nœud* of the same upon each row, forming an *échelle* on each side. Some very elegant costumes we have seen trimmed with four flounces of very rich looking black lace, which also serves to decorate the corsage and sleeves. This style of trimming upon a pretty green or violet tint, is extremely elegant.

WALKING DRESSES.—A very pretty walking dress is made of plaided green and white silk; made very full and plain in the skirt and corsage; the sleeves perfectly plain, and edged round the wrists with a pretty light lace mantelet of shot lavender and green silk; this mantelet is what is called the *Polka*, and which we have given a description of in another part of our fashions; it is entirely surrounded with a very narrow fringe. Bonnet of *paille de riz*; the crown decorated with a beautiful half *guirlande* of flowers, pink and green; the edge surrounded with a narrow lace, and double lappets of lace at the ears; the interior decorated with small pink and green flowers.

HOME COSTUMES.—The newest pattern for a home costume is composed of plain white *barége*; the entire front of the dress, round the throat, *jockeys*, and bottom of the half-long full sleeves, trimmed with a fulling of the same material as the dress, through which is passed a pale pink satin or silk ribbon, and a frilling of a very light looking lace; the fullied body confined round the waist with a *ceinture* of pale pink ribbon, drooping in two long ends in the front. Cap of tulle, prettily trimmed with falls of lace interspersed with pale pink gauze ribbon, forming *nœuds*, and a twist round the crown.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—In London the most fashionable carriage dress of the month is of pale pink *poult de soie*; the corsage low; the waist long; the *ceinture* pointed; the body is fullied in the centre of the waist, the fullness being confined at the top by two narrow bands. Chemisette of plain *batiste*, finished by a narrow quilling; the sleeves are *demi-longue*, wide at the bottom, and finished by a *rûche*; small round *jockeys*, setting out a little from the sleeve, and edged with a *rûche*, have a very pretty effect, and add greatly to the figure; the skirt is very long and full, has three broad flounces, each headed by a *rûche*.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF EMBROIDERY."

HORSEMANSHIP.

WE have now mentioned the way in which the faults of a horse may be obviated; and, in this number, shall finish the subject with a few general remarks.

GAITS OF A HORSE.—The beauty of a trotting gait recommends it quite as much as its safety. Most new beginners, however, dislike this gait because they think it fatiguing; but it is only necessary to acquire the habit of rising in the saddle with the motion of the horse, when the gait becomes pleasant and is preferred before all others. This habit of rising, however, is only to be obtained by practice, and some never acquire it gracefully in consequence of rising too high, for the closer the seat is maintained, the more elegant and easy is the appearance of the rider. If when the horse raises you from your seat, you will advance your body, and rest a considerable portion of your weight on the right knee, while at the same time you bear the left foot on the stirrup, you will return to your former position without a jerk. You should also take care and not raise to the left, which is a bad practice.

The other gaits are a pace, a rack and a canter. Pacing horses are agreeable to the rider, but they are apt to stumble; and rackers, who move nearly as pleasantly as pacers, are preferable, as they rarely, or never stumble. But a canter is, perhaps, the easiest, and most elegant of all.

LEAPING BARS OR DITCHES.—Every lady should be able to leap a fence or ditch, as the habit gives her a boldness in riding, not easily obtained otherwise. Leaps are taken either standing or flying. In the standing leap no weight is to be borne on the stirrup, as this will tend to elevate the body instead of keeping it close to the saddle; but the legs, particularly the right one, must be pressed close against the saddle, and the hand and the reins given up to the horse, yet so as to keep up a slight sensibility of the horse's mouth. The horse will now rise. As his fore-quarters ascend, the lady is to advance forward—the back being bent inward and the head held upright and steady. As soon as the horse's hind-legs quit the ground, the body is to incline backward—the rider taking care not to bear heavily on the reins, lest the horse force her hand and pull her forward on his neck, or over his head as he descends.

In the flying leap, the seat is to be preserved as in the standing leap; except that it is unnecessary to advance the body as the horse rises; because in the flying leap the horse's position is more horizontal than when he rises from a halt; and there is great danger that the rider will be thrown, if she lean forward, in case the horse suddenly checks himself and refuses the leap. The waist should be brought forward, and the body suffered to take that inclination backward which will be produced by the springing forward of the horse. The horse's head is to be guided toward the object to be leaped, and the reins yielded to him as he advances. The proper distance for a horse to run, previous to a leap, is from ten to fifteen yards. If he be well trained,

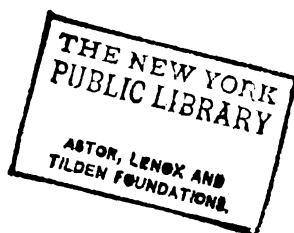
he may be suffered to take his own pace at it; but it is necessary to animate an indolent horse into a short, collected gallop, and urge him by strong aids to make the leap.

THE GENTLEMAN'S POSITION.—The gentleman should ride on the off or right side of the lady; for, on the other side, he would constantly bring his horse in contact with the lady's habit and person.

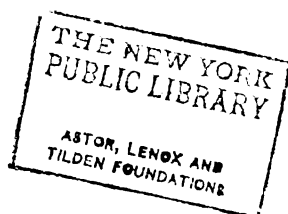
RIDING DOWN HILL.—Down a steep hill a horse should be ridden slowly and carefully. Rapid riding should take place only on level roads. Ladies will find by experience that a moderate pace is less fatiguing, both to rider and horse, than a rushing gallop.

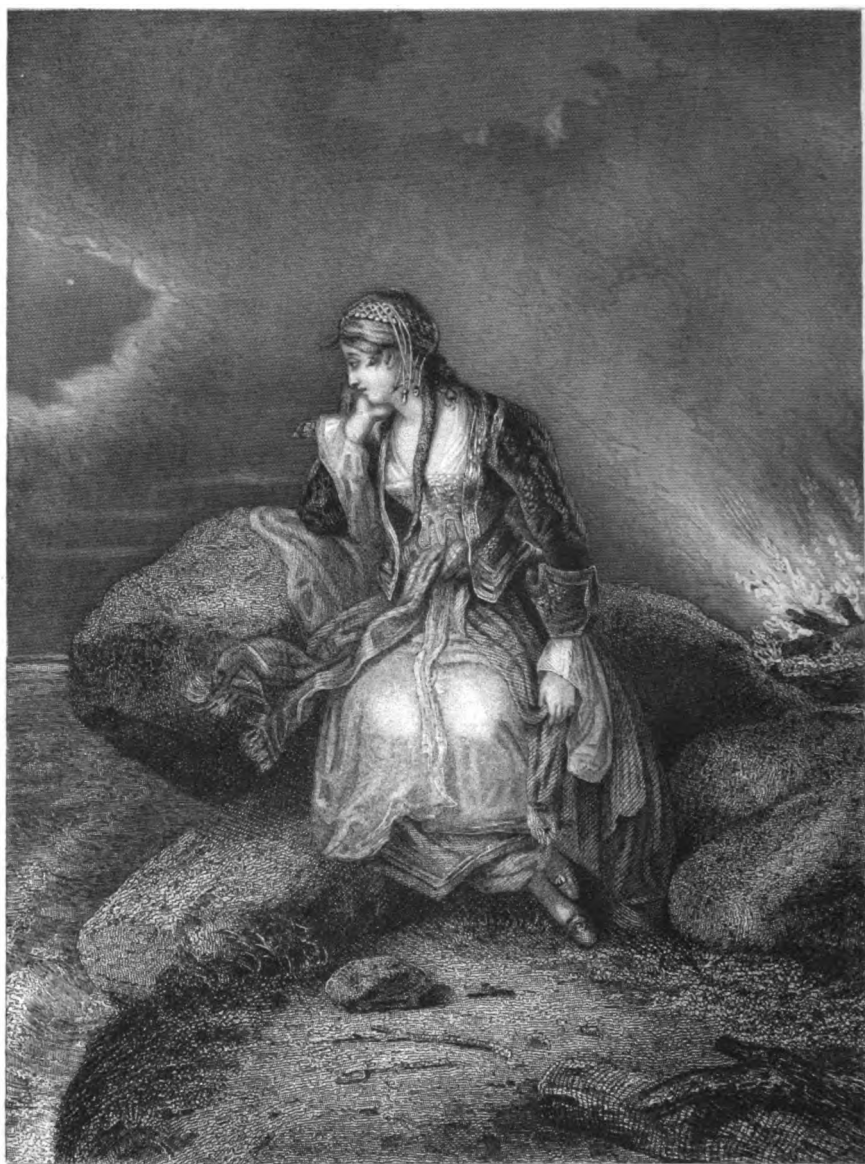
THE ATTIRE.—A cap should always be worn instead of a bonnet, as the latter presents too great a surface to the air. A riding habit is indispensable. The gloves ought to be of soft woollen, instead of kid, as comfort is indispensable where the lady rides much. A leather glove is certain to chafe the fingers if the horse is hard in the mouth. The riding habit should be of cloth, cachemette, or merino, but broadcloth is the most elegant and durable of the three. The bodice should be made to fit close to the bust, and be entirely plain behind. Even in front the buttons should be the only ornament, and these should be plain, flat ones gilt. The cap should be round and flat on the top, made of cloth or velvet, with a visor of the same, and tied under the chin with a black ribband. The veil should be green to protect the eyes. The skirt should be made very full, and reach at least three quarters of a yard below the feet; but should be contrived to tuck up, so that the wearer may walk comfortably.

TALES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—The constant accessions to our subscription list convince us that the public appreciates our outlay, in furnishing it with original articles from American writers. We might fill our book with selections from English authors, or tales taken from old newspapers, as some of our rivals have done, and by means of the money thus saved every year be able to publish another plate monthly; but we know what our subscribers look for, and what is due to the advancing literary taste of the day. The curious article on fashion, in the present number, is one such as has never appeared in any periodical, and is replete with instruction. Papers like these, evincing such research, are an honor to magazine literature; and may be contrasted with the thrice-told digests from current works, the contents of which are known to every reader. We intend to carry on our literary department, hereafter, with increased spirit. We have already in hand a number of **TALES OF AMERICAN HISTORY**, written by different authors of high repute, which we shall begin to publish with the November number. In these, it is our object to illustrate the manners and times of various periods in our country's history, but especially the dark and eventful era of the Revolution. We think that, for the rest of this and the whole of the following year, we can show such an array of literary and pictorial inducements in this magazine, as to put all rivalry out of the question.







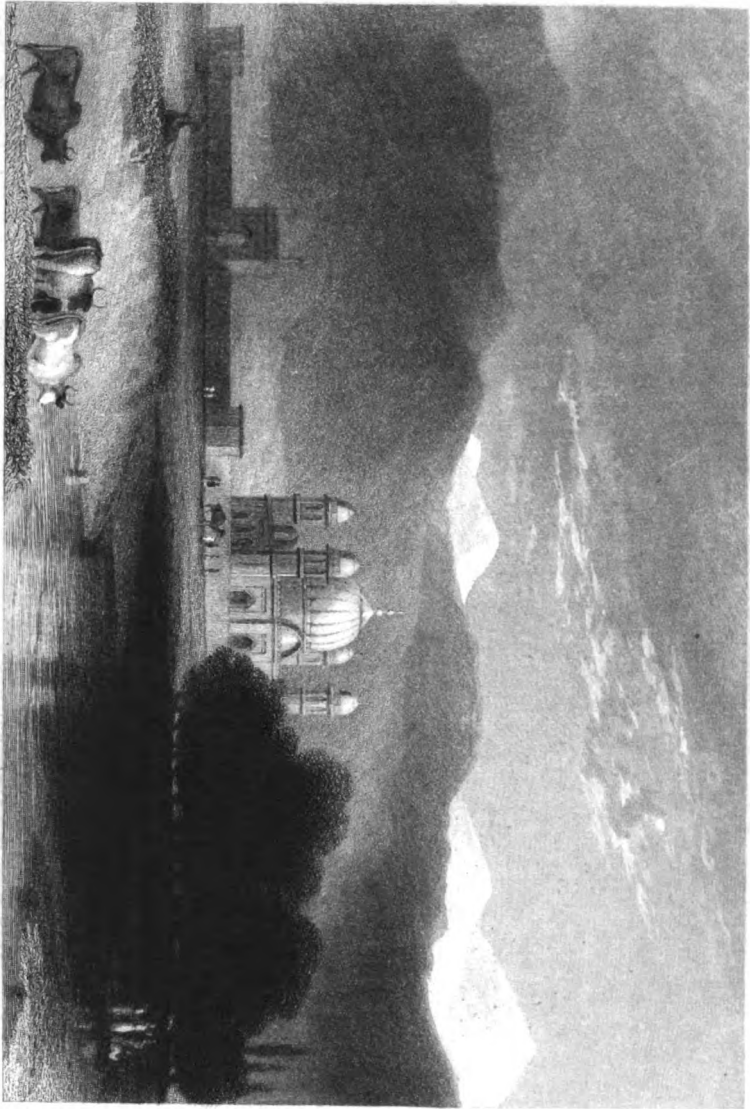


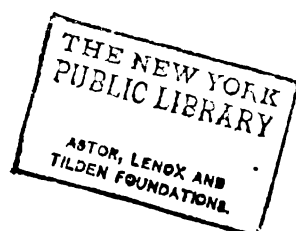
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THE WIFE OF THE FUTURE

1850

The Happy Valley





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No. 5.

MEETINGS AND PARTINGS

UNDER THE OLD CEDAR.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PEIRSON.

It was an autumn afternoon. The fields were all unburdened of their treasure, and left sere and desolate, except here and there where a tall weed tossed its white blossoms by the fence. The forests had changed their gold and crimson glory for a russet hue, though a few leaves still whirled downward on the gusty air, covering the tender forest flower like a blessing from on high to shield it from the approaching winter. The pure blue waters of the river seemed to linger on their way like all the summer beauties, loath to say farewell. Near the river grew a tall, dark cedar, a noble tree, which trembled not at the changing of the seasons, for winter and summer its dark tresses remained the same, and its beautiful clusters of variegated berries were a store for the wild bird when all other supplies had failed. No person living could remember when that tree was young, for the oldest men in the vicinity had played under the old cedar in their childhood; and many an aged grandmother remembered that she listened to the first tale of young love in the shadow of that tree, and still it was fair and strong, and threw a shadow cool and dark on the green turf beneath it, and on the bright waters that seemed lingering to enjoy its beauty.

Suddenly a little boat glided across the river from the opposite shore, where glittered spire and dome, and the more humble edifices of a small town, before which on the rippling tide trembled several gallant vessels. The boat contained but one man, a young and handsome person, whose black and passionate eyes were fixed upon that cedar with anxiety and impatience in every glance. He moored the boat in the shade and walked up the path past the cedar to the summit of the river bank. There he stood and looked away to a distant mansion, which lay bosomed in green trees, and surrounded by fair fields and orchards, now sere and bare. Presently he turned and walked back toward the

river, muttering, "woman's truth! She was to meet me at sunset!" Moodily he retraced his way and came again to the tree. "Is it possible that she will not come?" he said, and sat down on a rough, white rock. The shades of night were gathering in the distance when a white robed form appeared stealthily moving along a sequestered path toward him. It came near, it paused, and evidently trembled. "Clara!" he cried, and in a moment he clasped the long expected one to his bosom.

"Why are you here so late?" he asked reproachfully.

"You are aware," she said, "that I could not come openly. I made a visit to Emeline Bassett and then came down this way."

"Bless you, Clara!" cried the impetuous lover. "How very cruel your father is."

"No, Howard, my father is not cruel. He is, and ever has been a dear, good father to me. In this thing he is, perhaps, unreasonable, prejudiced; but I believe that his aim is solely my welfare and happiness."

"And you will secure that welfare and happiness by obeying him in all things."

"I have not obeyed my father in all things. If I had I should not have been here to listen to your taunts," she said sorrowfully.

"Forgive me, dear," he said, "I did not intend to taunt you, but could you not be happy in my love?"

"Howard," replied the maiden, "you know that I love you, or I should not thus disobey my my father to meet you here. I could be happy—oh, how happy with you, alone in a desert, if you would always love me and speak kindly. But, Howard, if I was your wife, and you should forget my love and speak harshly to me, should I not weep for my poor deserted father who has never since I can remember given me one harsh word?"

"Yet he has forbidden you to see me, Clara."

"Yes, and his aversion to you lies heavily on my heart. I fear that he discerns an unfitness for each other which is hidden from our love-blinded eyes."

"You fear to trust me, Clara. You *fear* that I am indeed the miscreant your unjust father deems me! Hear me, Clara, I can endure this no longer. Say now that you will be mine; give me your sacred troth plight now, or we part here forever." The fair girl trembled violently, but she answered calmly and somewhat proudly,

"Howard, I will not tell you now how much I love you. You have received proof sufficient already. But you presume on my affections and demand more than I can give. I cannot pledge my hand without my father's knowledge. This I promise you—I will never be another's."

"It is of little consequence to me whose you are since you will not be mine," replied the petulant youth. "Oh, Clara, Clara! I would give my right hand if you could love as I love. But now we part, perhaps, forever. To-morrow I sail for the East Indies. I may never return. I leave you free. I here sunder the bond between us, and go forth a free man. You will be happy with your father; I will seek to endure life as best I may." As he spoke he resolutely unclasped her hands from his arm to which she clung with convulsive agony, and turned away.

"Do not, oh, do not leave me in anger!" she supplicated in a voice of agony.

He turned not toward her, but said brokenly, "God bless you, Clara!" And a deep groan of anguish burst from his proud, impetuous heart. She stood motionless and white as marble, with a strange bewildered expression of countenance, until he sprang into his boat and pushed off into the stream. Then with a cry as if of mortal agony she extended her hands toward him. He heard and saw, but he only shook his head negatively and paddled away.

Clara sunk upon the white rock, and then gushed up the deepest, bitter fountain of the heart; that fountain which once open never ceases to flow; and the waters of which give a plaintive sound and mournful color to all after years. Painful in the extreme were her sobs and voice of weeping. The night gathered around her, but she heeded it not; the wind became wild and damp, but she felt not its chill; her soul was darker than the night, her grief was wilder than the autumnal wind. She felt that Howard was cruel, yet she could not be offended; she knew that his temper was imperious, and yet she could not feel that she had escaped the sway of a tyrant. She only knew that she had loved in vain; and that her hopes and her heart were alike broken.

At length she arose and walked slowly homeward. Her anxious father was seeking for his child, his only one. He saw her afar in the clear cold moonlight, and hastened to meet her. He took her hand and started, it was so damp and cold.

"What is the matter, Clara?" he asked—"where have you been?"

"Lead me home," she said, "and I will tell you all."

And she did tell him all; with pale cheek and bitter sobbings she recounted all her love, all her stolen meetings with Howard under the old cedar, and the cruel parting of that night.

"And has not his conduct on this occasion, my dear child, confirmed all that I have told you of his unfitness to be lord of your gentle heart and ruler of your destiny? Clara, Howard Reynolds is a bad man. His ungovernable passions will lead him from sorrow to sorrow, until he sinks in utter ruin. God grant that he drag no innocent victim down with him."

Clara felt the truth of her father's words, but her heart would not say amen. He had been her companion all her life, and his very impetuosity of temperament had given him an ascendancy over her young spirit which bent her ever to his will, and made his guidance and approval necessary to all her doings. But now that her reason seconded her father's representations of his character and unfitness for a companion to lean on through life, she had resolved to withhold the irrevocable promise which binds a woman's destiny to good or evil, gay or sorrow, until his spirit should become subdued; or at least less overbearing and irritable. But she had not been prepared for his precipitate action, and was wholly overcome by the suddenness of his desertion, in anger, and without hope.

The next morning she found herself ill of a violent cold and wholly dispirited, so that she almost wished for death. But reason and religion came to her aid representing to her the folly and wickedness of undervaluing the rich gift of life, with all its blessings and facilities of doing good to others, and, as it were, throwing it loathingly back in the face of the beneficent Giver, because a man in his unreasonable passion had despised her love.

Howard meantime sailed for India in a state of mind which even Clara might have pitied. Oh, how gladly would he have returned and besought her pardon kneeling at her feet; but he was out upon the ocean with no possibility of returning. And then judging her heart by his own, he fancied that she could not but be indignant, and that thought nerved him in his mad course. But his soul was in torment, suffering, as it were, the agonies of alternate frost and fire.

Another ship was ready to depart on a long voyage, and a poor orphan girl whose lot was bitter servitude, went down to the old cedar to exchange with her young sailor a long farewell. Her humble attire could not conceal her extreme beauty from her lover's eyes, and she gazed

proudly on the manly bearing and noble features of her heart's idol. They met joyfully as confiding lovers meet, they spoke of sorrow, of hope; of the pain of absence, of the dangers and the death that perchance awaited them, and Mary wept. But Harry kissed away her tears, assured her that God would remember them, and bless them. He bade her endure cheerfully the bitterness of her lot, and trust that he would find wealth and return to make her happy. They parted, and as he grasped his oar to depart, dashed away the big tears and shouted, "good bye, love! be of good cheer," she turned homeward weeping, yet leaning on the angel Hope.

Seven years had made no change in the appearance of the old cedar, though many a storm had shaken its dark tresses, and many a noon tide sun looked lovingly upon it. Clara Calville had become an orphan, and though many a worthy heart had been laid upon her shrine, yet from every such offering she turned tearfully away. Her heart was desolate. She could not listen to the voice of love, it was to her a funeral dirge. Her cheek had lost its rose, and her eye was sad and drooping: seven years had wrought a great change in her. In Mary the same time had made little alteration, and that was in her favor. She had grown dazzlingly beautiful. And that very beauty was to her a dangerous possession. Her unprotected state and unpleasant situation gave one who had wealth and personal advantages a pretext to profess for her admiration, sympathy, and the warmest friendship.

She confided in him, leaned on his friendship with girlish gratitude, and there was nought that woman *might* do which she could not have done to serve him. But when he would have presumed upon her affection, the love that lived in her heart for Harry kept her from the snare that would have been perdition to her; and she found a friend and protector in Clara Calville, and they dwelt like sisters together. Mary was full of hope, awaiting her sailor's return; Clara had no hope, but she leaned on the arm of strong endurance and went forward in meek resignation to the will of heaven.

The seat under the old cedar was their favorite resort, and many a summer afternoon did they pass there with book and work. And then came autumn, the seventh autumn from the departure of their friends. It was just such an afternoon as that on which Clara and Howard parted so bitterly. She went sorrowfully down to the cedar to weep over the remembrance of the past. She was startled from her tearful musings by a glad voice crying,

"Look, dear Clara! look! That is Harry's ship—oh, if he is in her!" and Mary burst into

the wildest passion of sobs and tears. Hope and joy chastened by fear were almost breaking her heart. It was a soul-stirring sight, that weather-beaten bark toiling wearily up the blue river with her freight of uncertainty for the weary hearted watchers who had grown sick with hope deferred. Mothers and wives and daughters, fathers, sisters and brothers crowded to the landing ere she cast her anchor, and the crew as they landed from the boats were every one clasped to throbbing hearts. Mary strained her misty eyes in a vain endeavor to recognize in the distance the man whose truth she never doubted; and Clara covered her face and wept aloud.

"There is one poor man who has no friend to greet him," said Mary at length. "How sorrowfully he wanders along the beach. Poor sailor! Are all his loved ones dead; or is he a stranger from another land?" Clara looked. Could it be that she could at that distance recognize a human form? The breadth of the river was a mile at least, and yet she felt in her soul that the solitary individual was Howard Reynolds. A faint sickness seized her, and Mary found it necessary to support her feeble form all the way home. That was a sleepless night to the two orphan maidens. How should sleep close her soft pinions upon brain and heart so wildly throbbing with the fevered current of suspense?

Morning came calm and clear, but it brought no calm to those anxious spirits. Clara spoke not of her surmising; but Mary sought assurance of her lover's safety in the kind comfortings of friendship. Noon brought joy to her heart almost too great for endurance. Harry came; true to his troth; beautiful in pride of manhood; rich and happy. Mary poured out her thankfulness to Him who had filled her cup of happiness to the brim.

"But who was he," she said, "who found no friend to greet him when he landed?"

"He is a strange and mysterious man," replied Harry, a shade coming over his bright face while he spoke; "a man of sorrow, of crime, I fear. He came on board our vessel at Cadiz, for we have been cruising and trading in the Mediterranean, and touched at that fine old Spanish city. He did not tell us who or what he was, and during our voyage homeward has been taciturn, restless and gloomy; walking all day long from place to place, and all night moaning as if in extreme pain. We were almost afraid of him lest there was blood on his hands, and we should suffer from the vengeance that is due to crime. But his conduct since we entered the river has convinced me that he is deranged in his mind."

Clara, although she did truly rejoice in the felicity of her friends, felt an increased weight upon her aching heart, and toward evening, leaving

them to their happiness, wandered down to the old cedar. She was already within its shadow when a low moan startled her, and there kneeling by the rock, with his face bent and concealed by a kerchief, was the figure she had seen land from the ship—the figure in which she could not be mistaken. She uttered a wild cry. He sprang to his feet.

"Oh, that shriek," he cried. "The voice that has been ringing in my ears and soul ever since I left this spot! Clara! angel of my heart, do not fly me. I am miserable, wholly so, I will not detain you long, but if you will listen to my story of agony and then say that you forgive me, I will die in peace."

"Earnestly do I forgive you, Howard!" cried the fair girl, while the fountain of hope within her spirit bursting its icy bondage thrilled her with a strange happiness. "I forgive you joyfully." He shuddered as he looked upon her beaming face.

"Hear me first, Clara," he said. "Nay, touch not my hand, for I am perjured. My wicked temper has undone me forever. I will not *say* how strong, how faithful was my love for you, I am here to *prove* it all. But after my mad desertion of you I deemed that you would be implacable and I swore to forget your love. But my anguish was intolerable. Oh, Clara, the impetuosity of my temperament is the same in love, in resentment, in remorse. I became a wanderer. My wealth gave me access to every hall and palace; I stifled my heart's beatings before the world, and acted the hypocrite most successfully. A fair young daughter of France loved me. I did not seek her affections, I could not reciprocate her passion, I saw her partiality and suffered it to increase, I knew not wherefore. She was beautiful, the daughter of a noble house, and I became her husband. But her love was most bitter to me. In her arms I was most miserable. I felt my brain reeling and my soul growing mad; I could not endure her endearments; I told her that I could not live, and hear her voice, it told me of that heaven, from which I was an outcast forever. She wept and besought me to tell her all that troubled me, but I wrung her hand, and with a wild farewell left her forever. Life became to me an intolerable burden. I wandered from kingdom to kingdom, but everywhere spectres of maddening agony met me. At length I thought that if you would forgive me I could feel a beam of peace. I did not expect that you had remained true to the vow from which I so madly released you. I came. They told me that Clara Calville was an orphan and still unmarried. Do not say that you are not so for my sake. Oh, if you knew how I cling to that one consolation.

Clara, say but once that you have not ceased to love me. Say that even now you do not hate me, and I will die content."

"Howard Reynolds," she replied, "from my childhood I have loved you, and you only. You have acted rashly, and I forgive you; you have suffered and I pity you."

"God bless you forever!" he cried. "Now leave me, Clara, for I have not strength to go from you." She arose and extended her hand. He grasped it, pressed it to his burning forehead, and then flung it from him exclaiming, "go now while I am able to see you depart."

She felt that his reason was unsettled, and turned away agonizing with grief and fear, and the crushing of her last and dearest hope. Who can declare the agony of her spirit as she slowly ascended the hill, while the deep groanings of the miserable man came distinctly upon her ear.

Oh, that was a parting more bitter than the most bitter death. Yet Clara's heart was schooled to endurance, and she bent meekly to this last and heaviest blow.

But in the morning some children discovered a dead man kneeling by the white stone under the cedar, with his face resting on his clasped hands. Poor Howard!—his heart had broken in that dreadful parting, and his life went out when the drooping form of his stricken Clara disappeared from his straining sight.

Clara is still a meek *old maid* in the house of Harry and Mary Harris; and those who taunt her with her single state, or jestingly propose marriage to her, little think how deep, how dread an agony her patient smile conceals.

THE DEAREST HOPE.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Thou dost not love my earthly form,
For beauty dwells not there;
No dainty bloom my cheek doth warm,
My brow is dim with care.

Thou in this face, once bright with youth,
One only charm can'st see,
The smile of tenderness and truth
With which it welcomes thee.

Thou dost not heed my form and face:
Yet oh! if purest love
Can gift my *soul* with angel grace
To walk the realms above.

If changeless trust in Heaven and thee,
Thro' care and grief and wrong,
A life—from guilty falsehood free—
A purpose pure and strong.

If these can make me fair in Heaven,
In thy dear spirit's sight,
Still let thy love on earth be given
To Beauty's fleeting light!

ELLEN,

THE ROSE OF GREENWOOD GLEN.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

GREENWOOD GLEN was one of those secluded and lovely spots where the spirit worn and weary with the noise and turmoil of the busy city and crowded mart, would for awhile love to repose as the traveller delights to turn aside from the dusty highway to rest in the shade of the rustling tree. A wood-covered cottage was nestled in its bosom, over one end of which crept a grape-vine, while a number of scraggy lilacs of great height and luxuriance, intermingled with white and red rose-bushes, shaded the windows in front. A winding footpath which led from the road to the cottage, made many a graceful curve to avoid a fine tree spared by the woodman's axe, or a clump of saplings, whose light foliage quivered at each passing breeze. The glen was sheltered on the north and east by a fine old woodland, the haunt of the blue-bird and thrush and the merry black-bird, which evening and morning they made vocal with their melody. The inhabitants of the cottage were Mrs. Harlowe, a widow lady about thirty years of age, and a man and his wife, whom she hired to perform the necessary labor.

It was a lovely evening in June, and Mrs. Harlowe sat at an open window half screened by a rose-bush in full bloom, when she saw a chaise stop opposite the footpath. A gentleman alighted, and securing the horse to a protruding limb of an apple-tree, entered the path. He was a stranger, and whatever curiosity she might feel to obtain a sight of his features, was baffled by his hat being placed so as to shade his forehead and eyes, and by a silk handkerchief which muffled the lower part of his face. His mien and dress, however, were those of a gentleman, and Mrs. Harlowe thought he could not be more than two or three and twenty. He did not approach very near the cottage, though he evidently inspected it, as well as the adjacent grounds, with much care. He lingered till the deepening twilight began to wrap objects in obscurity, when he returned to the chaise and drove rapidly away in the direction of the hotel, about a mile distant. The curiosity of Mrs. Harlowe was considerably excited as to what might be his object, and that of Joe Sanders and Amy his wife still more, who were not without their fears that he might be a robber, who would return at midnight for the purpose of breaking into the house. Fear, not unfrequently like jealousy, "makes the meat it feeds on," and the worthy couple, by pondering upon the matter became so alarmed, that could they have obtained Mrs. Harlowe's consent, they

would have gone for their next neighbor to assist them in keeping watch. The next morning Sanders rose by day and walked to the hotel on purpose to ascertain if the stranger called there.

"If you mean the stylish looking gentleman," said the landlord, "with the new-fashioned chaise and the fine black horse—he not only called but staid all night. If you had been ten minutes sooner you might have seen him."

"I wish I had—I wouldn't have valued a four-pence more than the snap of my finger to have had a fair sight of him. Did he tell you his name?"

"Yes, he said his name was Smith, and he enquired if I thought Greenwood Glen could be purchased."

"Ah," said Sanders with an exceedingly wise look, "I have a key to the mystery now."

"What mystery?" said the landlord.

"Why he came last evening into the glen, and looked around as sharp as if he were searching for a needle in a hay-mow. The widow and Amy thought he was a robber, and would have been half scared out of their wits had I not put on the courage of the lion, as it were."

"I should not wonder if he proved himself a robber after all," said the landlord.

"Do you really think so?" said Sanders with a look that belied his recent boast.

"Yes, I should not wonder if he attempted to rob Mrs. Harlowe of her heart. He asked me a score of questions about her. First he enquired if she had been well educated—then how old she was, and if she were fond of gossip, and above all, if she were thought to have a good disposition. But what seemed rather strange to me, he neither enquired whether she was plain or handsome. I didn't let him remain in ignorance on that point, however, but told him that she was the handsomest woman in the place, and that one would judge by her looks that she was about twenty-five, which is true, for she at least looks five years younger than she is. 'Not more than twenty-five?' said he, suddenly breaking in upon me. 'I should much rather that she were thirty or thirty-five.' 'Oh, well,' said I, 'perhaps I am mistaken, and upon reflection I rather think she is thirty.' 'That is better,' he replied, and after I had assured him half a dozen times that her disposition was mild as a May morning, he said he would retire to his sleeping apartment, as he must start by day-break."

When Joe Sanders returned, he faithfully repeated to Mrs. Harlowe all that had been told him by the landlord. She could not help having the thought pass through her mind that the stranger who probably had at some time seen her, might return to sue for her hand, and then

the question arose "could he win it?" It was soon answered, "No," said she, "the hand that has planted the evergreen and the forget-me-not on Albert Harlowe's grave, shall always remain free to tend them."

A week passed on, and as nothing was heard either directly or indirectly from the inquisitive Mr. Smith, people began to dismiss him from their thoughts. The mind of Mrs. Harlowe, however, who, on the evening that completed the week, happened to seat herself at the same window as when he had appeared in the glen, naturally reverted to him. As she was vainly attempting to conjecture for the fiftieth time what could possibly be his object, Joe Sanders, who had been to the post-office for the weekly paper, entered the apartment and handed her a letter.

"Cousin Mary has written at last, then," said she, taking the letter.

But a glance told her that the firm and dashing characters inscribed on its back were not traced by the delicate hand of her cousin, and with some trepidation she broke the seal. The letter was dated at an obscure town about twenty-five miles distant, and ran thus:—

"DEAR MADAM—I address you for the purpose of requesting of you a favor of great importance, which must, whether you see fit to grant it or not, remain an inviolable secret between yourself and me. After many enquiries I think I can trust you, but am afraid, that for the trifling compensation which I am able to offer you will shrink from undertaking the arduous task which I wish you to perform, which is no other than to take charge of an infant only three months old. The child's mother, to whom I was privately married, died a few days after her birth, and circumstances of the utmost moment to the child as well as myself, demand that certain persons remain ignorant of her existence. Will you consent to take her and treat her the same as if she were your own child, not only through the helpless period of infancy, the solicitous term of childhood, but even perhaps till she enters upon womanhood? Should you conclude to accede to my request, in order that suspicion may be entirely at fault, I shall convey her to your residence at midnight, deposit her on the door-steps, and immediately withdraw. You will receive my letter to-day—to-morrow I shall look for an answer, which, if favorable, I shall the evening after commence my journey in season to arrive at Greenwood Glen by twelve. I believe I might, with safety, reveal to you my real name, but as such knowledge might if by any means certain persons should receive a hint of the child's existence, place you in an unpleasant situation, I forbear to mention it. Please direct your answer to J. Smith.

With much respect, yours truly."

When Mrs. Harlowe, whose affections and sympathies were uncommonly quick and lively, thought of the forlorn situation of the motherless

infant, she could not for a moment think of refusing to receive it. She, therefore, immediately wrote an affirmative answer, which, to elude exciting the curiosity of Sanders, she concluded to carry to the post-office herself before the inhabitants were astir in the morning, and slip it into the letter-box. But the post-master was not to be deceived. He knew Mrs. Harlowe's handwriting, and was seized with a fit of uncontrollable curiosity to know what she had written to Mr. J. Smith, who he doubted not had made her an offer of his hand. "One peep was enough" to show him these words. "You see by my immediate answer I did not hesitate to comply with your request."

"Yes, and I see it too," soliloquized the post-master. "Well, I could not have thought that Mrs. Harlowe would have been so ready to accept an entire stranger." And he continued till breakfast-time to pursue this train of thought in a manner peculiarly edifying to himself. By sunset it was the current report that Mrs. Harlowe was engaged to marry Mr. J. Smith, and as this report would mask the real business negotiating, she did not take the trouble to contradict it.

As Mrs. Harlowe felt no inclination to sleep the night she expected the arrival of her charge, when the clock struck ten she laid aside the book on which she had been endeavoring unsuccessfully to fix her attention, and placed the light in a closet communicating with her sleeping apartment, lest it should attract the notice of any person who might happen to pass at a late hour. She then drew aside the curtain from a window that commanded a view of the path leading through the glen, and seated herself near it. Smiling at the restlessness that impelled her to commence her watch two hours before the time, she strove to amuse herself by forming various conjectures who Mr. Smith really was, and what could be the reasons for his wishing to conceal the existence of his child. When the midnight hour drew near she trembled with agitation and started at the rustling of every leaf. "It cannot be many minutes to twelve," thought she, leaning forward out of the open window to catch some sound of the stranger's approach. She could certainly hear the distant rattling of wheels and the hollow ringing of a horse's hoofs. The sounds became more distinct. At length through the openings of the trees she caught a glimpse of some vehicle which loomed darkly up against the midnight sky. It halted at the same spot where Mr. Smith had stopped his chaise, the same protruding limb of the apple-tree probably affording a convenient place to tie the horse. In a few moments a person entered the footpath, bearing something in his arms. Mrs. Harlowe's heart

beat audibly as he drew near the cottage. She had, in her letter, proposed for him to give three smart strokes against the door with his whip, to be repeated after an interval of about a minute, which she thought would rouse Sanders, when she could shortly afterward, as if disturbed by the same noise, appear herself. He was now near enough to assure her by his size and figure that he was the stranger she had before seen. When he perceived her at the window he faltered a little and then waved his hand. She answered in like manner, and re-assured he approached the door-steps, deposited his burden and gave the proposed signal. Mrs. Harlowe listened and thought she heard a movement in Sanders's chamber. The strokes were repeated, which thoroughly aroused him. She looked from the window—the stranger yet lingered. Heavy footsteps were now near the door, and hastily bending over the sacred deposit he darted aside and concealed himself behind a clump of rose-bushes.

"Who is there?" said Sanders in a voice so tremulous that Mrs. Harlowe who heard the question, was convinced that his imagination was filled with robbers. No answer being returned he repeated the enquiry in a more resolute tone. "You may speak or not, as you please," he then muttered to himself, "but I shall not open the door on uncertainties."

Mrs. Harlowe now made her appearance, followed closely by Amy, who had likewise been disturbed by the knocking.

"Why don't you open the door?" said Mrs. Harlowe, addressing Sanders.

"And let in a whole gang of thieves for what I know to the contrary," said he.

"There's not a soul to be seen," said Amy, who had been reconnoitering from the window.

Mrs. Harlowe, now in spite of the remonstrances of Sanders, opened the door. It was a clear, starry night, and the object on the door-step was easily discerned.

"I beg of you not to go near it," said Sanders, catching hold of her dress as she made a movement toward the basket. "I'll warrant you all manner of murderous traps and fire-works that will go off at a single touch are concealed in it."

Quietly commanding him to release her she bent over the basket, and removing a portion of light, snowy drapery, revealed the features of a sleeping infant. Exclamations of surprise simultaneously broke from the lips of Sanders and Amy.

"If this don't beat all," said Sanders. "What shall we do with it, Mrs. Harlowe?"

"Carry it into the house," she replied, "and take care of it."

"But do you consider what a nation sight of

trouble it is going to make?" rejoined he. "Why the little pig I bought yesterday of old Thrivington that won't eat a drop of milk without being sweetened will be nothing to it."

"It will not do to let the child perish from exposure," said Mrs. Harlowe, taking it into her arms, and telling Amy to bring in the basket.

On removing a neatly embroidered blanket a slip of paper was found pinned to the child's dress, containing these words.

"She was three months old the seventeenth of June. Her name is Ellen, to which the lady who takes charge of her may, if she please, add her own surname."

A small package of clothing of the finest materials and ornamented with the most delicate embroidery, had been placed in the basket at the feet of the infant. Inside the package were fifty dollars, on the envelope of which was written, "The like sum will, if possible, be remitted every six months." The sight of the money reconciled Sanders to the cries of the child, whose slumbers had been broken by removing it from the basket, and he ran to assist Amy to kindle a fire for the purpose of warming some milk. Mrs. Harlowe soon succeeding in quieting her, and it was not without a secret pleasure she found that for so young a child it was remarkably pretty. Mrs. Harlowe seemed destined to supply the town with food for gossip, and the wonder excited by the readily coined fabrication respecting her intended marriage with Mr. Smith was succeeded by this new wonder based on something more substantial.

Little Ellen like other healthy children grew rapidly in size, and in the opinion of her protectress still more rapidly in beauty. Months passed on and nothing transpired to throw the least light upon her origin.

"Do you know," said Amy, addressing Mrs. Harlowe, as she sat one evening rocking the cradle, "that it is just six months to-day since the little innocent was brought here?"

"It did not occur to me," replied her mistress.

At that moment a rap was heard against the outer door. Amy opened it, and a letter was handed her by a man who withdrew without speaking. It was directed to Mrs. Harlowe, and contained fifty dollars and these words.

"The person who confided Ellen to your care the nineteenth of last June has every reason to be satisfied with the care and attention bestowed on her. Continue that care and attention, and the blessings of a wrung and lacerated heart will be yours, and, as I hope hereafter, that which will yield you more substantial benefit."

When Ellen had attained the age of ten no

light had been shed upon the mystery which shrouded her birth. The sum of fifty dollars had been punctually remitted semi-annually, and generally in a blank envelope. The child's exceeding beauty had already procured for her the appellation of the "Rosewood Glen," and it would have been difficult to imagine a lovelier being. Mrs. Harlowe who was a well educated, judicious woman, took great pains to cultivate her moral and physical powers, well knowing it to be the best preparation for the healthful development of the intellectual. About this time she received the subjoined letter from the usual source.

"Compelled by circumstances which I cannot control, I shall in a few days embark for a foreign country, where I shall probably remain six or seven years. I have never once looked upon the face of my child since I committed her to your protection. I have just been informed that a celebrated musical corps on their way to a distant city will give a concert in the town where you reside next Thursday evening. Will you go and take Ellen with you? It will be the only chance I can have of seeing her, as I dare not, on several accounts, venture to request an interview at your house. I think I should at once recognize her, but to obviate any difficulty in that respect, let her bonnet be wreathed with some of those cinnamon roses which grow near your windows. I need give no directions relative to her education: your own good sense will be your best adviser. When my days of exile are numbered I hope to claim and acknowledge her as my own. I have thus far found you perfectly discreet. Continue to be so, as any indiscretion now would more than ever be attended with pernicious consequences. Enclosed are six hundred dollars."

Thursday evening arrived, and Mrs. Harlowe and Ellen were among the first to take their seats in the concert room. As requested in the letter, a wreath of cinnamon roses bound the hat of Ellen, beneath which her hair of a bright, sunny brown, flowed in easy curls over her neck and shoulders. Her lips, fresh and glowing as the first rose-bud of June, were slightly parted, and her eyes of that gazelle-like size and liquid lustre so famed in the oriental olime, were lit up with pleasure and the excitement of expectation as she sat regarding the brilliantly lighted orchestra.

As the court of common pleas was sitting in the village at the time, many persons, a great part of them from a distance, were drawn together, so that among those who were now fast pouring into the concert-room were several gentlemen that were entire strangers to Mrs. Harlowe. As yet, however, there had no one entered who in figure and air appeared to resemble him in whom she was most deeply interested. At length, when the music was just about to commence, and almost every seat was filled, a gen-

tleman arrived who might be a little rising of thirty, whose distinguished air marked him as one familiar with good society, and who, Mrs. Harlowe felt sure, was the father of Ellen. A fine forehead, above which clustered curls dark as the wings of night, eyes of the same hue, brilliant and deep set, a well shaped nose and firm lips, which with their haughty curve indicated an energetic and unbending will, would have rendered him conspicuous among a much larger assembly. All eyes were upon him, and the whispered words, "Who is he? Who can he be?" passed from lip to lip. None were able to answer. Even the landlord of the hotel who was a successor of the one who entertained Mr. Smith ten years before, could only tell that he was a traveller, who, when he heard there was to be a concert that evening, immediately came to the conclusion to attend. Mrs. Harlowe was more confirmed in her conjecture concerning him, when after casting round the room a keen and searching look, he placed himself where he could obtain a fair view of Ellen. After earnestly regarding her for a few moments he veiled his eyes with his hand, evidently making a strong effort to subdue some powerful emotion. That beautiful and innocent face had indeed been to him like an enchanter's wand. The mists of time rolled away from the scenes of days gone by, and one with a face as fair and scarcely less child-like in its innocence was beaming upon him. The music fell on his ear unheeded, for a sweet and thrilling voice was mingling its tones with a waterfall. The waving boughs of a greenwood tree, glimpses of the blue sky between, gleams of golden sunlight fitfully quivering on the moss and flowers beneath, were all associated with the fairy form which had been to him as a lovely morning dream. Mrs. Harlowe trembled lest his agitation should be observed, but as she possessed a clew which others knew not of, it was to them less apparent. The scene vanished, recollection of the present returned, and during the remainder of the evening he sat calm and self-possessed.

When the concert was closed he contrived to be jostled by the crowd close to the side of Mrs. Harlowe. He placed something in her hand, and then as rapidly as possible made his way toward the door. As soon as Ellen, who slept in the same chamber with her was asleep, Mrs. Harlowe opened the package given her by the stranger. It contained two miniatures. One was a faithful likeness of himself, the other that of a lady in the bloom of youth. She could hardly suppress feeling and intellectual expression belonging to an exclamation of delight as the sweet face looked up to hers, and which resembled Ellen's in every lineament. The only difference was the deep

the miniature which must ever slumber in the depths of the beaming eye and dimples of the rosy mouth, till the threshold of childhood has been passed.

These lines, written in pencil, accompanied them.

"Let no eye except yours look on these miniatures till Ellen is eighteen. If by that time you hear nothing from me let her see them, and tell her that it was thus her parents looked when they were young and happy. Teach her at the same time to lock the secret in her own bosom."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

PITY'S TEAR.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

WHEN fanned by zephyr's balmy wing,
Sweet is the rosy breath of Spring;
Illusions sweet the soul beguile,
When blushing beauty deigns to smile;
But sweetness more intensely dear
Distils from Pity's melting tear.

Mild is the Evening's parting beam,
Reflected from the silver stream;
In softer beams of shadowy light,
Still milder shines the queen of night;
But Virtue's mildest rays appear
Enshrined in Pity's lucid tear.

By memory wak'd the pensive eye,
Reviews past scenes of tender joy;
Such scenes, though sad, we fondly love,
So plaintive mourns the widowed dove,
Yet plaints more tender far appear
When Pity drops the soothing tear.

Dear to the blooming, fragrant flowers,
Are vernal suns and genial showers,
To lovers dear the magic name
Which vibrates thro' the impassioned frame;
But ah! more exquisitely dear
The bliss that flows from Pity's tear.

Ah! ne'er may hollow Art supply
With mimic tears the streaming eye,
Nor pleasure's soft alluring spells
Seduce the heart where pity dwells,
But sensibility be near
To prompt the sweet voluptuous tear.

When dark distress with looks unkind
Freezes the warm ingenuous mind,
And dead to Sorrow's various moan
Would weep but for itself alone,
May generous sympathy be there,
And Pity's meek dissolving tear.

Take, conqueror, take the meed you seek,
The widow's tear, the orphan's shriek;
Let Glory's blood-stained wreath be thine,
The sacred pulse of Pity mine;
Mine—what to heaven itself is dear,
The pathos of her simple tear.

KENTUCKY IN '76.

A LEGEND OF THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND.

BY DR. ROBERT E. LITTLE.

"We do love those ancient ruins,
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history."

—"The flood of time is rolling on—
We stand upon its brink whilst they are gone
To glide in peace down death's mysterious stream.
—Have ye done well? They moulder flesh and bone,
Who might have made this life's enamored dream,
A sweeter draught than ye will ever taste, I deem."
SHELLY.

ALL who are conversant with western history—the history of that period in Kentucky on the "Dark and Bloody Ground" as it was formerly called, so replete with danger and misfortune to the hardy pioneer from the ambuscade assaults of the wild and vengeful Indian—have heard of the old Boonsborough Fort. Not a trace now remains of this renowned safehold from the inroads of the savage—even the magnificent elm under whose wide spreading branches the venerable Lythe was accustomed to send up his voice in humble accents to the God of his fathers, a monument of other ages which for centuries has reared its head and dared the fury of the elements, has yielded to the influence of Time and disappeared from its ancient seat—but the waters of the same river which washed its base and wafted onward the light bark of the warrior, rolls on with calm and peaceful waves as in former days—the waters of the same spring from which the devoted few slaked their thirst, now supply the wants of the neighboring farmer, and the same hills which overlooked the fort in towering sublimity, and afforded a lurking place for its enemies, now yield a rich pasturage to the lowing herd.

Within the last fifty years the aspect of the whole scene has been changed—here where nature's ancient domain was undisturbed—here where the hunter fatigued himself in pursuit of the deer and buffalo—here where the forest re-echoed from hill to hill with the howling of the wolf and panther and the yell of the savage, are finely cultivated fields teeming with the produce of the farm—pastures displaying their cultivated verdure—herds of cattle breathing life to the surrounding hills, and the hum of busy man coming cheerful upon the ear. For the last time has the warrior launched his frail bark upon the waters of the noble Ken-tuck-ee—for the last time has he sent forth among its blue hills the war whoop so terrifying to the defenceless settler—here for the last time has he been appalled by the workings of the Tempest-king, and never again

will he bow down on its banks in supplication to the Great Spirit. His doom is sealed; he is retiring before the influence of civilization as the darkness of night before the morning's sun. But his name will live in the noble state to which he gave a title as well as in the numerous stories of adventure, similar to the one about to be related.

In the spring of 1775, a year memorable alike for the commencement of that struggle by which we were enabled to throw off the yoke of British tyranny, and for the difficulties experienced by the emigrant in his efforts to subdue the hitherto impenetrable and inhospitable region of Kentucky, the Boonsborough Fort was erected on the south bank of the river, as a defence against the incursions of the northern Indians who were jealous of the whites, justly fearing that the hunting-grounds purchased by the blood of their fathers would be torn from them, that farms would be erected upon their graves, and they themselves hunted down like beasts of the forest, and compelled to seek other homes. For several years after its erection the outrages perpetrated indicated that it was their determination to destroy the different stations and thus prevent the further settlement of the country. Among other settlements Boonsborough suffered severely, having withstood a siege of nine days carried on by a superior force of French and Indians. Our story commences immediately after the siege when the garrison was much weakened in point of numbers—when it was dangerous to appear outside the picketing as the savages were concealed in the neighboring thickets, always ready to fire on those who were so hardy as to appear, or so unfortunate as to be thrown in their way.

The early settlers of Kentucky were composed of emigrants principally from Virginia and North Carolina—men who with their families had left their native firesides and sought a home in a wild and unsettled country, with its attendant toils, privations and dangers, which were of no ordinary character—a race of men who are fast passing away. They were brave and energetic—fearless of danger—their best friend was their rifle, as it was their constant companion for years both in the field and chase, while not unfrequently the forest was their couch, with no covering save the vaulted heavens above. Calculating selfishness (the usual consequence of merging from a forest to a refined state of life) is not one of the traits of character transmitted by them to their posterity. Brave and magnanimous on the field of battle—courteous and hospitable at home the Kentuckian of the present day fully maintains the reputation of his ancestors for all that is great, noble and good.

Although sixty-eight years have passed away

since its erection, there still may be seen a small log building on the right of the road leading from the village of Richmond to the ferry at Boonsborough—half a mile from the latter place. Its dilapidated appearance, crumbling stone chimney and moss-covered roof, indicate it to have been the residence of one of the pioneers of the country—and such it was. But everything immediately about it—the fallen trees—the luxuriant undergrowth, and the numberless briar bushes tell of its desertion and neglect—while the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the cattle as they feed upon the rich fields of clover in the distance—the running to and fro of men in the corn and harvest field, bespeak the activity of the hand of improvement. Years ago and this was the habitation of John Cameron—a native of South Carolina—but of Scotch descent. Among the first emigrants who had settled in Kentucky, he assisted in building the fort, but shortly after its completion, being weary of the restraint attendant upon the number of families living within the enclosure, determined to make a "*clearing*" and erect a cabin at a short distance from the fort, so that in case of disturbance he might retire to it for protection. During its investment by the French and Indians he sought refuge in it, and from some cause or other his improvements escaped the incendiary torch of the besiegers, so that upon the retirement of the main body he again ventured out, notwithstanding the advice of those who were well acquainted with their treachery.

The Cameron family consisted of the father, mother, son and daughter. A succession of misfortunes had induced them to leave their native state and brave the dangers of a pioneer life with the hope of being able in course of time to retrieve the past. Though in moderate circumstances, their hospitality drew around their fireside the best society of the neighborhood, while not a few were attracted by the charms of the daughter Edith, as lovely a girl as sported in all the buoyancy of youth upon the banks of the glassy Pedee.

A love for our native land is common to all—but by none is an absence from it more poignantly felt than by the young and inexperienced. Home! happy home! away from it we are constantly wandering in imagination to the spot most dear to us on earth—memory points to us in vivid colors the scenes of youth—the rocks—the blue hills, and the forest around the place of our birth. Days of our youth! days of innocence and delight which pass off as sweetly as the dew from the leaf under the warming influence of a May day sun—when past they never can be recalled—and

then, only then do we realize the truth of the destiny of the boy in the fable who wandered from home in search of contentment—when in reality he had left upon his own native hearth that for which he had exiled himself. An anticipated departure from childhood's abode is scarcely less painful than the reality. The eyes of Edith Cameron filled with tears as she seated herself at the foot of the hillock from which issued the stream of water whence she was accustomed to draw the daily supply. The next day's rising sun would behold her preparing to leave those scenes where she had spent the happiest period of life—perhaps never to revisit them. The rippling brook—its banks bedecked with sweetest flowers, and the moss-covered arbor under which she delighted to seat herself at the hour of twilight and weave those webs of anticipation so delightful to the imagination of youth—would be left behind. The clear starlight of a southern sky flashing through the dense forest, and the music of the woodlark would be remembered only with the past. With such anticipations as these need we say that the girl wept tears of regret? Edith's companion (for she had one) was a youth some twenty-two years of age—of robust frame—the image of health and manly vigor. From earliest infancy they had been associates—had attended the same school and read from the same book—he had been her defender from the rudeness of the other boys, and in turn for his gallantry he was always permitted to attend her to her father's gate on their return from school. Their friendship as they grew older ripened into love—but never until the evening referred to had William Hervey ventured to speak of the secrets of his heart. The moon was high in the heavens ere they parted that night. What passed between them need scarcely be told—they were affianced—vows were plighted before heaven—and he was to follow the Cameron family to the wilds of Kentucky in the course of the succeeding spring.

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An interval of a few months must be passed over. The family arrived safely at their new home—improvements were made—and the arrival of young Hervey expected. He at length made his appearance, and again there was rejoicing under the humble roof of the settlers—though in the midst of danger, and every moment liable to an attack from their enemies. Late in autumn the marriage of Hervey and Edith was to be celebrated. The appointed day rolled round—the company assembled, and the blazing of the huge maple and hickory wood fire as it reflected its light upon the rude ceiling imparted an air of comfort to the well filled building. The bride arrayed in virgin white, leaning upon the

arm of the groom, made her appearance—silence prevailed—the aged minister, his hair silvered by the frosts of many winters, approached and began the ceremony which was to unite the young and happy couple in bonds to be severed only by death, when yells fierce and terrific were heard without. A moment more, and a score of disguised demons forced the door—but the astonishment and awe into which those within the house were thrown gave way, and their assailants were met at the threshold with a determination not anticipated by the swarthy band. The females retired to an inner room for protection while the men defended the doors. As the entrance to the house was narrow the whites had the advantage, although in point of number they were less than the Indians. Warrior after warrior fell back dead upon those in the rear until the Indian force was much weakened. For hours the strife continued with unabated fury—hope on the part of the whites had almost fled, when suddenly the Indians retired from the contest, and left them in possession of the house. The whole party (now weakened by the loss of three of the stoutest hearts that ever beat) again assembled to finish the ceremony which was interrupted before its conclusion, and to consult as to the future. Having determined to abandon the place and retire to the fort, they were upon the eve of doing so when their foes returned to the assault with renewed energy—and with more success. In the thickest of the fight appeared a tall warrior, towering above the rest—he seemed to be the leader of the band. Brandishing his hatchet he made his way into the midst of the whites, and seizing the almost inanimate form of Edith bore her in his arms to the door in safety. A scream of misery and despair burst from the lips of the groom and his friends when it was perceived that he had gained the open space, as they knew it would be madness to fire upon the savage protected as he was by his senseless burden. Followed by the rest of his band the warrior disappeared in the recesses of the forest.

Pursuit was determined upon. Reinforced by a party from the fort, the younger Cameron and Hervey, within a half hour after the retreat of the savages, were upon their trail. For nearly twenty-four hours the Indians did not venture to delay a moment, knowing that instant pursuit would be made. Upon the evening after the battle the pursuers caught a glimpse of their foes as they were ascending a hill some half mile distant from them. They wisely determined not to risk an engagement until night, when by stratagem they might be able to succeed with less danger to themselves.

The Indians halted at dark, but as if anticipating

an attack their fires were extinguished in the gloom. The night was dark and stormy—the moon failed to shed its rich and genial influence over the scene—and the winds whistled through the forest fearfully. No bird of omen warbled its mournful notes in token of its loneliness—not even the murmur of a distant waterfall as it fell from rock to rock from the mountains top was heard—the wind alone broke the stillness of nature. The darkness prevented them from making an attempt (as was at first agreed on) to rescue the prisoner—it was determined to await the first dawn of day and make the onset while they were yet sleeping. The whites were nine in number—while the Indian force amounted to fourteen.

The Indians did not take the precaution to bind closely their prisoner, so that upon the first discharge of the rifles of the pursuers she was enabled to disengage herself from the cords with which she was bound, but before she had gained her feet her captor stood over her, brandishing a war club which he had snatched from the hand of another as he was rising from the ground. Instantly the keen eye of Hervey recognized the savage, and levelling his gun he fired. The ball pierced the Indian's forehead, who leaped from the ground and fell dead. In quick and rapid succession the rest of the party fired again and again until the Indians perceiving their diminished number made a hasty retreat, leaving behind their guns and other instruments of death. Infuriated at the cruelty of the savages the whites pursued them for miles: two fell from fatigue and were despatched by the hatchet, while the third, desperate from the numerous wounds received, coming to the Licking where the banks are high and abrupt, determined to sacrifice himself rather than to fall under the knife of the white man, and precipitated himself into the bounding stream and perished beneath its waves. Thus died the last of the band of the brave but cruel chieftain Ki-o-da-go.

The party returned from the pursuit without an accident. Hervey and his wife after the cessation of hostilities and the death of their parents, which occurred shortly afterward, removed some distance into the country from the river, and but a few years have elapsed since they yielded up in peace their spirit to God. Their descendants are numerous, and to this day do they recount to their children the scenes of the "Bridal Eve."

This is but one of the incidents with which the "Dark and Bloody Ground" is rife. Scarcely a clearing there but had its legend. At our day it is difficult to believe all the perils to which our fathers were subjected; or the privations which the mothers and daughters of Kentucky endured.

TO A FRIEND.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

ALL pure art thou in stainless worth
That speaks in every look and tone,
Unlike the careless aimless crowd
Of trifling idlers I have known;
Proud in thy conscious dignity,
Yet frank and gentle, glad and kind,
Few from thy simple mien would guess
The rich stored treasures of thy mind,
Or know that in the lists of fame
Thy name will brightly be enwreathed,
And that the purest strains that grace
Our country's lyre thy lips have breathed,
For thou dost ever shun display
And hate the city's noisy din,
Dwelling 'mid pleasant scenes afar
From crowded marts of care and sin,
Musing in wood embowered glade;
By mountain path or rippling stream,
Or in the ripened harvest field
Weaving some soft impassioned dream;
And yet thou art not one who loathes
The duties of life's common day,
Or lets the golden hours of time
Slip heedless, uselessly away,
For nervous, manly, active toil,
The tenor of thy mind doth brace—
While true benevolence has lent
To words of thine a quiet grace;
No flatteries formed for lady's ear,
No studied lies thy lips impart,
No broken vow or faithless act
Has e'er disgraced thy noble heart,
Yet still that heart has bowed to love,
And woman reads within thine eyes
That tender worship of her charms,
That she must ever warmly prize,
And not to wile a vacant hour
Thou deem'st her to man's bosom given,
But by her virtue, love and truth,
To lead his wavering soul to heaven,
And when some passing sneer is breathed
On those who seem to thee divine,
The voice that echo's back the jest
Upon their faith is never thine.
Alas!—removed from fashion's halls
Thou dreamest not that she can be
The careless mother, heartless wife,
The creature born of vanity;
And yet man's faults thou well can'st see,
Tho' kindly and with pitying eye
Thou art not to the snares of earth
Blinded by weak simplicity,
So good thou art thou dost but know
Of evil ways these paths to fly
And look upon thy brother worm,
With keen, discerning, thoughtful eyes,
And when some fool but newly fledged
Amid the busy haunts of town
Would strive in mockery to laugh
Thy noblest, truest feelings down,

The cold, calm look of utter scorn
 That seems to read the fopling's heart,
 Sends to his cheek the flush of shame
 While nature triumphs over art,
 He feels the truth that all must feel
 Whoe'er thy words or actions scan,
 That thou art God's most hallowed work,
 An *honest, upright, truthful* man,
 And worldliness, tho' it may boast
 Of wisdom which is guilt to learn,
 And knows to hide the aching heart
 That with the throes of pain must burn,
 Would oft peruse a useful page
 If they thy life would study well,
 For while thy want of guile brings peace,
 Their cunning is the road to hell;
 'Tis true the ways that thou hast ta'en
 Are not the ways to gather gold,
 Thy lofty soul could not be taught
 The greedy grasp the misers hold,
 But all that thou wilt ask or wish
 In strictest honor thou may'st gain,
 An independence justly earned,
 A name the world will never stain,
 And to thine own one soul is linked
 With thoughts that time have ne'er effaced,
 Not by o'erwrought fastidiousness,
 The world calls sympathy of taste,
 But by the firmest spirit bond
 A trust in God, and honest pride,
 A tie that angels sanction here,
 And even death may not divide.

AH! WHY ART THOU NOT HERE.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

THE summer stars look brightly down
 Upon the tranquil sea,
 The evening breeze is hushed and gone
 From mountain, stream and tree.
 The promised hour hath long past by,
 And yet a distant sphere
 Still chains thy heart, and charms thine eye—
 Ah! why art thou not here?

Thrice have the flowers of Spring-tide blushed,
 The green leaves waked in bloom,
 And zephyrs through the bright bowers rushed,
 O'erladen with perfume;
 And thrice the summer wreaths have worn
 The brightness they now wear,
 Since from our shore thy bark was borne—
 Ah! why art thou not here?

Thy parting words had bade me hope
 At that lone eventide,
 "Ere the next dream of spring may ope
 I'll be, sweet! at thy side."
 Yet thrice the light spring's buds put on,
 Hath darkened o'er their bier,
 And thrice the stars of summer shone—
 Ah! why art thou not here?

VOL. VI.—14

WAS SIDNEY RIGHT TO BE JEALOUS?

BY W. F. HARRIS, M. D.

A SHORT time after leaving college, feeling disposed to take a trip of pleasure, I determined to make a journey of two or three days, and spend a week with an old classmate, who resided in the little village of A—. Although our homes were far apart we had met in early youth at a classical school. Necessarily kept much together by our studies we had gradually blended our habits and tastes to harmonize, and by degrees almost entirely separated ourselves from the rest of our schoolmates.

My friend and companion, Sidney Baskerville, was far from being the proud, unsociable person he was generally considered. His mind was quick and even brilliant, his temper mild but excitable, and although sensitive and reserved among casual acquaintances, no one was more free and confiding, generous and faithful, when he had discovered a congenial spirit deemed worthy of his confidence. Thrown thus constantly and closely together and dependent almost exclusively on each other for enjoyment in happiness, or sympathy in sorrow, we soon became the sole trusted partners of the others most secret thoughts. Determined not to be separated on leaving the school we had entered, we matriculated in the same college and continued together the studies we had pursued with such mutual satisfaction. Two years thus spent bound us more firmly together, and when at length the time came for us to part and each enter separately on the busy scenes of life, we made solemn vows to preserve a knowledge of the progress of each through the world by visits, in succession, as it might be practicable.

Sidney was well favored to ride safely if not triumphantly on the boisterous waters of life. He had a good person and pleasing countenance; his mind was well disciplined and liberally stored with useful learning; and he possessed a fortune, although not large, sufficient to allow him full time to gain reputation and profit after the usual long and tedious apprenticeship of the law.

During our intimacy I had learned much of his private history. He was an orphan, and, as most young men are, a lover, and had long confided to me an engagement between himself and the beautiful daughter of his guardian. They had been plighted when he was in his fifteenth, and she only in her thirteenth year. Often in our moonlight walks he had discoursed with the usual loquacity, and, as I thought, exaggeration of a lover, on her beauties and accomplishments. Well satisfied that no changes could shake the

constancy of his own heart, he placed the same implicit confidence in her attachment, and was always the first to condemn the lines of Scott as a slander, in which he compares the constancy of the gentler sex to the shade of an Aspen leaf. Whether the romantic descriptions he had given of her beauty were true, and whether or not time had made an unfavorable change on the love of his betrothed I expected to solve by my visit. Of the latter I began to have some fears, as during the last few months he had become a very negligent correspondent, and I had observed an unusual sadness in his letters which caused me to suspect that everything had not gone on as happily as his sanguine hopes had anticipated. Such apprehensions about the welfare of my friend induced me to mount my horse for a journey, on a disagreeable day at that season of the year when the last snows of winter are wafted about by the winds of March. However, after two days journey, I arrived safely and was welcomed with his accustomed cordiality, by Baskerville at the hotel of A—, whither he had removed to practice law.

We were soon comfortably seated in a neat office he occupied, situated on the Court Green, and although the snow pattered against the casement, and a cold and whistling March wind roared through the trees around, the comforts of blazing hearth and the joy of meeting, after a longer absence than had separated us for the preceding five years, made us as insensible to the tempest as if it had been an April shower. Hour after hour we travelled over school and college scenes, now calling to mind passages of our favorite authors on which we had delighted to dwell, or praising the beauties of a theorem—then discussing the various tenets of philosophers which had been subjects of innumerable disputations in days of yore—then came inquiries and comments on the characters and destinies of many an old college friend—with regrets and apprehensions that so few of us would ever again be thrown together on the shifting scenes of life—and then came the treasured remembrance of the paternal kindness and admiration of the talents of those professors who had toiled with, and guided us through the intricate but beautiful mazes of science—and lastly, our parting with them, and each other brought us to that boundary of life up to which we had travelled happily together, and on stepping over which we were to separate like the diverging rays of the sun, each to find some clod of earth on which to rear a flower or a thorn.

Oh! the past! thou all-powerful and inexorable monarch from whose judgment there is no appeal, from whose lion grasp no escape. How

is it that in ages past when altars rose and victims bled to every stone and every star; when every real or imaginary object was made a God, that no sacrifice was offered, no incense smoked to propitiate thy power?—Was it because thy judgments are irrevocable, and thy hold unrelaxed save by the touch of decay, which consigns thy deeds to "cold obstruction's apathy." The present may be improved, the future guarded against, but the past is all thine own: from which it is impossible to wrench the sweetest pleasure or the bitterest sorrow. How few of us can look back on thy ebbing stream without a sigh for some fault committed or opportunity neglected, and not wish to float again on the bright and tiny ripples of youth before we launch forth on the boundless waves of Eternity. Yet what is past is gone forever, and though words and deeds stand forth in dazzling colors on memory's faithful page, so must they abide to the end of Time, and although we may long retain them in our mind, yet each circling of the monarch's wand causes them to grow fainter and fainter until finally the clipped or worn out thread of life withdraws even the outlines from our gaze.

I had now become quite impatient to learn something of my friend's present prospects, or rather of his "*affaire de cœur*" as that was most likely to be the principal subject on his mind. Although quite gay and cheerful when we discussed the various events of our past lives, I observed a melancholy gloom on his features which appeared more marked than usual, and I had several times remarked a flush of anger, and a sarcastic curl of the lip when mention was made of some fair acquaintance of the gentler sex. He had made no allusion to the lady of whom, when we were before together, he so much delighted to speak, but as our confidence had heretofore been unlimited I thought I might venture a hint by way of directing his thoughts to the subject.

"Well, Sidney," I remarked after a pause in our conversation, "how have your matrimonial schemes progressed which formerly rendered you so impatient of your college term, as being the only barrier to perfect happiness."

"They have been dashed to atoms," he replied in a tone of deep bitterness, and rising from his seat strode rapidly to and fro across the room, "and a fool have I been to trust my happiness to a woman's constancy."

"I am sorry," I added, "that you have cause to judge them so harshly, and had hoped to find that you were about to realize your former bright anticipations—but perhaps you need not yet despair as you know the adage, 'the course of true love never did run smooth.'" He walked on in

silence for a few moments apparently endeavoring to soothe the heart-rending associations which my remark had called forth, then spoke in a calmer tone—

"No, indeed! I am far from realizing what I then considered the brightest vision of happiness I had ever beheld—and alas! awoke to find it but a dream. My heart was then warm, doting, confiding—I could not doubt one whose beauty, gentleness, and innocence marked her above all others as a model of such truth and loveliness as angels might not blush to wear—I had treasured her image in the deepest recess of my heart, and for years she had been my only earthly idol—on whose shrine I had offered up the dearest and most hallowed victim—a disinterested and devoted love. But time and circumstances have lifted that seeming veil of purity and proved that those delusive beauties formed but a 'gilded halo hovering round decay.' To find such fickleness of heart and disregard of plighted faith in a being of such celestial mould is enough to stagger the creed of the wildest advocate of human perfectibility—alas! we live in a golden age, but not that of which old Ovid speaks when truth, love, confidence, honor composed the current coin on which happiness was stamped. This might be characterized as a Carthaginian era in which '*punic faith*' and punic virtue are bartered for punic gold. But when I permit my thoughts to dwell on this subject my passion guides my reason—so let us to the facts. I hurried home as soon as I could do so with credit, eager to consummate an engagement which had cheered and consoled me during my necessary absence: but imagine, for I cannot describe it to you, my grief and mortification to hear, on reaching the neighborhood, that she was receiving the addresses, and thought to be engaged to a young gentleman who had recently made his appearance in the village of A—. In every company I heard their names coupled together, with a long eulogium on his immense fortune, handsome appearance, gracious manners, together with a train of moral and social qualities in all the exaggerated colors that language can invent to pay court to wealth. Mr. Charles Vernon had been received with marked distinction by everybody in the village. Daily invitations to dinners, tea-parties, and pleasure excursions were handed him, and at each he appeared as the honored guest. Several weeks passed in this way before Mr. Vernon showed any decided preference for either of the village belles: it might have been from a desire to exercise caution and deliberation in selecting a partner for his bosom, or perhaps well satisfied with the gracious reception he met with from all, and conscious that it depended somewhat on

the uncertainty of his *intentions*, he was rather reluctant to exchange that for the affection of *one*. He was modest, unassuming and courteous to all; and although he generally paid *particular* attention to one at a dinner or party, he was sure to select another on the following day: thus after raising and blasting in turn the hopes of many, he at length confined his attentions exclusively to Agnes Lindsay, and for the preceding two or three weeks had been her constant attendant. Such was the report I received from a friend immediately on my return from college.

"I determined to repair immediately to the house of her father, a few miles from this place, and learn from her whether or not I should still consider myself in the position of an affianced lover. It was a pleasant evening, although the latter part of November, that I dismounted and rang the bell at the door of my guardian. A servant answered to the summons, from whom I learned that Mr. Lindsay and his lady had rode out, and that Miss Agnes was in the garden with Mr. Vernon. Concealing my vexation as well as I could at this intelligence, for I was not in the most amiable mood before, I remarked that I would wait for them in the drawing-room. Having resided with my guardian during my college vacations, and being looked on as a member of the family, the servant withdrew without further ceremony. Walking to a back door of the drawing-room I perceived the two coming up the walk arm in arm. Wishing our first interview to be private, and hoping that Vernon would leave immediately after reaching the house, I turned into a small room adjoining the parlor used as a library, and took up a volume to occupy the time. They soon entered the drawing-room and approached a table near the door of the library, on which stood a flower vase, for the purpose, I presume, of placing in it some flowers or evergreens they held in their hands. Although very near to the table at which they stood, my position was such as to screen me from their view, and I was thus unavoidably a listener to a part of their conversation.

"*'I learn that Mr. Baskerville is daily expected,'* said the voice of the gentleman, *'and if old reports be true he will monopolize Miss Agnes' company and smiles.'*

"*'Pshaw!'* replied the lady, *'I had thought those idle reports had died away years ago—I have always looked on Sidney as a brother, and I presume they originated from the circumstance of his living here, and because we were seen so often together. I can assure you his presence will not change my conduct to others.'*

"*'I thank you heartily for that assertion,'* said the gentleman in a very significant tone, *'it has*

relieved me of apprehensions which have heretofore caused me great uneasiness.'

"The volume I had taken up happened to be Lord Byron's poems, and by a strange fatuity at that moment when my feelings were wrought to the highest point of jealous and infuriated passion, my eye fell on the line,

'Woman thy vows we traced in sand.'

The coincidence between my own feelings and the words of the author thus accidentally opened to me, appeared both as a warning and a proof, and stung to madness by the two I seized my hat and left the room, unperceived, by another door. In the passage I met the favorite old house servant, James, whose face expressed wonder and surprise at my hasty leave, but not heeding his assertions, how grieved master and mistress and Miss Agnes would be, I told him only to say that 'calling in a hurry and finding all the family out I would return the next evening,' and hastily mounting my horse I galloped back to the hotel, determined to return the next evening, and if I found her heart changed toward me as I had too much reason to suspect, that it should be our last interview.

"The next evening, after the lapse of twenty-four hours, during which time my feelings may be more easily imagined than described, I again dismounted at the house of Mr. Lindsay. James answered to the call, and to my inquiry whether Miss Lindsay was at home, replied in a hesitating, stammering voice (very different from his usual manner) that Miss Agnes had gone out in company with Miss Dupuy and Mr. Vernon. I made no other inquiry, but remounting my horse did not draw the rein until I reached a small farm of my own about twenty miles distant. There I spent the next two months in sullenness and perfect seclusion. At the end of that time my love for solitude and my ill humor having somewhat worn off, I determined to carry into effect my previous intentions of settling in this village to practice my profession, and I immediately established myself in my present quarters. Still hearing nothing authentic concerning an engagement between Miss Lindsay and Mr. Vernon, I began to think, on more mature reflection, that I had acted rather too harshly. Yet although Mr. Lindsay had repeatedly asked me to call again, I resolved that our first meeting should appear accidental and on some public occasion, knowing that a party would be given in a few days, to which both of us had received cards, and that I would then give her an opportunity, if she desired an explanation, and it would be after a manner more agreeable to my own pride.

"The evening of the party I entered the drawing-room more disposed to bring about a reconciliation than I had been for the preceding two months, but it unfortunately happened that when I first beheld Agnes she was promenading the room with Vernon, and to all appearances delighted with her partner. The words which I had last heard her utter flashed across my mind, the close and suspicious attentions of Vernon gave me additional cause to be jealous, and in a moment pride and anger banished every feeling of love from my bosom. I would gladly have retreated from the room without addressing her, but at that moment our eyes met, and I could not turn from her smile of recognition. I advanced and paid my respects in a polite, but cold and formal manner; she at first appeared surprised and confused, but quickly regaining her self-possession, returned my salutation with a distant curtsy, and immediately addressed herself to another. From time to time I heard remarks of different members of the company, some asserting that she and Vernon were certainly engaged, others doubting whether he had addressed her, but all agreeing that his attentions were well received, and that sooner or later it would be a match. Such observations had a tendency to exasperate my feelings. I was just preparing to leave the place when I was accidentally thrown by the side of Miss Lindsay in a retired part of the room. At first our conversation was restricted to general and common place subjects, neither appeared willing to commence a subject on which it was evident to both of us that a quarrel was inevitable, and neither willing to make a concession; at length to an inquiry concerning the delicate health of her mother, she replied—

"That she presumed it was rather prompted by politeness than sincerity as my not having paid her father a visit, left no other solution than that I felt no interest in their welfare.'

"I think it is time to forget,' I replied, 'when I find that I have not only been forgotten, but that another has been admitted to that position *en famille* which I once flattered myself that I held.'

"Whether it be true or not you appear to have come to the conclusion without troubling yourself much to enquire,' she quickly said.

"It did not require a very strict investigation,' I retorted, 'as every person in the room believes you engaged to Mr. Vernon, and your conduct certainly justifies such a conclusion.'

"Which conclusion has been hastily and uncharitably drawn, and is without a shadow of truth. But I remember that I have not released you from an engagement which your conduct

convinces me is burdensome, and I can do so without first having supplied its place with another.'

"While speaking she drew from her finger a plain gold ring which I had placed on it five years before: as she did so I observed a tear steal down from her soft and downcast blue eye, and felt a slight tremor of her fair, delicate hand as she placed the ring in my own. Oh! what a sensation of loneliness and despair chills the heart when we receive back that little thread of gold linked with the sweet and happy associations of the first moments of plighted love? How it reminds us of the sacred vow—the bright anticipations of future happiness—and the all-confiding trust placed in the faith of one we love? And then to come back to prove those vows were false—those hopes of bliss but delusive dreams—and the heart cheated of its confidence, left to doubt and disbelief forever after.

"The feeling she displayed in spite of every effort to conceal it, and the denial of an engagement, the suspicion of which had been the chief cause of my rudeness, had nearly subdued my resentment, and I was fast changing the ground of an injured for that of a supplicating lover, when my evil genius in the person of Mr. Charles Vernon came up to inform Miss Lindsay that her party were waiting and he would hand her to her carriage.

"Such was our last interview, since which I have tried by resolution, offended pride, and a sense of misplaced affection to bury the past in oblivion, but in calmer moments of reflection I feel too truly that in that Lethe I cast every hope of future happiness, for I can never again have sufficient confidence in another to form the basis of a pure and disinterested love."

"And what, may I enquire, do you intend to do—enter the list again, or suffer a rival to bear off the prize while you are hesitating whether you will yield to love or pride?"

"My determination is to wait until Vernon has addressed her. If she discards him I shall then have no doubt in regard to her attachment, but if I make any advances at present, the old report that we are betrothed may induce him to break off, as I understand he is extremely cautious; and if such should be the case I could not be perfectly satisfied in regard to her past conduct—nor will the world; so that justice to herself requires that she should have an opportunity to clear it.

"I know full well that neglect on one part and a proffer of wealth on the other are powerful agents to work upon a woman's heart, but I know also that Agnes Lindsay has good sense and firmness of character sufficient to prevent her from adopting a precipitate course which might ruin

her future happiness merely to gratify a momentary revenge, supposing that she still loves me; and if she does not why I shall save myself the mortification of an unsuccessful effort—your visit is very opportune. Mr. Thornton gives a large party to-morrow evening; and I have a presentiment that my fate will be decided at that time. If Vernon has not already offered his hand I am very certain that he will at this party, as I learn he intends leaving our village the next day. You will no doubt receive an invitation, and I wish you to learn, if possible, anything which may transpire concerning them: inquiries made with that object by me would be instantly suspected; and I do not wish any one else to be aware of the interest I feel in the matter."

A card of invitation reached me in due time, and in company with Baskerville, who was to be my patron, at a *very fashionable* hour we entered the brilliant rooms of Mr. Thornton. A large company had assembled, comprising all the beauty and fashion of the village and neighboring country, and rarely had it been my good fortune to observe more loveliness, grace and elegance in any one collection. My anxiety to see the lovely being who had so long enthralled the noble heart of my friend was soon gratified: following his eyes with my own—for I knew his would be directed in search of *her* who was more to him than all the rest—I soon discovered they were bent with keen, but fiftful glances on a lady who was leaning forward an absorbed and attentive listener to the sweet voice and delightful music of an exquisite performer on the piano.

The silent and unbroken attention of the company gave me a fine opportunity to observe her very minutely. Her stature was tall and commanding, and her position at once careless and graceful. One hand rested lightly on the instrument with her tapering fingers, while the other was unconsciously entangling itself in the long, jet black locks of the performer, with which the curls of her own golden ringlets mingled in strong and beautiful contrast. So wrapt was she in the music that every note marked its effect in her beautiful and expressive countenance. At one moment as the singer's tones rose in full, rich strains, her soft blue eyes sparkled with the intense feeling and admiration which fine blue eyes so well express; and then as the notes died away in a soft, sentimental cadence, they looked like "violets dropping dew." So soft and dove-like were her eyes, and so sweet and gentle the expression of her small, nicely chiseled mouth that it was hard to believe she could be cruel even to the universal dupe of her sex—a lover.

The music ceased, and I turned my eyes immediately on the lady whose sweet voice and

well-taught hand had sent forth such melodious notes, anxious to discover whether my own imagination had sketched an ideal from the characteristics of her song which would bear any resemblance to her real appearance. Nor was I deceived in beholding a face so beautiful—and stamped with the softness, delicacy and timidity so eloquently portrayed in her music. She rose from her seat with exceeding modesty and grace and sought a retired part of the room, her cheek suffused with a blush—a beautiful blending of the rose and lily—and her snow white lids veiling with their “jetty fringe” the softest black eyes I had ever beheld—so diffidently and becomingly did she receive the universal applause which closed the finale of her song. An introduction to Miss Ashley (for such was her name) soon convinced me that the culture of her mind and heart had not been neglected for the sake of embellishing a person so exquisitely beautiful: the one had been stored with useful and ornamental learning, and the innate purity of the other well trained with moral precepts, as no tinsel ornament about her person displayed a taste for show, so likewise was her mind free from frivolous sentimentalism, and her heart from coquetry and deception. So modest and reserved was she naturally that it required some time to lay aside the embarrassment of a first acquaintance, and the uncertainty whether her own rigid principles of right and wrong so ultra to fashionable ethics, would coincide with the opinions of a stranger, required delicate and pressing encouragement to draw them from their unpolished fount. Hour after hour I sat contriving some new question or varied topic of conversation, to sound the correctness of her taste and the firmness of the pedestal on which she had based the fabric of her morality—and each word—each sentiment added a new link to strengthen the chain which bound together the beautiful and harmonious whole.

“Oh! Ellen,” exclaimed a young lady as she seated herself by Miss Ashley, “I have just heard a most interesting conversation. I had taken my seat at the window opening into the portico, when I heard the voices of Agnes and Mr. Vernon, and as I soon discovered they were discoursing on *la belle passion*, I thought a little eaves-dropping would be excusable.”

“Oh, fie, fie! Lucy, how could you listen?” exclaimed Miss Ashley.

“As I thought—I am to get a lecture for being so obliging—why nobody but you, Ellen, with your straight-laced notions of propriety and conscientious scruples could resist hearing a *declaration* which every one has been dying of curiosity to learn something about,” continued Miss Lucy

with great glee, “and now what do you think is the result?”

“Indeed I cannot say, unless you will allow me to guess twice,” said Miss Ashley.

“Oh! just like you, Miss Prudence, no wonder you are never wrong, since you never give an opinion unless you know the whole matter, so I must tell you. Well, we have all been disappointed, for I admit I never was more certain of anything in my life, but to all his hard pleading she gave a decisive no—no. I did not think Agnes was such a block-head, and with so little *ambition*—only see what a *fortune* she has lost. I am sure it will not be many days before she regrets her course. I wonder whom, Mr. Vernon will—”

Leaving Miss Lucy to finish her comments on Miss Lindsay's conduct, I hastened to whisper the intelligence to Sidney.

Not to keep you waiting, fair reader, to hear the denouement at second hand, imagine yourself stationed at the same window from which Miss Lucy has just heard the tragedy, and if you will lend an attentive ear (for love generally speaks in whispers) you may, perhaps, catch some words of the after-piece: and if scrupulous about the propriety of your position console yourself by saying that you have taken it merely to observe the scenery without. For that alone is worth your attention, as on this evening it exhibits one of “*dame nature's freaks*.” It is bright, balmy, and, strange to say, a calm evening in March. The moon, riding high in the heaven, displays her full, round disc as bright and soft as if she smiled on the harvest field. Observe now at the casement, gazing up at the bright sky, her thoughtful brow resting on and shaded by her hand, Miss Agnes Lindsay—and whose step does she hear?—see, he is approaching—and now Sidney Baskerville takes a seat at her side.

“Miss Lindsay,” said Baskerville, as he seated himself—“why do you appear at this moment so melancholy? Once it was unusual to see a shade on your brow. Let me be a partner in your present speculations.”

“They would but render you less fit to mingle in companionship with the gay company you have just left, as they were not anticipations of never-dying pleasure,” said Miss Lindsay, “since,” she continued, “I was drawing a comparison of similitude between these sudden changes of the season and the vicissitudes of human happiness: this evening is soft and genial as the month of June: the last was like December, and perhaps the next may be equally unpleasant.”

“Miss Lindsay is the last person,” he replied, “from whom I would have expected to hear such ominous reflections. When we parted a few years

ago your life had been *apparently* unclouded: and now your *future prospects* are envied by all your female acquaintances; and I cannot *now* take the liberty," he added, making it half a question, "of inquiring what hidden cares lie beneath the visible surface."

"Alas! how often is the world deceived by fictitious smiles, I have a far stronger claim on their pity," said Agnes in a sad and soliloquizing tone, without at all heeding the latter part of his remark.

"Ah! Agnes," said Sidney, "to see you witness a day of sorrow has made me regard with more reverence a retributive Providence: that one who has held the drugged cup to another should at last come to taste of its bitterness—I say it not in the spirit of revenge, for although you filled mine to the brim, so sacred is your happiness to me as the object of my first and long cherished love, I would forget how cruelly you repaid my devotion, and do all that friendship and sympathy can, to aid in rendering yours as bright and sparkling as ever. Come let me see you smile again. I sought you to communicate some pleasant intelligence for which I expect your congratulations, and to comply with a promise we mutually made several years ago."

"What promise?" said Agnes, with some embarrassment, "I do not remember."

"Do you not remember?" replied Sidney, "that we promised to tell the other when either became engaged to be married?"

"And to whom?" said she quickly.

"To Miss Ellen Ashley," said Sidney as he gazed anxiously in her face, which already pale, became slightly flushed, as with a powerful effort to appear unconcerned, then immediately grew deadly pale: and but for his timely support she would have fallen from her seat.

"She has fainted," he exclaimed, then chafing her temples as he whispered, "Agnes, dear, beautiful Agnes, forgive me, I did but jest. To no other have I ever given my heart, and to thee it is as true and devoted as ever. Say, dear Agnes, will you love me? Will you be mine?"

She spoke not, and as he bent forward to watch the motion of her lips, she smiled and her head *still* rested on his bosom.

Sometime after when he complained of her leaving home when she expected his visit, she said the servant neglected to deliver his message until the day after. And when reminded of her conversation with Vernon in the drawing-room, laughingly replied, "did you ever know a lady acknowledge an engagement?"

Now, gentle reader, (for lady I take you to be) the facts are before you—then answer me the question—"Was Sidney right to be jealous?"

THE EARLY FRIEND'S DEATH-BED.

BY H. J. BRADFORD!

My early friend—my early friend, I would not see thee now,
Death's ghastliness upon thy cheek—death's damp upon thy brow;
That current coursing languidly which once went bounding free,
My early friend—my early friend, I could not look on thee!

Oh, fain would I remember thee, as in those perished years,
Ere sorrow, care or "hope deferred" had scathed that cheek with tears,
Ere pale disease had rifled it, or thou hadst bowed thy head,
And wept away thy virgin bloom above the early dead.

Alas for those the stricken ones, where death has waved his wand,
The desolate who live to mourn the broken household band,
The silver cord whose severed links may never reunite
The blighted flower, the blasted bough—life's loveliness and might.

Oh, fain would I remember thee, as in those earlier years,
Ere round thee fell those shadows dark, which dim this vale of tears,
When 'mid this numerous household band, unbroken, unimpaired,
With thee were sympathy and joy, and all but sorrow shared.

Years past—our separate lots were cast, divided and apart,
But though thine image fled the eye, it never left the heart,
And when again I looked on thee, and breathed thine altered name,
In very selfishness I deemed thou scarce could'st be the same.

For infancy was in thy arms, and clustering at thy knee,
And many a glittering eye looked up imploringly, to thee,
And that pure brow, so placid still revealed the touch of care,
But oh, it seemed a hallowed trace, it dwelt so lightly there.

'Tis deepened now; those ties are rent; thou from an earthly love,
An earthly heritage art called, to wear a crown above,
Refulgent in thy Father's smile, whose brightness none can tell,
And angels wait to welcome thee—my early friend, farewell.

MILTON'S DREAM.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

It is the noon of a summer's day. The sky clear, cloudless, intensely blue—Italian as it was. A faint breeze rippling along the Mediterranean waters, is borne like a breath of life over the scorched and drooping foliage of a mulberry grove, which thinly skirted the shores of a Florentine bay. A young man who had for some time been wandering beneath the trees, apparently overcome by heat and fatigue, laid himself down on the shaded turf and gave way to sleep: his face is delicately fair with that pure rose-colored tint of complexion—like a woman's; his fair hair parted above the brow, hangs down in long ringlets over his manly neck and muscular shoulders. So faultless his features, so symmetrical his form, that it might have been mistaken for that of Adonis reposing upon a Tyrian bank of flowers.

What dreams are passing over thy soul beautiful youth? to make the expression shed from thy features so utterly divine? Are they of fairies, of moonlight, of flowers; are they of romance, of beauty and of song? or fairer than all—are they of love?—that Eden of the soul's early bliss before ambition and avarice break like dark spirits upon its domain, to chase away its visions of delight. Or are thy thoughts of fairer worlds, where blight is not upon the beautiful, nor fading comes upon the dreams of eternal love? Do radiant forms throng around thee, as ever above the Patriarch of old, in high lessons for thy youth, pointing thy path to heaven, whereto from thy earthly pillow thy spirit may speed its way upward on the steps of Faith, Mercy and Truth? Happy wilt thou so learn, or perchance vow for the first time art thou visited by dim glimpses, visionary gleams of that divine emanation of thy soul, that master work of thy maturer and more solemn years, when in perfect beauty it sprung from thy creative hands a wonder and a joy for the world and its future ages. "Of man's first disobedience," and of HIM who urged the hapless one to his fate—that majestic spirit wavering with the Omnipotent—that son of the morning, who, with all his compeers, fell from his starry place to dwell in the abyss of eternal shame. Do shadowings of that fiery gulf already flit before thee, with its chained tenants rolling in the crimson flames after their great fall, with the slowly returning consciousness of all their woe?—or seest thou a gleam of that golden pillared pile, that vast Pandemonium where the ten thousand thousand counselled spirits sat with their dark sovereign on his high and jewelled throne

in consultation against the Most High? or HIM with his majestic spear flying triumphant through the domains of chaos and old night? or that happy seat watched over by the morning stars, where earth's first fair creatures walked happy and free, with love and harmony all around them. Or perchance now by the darkening of thy brow thou gazest on the dark side of the picture, of the temptation, the ruin, the exile, the woe. But lo! a change comes over thy dream, and thou art reclining on a bank of flowers beneath a golden fruited tree, as if embowered in some isle of far Hesperides. Thou art reclining upon rose leaves whereon some irresistible sense of delight enchains thee, like a strong power rendering thy limbs incapable to stir. Suddenly a brightness appears in the zenith above, the clearness of the noon, and an indistinct moving radiance is seen wending its way swiftly toward the earth. Gradually it resolved itself into a golden chariot driven by those azure doves—and he knew it was a vision of the goddess of love vouchsafed to him who had ever been a votary of her own. Myriads of cupids and the linked graces hand in hand flew round the car, but she who sat within—how surpassing far aught of human or divine his poet imagination had ever conceived of before! What locks! what lips! what eyes! what wavy lines of loveliness in every motion, in every trait! but of a cast of beauty less known as peculiarly attributed to the Cytherean goddess, as that pertaining to the characteristic style of Italy; the hair was twined round the brow in raven braids, dark eyes gleamed from beneath jetty fringes, and a slight, a scarcely perceptible tinge of olive was visible over the cheek, which when relieved by the faint, ever waxing, ever waving blushes thereon, gave it the hue of a ripening pomegranate. Nearer comes the vision bending over him with eyes of love. He would have given worlds to spring, to fly toward it, but some resistless power enchained his limbs making every effort vain: he strove, he panted, he gasped—suddenly a strain of singing warbled from the lips of his fair visitant, and lulled anew his every sense of joy.

"'Tis sweet to wander in the rosy air
Shed from Aurora's incense dropping chair.

At noon in diamond water
'Tis sweet amid the river lilies' wave,
In mood luxurious, brow and limb to lave,
Like some bright Naiad daughter.

'Tis sweet when evening's purple shadows throng,
To watch the rich plumed birds with silver song

Their bright path homeward winging;
'Tis sweet to view the stars with changeless part,
Like dear familiar eyes around the heart
Their light forever flinging.

Yet sweeter far to watch with bending eyes,
Like some rich goddess of thy destinies

Forever *these* above,
Down showering blessings o'er thy graceful head,
Bidding thee learn of all rich gifts bespread
That earth hath none like love!"

The song ceased, the heavenly visitant bending over him, dropped a kiss on his brow, light and instantaneous as a fairy's footfall upon a yielding rose, and slowly disappeared. The music of that farewell kiss broke his slumbers: yet long after did he gaze with his face upward as if still beholding what with loathing consciousness he was compelled to feel was but an unsubstantial dream. He rose languidly, there was but the same quiet sunshine, the same low bugle hum of the insect world—the shadows, the silence, and the noon. With what disgust did his senses turn toward them? Youth has but one such awakening! when it passeth from the inner world of its own soul, haunted *as it is* by the indwelling spirits of love and its faith, and its hope, to enter upon the theatre of that actual, where love and faith and hope are deemed of *only* as but a dream—which yet with all the scorn wherewith our voices—attuned to that of the crowd—would seek to brand it with all we would give life to buy back again.

Milton, for it was none other than he, suddenly rose—what chases the languor from his eye? the sadness from his brow? Why looks he so joyful? Turning toward the trunk of the giant tree upon whose roots he had slumbered, he read distinctly carved on the golden rind.

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Here was the improvisation which had rolled through his dream in such melodious numbers as breathed from the lips of his heavenly visitant. Here it was word for word, no unsubstantiality after all; might they not have there been previously traced, and being viewed in a half slumbering state so inspired his dream. No, if it had been thus he could not have failed to discover it, besides it bore the marks of having been recently traced, and the thin juice of the bark ran greenly over the words: he read them, he repeated them, he kissed them till his tears ran over with excess

of joy: here was something more than a vision: engraving letters on a tree was too substantial an experiment for the ethereal fingers of Jove's foam born daughter; besides on examining he discovered the very well defined, the very tiny print of a foot on the pebbly beach near, whereon I question very much if Venus's ærial feet would be guilty of anything so gross or so corporeal. The foot print! here was a cue, he would follow it more devoutly than ever did Theseus in the labyrinth, poor Ariadne's blue worsted thread. In the first place what could be gathered from the foot-print itself? That it was that of a woman was pretty clear by its size, that it was that of a high born woman was equally clear according to some of our opinionists, by its very small dimensions; by its well shaped and critically turned contour it was no less evident that it belonged to a handsome woman; and by the exceeding lightness of the impression on the sand could one doubt that its possessor was any other than spiritual and youthful; here was a woman, a young woman, an aristocratic woman, a handsome woman all conjured up out of an innocent foot-print. Truly young poet, thine ideal faculties were in that hour under their planet's brightest influence! On and follow thy cue!—on went the undeviating foot-marks—on along the pebbly shore; on followed Milton with brightening eye and quickening steps, thinking of Venus on the Carthage sea strand, yet in the consciousness of feeling very much disappointed should his goddess turn out any other than a flesh and blood goddess after all. Softly!—alas, faithless cue!—the foot-prints have on a sudden disappeared; and fast stands the youth bewildered as a hunter off the track of his trail. Toward the sea which washed its very marge, the sward now sloped greenly and smoothly leaving not a trace behind. He stooped down and kissed the very flowers with which it was covered, as if wooing them to tell where her presence had passed by; but in the opening of a glade at a little distance to the right he discovered something like a path, and hastily bent his steps toward it; he found upon pursuing it that he was entering the pleasure grounds of some of the Florentine nobility: the white pinnacles of a chateau glimmered above the foliage, and he caught the glance of statues through the trees; but this was nothing to the purpose if the foot-prints were not forthcoming, and he felt at a loss whether to go forward or retire. He went on. The path was hard and unimpressible, still he followed it under the trees till he came to a grotto surrounded by tastefully arranged parterres, and with bold footsteps he entered. It was deliciously cool and dim after the golden

glare of the noonday sun, and he flung himself down to repose. Suddenly a manuscript volume thrown carelessly among some freshly gathered flowers, attracted his attention. He took it up and read at the opening page.

FIRST LOVE.

"Mid birds and flowers when young life newly glows
We wander forth, while brightening their array
Some radiant presence glides upon our way,
Melting us in love—languor, as it throws
Around its momentary loveliness,
And then is gone for aye—far borne to be
Upon some differing path of destiny;
Yet ever afterward with the impress
Of its too brief, too beautiful excess
To haunt our souls amid their hopes, their fears,
Their joys, their destiny of future years;
While on that early vision of the past
We look back faithfully, 'mid blinding tears,
To own that earliest love, our all, our last."

They seemed to have been recently written, and were subscribed "Julia." Upon revolving these along with the events of the day, can we wonder if Milton was seized with some sweet questionings whether he had not fortunately wandered into, and now found himself involved in some of the beautiful mysteries of fairy land. His vision of the forenoon he thought of as a dream within a dream; the palpable writing on the tree—could he doubt that it was unconnected with it?—the foot-prints on the sand—the pathway—the grotto and the effusion now before him were all links of the same chain. He had doubtless been watched in his sleep by some songful dryad or nymph of the streams, who had been captivated by his beauty, and thus chose to reveal her love. He was revelling in these sweet fancies when the entrance of foot-steps broke upon his reverie—they were those of Thomas Elwood, his friend and the companion of his travels—and Pescara, an Italian. "Lo, John Milton, it is thou! how in the name of all the angels art thou here? with myself and our comrade Francisco Pescara wearying ourselves to find thee through Florence and half Tuscany, despatched as we were to pleasure the Comtessa Rinaldo, the three young Marchesse Rimini—fairer flowers than ever grew out of the seventh heaven. And all the bellessime of the city whose will it is that every nook, cranny and crevice be rummaged for thee as thou wert another elixir of love."

"Yes," said Pescara, "there is festival in the Conde Rinaldo's to-night, and hearing of your arrival on our fair shores, they have sent to bid thee, thou art to be the planet of the night—a western star upon whose propitious appearance above our horizon the elect of the land are come to gaze."

"Peace your prating, good youths, I go not to Rinaldo's to-night."

"Nay, but thou dost," said Elwood, "thou art at this present in the Conde's domain, and in close vicinage of the palace. Heaven knows how thou camest hither, for sure I am thy dreamy brains, guess not of the matter."

"Nay, then, I go with you," replied Milton, who seemed suddenly to have changed his mind, "I go if that nearest is the palazzo Rinaldo, art thou assured it is so?"

"Assured—we are from the city, on our way thither, and despairing of thy companionship to the festival, we were fain to go alone; up gallant, speed thee, the music is begun."

The day-light was fast fading away as the young men left the bower from which they proceeded by an olive shaded path, till they suddenly came in full view of the palazzo, where a gorgeous spectacle presented itself. Standing in the centre of the wide lawn rose the stately pillars of the palace with its white marble portico, whereon was reflected the blaze of a hundred differently colored lamp lights suspended there, as well as within the balconies and arcades, and which seemed amid the dark trellised foliage like rainbow jewels in masses of midnight air. Amid the boughs of the surrounding trees seen glimmering over the lawn as far as the eye could reach, were disposed similarly lighted lamps, whose gleam displayed human beings in every variety of costume and attitude, grouped upon the open sward, and under the twilight shadow of the trees: the stair-case leading to the palace was also covered with the revellers, and the open latticed halls within, and the balconies, where the silken curtains waved above them, and the night flowers blew at their feet as lovers interchanged vows, or some lighter-hearted dame came to bandy jests with her stately cavaliers. The music played at intervals, and Milton could not help feeling in his soul the full force of that luxury which is the poetry of riches.

A universal passion is this love of gold, and we wonder not that it should be thus; it is power to the ambitious, it is furnishing to the ostentatious of his gaudy splendor. To avarice it is the light of his eyes—him that wakeful griffin, who forsakes life and its endearments, heaven and its hopes for that glittering heap, till the summons which none may resist called from its lingering vigil, the unwilling spirit of this deformed of nature—away as it goes like the spirit of the beast which goeth downward. But surely in its least objectionable form is this passion manifested as ministering to the love of the beautiful in our nature. As some one remarks of a celebrated modern edifice, that it is "a romance in stone and lime," so may we deem of those elegant creations of luxury where out of the

material of coined gold, the mind in the embodiment of its graceful dreams raises its design of art and taste—a palpable incarnation of the beautiful—a material poem.

Milton and his companions pressed forward to join the revellers. The Comtessa Rinaldo, a dazzling beauty of midway life, in dulcet tones welcomed the poet d'Inglesi to her Florentine saloons, to which he but coldly replied, for his thoughts were of the vision of the forenoon, and he looked around as if half expecting its embodiment in some of the graceful groups that wandered to and fro through the halls. He was joined by a young lady—one of the haughty Marchesse Colonna.

"How flourish the island exotics, signor, in this our atmosphere of sunshine and delight?" enquired the lady, unbending her marble brow.

"Blandly bellissima," replied Milton, "when it is laden with such smiles as I see around me to-night."

"We are bound to lavish our best upon such, seeing they are like the aloe bloom, but once to be beheld in a hundred years."

"It is too warm," said Milton with a smile, as if rebuking the extravagance of the compliment.

"Shall we adjourn then to the balcony?" replied the lady, choosing to apprehend his words in the literal signification, "where the evening air blows cool." And the poet suffered himself to be led listlessly like one whose thoughts were everywhere save in the subject before him; he was beginning sadly to doubt that his dream, the expectation of some sort of fulfilment for which had led him hither—should at all find itself revealed on the present occasion.

"It marvelleth thee not," said the lady, resuming the subject of the apparently dropped conversation, "though the warmth for me were overweening, seeing I stand beneath the influence of such a star."

"The stars are very cold."

"When in distance seen," said the marchess, "as they ever are by us inferior intelligences, yet when descending from their heaven to visit these lowlier spheres, would it not seem as bearing danger for its dwellers, even as befel the mortal who suffered the blandishments of the god; but as I have no ambition for such a doom for myself I shall be compelled to rid you of me and bestow you upon my fairest cousin, the Countess Guilia, whom I observe watching me with envious eyes."

"Guilia!" cried Milton, whose heart leaped at the name, "where?—where?" and he disappeared from the marchesa's side.

"Is the man moon struck?" said she, as Milton was observed moving toward the supposed direction of her cousin.

"He has certainly been educated among the polar bears, or he is in love, or under the influence of some equally unlucky destiny; but poor youth, he is a poet born, which every one knows to be a circumstance more productive of unhappy effects than either. So I'll think no more about him, except when wishing to value myself upon the number of natural curiosities the path of my life has been fortunate to come across." And the marchesa accepting the arm of some cavalier near her, disappeared among the revellers.

Milton meanwhile proceeding in pursuit of the being whose name as being that affixed to the lines in the grotto, and whose figure by the hurried glimpse which he caught of it, he recognized as bearing a strong resemblance to the heroine of his vision, came to a gallery of statues where few of the revellers lingered to admire; for the ideal objects of loveliness with which he was surrounded, Milton had at present equally little regard. He passed the Antinous in his drooping grace like the stately sweep of a bending willow; the Apollo with his gloriously curved nostril and his arm as it relaxed from the bending of the Pythian bow; Harpocrates in his marble silence; and the rigid, almost convulsed strength of the Mythrias as he tamed the prostrate bull. The voluptuous lines of an undraped Venus beside the matron dignity of a Ceres, the aged and uncouth beauty of a zedge crowned Silenus, beside the transparent grace of a half clad nymph of the streams. He passed them all till he came to a recess where the light reached dimly, and his eyes accustomed to the glare reflected from the lustrous marbles, distinguished not immediately the outlines of the exquisite statue enshrined there apart from the others. It was one of Diana, with her silver crescent, and the cold beauty of her almost severe, though exquisitely modelled form. He could not help thinking as he gazed upon the graceful sweep of her curtailed draperies, that they were a shade less marmorial than the others which surrounded him. The hand too as it grasped the bow looked wonderfully flexible; it seemed so venous, so colored, so soft, he was almost tempted to take it up and kiss it. Carrying his scrutiny to the face—he gazed on it for a moment, uttered a cry of joy, and fell down like a worshipper—it *was the same that had visited his dream.*

"Rest thee there youth," said a soft and silvery voice which to his excited imagination seemed like the shadowy music of the mystic Memnon, "rest thee there youth, the luxury of worship is for such as thee, that which gives to love that one and true divinity, and to beauty his manifested and tangible form, can only at this altar find the satisfactory reward for all the priceless

wealth, the overflowing of thy rich nature thereon would lavish so well. Yet love herself hath many a false form—doth set herself up in many an idol image to fascinate and delude, of her worshippers the unthinking and the unwary: yet thou wilt not be one of these, neglecting the heaven and choosing the earth, thine eyes upon the clay poring for the glow worms with the eternal stars above thee. Will thy soul find its bliss in the evanescent beauty of flesh and blood, and the love which it inspireth more evanescent still; nay, let thine adoration go forth toward that loftier, that beauty as it is manifested in the divine creation of God, in plain, in river, in cataract, in the gorgeous wilderness of sunset cloud—in the rainbow dyes of the morning; in the history of His providence and sublime dealings with man; in the contemplation of the human mind, its wonderful constitution, its implanted creative power by which it conceives of and executes works than the Creator's own, hardly less divine. Let thy soul go forth toward these; contemplate them, worship them, make them the study of thy life, and be a high priest of nature—a poet, the most glorious calling to which the sovereign will can invoke his creatures below. And oh! as thou worshippeth let the love of woman not be forgotten—that homage which thou givest to the mind, to the heart, to the inward grace breathing outward, as thou wouldst love an angel with the purity, the devotion, the protecting tenderness of an archangel's love."

Milton had listened reverentially, tremblingly as to the inspiration of a youthful oracle; but on looking up he saw the supposed statue quivering and drooping on her pedestal. The excitement was gone, and she was nothing now but a lovely, helpless woman. "And wilt thou not be that angel to me," said he, seizing her not unwilling hand, as he knelt and covered it with kisses.

"It may not be!"

"And wherefore? heaven and fate seem to will it thus, a celestial visitant with those lips, those eyes, that divine form of thine hath this very day hung over me—the spirit of my noon-tide dream, and like a prognostication of some bright future, seemed to imprint upon my brows the first kiss of youthful love. Words of music have been breathed in mine ear, improvisations strewed upon my path with a mysterious agency leading me on to this—to thee my bright deity, who my heart throbs to feel art the moving spirit of them all!"

"It was even so—but thou wilt know had I the aim or wistful hope to win thy love, no course like that which I stand confest in following would it have been mine to pursue. By accident my path came across you as you slept, and when gazing on your boyish beauty my soul told me it

had never been riveted on aught so utterly divine. I gazed and gazed, and in my delight improvised the language you could not have failed to discover engraved on the trunk of the tree which overshadowed your slumbers. Knowing that by this I gave your imagination some sweet problem to solve; little thinking that any recognition of my person by you should ever ensue, and contented to excite in your breast some momentary feeling for a poor unknown whose heart even now tells her can never be filled by any image save yours."

"Be happy, then," said Milton, "be mine and be happy—make two human creatures thus, for I feel that life will be but a blank without thee."

"Nay, nay, for both it is happier as it is—the paths of the world are a rough trial, and bitterer still in the encounter for such natures as mine and thine. I would not have thee associate with my image aught of their darkness or sorrow—and oh God! what if you should come to love me less. Nay, I would only have you to think of me as a happy dream, an unsullied idealism of thy youth, a creature consecrated in thy memory till I become in the atmosphere of thy imagination sublimed and hallowed into a deity—one meet for the worship of such as thee to preside over thy lot, guiding thee into virtue and truth—and oh! if through the allurements of pleasure or the overtaking of an unwary hour, thou art about to be betrayed into aught unworthy of thy noble nature, could one thought of me remind thee of loftier aims, and like a loving reproach restore thee into thy native paths of uprightness—what a bright consciousness for my heart to keep—like a priceless treasure therein hoarded, to color with happiness all its future years."

Milton had continued kneeling with her hand clasped in his, but made no attempt at answer or interruption during the whole of this strange colloquy. He had rather listened as a devout votary to the outpourings of some presiding deity; and now as if in the attitude of a deeper devotion let go the hand, sinking his forehead on the cold marble floor. He raised it. She was gone, having vanished among the statues. Mysteriously she had come, so had she disappeared—he made no endeavor to follow her, and retracing his steps glided from among the revellers, and went forth alone.

Oh! wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality!

LOWELL.

CLARA.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE queen dowager was in her closet writing, her hand traced the parchment with feverish haste, and there was a hot glare of excitement on her cheek, while the proud arch of her lip was pressed down with an expression of energy which the trying circumstances in which she found herself, had imparted to a character naturally rather luxurious and selfish than energetic. As she wrote a massive ebony clock that stood in a corner of her closet tolled forth the hour.

"Good heavens, another hour gone, I must have help! Yet who to trust? Clara, Clara—yes, her interest goes with us now, and she writes a clerly hand."

With these words the queen rang a bell that stood on the table before her, and ordered the page who obeyed its sound to summon the girl Clara. When the maiden made her appearance the queen gave one glance at her anxious face, and pushing a sheet of parchment across the table, commanded her to sit down and write as she should direct. Clara sat down—the queen drew the great golden standish toward her, took a fresh drop of ink, and the jeweled pen which she held scarcely paused for an instant as she rapidly directed a letter to Lord Stanley, and wrote her own more private directions to the master of horse whom Dorset had left in charge of his troops, at the same time. When both the missives were finished the queen folded them hurriedly, and twisted a thread of floss silk around them, which she sealed with her own signet ring, though her hand shook as she pressed down the wax.

"It will go right if we have but time," she muttered, "Stanley dare not disobey! His son is in Richard's power—Richmond must fall when deprived of his aid and deserted by Dorset. My daughter queen, myself again powerful, and what have we to fear?"

As she spoke the royal widow gathered up the different missives, bound them together in a package and gave them to Clara.

"Take these, give them to a trusty messenger," she said—"let him seek out my Lord Stanley at once and deliver them as directed—lose no time—remember your reward—every thing depends on the safe and speedy delivery of these parchments."

Clara was pale as death, her violet eyes deepened almost to black with keen excitement, and her rosy lips were pressed hard together, but she received the package calmly, and when the

queen took off her signet ring and pressed it with a heavy purse in the girl's hand, that little hand never shook for an instant, but closed firmly on the gold as she bent before the queen and moved toward the door. She turned back, however, and approached the table.

"I have a boon to crave of your highness," she said in a low voice. "It is long since I have seen my mother, I would crave permission to depart in the morning and spend a few days with her."

"If the Lady Elizabeth does not object," replied the queen hurriedly, "but let thy absence be short, maiden, we have need of trusty friends around the princess just now."

The queen was completely exhausted by all the agitating scenes which she had passed through during the day, or she would have observed the resolute and unusual manner of her daughter's waiting woman, a manner so at variance with her usual timid and almost childish demeanor that any one with a mind at ease must have remarked it with surprise.

Clara went forth and sought her young mistress.

"Must I tell her all, how would she endure it," said the girl inly, as she mounted the stairs leading to the Lady Elizabeth's apartments—"no, no—let her rest in peace, her gentle nature can hardly cope with difficulties like these, Richard will not persecute her with his love for a few days at least. Till then let her dream on, a few days may change everything, and will—aye, I am sure they will!"

Clara found her young mistress alone, tranquil and apparently happy but quite overcome with the lassitude which was certain to follow any great tumult of feeling in a frame so delicate as hers. She consented with many expressions of affectionate reluctance to be separated from her waiting maid a few days, and tears of regretful tenderness filled her meek eyes as Clara knelt to kiss her hand and departed from the room.

With a quick and noiseless step the waiting woman sought the sleeping room of a page, and took from thence a suit of cast off raiment which was not likely to be missed. By the time she had thoroughly disguised herself and was leaving the castle hall with a dagger girdled to her side, and the plumes of her cap sweeping darkly over her pale face, the dusk had come on, and the gloom which was fast settling over the forest would have terrified a less resolute spirit; but she had a perilous duty to perform, and this thought swept away all timid fears from her mind. She ordered a man who was loitering in the court to bring forth a horse from the stable, and mounting to the saddle rode away.

Some few leagues from the castle lay a hamlet

inhabited by many of the stout yeomen who belonged to the queen dowagers' domain. In a hut which stood on the outskirts of this hamlet lived a lone woman who seemed of a better class than her neighbors, and who had resided in the domain long before the death of King Edward, when her husband had been appointed head forester on the estate, now a favorite residence of his dowager queen.

This woman had been some months a widow, but still she inhabited the old dwelling and subsisted on a small pension awarded to her by some noble family whom she had served in her maiden days.

It was deep in the evening, the widow had raked together the embers on her rude hearth and was about to extinguish the rush light which glimmered in its iron socket against the chimney when the hoof tread of a horse, half muffled by the rich forest sward which lay unbroken all around her dwelling, arrested her hand. It was a lonesome place, and the good woman listened to this unusual sound somewhat nervously. It approached close to the door, and the heavy breathing of the animal came to her ears as she listened. Directly a light knock was heard, and a voice that made the good woman's heart leap, demanded admittance. She sprang to the door, opened it, stretched forth her arms and started back almost with a shriek. The voice had deceived her. It was a youth glittering with gold lace, and with ostrich plumes streaming from his cap, whom she had almost taken to her bosom.

"And so you will not let me in," said the boy with a low silvery laugh, shaking back the plumes from his face. "Yet in sooth I am both tired and hungry."

"Clara, my child, my own sweet child!" cried the widow.

She forgot the boy's dress—the time of night—everything in the dear sound of that voice.

"Oh! it is joy to feel thee here again," she murmured between the warm kisses which she rained over that young face as it lay pressed upon her bosom, "but how is this, girl, how is this?—what masking mummary is this?" continued the good dame, holding the girl out at arms length, while a half smile struggled with a frown on her face as she examined the masculine dress in which her darling had appeared.

"This male gear! the dagger—and now that I can see, this pale face too—what does it all beseeem?"

"Let me close the door, mother, and I will tell you all," said the young girl, taking off her cap while a serious expression replaced the momentary joy that had lighted up her face; "but first have you any room for the horse yonder, or

food for myself?—we have come from the castle since nightfall, and are both tired and hungry."

"Enough of both—enough of both," cried the widow, and going up to a loft she brought down a measure of corn and carried it out to the horse, while the weary young traveller sunk to a wooden stool which stood near the fire-place, and leaning her head against the rough stones, sat with half closed eye-lids too thoroughly fatigued even for an effort at connected thought.

The widow saw the state of utter exhaustion which had overcome her child, and with the ready task of affection stifled any curiosity which her strange apparel had excited, while she busied herself in preparing food for the half famished young creature. The bed of glowing embers was raked open again: a slice of venison soon lay boiling upon them, and hastily kneaded cakes were slowly browning on the neatly swept hearth. While the widow was placing trenchers and a cup of ale on the little deal table where the repast was to be served, Clara had dropped into a deep slumber, and it was with some difficulty that she was aroused to partake of the humble fare when it was at length ready.

Food and the slight rest which she had found restored the young girl in some degree to her usual energies, and when the meal was over the two females drew their stools together on the hearth, and Clara related all the events which had transpired at the castle since morning.

The widow heard her out, only now and then interrupting her to ask some brief question, and when all was told she informed her visitor that she too had received a communication from the queen dowager. That a person from the castle had been to the hamlet several times questioning inquisitively regarding Clara's birth and parentage.

"And what reply did you give?" enquired Clara, looking earnestly in the face of her companion, which instantly changed almost to a look of affright in the dim rush light.

"What reply did you give?"

"What could I give save that thou wert my own dear child?"

"And *am* I your child, mother? *am* I?"

Clara's face grew almost solemn in its expression as she spoke, and her small hand was pressed hard upon the shriveled fingers that had unconsciously grasped hers.

"Why dost thou question me thus, girl? Who has dared to fill thy mind with such doubts? Have I not acted a mother's part?—have I not been kind, loving?"

"All this—nay, more, have you been to me, a mother in act, in affection, but yet forgive me—forgive me, but another gave me birth—I know that another gave me birth!"

Clara flung her arms around the bowed neck of her companion as she spoke and tried to kiss her face, but the poor woman covered her convulsed features with both hands, and emotion seemed shaking her.

"Forgive, oh, forgive me!" cried the young girl, falling on her knees before the only parent she had ever known—"I did not expect this—forget what I have said—forget it, I beseech you. I meant not thus to distress you my kind friend—nay, more than mother."

For a few moments the widow also sat bowed forward on her chair, with both hands pressed upon her face, motionless as a statue: the young girl knelt before her greatly agitated and weeping like a child.

"Look at me, mother—look at me!" she said, lifting her hands, and with gentle force removing those which concealed the face of dame Alice. "Look upon me kindly once more, and I will never think of these things again!"

"And who put such thoughts in thy young head, child?" said Alice, bending her troubled face to that of the young creature kneeling before her. "The secret was known to but one—the dead and the Almighty."

"And *he* it was," replied Clara, lifting her tearful eyes to heaven—"he it was that left the vague dream in my heart, that dim, strange memory of the past which has haunted me ever since I had a thought."

"That dream! What is the thought?—this wild, wayward thought, my Clara," placing a hand to her forehead.

"I will tell you all," cried Clara, "as clearly as it has ever appeared to my own heart. It is my first recollection, a misty vagueness hangs over it like a half forgotten dream. It was a large room, like one I have often seen at the castle. There was tapestry on the walls where grim knights and strange looking bodies seemed frowning upon me as I gazed in fear upon them. The light came dimly through windows muffled deep with velvet, and a great square bed stood in one corner with dark plumes nodding over it, and hangings that looked like a heavy pall sweeping down from the ceiling. On the bed lay a form white and still as I have seen marble figures on a tomb—still it was more solemnly beautiful than marble ever was, and hair of inky blackness lay parted from the cold forehead. You took me in your arms, you!—but there was no wrinkles on your cheek at that time, mother, but tears, and this hair had no gray threads in it then. We were alone. Others had been in the room, but you sent them away—your arms trembled as you held me over that dark couch and told me to look on *my mother*. I laughed

and struggled in your arms, for rings, more than one, flashed like fire on the pale hands folded over the bosom of that motionless form. The rings delighted me, they sparkled so amid the dark drapery around. I snatched at them with my hands—I touched only those cold, stiff fingers and clung back to your bosom shrieking with fear. I remember then you kissed my brow, pressed my face to your bosom, and hushed my grief with words that were broken with sobs, and all the time big tears were streaming down your cheeks and falling on my hair and neck as they do now. Then you knelt down by the couch, clasped an arm around me, and burying your face in the pile of black velvet, sobbed and murmured words that I could not understand. "I was afraid then, for that pale, dead face lay on the pillow close by me, and I could not breathe. At length you took me up in your arms again, the tears had left your eyes, and the soft, low words that fell from your lips quieted me. You whispered me not to be afraid of the cold, and held my face down to the beautiful dead, while trembling, and with one arm around your neck, I bent my lips to that white, still mouth, and kissed my mother.

"You took me away then I do not know whither, but that one scene was buried deep in my young mind. That sweet face in its dead, pale loveliness has been forever with me in my dreams at night time, and that sweet word 'mother' comes to me like a breath of music whenever I am sad, or sit alone in the dim twilight. I have never mentioned these thoughts before, they seemed to me as a beautiful fragment of some earlier and more splendid world which might find its counterpart in the future. It was a bud from some bright wreath which might be united to its sweet companions again. So I buried my dream like music deep in my heart, for it seemed as if a thought of it breathed aloud might sweep the whole away forever.

"For a long time all this really seemed to me a fantasy, an infant's vision sent to haunt me here in the dim old forest, for my home was with you I called you mother—the kind, departed father I loved you as a child—a real child—but the idea which hovered around me was that beautiful dead form, she was the mother of my heart."

As Clara spoke her cheek lighted, and her soft eyes sparkled through the tears that filled them. She paused a moment, buried her head in the lap of her companion, and drew a deep breath. When she lifted her face again it was rosy with an unusual blush.

"Mother," she said, "I have found my world of which this memory was but the fragment. That hidden breath of music is pervading my whole heart, awakening its memories and deepening

them into a solemn conviction. I have been living with the highest of the land, amid pomp and regal splendor. Yet all this seems but my natural destiny—my heart is with you, mother, but the castle yonder seems that which I was born—I stand amid these people of lofty birth, and my heart beats as proudly as theirs—I am beloved by one of their own class. I, the waiting woman, and oh, how deeply I love him in return, not as one of low degree would love a superior, but as an equal—and I *am* his equal! Were it not so, could I love thus proudly? could a mere waiting woman receive such homage as if it were her inheritance? Mother, tell me, was I not born among the nobles of this land—am I not a fitting bride for the Marquis of Dorset?"

"Alas, how could I dream that the young falcon would perch among kites and not feel the fire of its nature," muttered Alice, with her eyes fixed steadily on the hearth.

"Speak, speak, mother, my heart is trembling for your answer," cried Clara, clasping her hands.

"I have a promise in heaven against it, girl," replied the old woman almost sternly, "but mark this! The son of Elizabeth Woodville is no fitting husband for thee."

A look of keen disappointment came over Clara's features, she wove her fingers convulsively together, and said in a low, broken voice.

"It is then all a dream—and I a low farm peasant girl?—oh, why did these proud, vain thoughts ever enter my heart, why did I ever think of him?"

"They were not proud thoughts," cried Alice with kindling eyes.

"Not proud, mother," replied Clara, suddenly falling on her knees again, "oh, tell me the truth! do not trifle with me."

"Not proud, but vain, Clara, there you spoke sooth. His mother was the bitter enemy of yours, but ask no more. The Great God who overlooketh all things have thee in his keeping, my child, and how stretch thyself on the pallet yonder. Tomorrow go forth to the high mission for which thou hast been chosen."

"Nay, mother, do not dismiss me to rest troubled with these vague doubts," cried Clara, imploringly.

"The time is not come, my child—be patient and learn to suffer, for suffering is the destiny of thy sex, it was her destiny, and she was patient. Go to thy rest, child, the blessed virgin be with thee."

With these words Alice extinguished the rush light, and kneeling down by one of the humble pallet beds that stood in the room, seemed to be lost in earnest prayer, while Clara flung herself

on that pointed out for her, and notwithstanding the anxiety that preyed on her mind, was soon lost in deep and refreshing slumber.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER a weary journey of many days, our young adventuress found herself on an eminence which overlooked the plain on which the Lancastrian prince had encamped his army. For a moment she checked her horse, bewildered and filled with misgivings. Everything bespoke the eve of an engagement—stir and bustle, and the din of preparation was visible throughout the encampment. Officers were moving from all sides to a large tent near the centre of the encampment, whence a snow white banner with the red rose glowing on its folds, streamed proudly to the wind. To the right was another encampment, which she at first mistook for a larger division of Richmond's army, but a gorgeous tent rising, a mass of crimson and gold among the thousands that surrounded it, with the royal arms emblazoned over the entrance, and a banner bearing the white rose flaunting in the sunset, proclaimed even to her inexperienced eye the presence of royalty.

Richard himself was in the field prompt, stern and vigilant. The warrior had met his enemy, and the two enemies lay close together waiting only for the dawn of that day which was to decide their destiny.

Far away on the verge of the plain lay another division inactive, apparently keeping aloof from both armies. Clara could not discern the badges worn by soldiers so far distant, but readily conjectured that this division was under the command of Lord Stanley, the person whose co-operation was so important to both parties.

Excited by the same eagerness to accomplish her mission before it was too late, and yet terrified by the strange forms around her, Clara rode swiftly toward the first sentinel in sight, and demanded to be brought before the Earl of Richmond.

The Lancastrian Prince was in his tent, surrounded by the officers of his army, calm and self-possessed as if no great event were on the verge of its completion. His dark eye shone clear, calm and coldly on all. His thin lips never, for an instant, lost their firm expression; no frown lowered upon his handsome features; no smile, even for an instant, enlivened them. With the immovable self-possession of a war tried commander, stood this young man on the eve of his first battle, distributing orders, receiving reports, and dismissing his friends to their various posts with the haughty politeness of a victorious monarch with the crown already on his brow—not as the poor adventurer, which

he was, dependant on the men who surrounded him almost for the sword he wore.

The sentinel had left her at the entrance of the tent, and Clara was compelled to make her way through the crowd of officers that filled it. She shrunk trembling into the first obscure corner, and waited with anxiety and impatience an opportunity to address the prince.

"Has Lord Stanley come in yet?" enquired Richmond of an officer to whom he had been speaking.

"He is within three leagues, encamped, and doubtless determined to remain inactive. Richard has possession of his son George."

"And for a boy's life a kingdom may be lost to us!" rejoined the earl with a slight tinge of bitterness in his tone—"but Dorset—he must be near at hand?"

"His master of horse is lying, even now, at a village near Stanley's division; but it is rumored that Dorset was seen in London at Richard's court not many days ago."

Richmond lifted his eyes quickly, and a slight smile stole over his lip.

"He has no son to plead in excuse for treachery. Dorset false and Stanley wavering," he muttered gloomily—"what say you, my lords, will it be prudent to offer battle under these prospects?"

"If this were all," said the officer who had just spoken, "the odds against us would not be so great, but it is said that the queen dowager has deserted our cause, that she has consented to Richard's union with the Princess Elizabeth."

Richmond interrupted the speaker with a bitter exclamation—his eyes burned as if a fire were smouldering in the black depths, and his thin lips grew white with rage. "By St. George, it is all explained," he said. "This treacherous woman has sold her weak daughter to the highest bidder. But Dorset, Dorset—I did not deem him so base."

"He is *not* base! There is not a warrior here who would dare call him so were Dorset by to defend his own honor," and with these words a page, whom no one had seen enter, stepped forth from a dark corner of the tent and stood trembling with mingled anger and affright before the haughty Lancastrian Prince.

The prince turned sharply round, and after scanning the slight figure before him with a cold glance, turned to the officer again.

"Dorset has found a doughty champion," he said with a freezing smile. "Have a care my lord!"

Clara shrunk back, abashed by the wondering eyes turned upon her, she forgot her disguise, her errand, everything but the annoyance of the scrutiny, and for a moment was tempted to flee

from the tent. The color came and went on her cheek, and tears of vexation started to her eyes, she drew the queen's package from her bosom, cast a hurried glance over the lords and officers that filled the tent, and drawing close to the earl held forth the queen's signet ring.

"Your highness will recognize by this whose messenger I am," she said, with retiring self-possession "What I have to say is for your private ear."

Richmond took the signet, held it to the light, and examined it closely.

"It is from the queen dowager," he said at length, looking at the officer who had brought him news of Dorset.

"This boy may have better tidings from our allies than yours, my lord," and without further comment the earl lifted a curtain which formed another compartment of his tent, and motioned the page to follow him.

"We are alone," he said before the drapery had swept back to its place again—"now give me thy tidings—but first is Dorset near?"

"My lord Dorset is in London, or was when tidings of him reached us a few days since at the castle. The——"

The young messenger broke off in her speech terrified by the dark, vengeful expression that gathered over the face of her listener.

"It is true, then," he muttered, "that artful woman, her fickle daughter, and still more fickle son—all alike false. They forsake me now when the tyrant is on my last footstep."

"My lord," cried Clara, while her cheek kindled, and her eyes flashed once more—"you are wronging the most gentle lady, and the bravest knights in all England. The Princess Elizabeth remains true to her faith as the blossom to its sunshine—you have no adherent more staunch and earnest in your cause than Dorset, had it been otherwise I had not braved the peril of a long journey and this noisy camp in your service! The marquis was taken up to London a prisoner by the king himself."

"Ha, can this be true? Has Richard been with the dowager in person?" exclaimed the earl.

"This package, entrusted to me by the queen herself, will explain all," replied Clara, holding forth the parcel which she still held in her hand.

The earl took the package, tore away the floss that confined it, and going to a lamp read the several letters entirely through before he spoke another word. Clara watched his face as he read. She saw his lips, which at first were pressed hard together, relax into a smile of scornful triumph, she could see that his eyes were burning under their drooping lids, and when he looked up an expression of stern exultation lighted up

his usually immovable features. He remained several moments holding the documents in his hand, as if pondering some important idea in his mind, then hastily flinging up the curtain he went out, called the officer who seemed to be most in his confidence, and Clara could hear them conversing together in low, eager voice for several minutes close by the curtain while she stood in suspense on the other side.

After a few minutes Richmond returned followed by the officer, and come close up to where she was standing.

"Thou hast done us a service, boy," he said, feeling for his purse—"a great service, and the reward should be in proportion, but——"

"Nay, my lord, I want not gold, the service, if any has been rendered, was done for my master."

Richmond put back the purse with a well satisfied smile; for even at that early age the avarice which proved a leading fault in Henry the Seventh was becoming a blemish with the adventurer.

"There is yet another important service which none can perform so well as thyself, fair page. Being in the queen's livery and possessed of her signet, Stanley can never doubt the authority of thy errand. In this package are two letters, one to Dorset's master of horse, commanding him to place himself under Stanley's banner: here is another in the queen's hand writing, ordering Stanley to join his forces with those of our enemy. This letter we may keep for future use. Take the other and deliver it to the master of horse as directed—take also the queen's signet to my Lord Stanley, with a letter which I will write forthwith. He believes us still true allies, nothing is more natural than that her signet should give authority to my despatches. Let him join us after the engagement commences to-morrow, and Richard shall hardly be given time enough to cut off his son George's head as he threatens. He may find it difficult to defend his own! What say you, my lord?"

"That Stanley *must* be won to our side," replied the officer to whom Richmond's previous speech had been addressed. "The serpent queen might have lost us a kingdom but for this brave page, she must be foiled with her own weapons now—we can but render guile for treachery, but we have no time to lose, your highness. While you prepare the despatch I will order an escort for the boy."

"See to it at once," replied Richmond, seating himself at a table and beginning to write—as the officer passed Clara he paused and laid his hand kindly on her shoulder.

"Thou art a brave child," he said with considerable feeling—"and this night may win a kingdom for its rightful sovereign—no mean

exploit for a stripling scarcely entered into his teens! But thou art pale, boy, and seem weary. Bear up a little and I will send thee some bread and a cup of wine." With these grateful words the officer went out, turning back to smile on the page as he closed the curtain.

Clara was indeed pale, overcome with fatigue and protracted excitement, her heart sunk within her as she thought of the task yet to be performed. But thoughts of her lover, of her young mistress, and the terrible fate that threatened them both were busy with her heart. She saw how necessary her further co-operation was to the Lancasterian Prince, for the two armies were so nearly equal in their strength that Stanley held the power in his own hand which would secure victory to the side he should at last espouse.

Clara could hardly stand from fatigue, but after she had eaten the crust of bread and drank of the wine which was brought her, all the energies of her mind and body returned, and when the earl had finished his despatch she stood before him with a resolute mien, and ready to perform his behest to the utmost.

"Take this, be prudent and faithful," said Richmond, as he took up the documents which he wished to transmit, and bound them together, "and hold this in pledge of my promise. If the battle of to-morrow wins back our birth-right there is no wish which a subject may claim of his sovereign which this ring shall not win for you."

Clara took the ring which the earl drew from his little finger as he spoke, and placing the package in her bosom, followed the officer who had returned to conduct her to the escort which had been prepared.

CHAPTER VI.

"The trumpet pealed its joyful cry,
The coal black war horse neighed;
The glittering banner floated high,
With hearts of steel and burning eye,
Each warrior drew his blade."

It was midnight when Clara reached the encampment of Lord Stanley. The earl was still up and in his tent, filled with anxieties, irrelative and gloomy. His son was in Richard's power—his youngest born and favorite child. He had heard nothing from the queen dowager, and Dorset was still absent on the eve of a momentous battle. How was he to act? Redeem his pledge with Richmond and thus seal the death of his own child—or violate his faith, turn traitor to his word and sustain the reigning monarch whom he both feared and hated? The difficulties which beset him seemed to be inextricable, and while his followers were sunk in

repose he remained alone in his tent wakeful and undecided.

He started up, a noise at the entrance of his tent had aroused him, the queen's name was mentioned. It might be some messenger with tidings that would decide his course of action. As he stood gazing on the entrance of the tent it was darkened by the figure of a young boy in the queen's livery. With a look of eager delight the earl went forward to receive the welcome messenger, he took the despatches, glanced hastily at the seal, and without stopping even to greet the page, sat down and began to read.

"It needs but caution—the prince is right—it needs but caution and all may be well," he exclaimed, and fell to perusing Richmond's letter again with increasing earnestness.

"Thou hast had a hard ride my poor lad," he said at last, turning to the page who had been standing unnoticed by the entrance—"beyond that curtain is food and wine, with such accommodations for rest as a camp affords. Seek both while there is opportunity, in a few hours none of us will have time for rest."

Clara hesitated a moment, remembered her disguise, and lifting the curtain crept to a dark corner of the outer tent. She wrapped herself in a soldier's cloak she found there, and, spite of her strange situation, was soon asleep.

When Clara awoke it was deep in the morning, and she was alone in Lord Stanley's tent. She arose from the ground, tottered feebly toward the opening and looked out—the camp was deserted, and a little distance off she saw Stanley's division filing across the plain with flaunting banners and music sounding a war-like challenge to the breeze. A sound of strife—the hot din of battle came to her ear from the distance. It drew nearer and nearer, she could hear the war horses charging. The noise of arrows whirring through the air on their errands of death, the clash of spears and the ringing sound of sword and pike battering against stout armor, with the crash of battle-axes cleaving through many a brazen helmet, mingled fearfully with the shrieks of wounded horses and of dying men. All these terrible sounds swept by Clara as she stood trembling in the deserted camp, and making a feeble attempt to muffle her head in the soldier's cloak, and thus shut out the appalling sounds.

Hour after hour she sat crouching in a corner of the tent, with the sound of battle raging in her ears. There was no pause, not a moment's rest to the combatants—a shout, a sharp, brief shout rent the air for an instant, and then the strife seemed to grow still fiercer than before. It was a cry of joy sent up by Richmond's partisans when Lord Stanley wheeled his division into

their lines—another hour and the battle raged on. Then, all at once, a shout tore its way to the very heavens—it was a victorious cry sent ringing up from the throats of a whole army.

"Richmond and St. George! Long live King Henry the Seventh! Long live the King!"

Again, again, and again the shout went thundering by increasing in force and volume each time. The young girl heard it, her heart leaped and her frame quivered. She rushed from the tent clapping her small hands and joining her silvery shout of long live King Henry! with the billowy sounds that went surging by.

She looked forth over the plain, everything was tumult there, horses, bowmen, spears and battle-axes mingled together in a bright and glittering mass: an ocean of human beings seemed heaving and swelling in great waves across the plain. As she gazed a group of horsemen came out in front, warriors all with glittering armor and plumes dancing to the wind. There was a knight in their midst, around whom the warriors centered, the plumes of his helmet were snow white, and the long mane of his war charger, as it streamed in the wind, was of the same spotless color. As Clara gazed upon the warrior his helmet was lifted and he bent forward upon his horse. When his head was raised again the sunlight blazed over the jewels of a crown, and once more the air was torn with a shout of "Long live King Henry! Long live the King!"

When the battle was over and the victory won, Lord Stanley remembered the page who had been left asleep in his tent, and sent an escort to conduct him on his way back to the queen. It was night-fall when the disguised girl rode across the battle-field still covered with the dead and dying. Fragments of broken armor, spent arrows and broken spears lay thickly along the ground and gleamed with horrible brightness along the trampled earth as the moon came out and smiled down on the fearful scene. Sickened with the appalling scene which surrounded her, the poor girl closed her eyes and rode on with her escort, suffering her horse to pick his way over the field of carnage. All at once the horse paused and seemed gathering himself up for a leap over some object that lay in his path, Clara drew the bridle and looked down. A dead war horse lay on the earth before her—a human form lay across it with the head hanging over its back and almost touching the ground. The helmet had been beaten from his head and lay with its broken plume crushed nearly in the earth. As she gazed the moon came suddenly from behind a cloud and lay full on the ghastly face of the dead man. Clara recognized with a shudder the features of King Richard the Third.

Still the disguised girl sat upon her horse, as it were, fascinated by the horrid object at his feet. The armor was hacked and broken around the breast, where a sword wound had let forth the heart's blood of the fallen monarch in a stream which stained the snowy back of the horse, flowed down and coagulated in a crimson pool beneath his head. It had thickened around a mass of black hair which flowed downward from the naked forehead, leaving the whole face distorted and ghastly in the moonlight. The eyes were rolled back and stiffened in the sockets. The double teeth were clenched and glistening between the parted lips. One arm lay crushed beneath his form, while the other hand was entangled in the mane of the dead beast, still clenching the fragment of a broken sword in its rigid grasp. The diamond hilt clutched in that red hand, the shivered steel and the golden studs that enclosed his battered armor lay gleaming in the moonbeams till the whole body seemed touched with a faint blaze of fire.

Pale and trembling with horror, Clara turned her horse from the fallen monarch just as a party of Lancastrian soldiers came up. They recognized the face with a coarse shout, and began to tear away the rich armor and the jewels that lay around the dead, wrangling among themselves over the booty as it was wrenched away from the body. When all that was valuable had been appropriated, they flung the dead monarch brutally across a horse and bore him from the field shouting, "Thus falls the house of York. Away with the last Plantagenet." TO BE CONCLUDED.

AUTUMNAL DIRGE.

BY S. SWAIN, JR.

MOTHER Nature, love to thee!
 Thou my spirit early won;
 All thy changes gladden me—
 Blessed is thy smile or frown!

It is joy that autumn's breeze
 Greet me with a cooler breath,
 From its frolic through the trees
 And across the stubbled heath.

That yon beauteous colors glow
 With a fiery gorgeousness,
 As if heaven had dropt its bow
 On the forest wilderness!

As when youthful beauties leave
 And the spirit looks above,
 God unto the heart will give
 Brighter hues of hope and love!

Oh! the autumn time is dear,
 For with fading leaves and flowers
 Comes—though with a silent tear—
 Memories of the lost of ours.

Thoughts of all our bright and good
 Who in life's green summer died,
 Leaving us with tears of blood
 Mourning at the coffin's side!

Thoughts of all their kindnesses,
 Of their love unknown to guile,
 Which like morning dreams of bliss
 Lift us to their homes the while.

Not alone while moving here
 Pure ones guide our footsteps on,
 For they call with voices clear
 To the goal which they have won.

Through the evening's quiet balm,
 On the breath of morning's air
 Come their whispers sweet and calm,
 Prompting us to love and prayer.

Oh! thou blossom early perished—
 * Sister of my boyhood's love!
 Whom my young heart fondly cherished
 Every earthly gift above.

Though the lips that I have pressed
 Move no more with rosy glee,
 From the Promised Land of rest
 Doth thy spirit speak to me!

HOPE ON!

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Hope on! Tho' every dream of life should perish,
 And youth's gay flush, like early flowers consume;
 Tho' all the dearest ties we love to cherish,
 Elude our grasp, like shadows from the tomb;
 Tho' friends betray, and fickle fortunes slight us,
 Till every stay we leaned upon is gone;
 Tho' night shuts in without one star to light us,
 And tempests howl around us—*still hope on!*

We start in life with visions high and daring,—
 Alas! if we but knew the half to come,
 How would we, at the outset, yield despairing,
 And pray that God would speedy take us home!
 But hope, with heavenly smile and tone, beguiles us,
 Still whisp'ring that the race may yet be won,
 And tho' we fail, with cheering words, she wiles us
 In life's cold, rainy eve to *still hope on!*

Hope on! God wills it—'tis by bold endeavor
 We conquer where the sinking heart would fail—
 High souls are steadfast, hoping on forever,
 With full sails bravely facing out the gale!
 Oh! be not faint at sorrow—it prepares us
 For higher aims when this poor breath is gone,
 Sinews the heart to meet life's ills, and bears us
 Rich fruit of joy at least, then *still hope on!*

Hope on! tho' now the gathering clouds are frowning
 In driving rifts across our happy love—
 High o'er them all, the glorious sunshine, crowning
 The mountain top, smiles out serene above!
 Tho' doubt and darkness strew the way before us,
 Hope on! that shining mount will yet be won;
 And there, while standing with the clear sky o'er us,
 Hand joined in hand, we'll whisper "*still hope on!*"

THE GREEK MAIDEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a summer afternoon, and the murmur of bees came drowsily to the ear. The light wind scarcely stirred the leaves, and the sea heaved up and fell lazily. On a bold promontory, overlooking the Ægean, sat a Greek maiden, her eyes now straining across the distant waters, and now watching the narrow mountain road which led up to the summit where she stood, as if on the look out for some one, but uncertain by what way he would approach. At length her eyes caught sight of an athletic form bounding up the rocks, and in the splendid costume of his race she recognized her long looked for lover.

"You have come at last, my life," she said, in the passionate language of the east, embracing him, "never to leave me again, I hope."

"Would God it were so," he answered sadly, "but while our native soil is profaned by the foot of a Turk, every true Greek must be up and in arms. Pray heaven, love, that this scourge may be over soon, and then we can be happy."

Tears filled the maiden's eyes, but she knew her lover was inflexible; and indeed how could she ask him to desert his country's cause, even if he would consent.

"I have watched for you, day by day, from this spot, but I forget every anxiety now that you are here. Let us to the house, for you look weary."

"I am indeed so," was the reply. "It was through a thousand perils I reached you, for the whole lower country swarms with the enemy, and I had more than one narrow escape."

The maiden started in alarm.

"What if they should track you here?" she said, with tremulous tones.

"Oh! there is no danger of that," said her lover, reassuring her. "I eluded them too adroitly, and they are now looking for me on the other side of the plain. But let us to the house."

It was one of those mountain homes where alone security could be found during the late struggle of the Greeks for freedom; and when the young soldier entered its neat walls, he felt a sense of security that had been a stranger to him, in that wild and predatory warfare, for months. The family consisted only of the aged father and mother of the maiden; and their delight to see him was only equalled by that of the daughter. So all were happy; and as they sat around the evening meal, they forgot for awhile even the wrongs of their country, and pictured years of happiness in the future yet in store for them.

The sun was just setting, and the young Greek and his mistress had walked to the door, to see the blue Ægean smiling under his departing beams, when suddenly the noise of a rock tumbling headlong, as if dislodged from some neighboring spot and dashing down the precipice, attracted the quick ear of the lover. He looked hurriedly around. The head of a Turk was just rising above the level of the rock, and immediately two or three other turbans were seen following him as he sprang on the little plain where the dwelling stood.

"We are betrayed," he cried, "secrete yourselves in the house, or seek some spot for concealment. The enemy are on us."

He drew his yatagan as he spoke, and, at the same instant, the enemy recognizing him sprang forward with loud shouts.

"This way," eagerly said the maiden, "they are too many for you. Fly, oh! fly," she exclaimed agonisingly, as he hesitated, "we have a sure place of refuge if we can only gain it unseen."

Her lover cast a bitter glance at the foe as he counted the overwhelming numbers, and then reluctantly yielded and with quick steps followed his mistress into the house. Her parents had already disappeared. Hastening through the back door, she led her lover into a small grove of trees and in a few minutes stood before the mouth of a cave, completely concealed from sight by the thick underwood growing over it. Here they took refuge.

For half an hour the fugitives remained in their retreat, though the lion heart of the young Greek chafed to hear his enemies so near, and he unable to strike a blow. At length the sound of their voices died away. Many minutes now were suffered to elapse; but finally the young soldier insisted on going forth to see if the enemy had departed. His mistress begged him to wait longer, and her entreaties for awhile prevailed, but when another half hour had elapsed he cautiously left the cave.

With trembling anxiety they waited his return, and every minute seemed an hour to the maiden. At length even her parents admitted that his absence was unexpectedly long, and could not conceal their fears. The daughter would listen to no entreaties, but insisted on leaving their retreat to ascertain the cause of his absence, and notwithstanding her mother's prayers finally set forth.

What a scene presented itself to her eyes as she emerged to the open air. The night had set in, but the whole heavens were illuminated with a lurid glare, which her heart told her, even before she approached it, came from her burning

home, once so happy, and where she had fondly hoped to spend her wedded life. But a greater sorrow than the destruction of the roof under which she had been born was before her. In vain she searched everywhere for her lover. The little plain, on which the house stood was circumscribed at the most, and a few minutes was sufficient for a thorough search in every part of it; but nowhere was her lover to be found. With tearful eyes and fainting heart she approached at last the edge of the precipice, where the enemy had first appeared. She almost fainted when her eyes met the broken yatagan of her lover, and saw the ground wet with large drops of blood and dented with hurried footsteps as if a deadly struggle had taken place there. She sank on the rock, and leaning her head on her hands, while large tears rolled quick and fast down her cheeks, looked across the darkened sea, over which the still burning embers of her father's house threw a fitful glare. All at once her eye fell upon a sail. It was that, she felt, in which her lover, if alive, was being borne away into captivity, and burying her face on the rock she gave way to convulsive sobbings.

Oh! the first sorrow of the young and innocent heart. How it crushes the soul, and makes us wish for death. Long wept the helpless maiden, her only thought being that life was now worthless and that it would have been better if she had not been born. It would, in that moment, have been a relief to her to have found the corpse of her lover, for she could then have enjoyed the melancholy satisfaction of paying it the last rites of sepulture; but now, that it was not here, she knew he was a prisoner, and reserved, perhaps, for the dreadful death of impalement.

Long she wept there hysterically. Once or twice she looked up, but her eyes were so blinded with tears that she could see nothing but a dim waste before her; and when she fixed her gaze on the spot where the sail had been it was not there.

"It has vanished in the gloom," she murmured, "and I shall never see him more. Would that I were dead!"

The terrible conviction was more than she could endure, her weak nerves gave way, and she fainted. Ah! wisely does heaven, when our sorrows become too great for endurance, fling the veil of insensibility over them.

Morning dawned heavily and slowly, and on that now desolate promontory, the weeping parents watched over their dying daughter. The dreadful shock had destroyed her, and during the night she had passed from one fainting fit to another. The agonized hearts of her parents

almost broke to see her sufferings, and as they watched over her couch on the hard rock—for the conflagration had left them no better repose—the tears fell thickly from their eyes.

"I shall meet him soon, dearest mother," said the poor girl faintly, as the day began to break. "They cannot separate us in heaven. His sufferings too will soon be over——"

"Do not talk so," said her sobbing parent. "He may yet escape, and all of us be happy. Oh! it breaks my heart to hear you."

The sufferer smiled faintly, but she shook her head. A silence of several minutes now ensued, broken only by the half stifled sobs of the mother.

"Hark!" suddenly said the maiden, "I hear a footstep—oh! God, can it be?" she said rising, with flushed cheek and eager eyes, "surely it is his—yet no! it cannot, cannot be," she added plaintively.

All started up and listened intently. A step was certainly approaching, though the darkness that preceded the dawn prevented them from seeing any one. Suddenly a form emerged from the shadows, and with a quick cry of joy, they recognized him whom they had thought a prisoner.

"Are you indeed alive. Oh! heavenly father, be praised," said the now reviving girl, flinging herself on her lover's bosom; while the parents lifted up their eyes to their Creator and poured forth deep prayers for his providential return and for the life of their child, which they now felt was restored to them.

As soon as the mutual agitation had somewhat subsided, the young Greek narrated the circumstances which had befallen him since he left the cave. He had, as they supposed, fallen into the hands of the Turks, and been threatened with death for not revealing the retreat of his mistress, whom they had seen with him on their first appearance. But, finding him immovable, they resolved to bear him off. Luckily, a few miles at sea, they had met with a Greek cruiser and been captured, when, taking a light skiff, the young soldier had hastened back to assure his mistress of his safety and undertake her protection in their now homeless state.

In one of the prettiest vallies of Greece, amid embowering vines and wild flowers loaded with fragrance, stands a neat dwelling, and there, the toils and perils of war long past, the hero and heroine of our story now reside, surrounded by a family of lovely children. But often, in the gathering twilight, the father, that they may appreciate the blessings of the peace their beautiful country now enjoys, rehearses the story of that eventful night.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

AGAIN in advance of every cotemporary we give the Paris fashions for November.

FIG. I.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of rich violet *moire*, made perfectly plain; *pardessus* of magnificent black satin, both the skirt and sleeves surrounded with a border *piquée* of a rich design; the small collar and sleeve being edged with a volant of black lace of a very light pattern. Capote of pale blue velvet; the edge of the brim surrounded with a fold of the same; the crown decorated with two rather small feathers shaded blue and white; the interior of the capote having *nœuds* of shaded blue ribbon on each side.

FIG. II.—A MORNING DRESS of plaid, made high in the neck, with a tight-fitting bodice and a rounded waist. The skirt is open before from the girdle, displaying a white jupe, and the rich lining on the dress. An elegant morning cap completes the costume.

FIG. III.—A BALL DRESS, consisting of an open jupe of pale blue watered silk, edged on each side of the front with a rich light looking white narrow gymp, having small white tassels placed at regular distances upon the gymp; under skirt of white lace, lined with white satin, of a very magnificent design; a very low and close fitting corsage of blue velvet, a shade or two darker than the jupe, with short tight sleeves; the openings on each side of the body and bottom of the sleeves encircled with a gymp *pareil* to the one on the skirt. Stomacher of rich white lace, lined with white satin, and forming a perfect point. Turban of pale blue *crêpe* formed in folds, and ornamented on the left side with a roseate of blue velvet, and three ends having small gold tags depending from them.

FIG. IV.—A PROMENADE DRESS, adopted in Paris, for walking in picture-galleries, and other rooms closed from the air. This costume would be an elegant one, at an earlier stage of the season, for garden promenades. Its chief feature, it will be seen, is the magnificent mantelet of lace, with hood.

BONNETS.—These have not undergone any material change in shape. Some are, however, shortened at the ears, while the front part is made proportionally large. Several autumnal ones have appeared in Paris made of *gros de Naples* of a light green color, and ornamented with a fulling of white tulle, and a tuft of roses and bladder nut. Generally, however, shaded marabouts or a light fancy feather is preferred for ornament. Fancy straws are much worn, both for morning and afternoon costume. When the former, they are trimmed with point lace, raised at the sides with large bunches of dark ribbons; those for afternoon being simply decorated with a long weeping fancy or ostrich feather, shaded in green or lilac; the interior trimmed with *nœuds* or puffings of ribbon.

PELISSES.—Several of our most distinguished *élégantés* have lately appeared in a warm kind of wrap called *des dolmans*, which is lightly wadded, the elegance of which is irreproachable, and perfectly distinct from the winter wraps; they are made in Italian silks of very pale colors, the *capuchon* and broad sleeves being alone decorated with lace. We have seen a few composed of plain *foulard de l'Inde*, buttoned up the

entire front; they are extremely useful for travelling, as they do not crease; the colors most in favor being dark blue and emerald green.

DRESSES.—Dresses made of *taffetas d'Italie* are very fashionable in Paris, particularly when of a light grey, shot with silver. The corsage *busqué plain, à petits cotés* (that is with side pieces) in the Amazonian style, and decorated as well as the skirt with diamond steel buttons; long elbow sleeves, having cuffs and epaulets. A chemisette is worn with this description of dress, called the *chevaillire*, and a *puritan* collar, edged with a straight Valenciennes lace *coquillés*. It may here be observed that those dresses made of silk have the sleeves mostly tight. Where dresses are made with open bodices, they now use, instead of the lacings that have been so fashionable, narrow straps or bands, embroidered to match the trimmings of the dress.

MANTELETS.—These divide the fashion, with the pretty shawls which have appeared this season. Mantelets are now made wholly of silk: they are *en biais* over the shoulders, and have a seam up the back, so as to shew the form of the waist, are rounded and cut slanting over the arms, and descend in long rounded ends down the front; this mantelet is trimmed round the back with two rows of lace reaching just over the arms; a single row of the same kind of lace encircling the ends.

WALKING COSTUME.—Perhaps the most fashionable walking dress is one of deep rich violet *pout de soie*, made *à l'Amazone*; opening all the way down the entire front of the pelisse, and closed with a small double *boullion* trimming of the same material; the corsage is made perfectly tight, with a kind of narrow lappel all round the waist, forming a kind of jacket; straight loose sleeve, descending to a little above the wrist, and ornamented on the top with a *jockey* surrounded with *boullion* trimming, as well as the bottom of the sleeves; under sleeves of plain muslin. Bonnet of dark blue satin, trimmed round the interior edge with a narrow *ruche* of tulle and *nœuds* of blue and white ribbon at the sides; the exterior decorated with a handsome blue marabout, falling very low.

BRACELETS are now considered indispensable; they are worn in the following manner: on one arm is placed the *sentimental* bracelet, composed of hair, and fastened with some precious relic; the second is a silver enamelled one, having a cross, cassiolette, or anchor and heart, as a sort of talisman; the other arm decorated with a bracelet of gold net work, fastened with a simple *nœud*, similar to one of narrow ribbon; the other composed of medallions of blue enamel, upon which are placed small bouquets of brilliants, the fastenings being composed of a single one; lastly, a very broad gold chain, each link separated with a ruby and opal alternate; of course the latter bracelets are intended to be worn in the afternoon.

APRONS are in very great vogue, the majority of those worn in *negligé*, or home costume, being made of black silk or satin, encircled with a stamped trimming called the *chicorées*. When made in colored silks, they are mostly shaded or shot. Some young persons wear them of an evening.

In our next we shall give full descriptions of winter costumes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"*The Gift for 1845*" has been published by Carey & Hart, but it scarcely comes up to the volume for 1844. "Agnes," the first plate, is by no means equal to "Beatrice" in the preceding issue. But "The Roman Girl" is very beautiful, and several other engravings are also quite elegant. The contributions are from the best American writers of both sexes. The binding of the copy before us is not worthy of the book however, being only common morocco.

"*The Diadem for 1845*" is a much superior annual to the Gift. It is in the quarto form, and all the embellishments are mezzotints by Sartain. We never saw any souvenir of the kind with such well selected pictures, and in many of them the engraver has improved on the original. This is not the case, however, in that fine subject, "Christiana and her children in the Valley of the Shadow of Death," where the mezzotint, by no means, approaches the picture. The literary matter is chiefly translations. We notice among others "The Dead Guest," from the German of Zachokke, a story which we published early in the present volume, but the translation in the annual is inferior to ours by Mrs. Ellett. Miss Lynch has furnished several beautiful poems for "The Diadem."

"*The Book of Christian Ballads for 1845.*" This is prettily got up, with an illuminated cover in the French style; but the engravings are quite inferior. Messrs. Lindsay & Blackiston are the publishers.

"*The Illuminated Shakespeare*" has reached its twenty-ninth number, and improves with each issue. No one should be without this edition of the "Swan of Avon." Hewitt, the publisher, has begun also an illuminated edition of Lamb's Shakespeare tales, a really splendid affair.

"*The Wandering Jew*" is the most popular novel of the day, and is written with great power. The incidents are thrilling, and the plot intensely interesting. There are two editions; but Winchester's is decidedly from the best translation.

"*Afloat and Ashore*"—The third and fourth vols. of this fine novel are out, concluding the story. Burgess & Stringer are the publishers. That Mr. Cooper maintains his supremacy in the sea novel, this, his latest work, is evidence.

"*The Works of Henry Kirke White.*"—This is a beautiful edition of the poems of the lamented White, stereotyped by S. Douglass Wyeth. We shall never forget the rapture with which, in boyhood, we hung over the writings of White; and we are glad to see them in this elegant dress.

"*Harper's Illuminated Bible*" has reached its eleventh number, and continues to merit the high praise which we bestowed on the first number.

"*The Literary Souvenir for 1845*" is a neat annual issued by Carey & Hart, the engravings of which, however, we think we have seen in old volumes of the Gift. But the cheap price will be an inducement for many to purchase, and when they have done this, the contents will keep them pleased with their acquisition.

There are numerous other books on our table, but these comprise such as are most interesting to the sex.

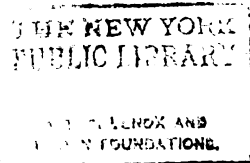
A BRILLIANT ARRAY.—We ask our readers to compare the subjects and style of execution of our engravings for this and the preceding month, with any or all of the three dollar magazines. In October no periodical had a plate equal to "The Sanctuary;" and we doubt if anything superior to "The Greek Maiden," in our present number, will appear for this month. We have now on hand and printed up a series of superb engravings, several of which are in mezzotint, which we shall begin to publish with our December number. Mr. Quarre has designed for us several of his brilliant illustrations in color, such as bouquets, shell-work, lace, arabesque, colored birds, &c. &c. Our Fashions will still continue the most correct models, we only, of all the monthlies, obtaining patterns in advance. Gratified by the patronage we have received, and encouraged by our large and increasing circulation, we shall make it our pride to outstrip every other magazine for the year 1845.

A WORD TO THE LADIES.—Now is the time to get up clubs, among yourselves, for the coming year. We intend to show, for 1845, what a *ladies' magazine should be!* Great improvements will be made in our home department, and the fashionable and literary gossip of the day will be attended to by a celebrated New York writer, who will be on hand to collect any item of interest. Our plates will be both national and from domestic subjects, presenting the greatest variety, both in subject and style of engraving. We shall *keep ahead!* We do not fear a comparison with any periodical in the country. One or two magazines, unable to obtain the correct fashions early, pretend that every one else is in the same predicament, and have abandoned their publication. Now we give the same number of plates as these magazines, and *the fashion plate extra!* Our plates, moreover, as well as our articles are original, which is not always the case elsewhere. We undertake to do first all any one else can do; and after that to do still more.

APPLETON'S BOOK STORE.—Our friend, G. S. Appleton, can now boast of having decidedly the most elegant book-store in Philadelphia. The new front proves him to be a man of the most refined taste. His assortment of English annuals and other valuable imported books is superior to that of any other establishment in town.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—There is no need that we should call attention, in detail, to the contents of the present number. Every article is original, and we think their variety will please; for no two are in the same strain. The December number will be, in every respect, a gem.

T. B. PETERSON'S PERIODICAL DEPOT.—We call attention to Mr. T. B. Peterson's advertisement. He will be found prompt to execute orders, and his supply will always be new and complete.

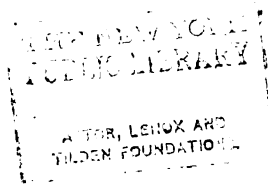




Engraved by J. H. Green

THE DOG AND THE DRAP

Engraved by J. H. Green





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No. 6.

THE VICTIM OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. P. W. CAROTHERS.

It was twilight. The soft rose clouds of evening had faded to a silvery grey, a light dew was cooling the sultry air, the hum of the bee was stilled, and a profound repose brooded over the scene. A young girl sat in the stoup of a farm-house of small dimensions in New England, and, save the tapping of her foot upon the floor, there was nought to break the quiet solitude of the "gloaming," as the Scotch poetically call the evening hour.

But there was no quiet in the bosom of the solitary girl, but rather the raging of a volcano, when all should have been calm as the surrounding scene, pure as the vault above.

A light footstep on the green sward announced the approach of some one, and a tall figure stooped beneath the arching vines that crossed the little porch and took a seat beside the girl, who shrunk back into the furthest corner from his approach.

"How is this, Hope, I thought you wished to see me. I came by your own appointment, and yet you give me no welcome—nay! you shrink from me as if my presence was detestable."

For several minutes Hope sat with her hands tightly passed over her brow, and answered nought to the calm, passionless address of her lover, for such *had been* the young man who sat beside her. Slowly Hope withdrew her hand and raised her head, but had there been light enough to have marked the lustrous flashing of her eye—the deep crimson of her brow, the most unpractised observer would have felt that something more than maidenly shame had sent that current of warm blood to color the temples that usually threw back a halo of light from her white brow. But a demon had taken possession of that young heart, and henceforth would be quenched forever the light of life.

Henry Thornton drew closer to her side, and though unable to comprehend the deep emotions that convulsed every pulsation of the delicate wrist he held, yet he felt sorry for the girl he

had trifled with, and tried to console her for what he imagined would be but a temporary grief.

"Dearest Hope," said he in the softest accents, "dearest Hope, believe me if I were old enough and rich enough to please myself in the choice of a wife, I would prefer you to the whole world, and with pride and pleasure would exhibit my New England beauty to my southern relations. But I am not of age, and were I to marry it would break my mother's heart, and my father would not hesitate a moment to turn me penniless in the world, and a pretty figure I should cut among you Yankees with a wife and no means to maintain her, and I am sure I should never learn to 'shift along,' as your brother calls living by one's wits; and as for labor, I am certain I should starve at it."

There was a curl of scornful irony around the lip of Hope as she listened to the frank expression of the southern student of his inability to maintain a wife.

"And this then is the end of your immortal passion," said she in deep, bitter, ironical tones: "this the end of your eternal constancy."

"Nay! Hope, what *could* you expect from a boy of twenty?"

"Truth and sincerity," she abruptly interrupted. "When you proffered me your heart I frankly gave you mine in exchange, before I knew how worthless was the thing for which I had bartered it. That knowledge came too late to save the profanation. I *had* loved with all the depth and strength of woman's love, and though the idol was but gilded dust, yet it had received the holiest offering of life. I can never offer the desecrated affections of that heart at another shrine. Henceforth they remain locked in the profoundest depths of silent sufferance, and no man shall ever stir a thrill of agony in my desolated heart—but think not I forgive the evil thus wantonly inflicted! *You*, Henry Thornton, scorn me. *I*, a poor laborer's daughter, you deem too low to share the lofty lot that fortune and not your own merits has called you to, and you, the owner of broad lands and numerous slaves, blush at loving the poor New England maiden; but I

will live to prove your evil genius. I sent for you to tell you this, to tell you how profoundly I hold in contempt your silly prejudices of rank and birth, and how easily I could mould you to my will did it comport with that will to chain my destiny to the cold, selfish, soulless being who could win the heart of a lowly maiden and then throw it by like a plucked weed. I sent for you to receive my parting vows of constancy. Yes! you will think of me bitterly hereafter when the hollow world has lost its gloss, and true hearts are far from you. Then you will wish you had been a lowly laborer with one devoted friend, rather than the gilded mirror of fortune. Farewell—we will meet *once* more, and only once—but that will be in after years. Go!”—as she spoke she extended her hand to Thornton, and as he took it he remarked it was icy cold, and a slight shudder thrilled his nerves at the contact, but ere he could speak she had withdrawn it and vanished into the house. For some time the youth sat absorbed in a deep reverie, and his feelings appeared painfully excited, for the full moon was shedding her mellow light full upon his features, and the shadows that crossed his usually joyous brow told of a strong mental conflict. Starting up he called “Hope,” first in a low, then in a louder key; but receiving no answer, he passed into the dwelling. It seemed that his search was ineffectual as his calls, for issuing from the low, trellised door of the stoup with compressed lips and frowning brow, that the clear moonlight plainly revealed, he made a hasty retreat from the farm-house; his tall figure occasionally emerging from the shaded lanes into the open meadows, as he took the most direct road to the town.

The father of young Thornton had sent him while quite young to an eastern college, and every season he returned home to his delighted parents improved in mental as well as personal graces. Rich, high bred, and somewhat remarkable for superior abilities, it never occurred to the father that *his* son could form a connexion without the pale of that aristocratic circle in which he was born; and so thoroughly imbued was the son with the prejudices of *caste* that he never anticipated danger in wooing the beautiful cottager. And when his father wrote him word for the first time to remain in the vicinity of the college during the vacation, as he and his mother were absent from home, he merely regarded it as a good opportunity to pursue an idle flirtation. And yet Thornton was an honorable minded young man, and intended evil least of all to the innocent girl whom he so much admired, but with the thoughtlessness of youth he paused not to consider whether he might not

grasp too rudely the beautiful butterfly he was pursuing.

Returning late one afternoon from an excursion on horseback, he was caught in a thunder storm, and his horse proving restive, the father of Hope invited him to take shelter with him and his sons in their barn. The rain increasing as night approached, Thornton was glad to accept the farmer's offer of supper and a bed; and the beauty of Hope proved an inducement to linger as long on the following morning as possible, and to render himself so agreeable to the farmer's sons as to induce them to invite a return. Thornton soon discovered that they were fond of gunning, and he had the best rifles in the world—fond of fishing, and his own tackle he brought from the south he must show them. In short a wonderful sympathy in tastes was discoverable in the young southerner and the Yankee boys—and Thornton took care to make his visits welcome alike to the old and young. With proverbial shrewdness the father soon learned to mark the glow of admiration and pleasure that marked the approach of his beautiful daughter in the expressive face of the stranger, and he permitted his hopes for her worldly advancement to silence the low whisper of wisdom, that would have told him she could never be happy among the proud relations of the rich southerner. Soon the tale of love was poured into ears that had never stooped to listen to another. Very beautiful and very gifted, Hope had many admirers, but no lovers, and his were the first tones of passion that had thrilled the latent chords that were doomed to give but one wild gush of music, and then be stilled forever. His manly beauty and finished grace of manner excited her warmest admiration. His poetic fervor and cultivated intellect had awakened her fancy, and his delicate tenderness subdued her to the fondest devotion. She loved him with a depth of idolatry that colder natures could not understand, and that almost startled its object. But there was much wanting about the beautiful rustic to fix the fastidious fancy of the high bred boy. True, she was lovely as a poet's vision, but then he daily saw her performing the most menial offices in her father's household, and it caused him to feel a secret disgust, so much are we the slaves of early education. About this time too he received a letter from a cousin, a very gay, but a very heartless girl, who was a perfect votary of fashion. She had been his occasional playmate in childhood, and still corresponded with her rich relation. She wielded a pen of most unsparing satire, and this time she attempted to amuse Thornton by a burlesque description of a marriage between one of their old friends and a modest country girl, whom he had chosen in

preference to her own ladyship, it had been whispered among her friends. Be that as it may, she rendered the affair supremely ridiculous in the eyes of a boy who had not yet learned to brave the arrows of ridicule, and from that hour his passion for Hope ceased. Whenever he remarked, and henceforth he was keen to remark, any of these *gaucheries* that a young rustic commits so unconsciously, a deep blush would suffuse his cheek, and the image of his own elegant and dignified mother would loom up before his imagination in terrifying vividness. Hope, with the intuitive delicacy of perception that marks a loving woman, soon learned to *feel* when his eyes suddenly shaded, and in the very humility of love she strove to please until the very exertion became distasteful to its object. With the most acute sorrow Hope marked the phases of his cooling regard; she had to disbelieve the evidences of her own senses, and hoped that it was the very strength of her own passion that caused her to distrust his. Thus the summer wore away, and autumn with its golden sunlight and rich fruits came on. A nutting party of neighboring boys and girls had been made, and Thornton chose to join them. They repaired to the skirts of a wood where the hazel copse was showering its brown treasures upon the checkered green sward, while the tall forest trees which the vine had climbed to its topmost boughs, afforded a shade beneath which the company and happy young people were seated after the walk. There was a pretty young girl among them about Hope's age, whose silly jealousy of Hope's superior beauty had ever made her an unpleasant companion, and on this evening in the very caprice of youth Thornton selected this girl from the rest, and while the rest of the party were gaily nutting among the bushes, they sat apart, and the low, modulated tones of the sutherland, and the sly yet triumphant glances of the girl at once betrayed to Hope that he was trifling with her. This was too much for her proud nature. "He would betray another fool," she muttered to herself. She closed her eyes and tried to clear the mists of passion from her mind, while she looked back through the few blissful months of her past existence, and strange to say she was startled by remembering now, for the first time, that he had never wooed her for his bride—never named her in conjunction with the wife of his manhood. "Have I been but the toy of his leisure, to be abandoned when his love wavers?" she bitterly thought; but Hope's quiet manner precluded any observations from her companions, and she compelled herself to wear her usual demeanor. From that hour the demon of Pride entered the heart of Hope, and to his prompting she sacrificed herself.

Years passed, and Colonel Thornton had won high rank on the battle grounds of his country. Civil honors flow rapidly upon a military chieftain in republics, and they came thick and fast to him, but his fine business talents vindicated the partiality of his countrymen, and he became as great in the council chamber as in the ranks of war. Caressed, adulated, rich and powerful, what more was necessary to make life happy? Yet why does he lean his head on his hand even while the eyes of beauty are gazing down on him, while music is filling the air, and the voice of flattery has scarcely ceased its whisper? Why does he shade his eyes and look out into the calm moonlight? In the camp, in the hall, in the saloons of fashion, evermore one pale cheek rose to his fancy—eyes into whose depths he could gaze down and find no guile were beaming upon him with true and undying love. Col. Thornton was a bachelor, and ladies had ceased to consider him a subject for speculation.

It was twilight at Venice. Grey mists were shrouding the marble palaces in sombre folds. The Gondolier's song was silent, and he lay lazily stretched along the steps to the palazzas, or rested upon his oar, for it was yet too early for the swarms of human creatures that live abroad at night. A lady sat in one of those upper balconies that overhang the canal. Her dark eyes were fixed on vacancy, and the shadows that played over her expressive features denoted deep passion. But soon her mood changed, the bitter and ireful expression ceased to curl her lip—tears began to flow—low and convulsive sobs shook her whole person, and she seemed abandoned to a perfect paroxysm of grief.

One by one the lights began to gleam upon the water, the front of the splendid palaces that reared their proud walls over the glassy pavements became illuminated; and music began to steal along the air. The sons and daughters of pleasure were in pursuit of their idol, and noise and gaiety succeeded the few tranquil minutes of twilight. The attendants of the lady came to summon her to the bath and the toilette, and in an hour all traces of sorrow were effaced from the features that had so lately writhed in agony. Rather above the ordinary stature, an imperial majesty of mien distinguished her from others, and but for the soft and gentle expression of her lustrous eyes one would have felt awed rather than pleased by her exquisite beauty. The ever changing expression of her countenance bewildered those who did not know the beautiful, gifted, more than half crazed improvisatrice, the Marquise Bellini.

The rooms were crowded as the fair improvisatrice paused timidly at the entrance, but it seemed that anxious eyes were watching her approach, for the Prince P——, the noblest in the throng, pressed eagerly forward to receive her, and as she slowly promenaded the apartments leaning on his arm, his features expressed the deep witchery of her power over him. At length she paused beneath the dazzling light shed from a magnificent chandelier in the centre of the room. Her face had become animated, the rays of light streamed down on her head and shoulders, revealing their matchless proportions, and the long shadowy tresses sparkling with gems, while her sable robes contrasted vividly with her white arms and brilliant complexion—a complexion too variable to be supposed the creation of art. The prince was bending forward in an attitude of supplication, and gently pressing her toward a temporary throne of cushions piled in the centre of the apartment. The guests left the tables of chance, and the promenade to crowd around them, and even the music had ceased so intent were they upon this new source of amusement. The marquise threw around one proud, triumphant glance, and permitted the prince to seat her, while he whispered some word of passionate entreaty in her ear as he sank at her feet in a recumbent posture on the cushions by which she ascended. A murmured, plaintive sound arose that thrilled into articulate expressions, and the improvisatrice in the pure and poetical Italian of her own clime, was giving one of those wild bursts of romance an American so little comprehends.

That night the prince had received as his guests some distinguished foreigners who were visiting the south of Europe, and among them the American Ambassador to Paris. He had seen at Rome one of those gifted women, but she was neither young nor beautiful, and the wondrous charm that fascinated his gaze on her radiant countenance, her rich crimson lips, her white pearly teeth, her snowy skin, and above all her lustrous eyes, so touching in their passionate darkness, was altogether new. He had marked her entrance, and the devoted regard the prince had continued to bestow on her, while conversing with an English lady, to whom he had been presented; and he had enquired of her who was the beautiful creature with whom he had appeared so enamored, and her reply was only calculated to excite instead of allaying his curiosity.

"The beautiful creature! yes! the Improvisatrice Marquise Bellini *is* beautiful that is certain—but her manner tells she is not beautiful always. See you not that she is old—and then

how large a hand!" The minister started at this remark.

"Oh! but madam, *that* appears her only personal defect, and to you, who are accustomed to see always such delicately moulded fingers," and he gallantly glanced at the shrivelled hands of the English woman, "it must be a glaring one."

"Oh! that is not her *only* defect, I assure you, they do say," and here she lowered her voice—"they do say she is half crazed. She is the richest widow in Venice, and were she not an Italian——"

"Are you sure she is an Italian?" and the ambassador's eyes followed the lovely marquise in that abstracted sort of gaze in which the memory of some object is mingling with the present.

"Quite sure, for Prince P—— himself told me she was a native of Italy, and he is good authority, for you see evidently he is her lover." The word lover sounded harsh in the minister's ears, and he too became absorbed in listening, for now arose the clear silvery tones of the improvisatrice as the wild imaginings of her brain found utterance, now describing the maiden and her lover in the first glow of reciprocated love, exchanging vows in the vine covered bowers of Thessaly. The soul-stirring appeals of patriotism arouse the youth from his delirium of joy—he hastens to gird on the sword—and the hands of the heroic maiden bind it to his side, having first secured his fidelity by a charm, won by pilgrimage and rich offerings from an old witch of Thessaly, the classic home of magic. The camp—the battle—the pursuit—the captured maiden, fearless of all but the loss of her lover, and seeking him on the battle-field with woman's constancy and devotion. His escape to the old caves of Thessaly, and her imprisonment in the Turk's seraglio. Her liberation after refusing to exchange the object of her love for the Imperial tiara, and her wondrous and perilous journey, now reposing beneath the bland skies of Greece, in the open fields, and then in the rude tent of the soldier, protected by the impassable purity of consecrated love. And now the maiden gains, after long toils, the first sight of her lover's home—she sees him entering the threshold—her weary limbs receive fresh impulse—soon the reward of her constancy will be won—she springs forward, she enters his dwelling—a young matron rocking a sleeping infant meets her glance. At that moment the improvisatrice bent forward, her eyes sparkling, her whole face rigid, and the gleaming of a dagger she held aloft as if personating the enraged murderer. She was in the act to wreak vengeance on her perfidious lover, when her eyes suddenly met those of the ambassador, who had

pressed forward as if under the power of some irresistible influence until he touched the cushions on which the prince reclined. In a moment her arm relaxed and dropped powerless by her side; her bright complexion faded to a cadaverous hue, and as the prince bore her from the crowd into the air her eyes were fixed in a long gaze upon the American. Her exit was attributed to the perfection of her art in acting, and the listeners drew a long breath and smiled as they applauded the exertion of her genius. That night came fantastic visions to the tortured brain of the minister. Some old memory of wrong identified him with the perfidious Thessalian when he slumbered, and when he awoke as tantalizing images rose before him as ever mocked the desolated heart. Hope, young and devoted, came before his fancy, he saw her in all the perfection of her unrivalled beauty and her devoted truth, he listened to the soft accents of caressing fondness she had poured into his young ear. How that ear had thirsted since for those fond tones. Then arose the brilliant vision of the improvisatrice in all the majesty of her beauty and her genius, and her long passionate gaze as the prince bore her away. Why were her eyes thus fastened on his with such a soul searching glance? He rose and walked his apartment, and his will by a strong effort dispelled the frenzied chimeras of his fancy. But his mood was stern, though calm, and he was tempted to doubt the means by which he had sought happiness in life.

The two succeeding days were given to visiting the palace of St. Mark, the old den of torture, where fiends in men's likeness appeared—the spires—the churches—the works of art—the bridge of sighs—but nowhere did he meet any one who named the Marquise Bellini, and some inexplicable feeling sealed his own lips from making the enquiry. No longer able to bear this oppression and indefinable emotion he entered a gondola, and desiring the gondolier to row slowly past the Bellini Palace, he wrapt himself in a cloak, and with a hope he scarcely dared own to himself he stood up to gaze at the latticed windows of one of the oldest, but most magnificent buildings in Venice. He had past in the twilight and was now returning slowly, his head raised to look up, when a slip of paper came fluttering from a casement, and a white hand drew back the blind that had for an instant unclosed. The gondolier caught it ere it touched the water and handed it with a smile to the American. With a burning cheek he read.

"If Henry Thornton desires an interview he will be received at the Bellini Palace."

Instantly desiring to be landed he ascended the

steps, and was admitted by a venerable looking domestic whose antique air was in keeping with the exterior of the palace. He silently ushered him through a long suite of rooms, and in the farthest that seemed to be furnished something between an oratory and a library, sat a woman on a low stool, whose black robes and long curling tresses so completely enveloped her whole person that Thornton paused lest he was mistaken in supposing it a living creature. The servant closed the door, and still she stirred not, if woman it was. Thornton turned as if meditating retreat, when she slowly raised the veil of clustering curls that had fallen over her recumbent face and looked up at him. The wax tapers that burned upon a shrine of the Virgin dimly lighted the apartment, and the paleness of the marquise gave a spiritual hue to her features as she gazed so mournfully up into Thornton's face, the tears slowly dropping from the long lashes upon her colorless cheek. Amazement for a minute robbed him of all power of utterance, but the next he lay at her feet, abandoned to the transporting assurance that Hope, his own Hope and the improvisatrice were one.

Pass we over the first hour of their interview in which Thornton, in the strong eloquence of that passion that had now burst to flame from the long smouldering ashes of concealment, gave utterance to all his hopes, his plans and his wishes, and in which Hope had explained to him the change that time had wrought—how she, a motherless maiden, had been induced to accept the offer of a lady going to Europe to take charge of her children. That in the character of governess she had seen the old Venetian noble at her protector's house. Interested by her story that the American lady had told him and by her extreme beauty, he had offered to wed her and give her a home and a fortune. His amiable temper, his benevolence and tenderness had won her gratitude, and with devoted fidelity she became his companion, his nurse, and his friend, and in return he had left all of his estates that were not legally the inheritance of his heir at law to her.

"Thus I am rich and of high rank, and still beautiful," concluded Hope with a faint smile, as she shook back the silken tresses from her white neck. At that moment the clock of St. Mark struck, and starting up she exclaimed, "I vowed but to indulge one hour in seeing, in hearing you. Henry Thornton the hour will expire in a few minutes. Listen, but do not interrupt me. I was very sinful when you left me abandoned to all the wretchedness of disappointed love—I swore bitterly to be avenged. My vow is recorded and cannot be recalled."

For this purpose have I lived—have I dragged on years of anguished regret, despising the fools that flattered, and fearing the good who approached me, knowing the evil passions that disappointment had engendered in my heart. I sought consolation in religion as taught in the creed of my New England forefathers, but it came not for sighs or prayer. I abjured it—I sought forgetfulness in the adulation of the noble and gifted, but it fled me—my guilty vow rose ever before me. Then I prostrated myself in the very abandonment of isolated misery at the footstool of the Catholic faith, and unbosomed myself of the burning thirst of vengeance that lay festering at my heart. I prayed for *this* hour, and it is granted me. We part to meet no more—my vow is fulfilled—wish you not in this hour that you had been born a peasant so that you had kept faith with me."

In vain Col. Thornton implored her to save herself and him the misery of a life of separation; in vain he urged her to forgive his youthful error. Gazing on him as she clasped her hands, while drops of agony burst from his brow, with a cold smile she gently withdrew her hand and raising the drapery behind him passed from his presence.

In a month all Venice was flocking to see the beautiful Marquise Bellini take the veil. In consideration of her ill health and her riches the noviciate had been waived, and she was to become a nun of the order of our Lady Clare. By the rails of the altar stood a cloaked cavalier, accompanied by Prince P——, and when the long silken tresses were cut from her head he stretched forth his hand to receive them, and hastily leaving the church, was no more seen in Venice.

EARLY HOPES.

BY HARRIET J. BOWLES.

EARLY Hopes! Alas how fast
They fall 'neath disappointment's blight,
Like lustrous beams at sun-set cast
On summer clouds—too bright to last
And yielding soon to night.

Early Hopes! How soon they fade—
Like smiles which midst the rosy bloom
Of laughing beauty, once have played—
Of beauty in the dust now laid,
And mould'ring in the tomb.

Early Hopes! Alas when fled,
We feel the pain their loss hath giv'n:
And o'er them sorrowing tears are shed
As o'er the unforgotten dead,
We hope to meet in Heaven.

ELLEN,

THE ROSE OF GREENWOOD GLEN.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

Continued from page 153.

SEVEN years of the stranger's proposed absence had passed away, and Ellen, now seventeen, merited more than ever the distinctive appellation which, at an early period, had been awarded to her uncommon beauty. There were few young men of her acquaintance who would not have been proud and happy to wear this lovely rose. No one, however, was so fortunate as to win her love, and she had too much goodness of heart, and her moral perceptions were too keen and delicate to suffer her to throw round her admirers that web, which, woven by coquetry and art, and brightened by the lustre of false smiles, seems the rainbow of promise to the deceived heart. Many among her female friends wondered at her insensibility, and called her a beautiful statue, destitute of the sympathies common to her sex. Mrs. Harlowe alone knew, that beneath this apparent coldness slumbered the deep well-spring of pure and warm affections, which only waited to be stirred by a kindred spirit. Early in the spring, Edgar Herbert, a young lawyer whose health had become impaired by too close application to his professional duties, in compliance with the advice of his physician, came to reside near Greenwood Glen for the benefit of country air. Without being what would generally be termed handsome, his features were spirited and intelligent, and his manners were those of a person accustomed to polished society. He was deeply imbued with a love of whatever was beautiful, and poetic thoughts would sometimes flash upon him when toiling at the drudgery of his profession. The first time he saw Ellen she was riding in company with several of her young associates, and the ease and grace with which she managed her high-spirited horse attracted his attention before she was near enough to allow him to discern her features. These, when he could behold them, were more beautiful to him than one of his own fairy creations. Her brown hair straying from beneath the cincture of her riding-cap was bright with the gleam of the declining sunbeams, and her lips, though still, as in childhood, fresh as the opening rose-bud, were scarcely of a richer red than exercise in the open air had imparted to her cheeks. Many weeks had not passed before Herbert obtained leave to attend her in her equestrian excursions, and often, near sunset, they might have been seen riding along the banks of a beautiful stream shaded with birches, the

slant beams of the sun broken into thousands of sparkles as they touched the rippling waters, or shedding a golden glory over the woods that clothed the opposite bank.

One evening as they rode slowly along on the strip of smooth sand that bordered the river, which was so narrow as scarcely to admit of the two horses going abreast, Ellen, to whom singing was easy as breathing, warbled a little song which she had previously remarked would answer for a description of the surrounding scene.

"There," said she, with a gay laugh when she had finished, "don't you agree with me?"

"Pardon me," he replied, "for although I had a dreamy consciousness of hearing a very sweet melody, I don't remember a single word."

"Very complimentary," said she, laughing more gaily than before.

"The truth is," said he with a serious air, "I was thinking that this might be the last time that we should ever ride together."

"Why so?" she enquired, with a countenance grave as his own.

"I received a letter from my father this morning, saying that it was necessary for me to return home immediately. My health is restored, and I have no excuse for remaining idle any longer."

A silence ensued of several minutes, which was interrupted by Herbert, who after two or three attempts to glide into the subject in an easy and graceful manner, made an abrupt and honest declaration of his attachment.

"May I hope for a return, Ellen?" said he, at a loss how to construe her evident agitation.

"Before answering you," she replied, "I wish to enquire if you have been made acquainted with the mystery that hangs over my birth?"

"Mystery!" he repeated—"are you not Mrs. Harlowe's daughter?"

Ellen's negative reply was succeeded by a relation of those incidents which her protectress had thought proper to reveal to her, and which indeed embraced all she herself knew except her father's visit to the concert-room, his gift of the miniature, and his departure for a foreign land.

"As we live in a country," he replied, "where pedigree is of little importance compared with innocence and virtue, your ingenuous confession serves only to heighten my regard."

It may be unnecessary to recapitulate the particulars of the conversation which ensued, and which resulted in a mutual pledge of faith.

"Expect a letter from me by the first mail after I return," were Herbert's last words to Ellen ere he bade her adieu.

When at the close of the second day of his journey he alighted in front of the paternal dwelling—his father met him with a cordial

welcome. After the first pleasurable glow of excitement occasioned by his return had time to subside, he imagined he saw anxiety and gloom written on his father's countenance. Before retiring to rest he found that his conjecture was but too true.

The moment they were alone after supper, his father said to him—"Edgar, I am not worth a cent! Unknown to you I entered deeply into a certain speculation. It proved only a brilliant bubble, and I am a ruined man unless you will step in to my aid. Promise me that you will."

"Can you doubt," said his son, "that I will do everything to aid you that lies in my power? My health is restored, and by a close application to my professional——"

His father impatiently interrupted him.

"That will be of no use," said he. "How long think you would it take to accumulate twenty-five thousand dollars by making out writs, or now and then pleading the cause of some rascal accused of petty larceny? No, no—that won't do. A more expeditious method must be resorted to."

"I am at a loss to think of any. Speculation of all kinds is so uncertain."

"Not all," said his father, again interrupting him. "Matrimonial speculation may sometimes be excepted."

"But not always easily entered upon."

"Perfectly easy in your case. You have seen Dorothy Kenmore?"

"I have."

"Will you?"—and he grasped Edgar's hand convulsively as he spoke—"will you marry her? Quick, yes or no," seeing that Edgar hesitated—"I am not in a humor for any except a decided answer."

"No, then," replied his son.

"And to-morrow then I am without a home. Fool that I was to place confidence in the gratitude and compassion of a child."

"I am unable to imagine," said Edgar, alarmed at the extreme agitation depicted in his father's countenance, "how sacrificing myself in the manner you propose can avert the impending calamity."

"Being pressed for ready money, I mortgaged the whole of my property, worth as you well know fifty thousand dollars, to old Kenmore for half that sum. This was to be refunded at the expiration of two years or the mortgage was to be foreclosed. The day of grace expires to-morrow, but Kenmore promises to give up his claim if I can effect a marriage between you and his daughter, who, it seems, has long regarded you with a favorable eye."

"Were Miss Kenmore instead of being old and ugly and repulsive in manners, as beautiful as an

angel, I could not, in honor, comply with your wishes, as I am bound by a sacred promise to marry another."

"May I ask her name?" said his father calmly, instead of giving way to anger as his son expected.

"Ellen Harlowe."

"And resides in the town where you have been this summer?"

"She does."

"May I likewise enquire what dowry you have reason to expect with her?"

"Beauty, innocence and virtue, and a mind that scorns to deceive."

To this his father made no reply, but after sitting in a thoughtful attitude for several minutes, he said: "You must take a week to consider the matter. For that time I think I can obtain old Kenmore's lenity. Women are fickle, and it is not impossible but that this Ellen Harlowe with all her excellent qualities may voluntarily absolve you from your promise."

"When that happens," said Edgar, reddening with anger at the bare suggestion. "I am ready to marry Dorothy Kenmore."

About an hour before sunset on the day Ellen expected to hear from Edgar Herbert, the subjoined note was put into her hand by a lad living near, who said he was ordered to wait for an answer.

"The father of Edgar Herbert now addresses you for the purpose of requesting you to meet him by sunset or soon after, in some secluded spot, which you will please designate, as he has something very important to communicate. Inform no person of your intention, and fail not on any pretext to attend to the request of

JAMES HERBERT."

The contents of the note greatly agitated her, for she felt sure that to make some unpleasant disclosure or to exact some promise which had reference to Edgar, was the motive that actuated the writer. She felt half inclined to infringe the injunction of secrecy so far as to make Mrs. Harlowe her confidant that she might receive her advice, but on a second perusal of the note, she decided to abide implicitly by its directions. She accordingly in as brief terms as possible described a spot called the "Maiden's Chair," near the river, and screened by a high, precipitous bank, which, as it had the reputation of being haunted, she thought would be secure from intrusion, and where she promised to repair without delay. In fifteen minutes after she had sent her answer she was at the place she had described. It was gained by a steep descent, and besides being, as intimated, sheltered by nature and guarded by superstition, was of itself one of those lovely and

desolate spots which chill and awe the spirit. At any other time Ellen, though her superior education prevented her from giving full credence to popular belief, might not have been wholly free from apprehension, lest she should obtain a glimpse of the maiden seated on a rock that overlooked the waves which in shape bore some resemblance to a chair, and from which, it was said, she threw herself into the river on account of a perfidious lover. As it was, fear of meeting the living overcome that of seeing the dead, and agitation compelled her to sit down on one of the gray and weather-beaten rocks. Many minutes had not elapsed before she saw a man, whose appearance indicated him to be between fifty and sixty, commence descending the narrow and precipitous path. She rose, and with as much composure as she was capable of assuming, awaited his descent. The stern and ungracious resolve which had urged him to seek an interview with her had given its impress to his features.

"You are, I presume," said he, the moment he had placed his foot on level ground, "Ellen Harlowe."

Ellen assented.

"You will excuse me," said he, "but circumstances oblige me to be abrupt. Edgar Herbert, my son, informs me that you are, as the phrase goes, engaged to each other. My object in seeking this interview is to demand of you to release him from his engagement."

"Has he authorized you to demand it?" said Ellen, getting the better of her timidity by perceiving that his overbearing manner was evidently assumed for the purpose of frightening her into submission.

"It may be enough for you to know that had he been acquainted with certain incidents he would never have entered into such a foolish engagement. Restrained by mistaken notions of honor he will not ask you to release him, which you must, therefore, in his estimation, do voluntarily. If you refuse, ruin will be his—ruin, perhaps death will be mine."

Having said thus, he produced a paper to which he required her to affix her name. Hastily glancing her eye over the contents, she found that by so doing she would bind herself to request Edgar to release her from her promise without assigning any cause.

"I cannot sign a paper," said she, "that will make me appear to Edgar Herbert not only fickle but inconsistent. That would indeed make me miserable."

"Very well. His ruin and my destruction will be the consequence, for I am determined not to survive the poverty and disgrace that await us."

"I am ready to retract my promise," said she,

"if the consequences are to be so terrible, but do not, I entreat you, insist on my doing so without assigning a reason."

"I have already told you," he replied, "that unless you appear to do it voluntarily it will be of no avail."

Finding that her resolution appeared to waver, he spread the paper upon a rock, placed ink, with which he had taken care to furnish himself beside it, and put a pen into her hand.

"Quick," said he, "or it will be too dark for you to see to write."

She knelt down upon the sand and mechanically traced her name. Snatching the paper from the rock as if he feared she would attempt to obliterate it.

"You are aware," said he, "that you have bound yourself to write to my son by the next post, which must close your intercourse with him forever, for should he be so unreasonable as to request an interview you are not to grant it under any pretext whatever. Do you fully understand what is required of you?"

"I do," she replied, "and you, sir, I hope will realize that you have destroyed the happiness of an orphan forever."

"Believe me, my dear young lady," said he, taking her hand, "that I have not done so without pain to myself. Stern necessity drove me to it. I now leave you, and could you value a miserable man's blessing it should be yours."

The moment Ellen returned home as if fearful that her courage would fail her, she set about the painful task of writing to Edgar. She had just sent her letter to the post-office when the stage-coach stopped opposite the Glen. A gentleman alighted and entered the path, whom Mrs. Harlowe at once recognized as Mr. Smith, her old correspondent. She met him at the door.

"I am no longer Mr. Smith," said he, shaking her warmly by the hand, "but Henry Lester. Where is my daughter?"

Ellen was summoned, and Edgar Herbert was forgotten in the joy of beholding a parent for the first time, whose manners appeared to her more fascinating than any person's she had ever seen. After a long conversation upon what may be termed heart affairs, Mr. Lester informed them that his grandfather to whose guardianship he had been committed at the decease of his father, which happened when he was five years old, being now dead, it was no longer necessary to preserve the secret of his daughter's existence.

"Will you permit me to ask why it was necessary during his life?" said Mrs. Harlowe.

"My grandfather," he replied, "forbade my marriage with Ellen's mother, under penalty of incurring his malediction in exchange for his

large property. We were so imprudent as to disregard his threats, and were married privately. Had my wife lived it would have been impossible long to have preserved the secret of our marriage. Her early death made me determine not to forfeit the wealth which might, at some future time, be secured to her child. All my prudence, however, could not prevent him from having a vague suspicion of the truth, which caused him to curtail my liberal allowance, and prevented me from rewarding you as liberally for your trouble as I wished. I have now in addition to the inheritance derived from my grandfather, a handsome fortune which I have accumulated during my absence, which will enable me to fully remunerate you in a pecuniary point of view, although there are other and deeper obligations which I feel it will be impossible for me ever to conceal."

"The pleasure of my task," replied Mrs. Harlowe, "has ever counterbalanced its difficulties, and I can truly say that if there be any obligation it appears to me to be quite as much on my side as yours."

The next day but one Mr. Lester was obliged to leave for a distant city, where important business required his presence. He was likewise, he said, desirous of seeing a young friend residing there, whom he had met with when abroad, and whom he informed Mrs. Harlowe he would, with her leave, invite to return with him and spend a few days at Greenwood Glen. Mrs. Harlowe, of course, assented, and he departed with a promise to return in a week or ten days. Ellen, in the meantime, had received the expected letter from Edgar, who was evidently at the time he wrote laboring under great depression of spirits, though he made no allusion to the subject which had been discussed between him and his father.

Her father had been absent about a week, when one day toward evening Ellen walked out, directing her steps to the shore of the river where she and Edgar Herbert had last rode together, and where they had plighted their troth. She had promised never to see him again even if he sought an interview, which after what she had written to him it was not likely he ever would. She sat down on the green bank, and bitter tears which she sought not to restrain gushed from her eyes. A few minutes only had elapsed when she heard some one call her name. She listened. The call was repeated, and in a voice which she knew to be her father's. Hastily brushing away her tears she started up in order to go and meet him. An abrupt turn hid him from her view, and walking quickly forward she suddenly found herself within a few steps of her father and Edgar Herbert.

"May God bless you, my children," said Mr.

Lester, placing Ellen's hand in Edgar's before she was aware of his intention.

She shrunk back, but Edgar before permitting her to withdraw her hand pressed it to his lips. Mr. Lester perceived his daughter's painful agitation, and hastened to relieve it by a full explanation. Edgar, he informed her, was the young friend he became acquainted with while in a foreign land, and without knowing that he had ever seen her or Mrs. Harlowe, he mentioned them in course of conversation. The elder Herbert, who was present, when he found that Ellen was likely to prove a much richer heiress than Dorothy Kenmore, was as anxious to have the engagement renewed as he had before been to break it, and the first moment he was alone with his son frankly confessed his journey to Greenwood Glen and its result. Mr. Lester was delighted to find that his favorite young friend had become enamored of his daughter, a consummation which he had hoped to bring about when he requested Mrs. Harlowe's leave to invite him to spend a week at the cottage.

Old Kenmore, being propitiated by a handsome present in addition to the twenty-five thousand dollars, gave up the mortgage, although the day of grace had passed, while his daughter was consoled for the loss of the handsome lawyer by an offer of marriage from a good-natured old bachelor, who, if he could obtain only one, preferred an elegant establishment to a pretty wife.

Mr. Lester and the now happy lovers returned to the cottage, where the former entertained Mrs. Harlowe by a recital of the little drama in which her adopted daughter had figured as the distressed heroine.

THE VALE OF WYOMING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE's many a beauteous region of the earth
Doth take its baptism from Castalia's fount,
And henceforth, to the ears of men, became
A charmed name. But in this new-found West,
There hath been little pomp or ornament
Bestow'd to herald Nature, where she walks
With glorious skill.

And so, the traveller goes

To muse at Thessaly, or strike his lyre
Beside Geneva's lake, or raptur'd mount
Benlomond's cliff, pouring o'er other climes
The enthusiasm which his own deserves to share.
Yet go not forth, son of the patriot West,
To give the ardor of thine earliest love
Unto an older world, till thou hast seen
June's cloudless sun o'er Wyoming go down—
And from her palace-gate, the queenly moon
Come slowly forth, wrapp'd in her silver veil,
So calm—so still—not as at Ajalon
To light the vengeance of the warrior's arm,

But lost in admiration of a scene

She helps to beautify. Yea, go not forth,
Till from the brow of yonder mountain height,
Through interlacing branches, rich with bloom.
The tulip or magnolia, thou dost part
The canopy of close-enwreathed vines,
And through a mass of foliage, looking down
On copse, and cultur'd field, and village spire.
Behold the Susquehannah, like a bride,
Glide on in beauty to her nuptial hour.
Here, too, are gloomy haunts, where roam
The insatiate wolf, and here are sunny glades
Where with light foot the red deer leads her fawn.
And quiet, shaded brooklets where leap up
The speckled trout.

Yet still, deceitful vale.

So lull'd, and saturate in deep content
With thine exceeding beauty, thou dost hide
A blotted history of tears and blood,
A dire, Vesuvian, lava-written scroll,
Which the confiding lover at thy feet
But little wits of. Thy romantic groves
And fairy islets have sent up the cry
Of wounded men, and o'er the embroider'd bank
Where violets grew, the carnage-tint hath lain
Deep as a plague-spot.

Ask yon monument.

That o'er the velvet verdure lifts so high
Its letter'd chronicle, who sleeps below?
And why so many lustrums, tearful spring
Did weep like Rizpah o'er the slaughter'd brave,
Unarm'd, unhonor'd, ere its pillar'd breast
Arose to take the record of their names,
And of their valor teach a race unborn.

The memories of red war, how thick they spring
Among these flowers. Here, in fierce strife have stood
Indian and white man, ay! and they whose faith
Was in the same Redeemer, through whose breasts
Flow'd the same kindred blood-drop, casting off
The name of brother in their cradle learn'd
Have madly met—I may not tell you how.
History hath stain'd her pencil and her page
With these dark deeds, and ye may read them there.

Yet would I tell one tale of Wyoming
Before we part. There was a pleasant home
In times long past. A little chrystal brook
Where water-cresses grew, went singing by,
While the ripe apples gleaming through the boughs.
And in its humble garden, many a bush
Of scarlet berries, sprinkled here and there
With fragrant herbs, sage and the bee-lov'd thyme.
Betoken'd thrift and comfort.

Once as clos'd

The autumn day, the mother by her side,
Held her young children with her storied lore.
Fast by her chair a bold and bright-eyed boy
Stood, statue-like, while closer at her feet
Were his two gentle sisters. One a girl
Of some eight summers, youngest and most lov'd
For her prolong'd and feeble infancy—
She lean'd upon her mother's lap, and look'd
Into her face with an intense regard—

And that quick, intermelting sob that tells
How the soul's listening may impede the flow
Of respiration. Pale she was and fair,
And so exceeding fragile that the name
Given by her stronger playmates at their sports
Of "Lily of the Vale," seem'd well bestow'd.

The mother told them of her native clime,
Her own belov'd New England, of the school
Where many children o'er their lessons bent,
Each mindful of the rules to read or spell,
Or ply the needle at the appointed hour—
And how they serious sate, with folded hands,
When the good mistress through her spectacles
Read from the Bible. Of the Church she spoke,
With slender spire, o'er-canopied with elms—
And how the sweet bell on the Sabbath morn
Did call from every home the people forth,
All neatly clad, and with a reverent air,
Children, by parents led, to worship God.

Absorb'd in such recital, ever mix'd
By that maternal lip with precepts pure
Of love to God, and man, they scarcely mark'd
A darkening shadow o'er the casement steal,
Until the savage footstep, and the flash
Of tomahawks appall'd them.

Swift as thought
They fled thro' briars and brambles fiercely track'd
By grim pursuers. The poor mother tax'd
With the lov'd burden of her youngest born,
Mov'd slowest, and they cleft her fiercely down:
Yet with that impulse which doth sometimes move
The sternest purpose of the red man's breast
To a capricious mercy, spar'd the child.
Her little, struggling limbs, her pallid face
Averted from the captors, her shrill cry
Coming in fitful echoes from afar
Deepen'd the mother's death-pang.

Eve drew on,
And from his toil the husband and the sire
Turn'd wearied home. With wondering thought he
mark'd

No little feet come forth to welcome him;
And through the silence listen'd for her voice,
His Lily of the Vale, who first of all
Was wont to espy him.

Thro' the house he rush'd
In pity and desolate, and down the wild—
There lay his dearest weltering in her blood
Upon the trampled grass. In vain he bore
Her form of marble to its couch and strove
Once more to vivify that spark of life
Which ruthless rage had quench'd.

In that dread hour
Of utter desolation broke a cry,
"Oh, father! father!" and around his neck
Two weeping children twin'd their trembling arms,
His elder born, who in the thickets' depths
'Scap'd the destroyer's eye.

When bitter grief
Withdrew its palsy power, the tireless zeal
Of that dismember'd household sought the child
Reft from their arms, and oft with shuddering thought
Revolv'd the hardships that must mark her lot
If life was hers. And when the father lay

In his last, mortal sickness he enjoind
His children never to remit their search
For his lost Lily. Faithful to the charge
They strove, but still in vain.

Years held their way,
The boy became a man, and o'er his brow
Stole the white, sprinkled hairs. Around his hearth
Were childrens' children, and one pensive friend,
His melancholy sister, night and day
Mourning the lost. At length a rumor came
Of a white woman found in Indian tents,
Far, far away. A father's dying words
Came o'er the husbandman, and up he rose
And took his sad-eyed sister by the hand,
Blessing his household as he bade farewell
For their uncertain pilgrimage.

They prest
O'er cloud-capped mounts, thro' forests dense with
shade,
O'er bridgeless rivers swoln to torrents hoarse,
O'er prairies like the never ending sea,
Following the chart that had been dimly traced
By stranger-guide.

At length they reached a lodge
Deep in the wilderness, beside whose door
A wrinkled woman with the Saxon brow
Sate, coarsely mantled in her blanket robe,
The Indian pipe between her shrivell'd lips.
Yet in her blue eye dwelt a gleam of thought,
A hidden memory, whose electric force
Thrilled to the fount of being, and reveal'd
The kindred drops that had so long wrought out
A separate channel.

With affection's haste
The sister clasped her neck—"Oh, lost and found!
Lily!—dear sister!—Praise to God above!"
Then in wild sobs her trembling voice was lost—
The brother drew her to his side and bent
A long and tender gaze into the depths
Of her clear eye. That glance unseal'd the scroll
Of many years. Yet no responding tear
Moisten'd her cheek, nor did she stretch her arms
To answer their embrace.

"Oh, Lily! love!
For whom this heart so many years hath kept
Its dearest place," the sister's voice resum'd,
"Has thou forgot the home, the grassy bank
Where we have play'd?—the blessed mother's words
Bidding us love each other? and the prayer
With which our father, at the evening hour,
Commended us to God?"

Slowly she spake,
"I do remember, dimly as a dream,
A brook, a garden, and two children fair,
A loving mother, with a bird-like voice
Teaching us goodness; then a trace of blood,
A groan of death, a lonely captive's pain—
But all are past away. Here is my home—
There are my daughters.

If ye ask for him,
The eagle-eyed and lion-hearted chief,
My fearless husband, who the battle led,
There is his grave."

"Go back and dwell with us,
Back to thy people, to thy fathers' God,"
The brother said. "I have a happy home,
A loving wife and children. Thou shalt be
Welcome to all. And there thy daughters too,
The dark-eyed and the raven-hair'd shall be
Unto me as mine own. My heart doth yearn
O'er thee, our hapless mother's dearest one,
Let my sweet home be thine."

A trembling nerve
Thrill'd all unwonted at her bosom's core,
And her lip blanch'd. But her two daughters gazed
All fixedly upon her, o'er their brows
Rushing the proud Miami chieftain's blood
In haughty silence. So she wept no tears,
The moveless spirit of the race she lov'd
Had come upon her, and her features show'd
Slight touch of sympathy.

"Upon my head
Rests sixty winters. Scarcely eight were past
Among the pale-faced people. Hate they not
The red man in their heart? Smooth Christian words
They speak, but from their touch we fade away
As from the poisonous snake. Have I not said
Here is my home?—and yonder is the bed
Of the Miami Chief? Two sons who bore
His bow rest on his pillow. Shall I turn
My back upon my dead and bear the curse
Of the Great Spirit?"

Through their feathery plumes
Her dark-eyed daughters mute approval gave
To these stern words.

Yet still with faithful zeal
The brother and the sister waited long
In patient hope. If on her brow they trac'd
Aught like relenting, fondly they implor'd,
"Oh, sister, go with us," and every tale
That pour'd o'er childhood's days a flood of light
Had the same whisper'd burden.

Oft they walked
Beside her when the twilight's tender hour,
Or the young moonlight blendeth kindred hearts
So perfectly together. But in vain;
For with the stony eye of prejudice
Which gathereth coldness from an angel's smile
She look'd upon their love.

And so they left
Their pagan sister in her Indian home,
And to their native vale of Wyoming
Turn'd mournful back; and often steep'd in tears
At morn or evening rose the tearful prayer
That God would keep alive within her soul
The seed their mother sow'd, and by his grace
To water it that they might meet in Heaven.

THE heart of woman, like the diamond, has
Light treasured in it. There a ray serene
Of Heaven's own sunshine ever more hath been,
And though each star of hope and joy may pass
Away in darkness from life's stormy sky,
If man but kindly keep that heart he'll find
Sweet gleams of consolation there enshrined.

THE WONDER OF THE LANE.

BY GRACE MANNERS.

WE have all heard of the "Wonders of the Lane," and few who have read the celebrated corn law rhymers' sweet and simple lines on the subject, but must have had their attention called in their own rambles to the many objects he there enumerates as among the beauties of his lane; yet excepting the little girl driving the cows, he introduces no human wonder, but confines himself to noticing animal and vegetable life.

Now all lanes abound with industrious ants, agile frogs, and at the proper season with springing mushrooms, (for the vegetable, unlike the human mushroom, has its set time for appearing, while these last claim "all seasons for their own,") but not one in a dozen of the walkers in a lane notice them they are so common; but my lane, besides ants, bugs, frogs and mushrooms, had a human wonder, and no one could meet Adelia, such was her most romantic name, without stopping to gaze, and, if it were possible, entering into conversation with her. She seemed the very embodiment of Thomson's "lovely young Lavinia," and though fortune had never smiled upon her in any way, she was quite as graceful and delicate as if she had been reduced from some high estate, instead of being, as she was, the daughter of a cottier, and the grand-daughter of a queer, cross old woman, crabbed enough to sour the sweetest temper, and with whom, at the time of my story, this the wonder of my lane was living.

My acquaintance with this rural beauty commenced in a very interesting manner, by being made the bearer, not of an offer of marriage, but of a highly indignant epistle on the subject of an offer that she had refused, and which, in the opinion of the writer, she had been very wicked in so doing. The angry adviser was a maiden aunt, who, therefore, wrote most feelingly on the subject, and who held a responsible post in our household, and as I was going to pass some time in the village where the fair Adelia resided, I willingly undertook to deliver it, though I did not then know its contents. The day after my arrival there, I thought of Sarah's letter, and on asking for a direction to Adelia Ducros, (she had a drop of foreign blood in her) I was overwhelmed with questions as to what I knew of her, and what I had to do with her. I was quite surprised at this interest taken by my friends in one so lovely as I knew this girl to be, and to satisfy my curiosity one of the young ladies offered to go with me to the house and tell me the story by the way.

I must confess that at first I was so absorbed

with delight at the beauties of nature that were spread lavishly on every side, that I could hardly listen to the tale my companion was so eager to impart to me, and it was only in her telling me (after an exclamation of delight on my part at the picturesque beauty in the situation of a cottage,) that it was the home of my heroine that I would give her my attention at all, and in truth a fitter home for a village belle and beauty could hardly be imagined; it was a small, a very small house, but it had an air of venerableness about it that but few in our modern world can boast. It was close to the banks of a stream that rejoiced in the name of Linton Water—how it escaped being called Factory Creek or Bloody-run, or some such popular title, none can say—but such was the fact, and on the banks of this fair water, with rocks for a background and mountains in the distance, dwelt this wonder of an humble born beauty.

I knew that Delia, as she was called for shortness, was employed in a silk factory; that for the high wages that were given she had left her native place some three years before; and that she entirely supported her grand-mother. But I was now told of her trials, both of heart and spirits. Her grand-parent was, or fancied herself an invalid, and being very odd and a great talker was often visited by the ladies of the neighborhood, both from motives of compassion and amusement; they ministered to her fancied wants, and Delia to her real ones; they were amused by her, and she tormented; and now in addition to her daily cares and troubles, she had the great one of having refused this offer of marriage, by which she had exasperated the old woman, affronted all her relations, and surprised her friends, to say nothing of the despair of the lover, who was determined to hang, drown and shoot himself all at once if she did not relent. It was a very uncommon affair all together, except in novels where such things are very common indeed, but as this is a true story I shall tell the tale in regular style and expect to be believed implicitly.

"About two months since," said my companion, "our village was enlivened, and our belles delighted by the arrival of a very handsome, well dressed, fashionable looking young man—an unmarried one he was pronounced to be even before his letters of introduction, which were many, had been delivered, and of course great was the attention he received. You do not know how badly we are off for beaux here, so you must not think lightly of us for being pleased when one man appears. This one was very agreeable, and for a week the young ladies had his entire devotions, general ones to be sure, but that was so much the better, for then all had hope, when suddenly he

was seized with the factory mania, for day after day did he spend in the silk nooks, and from that very disagreeable place the cocoonery to the room where the finest silks are produced, did he take his daily round. In the winding room, however, he was most stationary, and it is only lately that the secret attraction that kept him there has come out. That as you may surmise was our beauty that we are now going to see."

"And pray," said I, "how long was it before the wise owner of the factory found out this wonderful secret? A commonly observing girl of twelve years old would have suspected the reason that kept a handsome young man in a dingy, noisy work-room, with a beautiful girl the occupant of it."

"Oh! the girls of the factory talked enough about it, I suppose, but as Mrs. Grant was away at that time the affair had not been made public?"

"What had she to do with it?" I began, when my companion stopped me by saying,

"If you will not ask me so many questions I will tell you the story in a very pretty, interesting way, but if you will interrupt me and be so very impatient, I will even serve you according to the story of 'Captain Rice, who g'in a treat,' and never get you further than the beginning, so now be quiet."

Upon this terrible threat, of course I became very demure, and Mary continued—

"What Mrs. Grant had to do with it was this: Delia has always been her especial protégée from her first coming here, and it was in her parlor that the young people first met, and she it was who first divulged the story. She had been requested by her husband to look over some skein silk that he was particularly proud of, and that had been prepared for an exhibition with peculiar care, and she and Delia were sorting them in the parlor when Mr. Henry Brooks was admitted. Mrs. Grant of course left her employment to converse with her guest, and in a few moments Delia gathering up the silks disappeared. Mr. Brooks expressed his regret that her lovely friend should so soon leave them, and she laughingly informed him that her 'lovely friend' was a factory girl, and the subject dropped. She left home the next day on a visit, and did not return for a fortnight. Her first visitor on her arrival was Mr. Henry Brooks, who with the greatest impetuosity besought her to use her influence with Delia in favor of his suit, for that he was madly in love with her, and that she had refused his offer of marriage, and he consequently most unhappy.

"You may imagine Mrs. Grant's surprise; at first she laughed at him, but the youngster seemed so very miserable she had not the heart

to laugh long, and set herself to listen seriously to this sudden love. Delia, he said, would not listen to him, he had been to see her in her forlorn home, and had a warm advocate in her grand-mother—he had waylaid her in all her walks—he had tried prayers and entreaties—he had told her he was alone in the world—no one to love him—no one to please or displease—he was rich, he was generous; but to all and every thing was the same reply, 'I cannot love you'—and now she would not speak to him or answer him, and in his despair he had come to her protectress to beg her good offices. Mr. Grant was at first amused, and then a little distrustful, but being very tender-hearted and not a little romantic, she ended by promising her influence in this strange suit—but in vain. Delia cried and sobbed at the picture of comfort that was drawn for her, of the unbounded love that was offered her, and in the end prayed Mrs. Grant not to say anything more, for that her life was made wretched by the gentleman's perseverance and her grand-mother's reproaches. Mrs. Grant was too good natured to persist, and hoping everything from time, advised the lover to withdraw for awhile and leave his cause to be advanced by the friends he left. He has done so, and has been absent about a fortnight, during which time the grand-mother has been advancing his cause by a series of reproaches and grumblings that have worried the poor girl almost into a fit of illness, without gaining any concessions from it, and so matters stood now."

When Mary had finished the story, we rose from the bank where we had been sitting, and crossing the water by some stepping stones stood before the cottage. The door was open, and opposite to it, seated in a large chair and propped by pillows, sat the old woman, the indignant grand-mother. Every feature expressed discontent and peevishness, and I really pitied the poor girl who was exposed daily to the tormenting of such a temper as looked forth from the sharp black eyes that were bent upon us. To my friend's greeting, and the hope she expressed that she was better now that the warm weather had fully come, she replied with a groan, and drawing a long breath, answered in a querulous tone, "that she was very bad indeed, that she had had a dreadful night, in which she thought she should have passed, (died) but that she had been mercifully spared for another day, that her faith was great, and that she was willing to depart, being quite ready," etc., looking all the time so unlike the patient saint that it was really ludicrous. In the same tone she launched out on the subject of Delia's perversity in refusing Mr. Brooks, as arising solely from a desire to torment her, and in fact making out she was a persecuted

sufferer, and the whole world in league to wrong her—"I hope, my dear miss," she said, turning to me, "you have brought a letter from my sister?"

I replied that I had.

"Ah! then I hope now," she said, "that matters will be settled; she will not dare to disobey her whatever she may do by a poor, old woman like me."

At this moment Delia entered, and highly as my expectations had been excited by the description I had heard of her beauty, they fell short of the reality. Tall and slender, her figure was grace itself; her small head was most beautifully set upon her fair, round throat, white as a lily. Her rich brown hair waved over her brow, and fell in ringlets round her face, while her soft hazel eyes had a drooping and beseeching expression that went to your heart at once, and I did not wonder at the ardent southerner's violent fancy, or at his inclination to remove this sweet looking creature to a more elevated position. Gentle and refined as was her appearance, her manners were equally so, and the soft and subdued tone of voice in which she answered my companion's questions was cheering to the ear. Contrary to the old woman's order she did not open her letter while we sat there, but when we rose to go she accompanied us out, and turning to my companion, said—

"Oh! Miss Mary, will you be so very kind as to stay with me a few moments, while I read aunt's letter—I well know what it is about and what her advice will be, and I feel so miserable that I want sympathy instead of rebuke."

Of course we willingly offered to remain, and awaited the perusal of the epistle. As Delia feared it was full of angry reproaches "at her wickedness in daring to have a will of her own in the choice of a husband, when such a sweet, rich, young man wanted to marry her—one who was not ashamed of her poor relations, and who would make them all ladies at once." She concluded by saying he had been to see her, and was as *polite* to her as if she had been a queen, and she thought he was the very "picture" of the dear young lords that she had read about in novels. There was a P. S. to this that I was the first to see, as the turn-over was such a blot that Delia did not look at it, and this gave a new light to the subject, and diminished the wonder at the refusal of the rich lover in our minds. It was simply this—"George Grafton has gone away from here these four weeks—folks say to sea, and I hope he may be drowned before he comes back, so you see you need think no more of him." The color that dyed the face and neck of Delia at my reading aloud these words needed no comment. She stood for a moment irresolute, and then said,

"I need not, I am sure, ask you young ladies twice not to mention this to grand-mother. She hates George, because he always liked me, and indeed he is a very good, clever—" but the poor girl here began to cry so bitterly that she could say no more; and her grand-mother's shrill voice calling, "You Delia—I say—I want you," put an end to our conference, and hastily giving our promise to say nothing of her postscript, we parted.

That very afternoon who should make his appearance in the hotel piazza opposite to us, but the aristocratic, love-smitten Mr. Brooks—and a very handsome, loveable looking young fellow he was, and I thought but for Mr. George Grafton the humble having pre-occupied the ground, which in love as in law is nine points in one's favor, he might have been successful. But I knew his case to be desperate. Of course his first walk was down the lane to Linton water at the hour the factory stopped work, and the first person he spoke to was Delia, but what passed between them no one knew. It was inferred, however, that it could not have been very agreeable to him, as late in the evening he paid Mrs. Grant a visit and was in a very cross, disagreeable mood.

The next day his humble love was invisible to all eyes, she was sick, her grand-mother said, too sick to work, though not too sick to take a walk at sunrise, at which time she had seen her go out dressed for walking, and stay for an hour. This looked very odd, and the next day when I called at the cottage she was still sick, though the old woman declared she had been out in the moonlight for two hours the night previous when she thought she was asleep, though she was awake watching her. Delia looked so distressed, and really appeared to be so sick that I could not bear to question her, and merely remarking that the dews were heavy and unwholesome at that season, I came away. For a few days I did not see her, as I heard she had resumed her work at the factory; and as Mr. Brooks was always haunting the lane, I gave up my favorite walk for a time, hoping he would tire of his unsuccessful suit and take himself off.

My wishes for once were gratified. Mr. Brooks vanished from the village, though not before he had endured the vexation of being the pity of his friends, and the laughing stock of the more common inhabitants.

Mrs. Grant had been summoned one morning very early to the cottage of Mrs. Ducros, by a messenger, who stated that she was very sick and wanted to see her immediately. She stopped for me on her way, and when we arrived there, we found the old woman in a bed and a neighbor attending her. I asked for Delia of course, and oh! the torrent of rage, this meek suffering creature

poured forth, on her grand-daughter's name being mentioned. After she had exhausted herself, without our being any the wiser as to the cause of her anger, she pulled a letter from under her pillow, and directed me to read it out. It was from Delia, and before I had read many lines I had to pause from excessive astonishment.

She told her grand-mother "that finding her life miserable from the attentions of Mr. Brooks, and her never-ending argument about the duty of marrying him; to put the matter at rest, and prevent the possibility of its ever being renewed, she had married her former lover, George Grafton. They had been married a week, immediately upon the re-appearance of Mr. Brooks, and that she and her husband hoped to be forgiven by her grand-mother, and allowed to return and take care of her. George, she said, had been in the employ of a neighboring manufacturer for some weeks, and was in the receipt of such good wages that they would be more comfortable than they ever were."

I was not so much surprised at this denouement as my companion, who had never heard of this lover before—but we both joined in endeavoring to console the old woman and to counsel forgiveness. It was a hard case to manage—to miss being made a lady of was a severe trial to such an old fool, and to be thwarted in her will a bitter dose to such a domineering spirit. But as she could not but confess that the young man was very clever, and that his only crimes were being poor and no gentleman, we had strong hopes that our arguments, to say nothing of the necessity of the case, would calm her—and so it proved. In a few days Delia and her good looking, industrious husband were settled at the cottage on the banks of Linton water; and Mr. Brooks was dashing off his mortification at Saratoga, where he had strong hopes of finding some young lady who would have better taste than the factory girl.

Five years sped rapidly by, and again I was walking in that sweet lane, and admiring the lovely "water" as it sparkled under the bright rays of a summer sun. Of course I could not but remember the cottage which had been the scene of the romantic events I have been relating. But it was not there. In its stead was a beautiful country-house—a handsome portico reached to its roof—a lovely garden stretched around it. The shores of the "water" and the rocks in the background were all that were the same.

And in that pretty home lived my heroine, a lady now, if money and importance were all that had been wanting to make her so before. Her husband's mechanical genius and industrious

habits had been crowned with that success which in our happy country *useful* talents never fail to command. A partner now in the factory in which he once was employed as a workman, with wealth yearly increasing, he built his house on the spot his fair wife most loved, and she has never for one moment regretted the choice she made in her humble lover.

The rejected gentleman soon consoled himself with a wife taken from his own sphere of life. But an annual remembrance of her in the shape of a large order for printed cottons for his plantation from her husband's factory, serves to show that he still remembers and has forgiven "The Wonder of the Lane."

TO A SINGING BIRD.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON.

THAT song once more, sweet bird! Oh! once again
Let that rich warble from thy bosom gush;
Delightful memories waken with the strain,
And o'er my soul with trembling rapture rush.

That song once more, so like a wandering breeze
From dewy-blossomed garden of the Past,
With incense from the holiest shrubs and trees
In rich profusion on its pinions cast.

Now each green leaf of feeling in my breast
Is wak'd, and thrilling to that seraph strain
With low sweet whisper, by affection bless'd;
That song once more, sweet bird! oh! once again.

VERSIFICATION

OF THAT BEAUTIFUL EXPRESSION IN SOLOMON'S SONG.

"TURN away thine eyes from me—they have overcome me."

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

Oh, thou whose tender, serious eyes
Expressive speak the mind I love;
The gentle azure of the skies,
The pensive shadows of the grove,
Oh! mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour'd through my soul be all thy darts.

Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
At once so soft, so keen a ray;
In pity then, my lovely fair,
Oh! turn those fatal eyes away.
But what avails it to conceal
The charm, when nought but charms we see?
Their lustre then again reveal,
And let me, Myrra, die of thee.

FLORA.

A BACKWOOD'S STORY.

BY MRS. H. N. SARGENT.

"ARE you sure, Flora, you love this stranger well enough to leave mother, sisters, friends and home for him; and permit me to add an easy life of social enjoyment among friends for unknown connexions?"

Flora's cheek was varying through all the shades from rose to crimson, as with earnest voice and tearful eyes her mother thus questioned her, and her trembling fingers scarcely held the needle with which she was embroidering some trifle. Mrs. Worthington waited a few minutes, and as Flora did not speak, she continued.

"I need not repeat what you have so often heard, that marriage is the most important step in a woman's life. Men may marry injudiciously; and, for a time, may be very unhappy; but a thousand avenues lie open through which they may seek relief from the annoyance of a disagreeable companion. Ambition beckons him up the dazzling ascent to fame, or the acquisition of wealth may engross his time and energies; and he meets so many objects abroad to divide his attention that his home may become only like his boarding-house, so that however unpleasant such a state of affairs may be, his is not an absorbing grief, he does not lose caste in the world, but continues to occupy that position to which his wealth or condition may entitle him, and may select his own associates. On the contrary the wife becomes but a chattel in the eye of the law, a creature to be supplied with the necessary comforts of life but as his ability may procure them for her, to enjoy such society only as his condition in life may afford, for she sinks at once to his grade, and perhaps becomes the inmate of his relations. All this requires a very devoted degree of attachment, and unless a woman can truly say in the touching language of Ruth, 'my country shall be thy country, and whither thou goest I will go also,' she had better pause, for repining after marriage is as hopeless as ungraceful, and never is able to avail itself of the sympathy it may excite. This man is, I admit, handsome and agreeable, but he is a stranger of whose connexions we know nothing, but with whose habits and prejudices, for everybody has prejudices, you are unacquainted. Dearest Flora, be sure you love him with that true love that admits no diminution, and let me think when I lose my daughter that her happiness at least is secured by the sacrifice," and the tears which she could no longer suppress rolled down the mother's cheek.

Flora leaned her head on her hands and wept also, but she spoke no word.

"Tell me truly, my daughter, do you love this Freeman well enough to abandon all that is now dear to you for new and untried friends and scenes?"

"Dear mother it is very—very hard to part with you, but——"

"But harder to part with Freeman. Be it so, Flora, and may the Father of the orphan bless you, my daughter," and Mrs. Worthington hastened to shut herself in her chamber to give vent to her sorrow and anxiety in tears.

Flora was the youngest of four sisters who were all married but herself. She was just twenty-two, rather handsome, very agreeable, and a favorite in the circle in which she moved; but a slight vein of satire that sometimes spoiled her conversation, gave evidence of latent temper that the vexations of life had not yet drawn out. The flash of her dark eye and the haughty curl of her crimson lip when crossed in any little plan she had formed, told too of a spirit that would joy in the stormy elements of life, but that life had hitherto flowed so placidly that even she fancied herself good tempered.

A few months previous to the date of our story she had been introduced, by one of her brothers-in-law, to a young stranger from the extreme west of our country—or rather what *was* the extreme west some years since—who was on a mission of some public nature connected with state affairs, from his section to congress. By one of those unaccountable freaks that people puzzle themselves to give rational reasons for, Flora fell in love, and the stranger fell in love too, especially after hearing she was possessed of a few thousand dollars. He was soon Flora's declared and accepted lover, and as he assured her "he could not live" without she accompanied him home; and she too feared "she should die" if she had to remain all winter in the city without seeing him, it was arranged they should immediately be married, and Mrs. Worthington having given a reluctant consent, Flora prepared to follow him with the confiding trust of woman, and thus give another commentary on the old saying of "marry in haste and repent at leisure."

It was a beautiful autumn evening when the city bred girl arrived at her husband's home. They had taken a carriage at the landing on the river, and the billowy prairie spread its living carpet of green far as the eye could reach, while the scarcely perceptible road wound on through its blooming luxuriance. Soon a tall forest lifted its undulating line along the horizon, and as they journeyed on a clearing began to be visible, the long waving curl of blue smoke ascending far up

into the serene ether. At first appeared large corn fields, then a barn, and lastly a log cabin built on the verge of the wood, but not close enough to be benefitted by its shade, while felled timber and corn cribs, wood sheds and pig-pens obstructed the path to the door of the rude and lowly dwelling. There was a dark red spot on Freeman's cheek as he approached his home, and to Flora's eager questions relative to his family, he gave such brief and unsatisfactory answers that a long silence had sunk down over them, and Flora felt chilled by his reserve. A lad ran out of a field and in joyful haste hailed his brother, while his white head, bare legs and arms, and ragged trowsers excited a surprised stare from Flora. Throwing him the reins, Freeman lifted his bride to the ground, and in that moment an old woman in a red flannel dress, white cambric cap and lilac apron came to the door, and sticking her thumb into the short stemmed pipe she was smoking, she gave a loud cry of joy and grasped the hand of Freeman. Flora shrunk back as she extended her hand the next moment to her, and only permitted the tips of her gloved fingers to come in contact with the hardened and sinewy hand that so cordially weloomed her. It never occurred to her that those limbs might once have been as soft as hers, until exposed to toil and hardships for him, whom she had preferred to all the world, and that hers, in turn, might become as rigid in time. She only felt disgust and surprise at her uncouth costume, and stopped not to reflect how many sterling virtues might be covered by the coarse, homespun garb. Several fine, sun-burned young men, all in country garb, came crowding in, and as Freeman presented each in turn she formally curtsied to each, and with a flushed cheek and contracted brow sunk on the chair the mother of the family offered her. As she looked round on the humble, but neat dwelling, the plain, useful furniture, the nicely arranged beds and implements of female industry, her angry passions were awakened at what she thought had been a trick played on her by Freeman, and she internally resolved to maintain her own habits and manners, and as early as possible disengage herself from all connexion with her husband's family. The elder Mrs. Freeman now approached, and in a kind voice invited her to take off her things. While disrobing, the boys placed a large pile of wood on the ample hearth, and calling on their mother "to make the fire," followed their brother out. Flora looked with dismay at the heap of logs, sufficient, as she thought, to dress a dozen dinners; but the old dame soon rolled them into order, and a blazing fire and the clean hearth spread an air of comfort over the apartment. Mrs. Freeman, with the

dexterity of a back-wood's cook, soon produced a supper that astonished even Flora by its variety and plenty; and the kind and affectionate manner of the old lady to her sons, and their frank, good humor would have conciliated any heart but hers. She sat sullenly brooding over her fancied wrongs until a real headache, which was at first only an excuse for not eating, drove her to bed. Freeman and his mother sat long conversing together, and Flora saw tears bedewing the venerable cheek of the old toil-worn mother, but so far from softening her heart she tried to strengthen herself in her aversion to her mother-in-law.

Thus Flora continued proud and cold toward her husband's relatives, sighing for her own city home, and ridiculing, with all the sarcastic irony of her natural disposition, everything and every one that accorded not with her own ideas of propriety. Freeman gradually grew rich and popular, became a man of public business, a politician, and spent but little time with his cross wife. The only friend in fact that sympathized with her ailments or bore with her fretfulness was her despised mother-in-law; and when ill health, the result of voluntary confinement and sedentary habits, made her a prisoner at home, she was the only one who offered to console her or to alleviate her sufferings; for her husband had long since learned "he should" *not* "die" of absence from her. Poor Flora, she had cast the gem of life that gave it all its lustre from her, and no wonder everything was dark to her.

At length Flora became a mother, and through the sweet little girl that was her own image, she once more felt the stirrings of affection toward the husband whom she had so long treated with contemptuous aversion; but it came too late. He scarcely marked the quivering lip, the tearful eye, the changing cheek of Flora as she uncovered her little treasure to present it to him, and only remarking, "that children were great annoyances," he coldly left the room. From that hour Flora grew very ill. She felt she should die, and all the kindness, all the forbearing love of Mrs. Freeman rose up to reproach her.

One day as she was tenderly placing her pillows, Flora drew her cheek down to her lips and kissing her, burst into tears. The old lady gently returned her caress, and disengaging her arm from her neck soothed her into tranquillity.

"Mother," said she tremulously, and it was the first time she had ever thus addressed her—"mother, it has been a great mystery to me how you, who were tenderly nurtured in your youth, could ever brave hardships and toil in this new country; and instead of sinking under it grow healthy and happy, and remain even now, in

old age, so active and so capable of serving all around you—of making all love you."

"I will tell you, my Flora, this mystery was *love*—love, nature's *primal word*, as an old German woman once called it to me in my youth. I loved my husband fondly and rationally, and we came to this new land—for it *was* new then, for the sake of our children. I loved my children, and when *He* took my husband I managed by active industry to keep them together; I taught them their duty to God and to man, and instructed them by my example to love all mankind.

"You do not hate even me, then?" said Flora softly.

"No—I have been vexed sometimes, but never once did I harbor such a feeling as hatred, and above all not to the wife of my first born." Flora closed her eyes, but the tears were still stealing down the pallid cheek.

"There is a love, Flora," the old lady gently began, "even stronger than human love. It is the pure, divine love that pervades the heart of the Christian. Would that you, dear Flora, might once feel its divine influences—it would illuminate the path of life even to you."

"Say rather it would light the dark valley, dear mother," said Flora, "for it is that I feel I shall shortly tread. I have thrown from me all the affection that might have made life happy, and now I am going to die with not one—not even him——" and her voice grew husky and choked by tears. Mrs. Freeman saw she was too ill to talk, and so it proved. Flora died—died in the prime of life with none to regret, and only one high minded Christian to soothe her through the dark shadow. She died on the bosom of her mother-in-law, and her last hoarse whisper was, "Teach my little Flora this mystery of love."

TO ANNA.

FROM AN ALBUM.

SEEK thy God while yet in youth,
With a whole heart seek his truth—
For that pearl of price untold,
Loose the fondly grasping hold
Thou hast kept on meaner things;
In thy heart the hidden springs
Of the joys the blessed share
Gush already, free and fair—
Even in this fallen world
Spirit wings are half unfurled,
And their wavings, calm and soft,
Keep the struggling soul aloft—
Here 'mid sorrow, strife and sin,
Even here may Heaven begin.

THE REFUGEE.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

DURING the war of the revolution, the lower counties of New Jersey were infested by a set of desperadoes, passing under the name of refugees, who, in the absence of the whigs in camp, plundered and insulted their defenceless families. A band of these men became particularly notorious on the little Egg Harbor river, and that section of the country is yet rife with legends of their misdeeds. A party, equally numerous and even more lawless, for a long time devastated the settlements along the Maurice river. Our story relates to this latter.

It was at the close of a beautiful day, in the early part of October, that an athletic young man, whose frank and good humored countenance was a passport to the acquaintance of strangers, approached a clearing not far from the present decayed village of Dorchester. The house was of but one story, built of thick, hewn logs, and surrounded by scanty fields, in which the stumps of the original forest trees were yet visible. But everything about the place had an air of neatness, which was increased, when, pushing open the door, he entered the large, comfortable kitchen, with its nicely scoured floor, and its dresser on which were arrayed in bright rows the pewter plates. His footsteps had scarcely sounded on the floor before a light figure sprang toward him, and the next instant was locked in his arms.

"God bless you, Mary," he said, as he parted the hair fondly from her forehead, and stooping kissed the fair brow.

The girl looked up into his face, and said half enquiringly, half positively,

"You have come to stay—have you not? Do now, give up running your sloop until things become more settled. You will be captured yet," she continued, as her lover shook his head, "and then, if thrown into those dreadful prison ships at New York, you will never get back."

Notwithstanding the imploring tone in which she spoke, her lover still shook his head.

"Nay, dearest, your woman's fears alarm you without cause. There is no danger. The English ships have left the Delaware, and I must make the old sloop pay me now, for your sake."

She buried her face in his bosom to hide the blushes at this allusion. He continued cheerfully.

"Now can you not find me a supper? You boast of your housekeeping, you know; and yet I'll venture we are almost as good cooks on board.

At any rate, we are a little more hospitable when we see a visitor who has come miles to meet us, and walked all the way."

He said this in a playful tone, and the girl immediately hastened to set the supper table. His eye followed her graceful movements, and they conversed together, as lovers only converse, during the half hour in which the preparations for the meal were going on. At length the other members of the family came in, and the conversation became general.

It was yet early, however, when the young man rose to go. The girl followed him out of the door.

"Why so soon?" she said.

"It is high tide, and I have already overstayed my time," he said. "But in a few days I shall be back, and it may be I will be so successful that there will be no necessity for going again."

"God grant it may be so," she said fervently, "I feel a presentiment of some danger impending over you. There is Hogan, the refugee—"

"He owes me ill-will, I know," said the lover, "ever since you preferred me to him. But he has left this part of the country, and I should never fear him in a fair fight."

"But he was always stealthy and mean; and would attack you secretly."

"Oh! but there is no fear of him," gaily said the lover. "Believe me, I shall be back in less than two weeks, and then—"

He pressed the blushing girl to his bosom, kissed her again and again, and then with a hurried embrace tore himself away. When he had crossed the road and was just entering the woods, he turned and waved his hat. The girl was still standing there on the watch. She kissed her hand to him, and the next instant he had vanished from her sight.

But for many minutes she continued to gaze on the spot where he had disappeared; and so intent was the reverie into which she fell, that she did not notice the approach of a third party, in the person of a young man of the neighborhood, whom popular rumor declared to be one of her suitors.

"Good evening, Ellen," he said. "You are late out here to-night."

"Ah! is it you, James? Good evening," and she frankly extended her hand. "Will you walk in?"

"No, I thank you—I haven't but a minute to stay." There was a short silence, when he added, "Have you seen Hogan lately? He has come back, I suppose you know."

"No—I did not know it," said Ellen, her heart beating violently.

"I believe he and Briggs are no great friends—

Hogan swears he will have revenge on him, though I don't know for what. Do you?"

Ellen read the man's heart in those words. He was a rejected suitor, and suspecting her love for Briggs, had visited her expressly to torture her by this intelligence.

"How know you this?" she said, affecting as much calmness as possible. "Have you seen Hogan lately?"

"He was about this morning, but has gone down the river to his old place. They say he has a dozen men there, refugees may be like himself. By the bye, have you seen Briggs to-day? I heard he sailed with the morning tide."

Ellen turned pale at this intelligence, for her woman's quick wit perceived at once, by the meaning tone of her visitor, that Hogan had determined to waylay her lover, and that her informant, from a feeling of base revenge, had come to apprise her of it after he thought it would be too late for any notice of the attack to be conveyed to Briggs. She had the presence of mind not to show her agitation, nor did she undeceive the speaker as to the time when her lover sailed. She adroitly turned the conversation.

"Won't you walk in?" she said, "the nights are getting chilly. Father and mother are yet up, I believe."

"No, thank you," said the young man, moving off, "I must be going. Good bye!"

Ellen watched him with a fluttering heart until he had disappeared in the darkness, when she burst into tears. But suddenly dashing them away with her hand, she entered the house, and cautiously approached the door of her little room. The family had all retired. Taking a pen and ink she wrote, with some agitation, a few lines, and placed them where they would be seen the first thing in the morning.

"This will tell them where I have gone," she said, still weeping. "It would not do to wake them or they would not let me go. But how can I stay here, when *he* is in danger?" She paused and mused. "Yes! it is too late to overtake him at the wharf. I must go down the river and intercept him: God will be my protector."

With these words she hastened to attire herself in her bonnet and cloak, and then kneeling down, she prayed for a few minutes silently, after which she rose, wiped the tears from her eyes, and set forth unattended on her long and perilous walk. More than once she started, as she wound her way through the solitary forest, at the cry of a night-bird; and now and then some unknown noise, or a distant shadow assuming suddenly the appearance of a human being, would cause her knees to totter, but, after leaning for a space

against a tree and summoning aid from on high by a hasty prayer, she would recover confidence and go on.

At length she reached the shore of the river, after more than an hour's travel. She recognized the place at once, and following the bank soon arrived at a solitary farm house. All was still around, and she did not wake the inhabitants, for they were suspected of being unfriendly to the whigs, so she merely unloosed a boat which she found lying by the water-side and entering it, waited breathlessly for the appearance of her lover's sloop.

A quarter of an hour passed, which seemed an age, and yet no signs of the vessel were visible.

"Surely it cannot have passed," she said anxiously. "Yet the wind is fair, and the tide strong."

Another interval elapsed which her alarm magnified into an hour; and at last she burst into tears.

"He has passed, and I shall never see him again," she sobbed. "Oh! God of mercy, spare his life!" and clasping her hands convulsively, she looked up to heaven.

Suddenly a sound met her ear which she mistook for the creaking of a block. She started up in the boat, every feature of her face radiant with hope, and looked eagerly toward the bend of the river above. But she was doomed to disappointment. For five minutes she gazed in vain.

"It was only the sighing of the wind," she sobbed, again overcome by tears. "Oh! what shall I do?—what can I do?" she said piteously, wringing her hands.

All at once the apparent sound of the sheets traversing their iron guide broke the stillness; and this time she was not mistaken. Brushing the tears hurriedly from her eyes she was able to discern the shadowy form of a sloop rounding the point in the river above.

"It is him—it is him," she exclaimed agitatedly, and falling on her knees, with glad tears, she returned thanks to God. Then hurriedly and nervously taking the oars, she pushed off into the stream, and suffered the boat to drop down with the tide. As she expected, the sloop soon overtook her.

"Boat ahoy!" cried a well known voice, that made her heart leap, as the stout vessel came surging down toward her.

"James—don't you know me?" she articulated faintly, all the modesty of her nature suddenly aroused at perceiving, now for the first time, the apparent indelicacy of her behavior.

"Ellen!" cried the voice from the sloop, in a tone of surprise, and immediately the vessel was rounded to, and the athletic form of her

lover lifted her on deck; for, overcome with shame, she could neither stand nor look up.

"What is the matter, dearest?" said her lover, as he held her in his arms, "has anything happened at home? Speak—you don't know how you alarm me."

His anxious tone recovered for Ellen her confidence, and she hastened to tell him what she had heard.

"I could not," she said, with her face hidden on his broad breast, "stay at home, and leave you to this peril. Father is old, and I was afraid he could not be here in time——"

"God in heaven bless you. How can I ever repay you for this? But I must find shelter for you in the cabin, for no time is to be lost. We are already in sight of Hogan's place, and it is too late to retreat. Even if we anchor they will come after us; but, now that I know their intentions, there is nothing to fear, and our best course, therefore, is to disarm suspicion by going on."

Ellen would have remonstrated, but, at that instant, the moon broke forth, and a large boat was seen pulling out into the stream some distance down the river. She suffered herself, therefore, to be led into the cabin, where she waited, with a breathless heart, the termination of the contest.

Tradition tells how, in a few words, their leader informed the crew of the approaching attack, and of the vigorous measures taken to defeat it. The sloop's course was retarded as much as possible, while the wood, which formed a part of the cargo, was hastily arranged in piles around the quarter-deck as well as forward, so as completely to barricade every side of the vessel. Fortunately there was a double supply of muskets on board, and these were all loaded and ranged ready for use. In that critical hour the hand and voice of Briggs were everywhere. He felt that not only his own life, but what was dearer even than that, depended on success in the present struggle.

For some time the refugees, who continued pulling lazily up the river, as if not caring to excite suspicion, did not see the movements on board the sloop; but when the preparations for defence became visible in the growing bulwark on every side of the vessel, they gave a loud cheer and began to pull lustily toward her.

"They are coming now," said Briggs, placing the last armful of wood on the pile along the quarter-deck. "Take your muskets, lads, and be ready for a volley—the bloody refugees!"

Quick and sharp came the rollicking of the oars to their ears, and even those manly hearts beat faster as they counted the fearful odds against them, and recognized the burly figures

of Hogan and one or two of his more desperate associates.

"Pull away—around by the stern, my lads," shouted the refugee leader, rocking in the stern sheets with the motion of the boat.

"Now's your time," said Briggs energetically.

"Pick your men. I'll take Hogan."

The muskets were raised, and a breathless instant ensued.

"Are you ready?" whispered their leader.

"Ay!" was the prompt, stern answer.

"Then fire!"

The volley was not a moment too soon. Three of the men in the boat fell, but almost immediately she struck the side of the vessel, and her crew began to scramble over the barricade erected between them and her defenders. Firing was now impossible; the conflict was hand to hand. It was then that Briggs remembered Ellen with each blow of his sturdy arm. Clubbing his musket, he met the assailants at every point, cheering and animating his scanty band even more by his example than his voice. Short, but terrible was the conflict. Most of the outlaws never reached the deck of the sloop, but fell back wounded or dead into their boat; while the few who gained at last a foothold on the vessel, sunk finally before the athletic arms and indomitable courage of the defenders. In less than five minutes after the attack began, the refugees were repulsed at every point, their leader killed, and the few who remained alive in full flight to the shore. Two of their number remained prisoners in the hands of Briggs, and subsequently met the deserved fate of their crimes.

No sooner had the enemy left the vessel than Briggs hastened to the cabin. Ellen was already ascending the gangway, alarmed by the cessation of his voice, which, throughout the strife, had risen over the noise of the conflict and sustained her during its terrible suspense.

Their meeting we shall not attempt to describe. It is sufficient to say that long after, they were accustomed to refer to it as the happiest moment of their lives.

"But now, dearest," he said, at length, "I must see you safe at your father's, ere I proceed. Let me hope for still more."

Briggs accompanied Ellen home, and ere he returned to his vessel, he had pressed her to his bosom as his wife.

For many a long year the old musket, with its battered stock, used on that memorable day by the hero of our story, was wont to be exhibited to the visitors of the happy household that grew up around Ellen. It may still be in existence, a treasured relic among her grand-children.

CHANGES.

BY MISS ELIZA BAXTER.

Few changes glad the heart in early youth,—
 When day dreams all are beauteous and bright,
 And fancy's pictures wear the hues of truth,
 We think our attributes are hid in night,
 And need the form mature to find the light—
 Yes! manhood is the goal toward which we bound
 Expecting there to realize delight,
 But lo! when gained, how sad we look around,
 Learning that early hopes fade like soft music's sound.

I cannot like these changes—e'en in spring
 When nature dons her robes of brightest hue,
 We see the tender trees all blossoming,
 Waiting their time to bloom—and buds peep through
 The loving leaves which, to their office true,
 Strive but in vain to hold their prisoner's fast—
 But soon they burst to drink the balmy dew,
 Yet scarce have time to smile on dangers past
 Ere they are killed and scattered by the chilling blast.

Alas! alas! all changes work in wo,
 The child may prattle, but it soon grows old—
 The beauteous maid may wear the ruddy glow
 Of careless youth—yet soon the blood is cold—
 Disease and death her many charms unfold,
 And all the beauty we so much revered
 Becomes a pleasing story briefly told,
 And while we seek for what the heart had cheered,
 Truth points to thee, dull past!—and thus the heart is
 scared.

THE SPIRIT'S LAND.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

WHERE is that trackless land
 To which we all are bound?
 Where dwells the vast the countless band
 On earth once found?

The sun his radiance throws
 O'er many a flowery dell,
 But where the parted spirit goes
 He cannot tell.

The pale moon's silvery sheen
 Around our paths is shed,
 But casts no light upon the scene
 Where spirits tread.

With varied tones the air
 Is sweetly, richly fraught,
 But from the spirit's viewless sphere
 No sound is caught.

Genius with weary wing
 Oft from the search returns,
 And science questioning everything,
 No tidings learns.

It matters not—obey
 The law thy God hath giv'n,
 And when thou'rt gone thy friends can say,
 She rests in heaven.

CLARA.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER V.

THE queen dowager had scarcely received news of the battle of Bosworth-field when she resolved to set forth for London, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth, and there await the approach of the new king. Clara, who had rested but one day after her perilous journey, was hastily summoned from the cottage of dame Alice to attend her young mistress. The good dame insisted upon accompanying her child to the castle, and, once within its walls, contrived to ingratiate herself so completely into favor with the gentle princess that she was enrolled among her personal attendants, and then taken with a portion of the household up to London.

During the absence of her favorite attendant, Elizabeth of York had been informed of the compact existing between her mother and the late King Richard. For once the haughty queen found her usually submissive and timid daughter firm and even resentful. She had for several years been the betrothed wife of Henry of Lancaster, she had seen him once, only once, when she was a prisoner at Sherriff Hutton, and he came in disguise from the fastnesses of Wales to obtain a glance of his future bride. The romance of this adventure—the danger he had braved to obtain the single interview, combined with the personal qualities of the prince, had aroused the imagination and enlisted the gentle feelings of the noble maiden so thoroughly, that her pure nature recoiled from the proposed union with her uncle, with even deeper horror than she would have felt from a knowledge of his consanguinity alone. Solitude and sorrow had nurtured the romantic attachment, which she had formed for Richmond during their single interview at Sherriff Hutton, into a deep and abiding passion—a passion that gave her strength to resist the will of her ambitious mother. Henry of Lancaster had been the first image impressed on the snow of her maiden heart, and with the impulse of a sweet and stainless nature, she felt that any proposal to wed her with another was almost sacrilege, and resolutely refused all participation in the unholy plot which was to consign her to a life of legalized guilt with her own uncle. She knew that Richmond was in England—that many nobles of the land were flocking to his standard, that Richard was in the field to oppose him, and she waited almost in a state of desperation the result of a contest which was to settle her destiny forever.

The tidings came. He was victorious. Richard

the bold warrior, the subtle statesman, the imperious monarch, lay in the market place of Leicester, disrobed and mutilated for the rabble to gaze upon and jeer at. He was her father's brother, and in many things had been kind to him—she could not hear of this horrible overthrow without feelings of sadness and regret. She was all a woman, sweet and gentle, but the Plantagenet blood kindled in her veins as she thought of this wanton degradation to her race, and for a moment resentment and sorrow conquered the softer emotions of her nature.

Then came thoughts of Henry—how grateful she was that he had saved her from a detested union with the fallen monarch! Gratitude, pride, love, all arose in her heart, and drove out the images of horror that had been there but a moment before.

With all these exulting and joyous feelings thrilling her young heart, the princess set forth to witness the triumphant entrance of her lord and king, who was now upon his march from Leicester to London.

Far different were the feelings of the dowager queen. With her everything was gloomy and uncertain. She knew that Lord Stanley had turned the tide of war in favor of the Lancastrian Prince. Had those dangerous papers ever reached his hands? Or, in defiance of them, had he abandoned Richard, and thus given the victory to his rival? If the papers had not reached their destination what would be the result? Her messenger might be taken or slain, and the documents thus fall into the hands of King Henry. She drove away the thought, for it made her tremble on the snow white horse which bore her so proudly through the streets of London.

Those who saw her pass, surrounded by a cavalcade of retainers, and glittering in all the pomp and parade of high station, little dreamed of the restless anxiety and terrible foreboding which gnawed at her heart.

She took up her abode in one of the royal palaces where but a few short years before she had reigned a queen, and there awaited the coming of a man who held her destiny in his hands.

It was a day of rejoicing throughout London—the streets were alive and tumultuous with human beings. Warehouses were closed, the casements of almost every dwelling in the city were flung open and filled through all the leading thoroughfares with smiling faces. King Henry the Seventh was nearing the city in his triumphal march from Bosworth-field. He was close at hand, and even then his victorious army was pouring its glittering files into the suburbs.

In the centre of his army, but in a close chariot

which concealed him from view, the Lancastrian monarch entered his capital. Around the carriage, so close that the six coal black steeds that drew it were often fretted by the crowd, rode an immense cavalcade of lords and knights. The war steeds that had borne them in battle moved forward, breast to breast, in deep files, champing their bits and restive under the restraint imposed on them by the slow progress of the king. Never had conqueror a body guard more noble in blood or arrayed more gorgeously. Each high born warrior had donned his choicest armor, plumes of every hue danced lightly in the air—jewels and golden studs, and chain work of glittering steel burned in the sunbeams, housings of crimson and golden cloth swept the pavement with their magnificent fringes, and banners with their silken folds now stained and spotted, streamed over them all. As the hoofs of his vanguard smote the pavement a thousand clarions poured their voices on the air. The city bells sent a crash of music from their iron tongues, and from every lane and street of the great city one clear and mighty shout swelled upward to the sky.

The palaces of the nobility were all flung open, the Yorkists, from fear of future vengeance, the Lancastrians in triumph at the retiring power of their faction. Tanks of wine were set flowing at the portals—the balconies were laced with rich stuffs and crowded with noble ladies, and all along where the houses formed a barrier to the intercourse, battalions came swelling down the principal streets a stream of martial life. Casements were flung open and crowded with eager faces—the roof tops were covered with people shouting and flinging up their caps, or bending over the eaves to see the human throng go flashing file after file through the streets below. Whenever the chariot of the king appeared, the joyful tumult reigned still more loudly. Red rose banners streamed from the chimnies and flashed in many a silken wave from the casements. White hands waved like flocks of snowy birds about to take flight from the balconies, and many an embroidered scarf went fluttering down to the cavalcade of lords and knights that surrounded the new monarch in his progress.

There was but one palace, by which the pageant was likely to pass, where the pale-rose of York was exhibited overtopping the ensanguined badge of Lancaster. In a dim apartment of that palace the dowager queen of Edward the Fourth listened to the stormy joy that proclaimed the downfall of her husband's house. Now and then as a distant shout came thundering through the air, she would pause in her agitated walk up and down the spacious chamber, fold her arms more tightly over her bosom and move toward a remote part of the

room. Every human being in the palace seemed happy but herself. Retainers and servants in livery crowded the ante-rooms with happy faces. There a group of waiting women stood gossiping at an open casement—in another place half a dozen pages were expressing their eagerness to join the pageant, and several ladies of her own house occupied an adjoining room talking over late events with eager and graceful carelessness.

The Lady Elizabeth was in the room with her mother anxious and restless also—but oh, from what different feelings! A tumult of blissful sensations swelled higher and higher in her young heart as every shout from the populace swept past her. She had chosen a seat within the purple shades flung through the drapery of a neighboring window; timidly seeking to conceal, within their rich gloom, the flush that came and went on her cheek, and the exultation revelling in the violet depths of her eyes, which the silken lashes drooping over them had power to subdue but not conceal. As she listened, the happy feelings broke up too blissfully from that full heart, and tears broke into her eyes, pleasant drops such as flash up from a pure soul when the angel of joy has troubled its waters. She strove to force them back, but they only broke in a bright dew over the thick lashes that would have dispelled them. Others started up, so covering her face with both hands, the gentle girl wept quietly and still, as only the good and happy can weep.

There was a pleasant moisture stealing into Clara's eyes as she witnessed this feminine agitation in her mistress from the recess of a window near by, where she had been stationed, by the queen's order, with a basket of roses on her arm in readiness to shower them upon the new monarch when he should pass before the palace.

With a touch of delicate sympathy, the young girl took a couple of the blossoms from the basket, and weaving the stems together till the snowy leaves of the white rose took a blush from the blood-red petals of the other, she stole gently to the feet of her mistress, and bending on one knee, laid the fragrant buds in her lap.

Elizabeth removed her hands; a bright smile flashed through the blushes on her face like sunshine darting over the crimson west. She took up the flowers, touched the red one to her scarcely less crimson lips, and then laid them both together on her bosom, murmuring softly,

"How sweetly the colors blend. They might have grown together—it was a happy thought, my good Clara."

Before Clara could do more than press her lips to the folds of her lady's robe there arose some increasing tumult around the palace, a blast of trumpets swept down the street, and the heavy

tramp of cavalry sounded up from the pavement, while shout upon shout of "Long live King Henry—long live the king!" now and then swept every other sound away in its deafening roar.

The queen was at a distant end of the apartment, but she turned quickly, flung the heavy ringlets aside from her ear—listened a moment and then moved toward the window. After walking a few paces forward she paused again, folded her arms with an impatient motion over the diamond stomacher that never covered a more anxious bosom, and remained fast in bitter thought, beating the jewelled fingers of one hand against the wrist of the other, and with her eyes fixed hard upon the floor.

"Our lady of York!—The white rose, the white and red!—Long live King Henry and the Lady Elizabeth!"

This heart stirring cry arose from the populace below, who had caught sight of an immense banner emblazoned with the royal arms of England, and with the paler rose gleaming on its crimson ground, which was just then flaunted over an upper balcony in front of the palace. The balcony, though gorgeous with hangings of blue and gold, had been empty all the morning. The flaunting of the banner was taken as a herald that the royal ladies within would present themselves before the people, and publicly honor the new king. Thus arose the shout which for the first time mingled the names of Henry of Lancaster and Elizabeth of York in the joyous cry of the day.

The Lady Elizabeth heard it, started from her chair, clasped both hands and pressing them over her heart, fell back to her seat with a short blissful gasp, and shivering with joy.

The queen lifted her head; an exulting smile flashed over her face. She uttered a broken exclamation, and moved toward the window with an imperious tread, and the rich velvet of her train sweeping up the rushes along the floor as she passed.

"Up, maiden, out upon the balcony!" she cried, waving her hand to Clara.

Clara sprang forward, lifted the masses of drapery from before the window, and held it back for the queen to pass through.

"Come, Elizabeth, quick, quick! Let the people see their future queen!"

The sensitive girl shrunk back.

"Mother, oh, mother, would it be maidently thus to court his notice?" she said.

"Folly, girl—it is for the people—they are Yorkists at heart yet."

With these words the imperious queen drew the Lady Elizabeth's arm through her own, and led her almost by force out upon the balcony.

The moment the princess appeared, leaning on the arm of her queenly mother, a gust of wind sent the banner streaming in massy folds far over their heads, a sea of eager faces was uplifted toward them, and once more the cry of "Long live King Henry!"—Henry of Lancaster and Elizabeth of York," rang up from the enthusiastic crowd. It ran like lightning along the military lines—the noblemen and knights around the king took it up, they thundered it back to the populace, and it rose in one simultaneous shout from every part of the city.

Never did music ring over the heart of human being with such sweetness as this deafening shout fell upon the ear of the dowager queen, and her eye kindled, and her fine form erected itself proudly. Waving one white hand gracefully the princess made a faint effort to acknowledge the deafening welcome bestowed on her by the populace. But the overwhelming sounds that filled the air—the sea of human faces uplifted from below, and terror at her own conspicuous position, completely overcome her strength, and, spite of her mother's remonstrance, she shrunk back and half concealed herself among the ladies of her household, who, by this time, filled the balcony.

But the queen dowager kept her place. She had been accustomed to brave the public eye, and received its present homage with right royal self-possession. The great banner of her husband swept its massive folds overhead; one moment enveloping her magnificent person in its tinted shadow, then lifting with the wind till a deluge of sunshine was let in upon her golden tresses, her jeweled bosom, and her robe of purple velvet that fell in heavy folds down her person, and lay in glowing masses around her feet. The beauty which had won her the heart of King Edward was scarcely touched by time, and now when it was lighted up with proud excitement, when she bent her flashing eyes on the populace at her feet, it was no wonder that she divided the public attention even with the king himself.

As the king's chariot came opposite the palace, the shouts that had connected him with the family of York became still more vociferous, and when it was just beneath her, the queen took a handful of roses from the basket which Clara held, bent over the railing with eager grace, and cast them down—but no hand was put forth, no courteous smile acknowledged the tasteful greeting. The chariot, in which Henry the Seventh rode, was completely closed, and the shower of blossoms fell neglected upon the top—another mass of blossoms was in the queen's hand, but she crushed them suddenly in her fingers, the indignant blood rushed over her face, and she turned with a haughty gesture as if to leave the balcony. But

the hearty shout which greeted her from the populace, the waving helmets and smiling faces uplifted toward her from the cavalcade of noblemen, who seemed thus anxious to atone for the discourteous conduct of the monarch, changed the eventful impulse. She forced the smile back to her face again, and gathering a mass of fresh flowers up with both hands, showered them down upon the passing cavalcade—but in a contrary direction from that which the king had taken. This action was greeted by another tremendous shout which was renewed and prolonged with wild enthusiasm, for the ladies on the balcony had parted, and for an instant the gentle princess was revealed, trembling and ready to sink with agitation, a little behind her mother.

For the third time these cheers had been renewed, when half a dozen marshals came galloping through the crowd, waving their truncheons and scattering the people in their progress. The king had sent back orders for the procession to hasten its march. His own chariot had been put in rapid motion, and before the half fainting princess could find strength to lift her hand, the gorgeous cavalcade that had choked up every avenue to the palace, was galloping onward with helmets in the air, and scarfs streaming back upon the wind, one and all followed the new king. The widow and daughter of the proud Plantagenet stood almost alone in front of their princely residence. They saw the multitude heaving out of sight like the flashing waves of an ocean when the wind is high, and far from the distance came a muffled shout of "long live King Henry!—Long live the king!" But no cry for the Lady of York.

CHAPTER VI.

OH! how terribly suspense can prey upon a sensitive heart! Months had gone by since the triumphal entrance of Henry in London—a parliament had been called. The coronation had taken place, and still the king gave no indication of a wish to redeem his pledge, and place the Yorkist Princess by his side upon the throne, which was in truth hers by inheritance.

Annoyed and secretly terrified by a consciousness that her own treachery might be the cause of Henry's reluctance to fulfil his compact—the queen dowager busied herself in making partisans wherever her influence could reach; but the Lady Elizabeth suffered in silence. Day by day the color on her cheek became fainter; the smile died from her lips, and a sad, patient expression settled on her sweet features.

On the day of the coronation she had never left her chamber. There in the dim light and buried in an easy chair, she sat for weary hours, listening

to the tumult which penetrated even the thick wall of the palace, till her heart sunk and her brain become fevered with intense feeling. At first her lips had quivered, and tears had dimmed her eyes when she thought of the coldness and perfidy of the man she had learned to love so deeply—but soon her sweet lips became hot and dry. Her eyes burned with painful brilliancy and her cheek was flushed with red. When Clara entered the chamber she found the poor lady in this fearful state, tossing to and fro in her chair, and murmuring wild and incoherent sentences, which exposed all the tortured feelings that had cast her into that dangerous state.

For three days and nights the devoted girl watched over her mistress. On the fourth day Clara arose from the bed-side and went to her own room. She drew forth the clothes which she had worn in her journey to Bosworth-field, and, arraying herself in them, left the palace.

Henry the Seventh was alone in his closet, lost in deep and, it would seem, unpleasant thought; for his lips were pressed hard together, and his dark brows were heavily knitted. A committee from parliament had just left him—the people were urgent that he should redeem the pledge which he had long since given, and place the heiress of York upon his throne. The barons who had been most ardent in his cause were becoming dissatisfied, and, even to his face, had urged the necessity of an alliance with the legitimate heiress of a throne they had but given to another, that it might the more surely be secured to.

During their interview the committee had not hesitated to urge his own illegitimate descent from John of Gout, as the most urgent reason why he should strengthen his uncertain claim by a union with the rightful heiress of York. It was this that had called the frown to his brow and the downward curve to his lips. His hatred of the house of York was deep and implacable, and, though seldom violent, he was both vindictive and selfish. But the vision of that sweet and gentle girl, whom he had wooed at Sherriff Hutton, would sometimes rise upon his mind with a pleasant influence, and but for the treachery proved upon her mother, and a belief that the Lady Elizabeth herself had listened favorably to the proposal of a union with her uncle, he would, both from interest and inclination, have claimed her for his bride.

As Henry sat pondering over these conflicting thoughts a page entered the closet and presented a ring, which he said had been brought to the palace by a page in livery, who claimed admittance to his presence.

Henry recognized the jewel, and gave orders that the bearer should be admitted.

When the seeming page appeared, Henry reached forth his hand and received him with great courtesy.

"Thou hast been long in claiming the reward of thy services," he said, kindly raising the boy from his knees before they had touched the floor, "our friends are not often so remiss."

"Sire," said the disguised Clara, almost breathless with agitation, "I have come—I am here not on my own behalf, but I could not remain silent while a being so pure, so good, was suffering and heart broken under an unjust imputation. I have but now left the bed-side of the Lady Elizabeth."

"Thou! thou at the bed-side of the princess! Have a care, braggart boy."

"I am neither braggart, sire, nor the boy I seem," replied Clara, regaining some degree of self-composure—"but only a simple maiden who took this disguise in order to do a service for those who have been kind to me—I saw the Lady Elizabeth about to be sacrificed to a man whom she detested."

"Ha—art thou certain of this—certain that the princess did not encourage the suit of Richard?" cried the king, forgetting his astonishment at the successful disguise that had been practised on him, in the deeper interest which he felt in the question.

"So sure," replied Clara, "that I saw her fall back upon her pillow as if dead when it was first mentioned to her!"

"Ah, is this so?" muttered the king.

"It was our last hope, sire," replied Clara—"Dorset knew that they would sacrifice his sister and your hopes of the crown together—while under arrest he found means to place the task of informing you in my feeble hands—my lady could look to no one but her betrothed husband for redemption from the terrible union that awaited her. By chance the queen dowager gave me the papers, with orders to find a messenger and forward them to the army—I knew not whom to trust, so disguised myself and set forth for the camp. It was a rash act, and unwomanly perhaps, but——"

"It was a brave act, maiden, and bravely shall it be rewarded," cried Henry, "but the Lady Elizabeth, was she aware of this enterprize?"

"She knew that Dorset was in league with your friends, sire—she knew that her humble waiting-woman would die to serve her, but to this hour she is ignorant of the knowledge you have obtained, and in sooth, of all her mother's plans save that of uniting her with Richard."

"Can this be true?" murmured Henry to himself—"can she indeed be ignorant of all that my suspicions have charged her with?"

Clara sunk to her knees and lifted her beautiful face beaming with generous enthusiasm to the king.

"Oh, sire, believe nothing to her prejudice, she is the sweetest, the most pure and noble lady upon the broad earth! Could you see her now worn out with suspense—cast upon a sick bed, and lying like a broken lily on the pillow from which she may never rise again."

"Ha, is the princess ill?" cried Henry with a slight start—"ill and suffering?"

"Could you have witnessed the anguish that drank the blood from her cheek, though she never spoke of it—could you but hear the sad, sweet tones with which, in her worst delirium, she strives to excuse the neglect which the whole nation feels—could you see her as she was but an hour ago, pressing her lips to the picture which we found against her heart when she was taken ill, murmuring over the words which she fancies were said to her a long time ago at Sherriff Hutton. Oh, sire, could your grace but witness this, your heart would repent itself of the slight which has been given to the sweet lady."

Once more King Henry raised the generous girl from her knees. His eye was bright; the cloud had left his brow, and he held the little hand which he had taken after the young girl had risen to her feet.

"The Lady Elizabeth has an eloquent defender," he said, while one of the smiles which seldom illuminated his features lighted up his whole face, "say nothing of this visit! To-morrow the princess shall hear from us—meantime what can we offer the brave page in redemption of this little ring?"

"I have no wish—no desire," Clara hesitated.

"What, none? The Marquis of Dorset seemed more willing to give us his confidence but a few days gone by. Shall we confer the boon on him which his pretty page has so gallantly earned?"

The blood rushed over Clara's face, and her eyes drooped to the floor. "The marquis overrates my poor efforts to serve his noble sister," she said in a low voice—"have I your grace's permission to withdraw?"

"Yes, farewell now, sweet maiden, but it shall go hard with us if we find not some way to reward this devotion to our noble bride."

With these words Henry took leave of his strange visitor.

CHAPTER VII.

ONCE more the city of London was a scene of rejoicing. Henry the Seventh stood before the altar and by his side was Elizabeth of York—the cathedral was crowded with the nobility of the land. The burst of music which had heralded the appearance of the illustrious pair as they approached the altar, was still sighing among the fretted arches. Ladies of royal blood stood near

the bride, with the snowy fold of her train grasped in their patrician hands. Her arms and neck were lighted up with diamonds, and a tiara of roses flashed upon her brow, the red ones formed of magnificent rubies, the white of pure diamonds. The smaller stones clustered in the heart of the flower, gradually increasing in size till they took the form and effect of half open buds, and the whole was relieved by leaves of large emeralds. As the royal pair turned from the altar a ray of sunshine flashed upon this insignia of their houses, thus beautifully blended on the pure forehead of the bride—a murmur of admiration ran through the cathedral, and was taken up by the multitude without—a clash of bells proclaimed the completion of the nuptial rites, and once more the cry of "Long live King Henry! Long live Elizabeth of York!" rung out.

As this shout fell upon the ear of King Henry he bent his smiling eyes on the cheek of his bride, and pressed the little hand that lay quivering like a live bird in his—and thus in a bond of love the houses of York and Lancaster were connected forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME few days after the marriage of her daughter, the queen dowager was surprised by a summons to attend her royal son-in-law at his palace. Up to this hour she had been treated with calm and chilling neglect by the monarch, and this peremptory summons was well calculated to excite alarm rather than any other feeling.

She found Henry in the young queen's apartment—the Marquis of Dorset and Clara were also present, and by the door, apparently on her usual attendance, near the royal bride, with whom she had become a favorite, stood dame Alice.

The queen dowager entered the room with a haughty bearing, but there was less color than usual on her cheek, and her eye wavered in its glance as she approached the king. Contrary to her expectations, Henry stepped forward to receive her with grave but courteous politeness.

"We have desired your presence, madam," he said, "in order to gain your sanction to the consent which we have given to the wishes of your son and our own gallant follower, the marquis. It seems that an attachment has long existed, if we are not misinformed, with your tacit approval, between him and the sweet maiden by his side. Is he wrong in supposing that your consent to their union will be given freely as that of his king has been?"

A flash of red shooting over the queen's cheek bespoke the angry surprise with which this address was heard, and her voice quivered with suppressed rage as she replied.

"The lady is of lowly birth, and no fitting match for the Marquis of Dorset," she said with a stern glance at her son.

"But she is fair and good," replied the king.

"This is strange, sire," cried the dowager, almost breathless with amazement. "It is not a secret that your grace holds no great love toward our house; but this haste to degrade it by a base alliance seems but a sorry method of revenge."

As these words escaped the dowager, dame Alice started and moved a pace forward, but she checked herself and remained motionless again, though Clara turned an appealing look toward her, and clasped her hands in a wild hope that she would come to her aid.

"The king has power to ennoble, and your brave son shall find no portionless bride in the lady with whom it is our will to unite him. He leads her to the altar a countess, and dowered richly as a ward of the crown."

"Not by letters patent, sire—it is noble birth not acquired nobility that I insist upon in the bride of my son," said the queen, haughtily.

"Methinks if Edward of York had been of the same opinion," replied Henry with a smile of scorn, which even his feeling could not suppress, "Elizabeth Woodville and her whole family might have lacked something of the right to reject an alliance with one whom it is our pleasure to ennoble."

The dowager was completely overpowered with anger, which though it almost choked her, she dared not express. Before she could find words for a temperate reply, Clara left Dorset's side, and approaching the king knelt before him.

"Let me entreat you, sire, forego the generous intentions you have expressed—in his love for me the generous marquis would have forgotten my lowly birth. But I must ever remember it. Subject to the scorn and taunts of his family, my life would be one perpetual humiliation. Once I had another dream, but it is over now—his royal mother is too surely right—the son and brother of queens should not wed with a plebeian—let him seek among the nobility of the land for a bride. For me, alas, I am but a humble waiting-woman!"

"And as such, even without either rank or dower, thou art my wife—my own beloved, honored lady. Before all the nobility in the land will I wed thee!" cried Dorset, springing forward and lifting the young girl from her knees.

"Dorset, are you mad—stark mad? I will never submit to this degradation," cried the queen dowager.

"Oh, mother!" said Dorset, bending his fine eyes upon the angry face turned toward him, with that pleading eloquence which has so much

effect upon a woman, "oh! mother, you know love is no consultor of rank! If King Edward had listened to the remonstrance of pride, my own beautiful mother had been but a simple gentlewoman, and her son might have possessed no title to bestow. Blame him not for the same sweet weakness that made a king your husband."

A smile struggled for a moment over the angry features of the queen, but they darkened the next instant, and she turned abruptly away.

"It is in vain," she said, "no son of mine shall match with a plebeian. The good woman who stands at the door yonder to guard the privacy of this scene, must smile at the presumption of her daughter."

"Not so, lady," cried Alice, suddenly leaving her station and advancing directly to the king—"I did but wait to try how far pride might win over affection in its struggle with the young. I have now a duty to perform. This young maiden, though more than a child to my heart, is no daughter of mine, but the heiress of a house that may well claim alliance with the proudest of the realm."

For a moment the whole group were struck dumb with consternation. Clara sprang forward, clasped her hands and stood breathless by the side of her foster mother.

"And who are her parents?" inquired the dowager after a moment of profound silence.

"Lady, remember this secret has been forced from me by your own overbearing pride," said Alice firmly. Then turning with a look of fond and regretful affection toward the young girl, she took her hand and kissed it.

"Her mother was known as the Lady Eleanor Talbot," she said, fixing her eyes steadily on the dowager.

The haughty woman turned white as death, she cast a startled look around the group, and her voice did not rise above a whisper as she lifted her shrinking eyes to the face of the old woman, and uttered the single question.

"Her father, who was he?"

Alice still looked firmly in her face and replied,

"Her father, lady, was King Edward the Fourth."

The queen dowager started back, and but for Dorset, who caught her in his arms, would have fallen to the floor. His own face was perfectly colorless, and King Henry seemed turning into marble. Clara unclasped her hands and stood in breathless awe gazing on the old woman, and for several minutes the whole group remained pale and motionless in the dim light which fell through the stained glass of a neighboring window, like a collection of statues grouped together in the centre of the apartment.

The dowager was the first to recover herself. She arose from the arms of her son, and, approaching Clara, laid a trembling hand on her arm.

"Come hither," she said, drawing the bewildered girl to a window, and tossing back the ringlets from her forehead, while she gazed intensely over the sweet features thus rudely exposed.

"It may be so," she said, tapping the now crimson cheek which she had been scrutinizing, and turning to her son with a smile of insolent triumph, "it may be so! But son of mine can never wed the illegitimate child even of a king."

"Madam," cried Alice, with stern dignity—"Lady Eleanor Talbot was the *wife* of Edward the Fourth!"

Contending emotions seemed choking the haughty dowager.

"The proof—the proof!" she cried in a hoarse whisper.

Alice knelt before the king and placed a package in his hand.

"They were married, sire, by the Bishop of Bath. I was an attendant of the Lady Eleanor and a witness to the marriage. The other witness is dead, and so is the good bishop; but these papers will attest to the truth of my story."

Henry took the papers, and moving toward the window, read them through. His face changed as he proceeded, and he examined them closely a second time. After awhile he returned to the group and addressed Alice.

"These papers bear evidence of a marriage—but the child—how are we to be certain that this is the Lady Eleanor's child?"

"I was present at her birth, sire, she has been under my sole care since that day, until she entered the queen's household—there exist other witnesses who can swear to her identity."

The king paused a moment, glanced over the papers again, and then pursued his questions.

"When did the Lady Eleanor die?" he said.

"She died here in London but a few days after the union of King Edward with this lady. Her marriage had been kept a profound secret, for though she had given birth to a daughter, the child passed as mine, and no one, save those in our confidence, suspected the truth. For months Edward had not visited his wife, and his desertion was killing her. Day by day I saw her strength failing. But, though broken hearted with grief, she lived on, and tried to encourage hope for her child's sake. At length a rumor reached us that Edward had become enamored of another, and was about to wed her. From that time the Lady Eleanor seemed endowed with supernatural strength. She went to the Bishop of Bath,

and, on her knees, besought him to give her written proofs of the marriage he had solemnized. When they were obtained, she came with myself and the child, accompanied only by a slight band of followers up to London. She did not reveal her plans, but probably intended to seek an interview with the king.

"We arrived in the morning. In less than an hour after a noise in the street drew the attention of Lady Eleanor. She arose, took her child by the hand and went to the window. An open chariot was in the street, surrounded by outriders, and in it, flushed with all the pride of beauty and health, the Lady Eleanor saw her husband. By his side was a lady; and on her those bright, glorious and winning smiles were lavished which had won the heart he was breaking. Before the populace he raised the fair hand of his companion to his lips, and the gay laugh rose mockingly to the ear of my poor lady—she staggered back from the window, and I caught her in my arms. Her face was like marble, but the blue veins on her forehead and neck were swelling as if they would break through—a spasm of pain seemed to shoot over her, and then drops of blood sprang to her lips.

"That night I swore to protect the child, but never to force it upon the notice of the king—never to claim its birth-right while he lived—she was thoughtful of his reputation with the people, and studied his welfare even at the expense of her child—at that very time he was wedded privately to Elizabeth Woodville. He might have supposed that his child died with the mother, for from that day he seemed to have forgotten that she ever existed. Since Edward's death there has been little chance of safety for any of his children—had I proclaimed the birth of his eldest child her life might have been the forfeit. Sire, I have explained all."

While Alice had been speaking, the queen dowager had formed a new web of intrigue in her mind. If the story of her birth was proved, Clara must be heir to the throne—might not another revolution place Dorset, as her husband, in the place which Henry occupied? It was a vague thought, but she acted upon it instantly.

"Let me read the documents," she said, reaching forth her hand toward the table where Henry had laid them. "If this story be true I no longer withhold my consent!"

Henry read her thoughts and turned to resume the papers, but Alice had secured them again, and placed them in the hands of Clara.

The young girl grasped them in both hands, and lifted her sparkling eyes to the face of her lover. A grave, almost painful expression met her glance—the light faded from her eyes, and,

with the papers still clasped lightly in her hand, she stood, for a time, perfectly motionless and gazing on the floor. At last she lifted her eyes, and they fell upon the young queen—the mistress who had been so kind in her lowly estate, who had lavished almost a sister's love upon the humble girl, was now to dispute her birthright.

Elizabeth was looking anxiously at her husband, her own interest in the scene seemed lost in gentle and tender solicitude for him. He was gazing sternly upon Clara, and the wife also looked that way. Their eyes met, those of the young queen were full of tears; Clara sprang to the casement, dashed it open, and tearing the papers in a thousand fragments flung them to the wind.

"It was but for a moment—oh, forgive me! It was only a single thought!" she said, falling upon her knees before Elizabeth, and covering her hands with tears and kisses—"it was only for Dorset I had that one ambitious wish."

"My sister!" The queen could utter no more, but she fell forward upon Clara's bosom—the arms of those two generous young creatures interlaced, and their lips met for the first time.

"Oh! now I know why you could never treat me as a menial—why my services were rendered in love but never with awe!" said Clara, lifting her bright face from the bosom of her sister.

"I always loved you, Clara," was the sweet murmur that fell on her ear.

"And I—did any one ever love you as I have done?" said a rich, but tremulous voice, while Clara was lifted from her knees and half supported by the strong arm of Dorset.

"Remember," murmured Clara, looking into his eyes with a half sad, half playful smile, "I have cast away everything but your love!"

"And that shall repay you for all this generous sacrifice," replied Dorset, returning her glance with one of eloquent affection.

"Lady," said King Henry, taking Clara's hand and speaking with animation, "you have nobly destroyed papers that might have flung our kingdom into civil strife again. There can be no recompense for this generous act, but all that a monarch can do to testify his gratitude, shall be done. Crown lands, worth treble the value of your maternal inheritance, shall be yours, and with them any rank which letter's patent can secure to you."

"And think you that I will submit to this?" cried the dowager. "If she is a king's daughter he weds her as such, or not at all."

"Madam, this obstinacy has been carried too far," said Henry in a stern voice, and unlocking a cabinet he took forth a package of papers and held them before her.

She turned deadly pale, for they were the letters she had sent to Lord Stanley before the battle of Bosworth-field.

"Have we your full consent, madam, to the union of these young persons?" said Henry, tapping the papers sternly with his finger.

The queen dowager bent her head, and this was all the assent she had power to give.

NOTE.—It was asserted that before espousing the Lady Elizabeth Grey, Edward paid court to the Lady Eleanor Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Threusburg, and, being repulsed by the virtue of that lady, he was obliged, ere he could obtain her, to consent to a private marriage without witnesses by Hellington, Bishop of Bath, who afterward divulged the secret.—*Sir Thomas More*, p. 496.

THE WIDOW

AT HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE.

See "*The Shepherd's Grave*."

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

THE cold stars tremble in the sky,

The chill wind whistles o'er the plain,
With mournful sound the pine-trees sigh,

The pale, wan moon is on the wane—
But yet more dark, since thou art gone,

Is my poor heart, than all around:—
Why do I live, when thou, alone,
Art lying in the cold, damp ground?

The wintry rain bedews thy grave,
And falling snows congeal thy breast,

Above thee wildest tempests rave—
Alas! I sleep the while at rest.

Yet coldest winds shall check me not,
I'll brave them for thy sake, my love,
And kneeling on this hallowed spot
Pray for the hour we'll meet above!

Oft in the silent night I rise,

Thy faithful hound my trusty guide,
And 'neath the mournful midnight skies,

Come forth to seek thy lonely side—
Oh! when shall nights of bitter tears

Their work on this poor frame have done?
When shall I gain the hope of years?—

When death once more shall make us one!

ON A MARRIAGE.

Now joy be thine, my noble brother,
For thou hast won a gifted bride;
The heart that never loved another,
Is beating fondly at thy side.

The charms of youth may not endure,
Earth's finest gold has some alloy,
But that young heart, so high and pure,
Is wealth, and thine—I give thee joy!

L. M. T.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.



REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Pictorial History of the United States. By John Frost, L.L. D. 4 vols., 8 mo. B. Walker, Philadelphia, 1844.

This is destined to be a very popular work. We have long wondered that no publisher thought of an illustrated history of our country, in which by means of truthful engravings an idea might be given the general reader, of the costumes and scenes incident to our early annals. Mr. Walker has, at length, taken the matter in hand, and we feel assured that he will be amply compensated for the undertaking. We know of no pictorial work which we can recommend with such justice.

The text has been written by Professor Frost, long known in the literary world for his ability, taste and research. He has produced the most readable history yet published for the general reader. The annals begin with the visit of the Northmen to this country, and extend to the present year. Throughout the whole of this period we find engravings, designed and executed with great merit and inserted in the body of the text, representing the most prominent events. The work is also enriched with authentic portraits of the great men who have figured in our history, attired in the costumes of their day. Thus we have the Puritan Winthrop and the kingly Charles I., the warrior de Soto and the cavalier Gorges. Some of the initial letters are designed with much taste and skill. The illustrations of great events, such as the landing of the Pilgrims, the treaty of Penn, the siege of Louisburg,

and various battles in the revolutionary war, also display remarkable merit. For this part of the enterprise we are indebted to Messrs. Croome & Devereaux, who have executed their task with unusual talent.

The engraving above is a specimen of the style of the illustrations. It is an admirable representation of one of the most important events in American History.

A New System of Domestic Cookery. By Mrs. Rundell. 1 vol. Carey & Hart, Philada., 1844.

If the sale of nearly three hundred thousand copies of this book in England is a proof of its merit, it should be in the hands of every lady in the United States. We notice, however, that it contains receipts for few of our national dishes, and in this respect it is fitted for an English rather than for an American market. Its chief merit consists in the fact that the receipts are generally economical ones, and adapted to private families.

"The Child's Delight," "Clever Stories," "Holiday Tales." G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia, 1845.

Here are three gift books for children, very prettily got up, especially the first named. "Clever Stories" is by Mrs. Sherwood. The other two are anonymous. Each is ornamented with engravings, those in the "Child's Delight" being colored. Mr. Appleton has, perhaps, the best variety of books for Christmas Gifts in the city. His assortment of English and American annuals, and of other costly works is large and choice

The United States Almanac; or, Complete Ephemeris, for the year 1845. 1 vol. B. Walker, Phila., 1845.

This is a book which should be in every one's hands. It is the standard work of its kind. The astronomical tables are compiled by Mr. Downes, and may be relied on for accuracy. The statistics embrace every subject useful to be known, by an American, for the ordinary purposes of life.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Among the most interesting books of the month is Miss Halsted's "*Life and Times of Richard the Third*," a work of great research, and one which shows conclusively that the popular notions, respecting Richard's character, are materially wrong. "*The Poets and Poetry of England of the Nineteenth Century*," edited by Rufus W. Griswold, is an excellent compilation, to be published early in the present month. Thier's "*Life of Napoleon*" is in press, and will soon appear: this is a very elaborate work, and the author receives for it one hundred thousand dollars. The most elegant annual of the season is "*Nature's Gems, or American Flowers in their native haunts*," published by the Appletons. It is embellished with twenty colored drawings of the wild flowers of our country, and each flower is accompanied by an appropriate landscape of American scenery. Each plant has its botanical and local description, besides being illustrated by a tale or sketch. The editor of the book is Mrs. E. C. Embury, an excellent guarantee of its literary merit. Lea & Blanchard intend soon to issue a second edition of "*The Book of the Exploring Expedition*," the first edition being printed under the direction of Congress, and reserved for gifts to foreign nations. We have seen some of the sheets and engravings of this first edition. They are truly magnificent, and will do credit abroad to the art and enterprise of this country. Some of the engravings, which are printed in the text, for delicacy and sweetness cannot be rivalled. The fourth volume of Bancroft's "*History of the United States*" is announced as shortly to appear. The Appletons advertise "*G. Fitzot's History of Modern Civilization*," in 3 vols., 12 mo.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE limited space left us, in consequence of the length of "Clara," compels us to be brief in our fashion department. There is, however, little new to be said. Our plate gives four, out of several styles adapted to the season. Since it went to the engraver's hands we have seen the pattern of a new fashion for walking dresses, which will be all the rage this winter. It is a coat, made with three capes, having sleeves falling in points, and the material is generally silk. Mantelets continue to be in vogue: so do black cardinals for young, and velvet shawls for married ladies. For concerts and other public places crimson Canton shawls are in great demand. Never, perhaps, was there a gayer winter than the present. The richest, we might say the gaudiest colors, continue to be worn. Cachemires have been, and will still be very *recherché*.

BONNETS are still made shallow at the ears. The most prevailing styles are of satin, lined with velvet. We have seen a very pretty one of lemon-colored satin, the interior of orange velvet, and trimmed outside with a rich ostrich feather of a light salmon color tipped with deep orange. Another is of drab velvet, lined with blue satin. The generality of bonnets are but slightly decorated; most of them are ornamented with a long, weeping feather. Some capotes are made of striped satin, decorated with narrow bands of velvet. In Paris a favorite style is in white satin, lined with pink or blue. The *Capote Hortense* is also very fashionable there. This is made in a rounded form, of pink satin, recovered with a light kind of black lace, forming a sort of veil on each side of the ears. The trimmings are composed of *coques* of black ribbon, velvet *rayé* pink, and forming a half wreath, which is attached at the ends with a *nœud* of the same, the ends being sufficiently long (and lined with pink) to fall low, and intermix with the lace which floats upon the shoulders. The interior of the brim, which is also of pink satin, is decorated with black velvet ribbon: if the lady is a blonde, or should the complexion be of a darker tint, then pink satin *nœuds* are preferred.

CLOAKS.—We have given several styles of these in our engraving. A fourth, a very elegant one, is in black satin, *poussière*, or dark blue. This cloak is formed with a corsage and ceinture *un pue busqué*; a pelerine or cape is attached, ample round the back, and opening at will under the fall of the arm, the front part designed in the form of a *fichu*, with broad facings attached with buttons; the sleeves wide, and *bouillonnées* with broad facings or cuffs; in order to render the sleeve perfectly easy, it is put into the arm-hole slightly full on the top; the skirt reaches to a little above the level of the bottom part of the dress, the fronts being faced on each side, and attached up with buttons; the look of this kind of cloak is much enriched by the facings being made of velvet, and buttons of jet. Muffs will continue to be worn.

L'ÉCHARPE MALTAISE.—This elegant kind of scarf bids fair to retain all its favor during the ensuing winter season, as it can be made either in velvet, cachemire or satin; in fact it is one of those graceful wraps which is suitable to all weathers and wearers, and which never becomes vulgar or common.

EVENING DRESSES.—These will soon be in demand, and we give the following, as the most charming toilette of the year, for a young person. A dress of *tarlatane* muslin, either pink, French blue or white; the corsage is made very low and *busqué*; the top of the corsage being encircled with a double plait of the same colored satin ribbon as the dress; the sleeves very small and similarly ornamented; the skirt *à deux jupes*; the upper one forming a tunic, and descending half way down, and surrounded with a very broad hem opening all the way up the left side, each side of which opening being edged with a double plait of ribbon; toward the centre a bunch of natural flowers of the same colors attach the two sides together, a similar bunch being placed upon the centre of the top of the bust, and in the hair.

Caps are still worn in every variety of style, and in nothing, indeed, is there more room for the taste of the wearer.

